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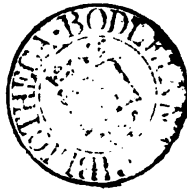


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RESHADOWINGS.

MEMOIR OF "OLD TIMES."

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LIFE'S FORESHADOWINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES."

IN the course of some twenty or thirty years' experience—if memory be unimpaired, and common sense in average proportion—a man should have acquired a fair perception of his past errors in life (a game of such mingled hazard and skill), and be enabled to form some judgment upon their results; but those slight influences which first drew him to the right hand or the left, which were the true elements of his fortune, and made him such a man as he is, have vanished from his memory, nor are they entirely recoverable by the most curious analysis of his progress. In such a retrospect, moreover, there is much to mislead. The monotony of a professional career may have worn away the frail traces of early tendencies and temper. Action and variety may hold a prominent place, and distract the observation from slight signs and landmarks by the way. He may recall as the strong features of his life, a year's foreign travel, a temporary struggle with hard times, a social or a public triumph—but the finer clues to the growth and mould of character are brushed away and lost.

Life is full of noisy episode, and the essential indications of its future course, therefore, are generally unobserved. The traces of our destiny (if we may loosely use the word) are light and dubious foot-falls. Here and there we can lay a finger on a point of time and say, from this accident commenced an evil bias, or here a steady purpose was born—here envy stimulated; there a friend had influence, and there a sophisticating self-will. At this corner sprang out before us the young rosy hope we chased so long and vainly. Happiness and success swept near us then, which, ever since, were like summer lightning, always on the horizon. An half hour's dalliance with pleasure perhaps shook the steady onward purpose off the rails and became a crisis for ill. Often must manhood be the slave and sufferer to boyhood's whim, and must even continue the course shaped out for him by childish folly—must quarry the limestone, or open the gold-vein even where capricious youth first applied the toy-tools.

It were close work to trace the thousand delicate transitions—the imperceptible deepening of hue which link the middle-aged man of confirmed tastes, of established dogmas, of determinate worldly pursuits, to that chubby, toddling, little figure which sucked the coral thirty years before. We remember being once within the clutches of a crazy mineralogist for many hours, who, like the Ancient Mariner, would be heard out to the end. On his shelves were ranged, in order infinite, file upon file of minerals. You began your examination of them, under his direction, at a simple piece of gypsum, and from thence, by most subtle gradations of *grit* and *trap*—of *grau-wacke*,

limestone, slate and breccia—sienite, porphyry and pitchstone—hornblend, gneiss and mica—till your eye lost distinction, arriving at a block of red granite at last. Each specimen, as we reviewed them, seemed but to repeat its fellow; and yet what a difference there was between that bit of white gypsum and the hard mountain fragment. So is the child to the matured man; and yet the embryo passions are possibly in existence in the former, and sometimes distinctly perceptible, foreshadowing what the man will be. If observation were refined to a science it might possibly trace in the child's character many an omen more distinct than the conjunction of stars, and read the horoscope of the infant in act, and word, and look.

In illustration of these few opening thoughts, we would endeavour to delineate throughout the following pages a certain real character, in which the bent for evil or for good were equally vigorous, and the seeds of conflicting passions lay dormant, depending upon the ripening influences of circumstances for the ascendancy of either power; in which, as it were, the good and evil genius were long at strife for the man, and the hap-hazard of life was to decide the issue.

In the county of Roscommon, and hard by a dreary tract of bog, abutting on the little village of Lanesborough, stood a small slated house, the abode of the parish priest, mustering closely around it its humble retainers of hayrick, out-house, and a scrap of kitchen garden as a defence against the utter desolation around. The front of the house overlooked a dead level of turf-mould and swamp. From the bedrooms you could hear at the grey of the morning the querulous piping of the curlews, and the harsh cry of the wild geese, as they wheeled over the neighbouring fields.

The prospect without was variable as to the extent of its misery and bleakness, but was seldom otherwise than miserable and bleak. Sometimes the witchery of an evening sun stole over the black desert, touching the mould with still fire, and mantling in crimson through the humid air; or a bright morning would stream over the miserable fields till they smiled with a sickly joy.

But on a leaden March day the man who would sit at that little window, from which a red-headed, ill-favoured boy is staring even now, and survey that sombre landscape for an hour, must have a light conscience and plenty of sunshine within him. Over the marshy field would lie a green and yellow melancholy as contagious as fever. There would be a bleached grin, as it were, on the loose stone walls. The great black level of bog, stretching off into suicidal mist and gloom, with its turf clamps like mockeries of human habitations, and its clefts so suggestive of freshly-opened graves, would act upon a jaundiced mind like monomania.

At the back of the house there was the wild country road leading over a piney hill, and the river Shannon glanced at intervals in the distance like belts of dim light.

This house has long been appropriated to the priests of the parish, a hard-working, kind-hearted race, well versed in the simple annals of the poor. A full hundred years ago Father Long was tenant here, having built the dwelling himself, and stacked those red-bricked chimneys so ambitiously as to wage good war against cold and damp. Day after

day has he ridden forth from his little yard to visit his parish and enjoy his popularity, till at length he died of ripe old age. Then came the stern Father Walshe, feared and respected for his terrible ubiquity wherever there was a symptom of drunkenness or riot; who used to dash in among the people when they assembled for a murderous hurling-match, on his heavy-shouldered cob, laying about him right and left with his horsewhip till he dispersed them, man and boy. He rests from his labours now in the chapel-yard—this stern son of discipline; and the hurlers of his generation are all stretched around him, never to shout or whirl the staff again, unless, as country people aver, they sometimes rise to play at dead-men's-hurley in the moonless nights. Then came the portly, popular Father Roach, the present occupant of the house, whom we shall immediately introduce to our readers.

Should we, as is customary in such fanciful introductions, present the reader with the general lineaments and person of Father Roach, the portrait might lack force and life, as we should have to deal with a stout, low man, on whose swarthy face a single expression made an impress of hours; whose ideas were heavy as unleavened dough; whose charity and love to his kind was simple and unalloyed as the finest of molten gold.

But, under the microscope of a child's observation, we may draw a closer and a fresher picture of this rustic worthy than we could otherwise offer. We can suggest the heavy flanked cheek, so blue with engrained beard that no shaving could ever smooth or soften its surface. The dull eye, into which you could sometimes see a twinkle stealing, and the crowsfeet wrinkles coming twitching at either corner for a moment; a double chin, somewhat tendonous and collapsed, that overhung the white crape band; a huge round chest and a brawny hand, whose forefinger alone would satisfy your grasp. Through the same medium we can collect into the individual various little glimpses of attitude and habit. For instance, in the morning, ere little Christie arose, we have the wide pale face of the priest grimacing hideously in lather before his small looking-glass, as he mowed his iron-grey cheek most painfully, the stout person thrust out powerfully behind. We have the same face, after breakfast, surveying the *Roscommon Mail*, a paper of immense local importance—the tortoiseshell specs riding on his nose, and the dull eye slightly on the goggle. We have the same figure at noon-day, planted like a Howdah on his tall grey mare, and riding off most statefully down the desolate road. On many occasions, too, we have Christie seated up behind his stout friend, embracing a small segment of that immense back, his hands buried in the wrinkles of cloth. Thus, perhaps, they might fly over a small gap together for Christie's delectation, and in that bound how would the powerful shoulder-blades shoot out for a moment against Christie's beating heart, as his little figure was hoisted in air.

Again, we have the same portly person musing solidly over his punch after dinner, with the brawny hand curled up firmly on the table, as if it were about to hit the mahogany a great thump. Finally, we behold it subdued by a sleep most eloquent in grunts, and mutterings, and unutterable sighs.

And now if we could mellow down all this uncouthness, as it was

softened and hallowed to Christie's imagination—if we could associate it with the benevolence that shone heartily on all around him—the softness and charity which was within him, even as sweet sap fills the trunk of the maple—the reader would be as one who had known Father Roach for years, and we should be satisfied with the justice of the portrait. If the blessings and prayers of the poor could float a soul to heaven (and we hope that they can), then had this poor priest ascended in as noble beauty as did the prophet in his fiery chariot.

We have already hinted of a red-haired youth who was gazing out of the window on the uninviting scene just described. It was a favorite and habitual post to the boy—he was almost as familiar an object at those diamond panes as the old flowered window-curtain; but should our readers suppose for a moment that a precocious dreaminess, or an especial love of cloud, or wind, or hill, is intended to be conveyed by this record, they would do both Christie and his biographer much injustice. Christie was a lover of natural history indeed, but his love was homely and practical. For instance, he has this moment marked down a straggling flock of widgeon, just where they have rapidly swooped down a little below that gap in the tree tops, and well he knows of a rushy spot that lies yonder. Again, he fancied a moment ago that he caught a glimpse of the wild geese—that wary flock which no gun has approached within the memory of man—as they stood in the centre of the bog, commanding a sweeping view around. He was a shrewd judge of the weather too; could tell you with tolerable accuracy when a bright frost would turn to rain, and when the watery sky would rise and break at the turn of the wind. We should be incorrect, however, in saying that Christie was devoid of that popular element in a hero—a certain poetry and imagination—such as might spring from ignorance, loneliness, and a most suggestive chance. Christie had some grand and peculiar ideas of his own, though but a poor priest's nephew—ideas such as would open the eyes of your infant sentimentalist, who might have appeared in the last new novel.

We have said that Christie had red hair, and had considerable compunction in making the confession; but as we draw from life, and must derive from our fidelity of portraiture alone what interest we can otherwise throw around his character, we furthermore feel ourselves compelled to state that he was a thin-voiced, captious boy, somewhat shaggy and large-handed, about thirteen years old, and stunted for that age. Such was our adventurer. And now that we have told all, it is a relief to feel that the reader knows the worst—perhaps too, now that beauty is so cheap in fiction; that flashing eyes, and curling lips, and wavy hair can be communicated by a few dashes of the pen, and got in for nothing, like the sheep in the great Wakefield picture, Christie may pass muster, nor suffer by the humiliating lack in the long run.

In the room with Christie sat the worthy Father Roach, having leisurely completed his most savoury dinner of bacon and fried eggs, a meal to the consumption of which his nephew contributed a lusty assistance. The kettle steamed on the hob, and a fragrance of punch ascended as the priest crushed the sugar in his tumbler with reflective patience.

“Christie, boy, you'll not go out to-night,” he said, looking towards the window.

"But I am going, uncle, and no mistake."

"Stay at home, boy; I want your company to-night."

"Mr. Boakes will be here," said Christie, "and I shall sleep at his house to-night. I'll be back with you by first light; he's going to bring you a brace of hares."

"I'll not have 'em. Tell him I won't have 'em. Where did he get 'em, Christie?"

"Oh, you know well, uncle; where there's lots more of 'em to be got, and where nobody will miss 'em."

"Mr. Boakes is an honest man in most things, Christie," said the priest; "but I can't call it honest, or dacent, or honourable, stealing out at night like a thief, and netting and trapping game—making his living out of another man's property."

"He *shot* the hares," said Christie, argumentatively.

"And what differ, boy, that don't make it more honest. I'm sure I don't object to a few brace of plover an odd time; or a mallard from the river, or a brace of teal, in the way of dues; but I won't touch game, and Mr. Boakes ought to know that well. Coming and offering his priest another man's property!"

"Who gave Mr. Henderson the hares?" said Christie, with a sharp, ugly look at his stout friend. This was the usual way in which Christie commenced an argument; a sharp, short question, and a measuring glance, as if he were about to undermine his uncle where he sat. Poor Father Roach generally managed to escape the encounter by feigning asleep, or plunging into a newspaper; the boy's debating powers having been so whetted by contact with the hard, dull comprehension of the good priest, that he had become an antagonist as troublesome, if not as insignificant, as a musquito. Often, indeed, as a little rudder turns a great hulk, did Christie influence his uncle, in unimportant matters, by this sort of feverish acuteness; but Father Roach now found himself on his defence in matters which involved his sense of honesty—a cause always supported by him with rigour—and having tossed off a wine-glass of punch, he aroused himself to the contest.

"Who gave Mr. Henderson the hares?" said Christie, sharply.

"Who gave them, boy—ain't they on his ground?"

"They are," said Christie, "and so am I; yet he does not own me."

"That's no argument, Christie; we rent the ground from him, and pay him down money for it."

The big fist on the table struck down emphatically, and then was motionless again.

"We pay down money, boy, for the use of the bit of land we're on, and that's the express understanding between me and Mr. Henderson."

"And what's the understanding between Mr. Henderson and the hare, Uncle Roach?"

"Nonsense, Christie, boy! What's the understanding between that cruet of whiskey and me—ain't it my property?"

"Well; so it is, as long as it lasts," said Christie, making a crafty concession.

"Well, then," said the priest, triumphantly, with another thump on the table, "so is the hare Mr. Henderson's as long as she lasts."

"Is she?"

"She is, boy—I tell you she is, boy."

"And when she runs into Mr. French's lawn, and lies in his plantations, next year, whose is she then?"

"Mr. French's, to be sure," said the unwary Father Roach.

"Then she don't belong to Mr. Henderson as long as she lasts?" said Christie, looking twice as ugly and sharp as he did before.

"Because game is transferable property, don't you see, Christie," said the priest, uneasily.

"Well," said Christie, with an acuteness which almost amounted to venom, "what if she runs into your pot, Uncle Roach?"

The good priest pooh-poohed, and rasped his hand audibly against his chin, and then struck the red turf with the poker; but he could not, at the precise moment, see his way out of the difficulty; so, after some minutes' silence, during which Christie stared him down, he took new and more decided ground.

"Look here, Christie: tell Boakes, from me, that I won't take the hares; and that he is a bould man to offer them to me. Tell him from me, boy, that he'd better look sharp, or maybe a bit of a note might find its way to Mr. Henderson, that would give the lad a month or two on the mill."

Christie started violently, and was much discomposed; his eyes sank to the ground in a moment, and he slunk back to his old station at the window.

"And what's more, Christie, don't you leave the house this night, I tell you; you may have out your globe, or you may read to me for a spell, but not a step out of this house to-night. Do you hear, boy? I won't see you led into wickedness and mischief by that poaching blackguard, so stay within to-night, and not a word more."

Christie retired to the window, silenced and amazed beyond measure. Occasionally he glanced over at the priest with an expression half sullen, half respectful. This instance of rightful control was not, however, without precedent. On certain similar occasions Father Roach displayed an unexpected firmness, which stood out in strong relief from his ordinary blandness; and Christie occasionally found that in the obstinate pursuit of his gratifications he had struck his head against a rock.

The room which we occupy is simply furnished, and has little about it to indicate the calling of its principal occupant; on its walls are a few brightly-coloured prints of saints, framed and glazed, and convulsed in devotion. There is a bust of Dan O'Connell, M.P., crowned with turf-ashes, upon the chimney-piece—the great man's nose is gone. A Breviary and a few old theological works lie upon the long deal shelf. The piece of carpet is worn to the texture of sackcloth; but it was once a Kidderminster on the study-floor of a Protestant bishop, and the old renegade (we mean the carpet) was covered with worsted flowers. There is a large tea-store in the recess, and by the window stands an ancient celestial globe, to which we beg our readers' most particular attention, trifling a matter as its presence may appear.

The chances of an auction had placed the article in Father Roach's possession; and as it was one of those purchases which are made for their cheapness, not for their use, it soon lapsed into Christie's hands.

On that old globe the reign of Chaos was making fearful progress; whole systems had been swept into annihilation—Nebulæ had faded away from the face of it like a puff of smoke, the Ecliptic's mighty belt was broken, and the Equator was scarcely recognisable from the graduating lines. Cassiopæa's chair was dashed away like old lumber, and the Wain had lost three stars of the first magnitude. The man that held the watering-pot was less by his two legs, yet he irrigated calmly on, as if nothing were missing. In other respects the Zoology of the heavens was in tolerable preservation.

The knowledge which it symbolized, however, was locked up from Christie's comprehension in grand hieroglyphics, and the vague explanations of the priest only tended to mystify him the more. So Christie's imagination awoke, and he saw no reason why the map of the heavens should not be taken in its literal signification as well as the map of the earth. Norsemen never framed a sublimer mythology than Christie imagined in the skies, from the teaching of his old celestial globe. The great wise bird of India would have looked foolish beside the sublime beings with whom Christie peopled the night-realms. Right down the Milky Way he fancied that a furious Bull was shadowed forth, trampling out the stars with his golden hoofs. He fancied how the two great glittering Fishes winnowed tranquilly through the black void. He thought, with awe, how the Lion stalked through his spangled wildernesses—perhaps the thunder was his roar!

Christie was ignorance embodied. This very learning of his was only a sublimation of benighted ignorance—notions silly in their very grandeur—yet they were truer and sounder than the trashy mysticism which has invaded some of the lower ranges of our modern literature.

There was a merry mask of sunlight over the dismal fields, as Christie gazed across them towards the piney hill. Down the plantation path, and out upon the country road, came a figure, as small as a mote in the sunbeams at first, then nearer and nearer, till he was aware of a stout, ruddy man, with a gun on his shoulder, and in respectable shooting habiliments, walking sturdily towards the house, as one who could hold the pace for many a mile to come.

Christie immediately brightened up, and with a last look at the priest, who had now sunk into a stertorous doze, he slipped down and out of the house to meet the lusty traveller, by name Boakes, whose honesty we have just heard so shrewdly called in question.

Mr. Jack Boakes was a unique specimen of the great family of Oddities, and we shall herald his approach by a sketch of one whom we are not ashamed to acknowledge as an old acquaintance.

Boakes's character was an irregular combination of the whimsical and the excitable; there was a dash of energy about it, and a vast amount of pleasant bluster, in which eye, and cheek, and chest combined to swell the effect.

He was a man of strong and eccentric phrases. Indeed we feel ourselves compelled, in setting down his conversation, to italicise those words on which he was wont to dwell with peculiar emphasis and relish, this being the only means in our power of conveying his true manner to the reader. Sometimes he ranted like ancient Pistol, and then he became tiresome enough; often he was unexpectedly graphic or grotesque;

sometimes the violence and sincerity with which he asserted the most monstrous incidents, created obviously on the spot—sometimes the very inaptitude of manner and drift to the occasion—would compel us to laugh, and to delight in the man. We do not, however, expect as much from our readers.

On a Bianconi's car Jack was in his glory. No one escaped his quips and jeers. He was lavish of anecdote, which he directed to every one within earshot; he would whoop at inoffensive travellers, as they walked by, half scared, half amused; he would chuck the chins of rosy country girls, and gossip with their mothers about his own poor mistress at home. This was Jack Boakes in public life. In private he was an amateur poacher—not such as the so-called, cold-blooded thieves of England, but a joyous, liberal fellow, full of enthusiasm for sport, and with a mere secondary anxiety to keep the wolf from the door. He had formerly been in the hosiery-business in Roscommon, and lived upon it till it broke him, and long after too. Subsequently he was reduced to the precarious profession of rod and gun, by which he gained a very tolerable livelihood and a very popular character.

Christie ran down the sunny road as brisk as a wasp, leaped a small fence, with his orange hair flying about him, and charged at Mr. Boakes, who stepped aside to elude the onset.

“Hi! Master Christie, how are the constellations? how is the man wid the watering-pot? You're as frisky as a young setter after gettin' a floggin'.” [*Then, with sudden bluster*—“Come, sir, I'll stand no nonsense.”

—“What sport, Jack Boakes?”

—“Look here, sir—will you be-*leeve* me?—I bet the field, I bet the fallow, I bet the gripes, I went up the wind and down the wind, and there isn't a hare in all the country. They're not in it sir—I say they're not in it. Would you be-*leeve* me, sir?—there isn't a man in all Ireland would find her if I wouldn't; and there's not a scut—not a *scut*; I say, sir, there's not a *scut*!”

“What's that you have under your coat?” asked Christie.

“I bet it for a hare!—I bet it for a snipe!—I bet it for a *lark*! They're not in it, sir, I say.”

Christie nimbly lifted the skirt of Mr. Boakes's shooting-jacket, and there, strapped round his waist, was a huge buck hare.

“That's the biggest hare I ever saw, Jack. Where did you tumble him?”

Boakes suddenly unstrapped his burden, with another blustering look, and flung it on the ground.

“Big!—big!—you call that big! I'm a man of thruth, sir. Augh-h, sir, I'll stand no non—. Look here, now, it isn't five minutes ago, as I was passing a scrub of furze, when I heard a thump that shook the grass under my feet—(Mr. Boakes stamped). I look round, sir, and there was a Hare. Would you *beleeve* me, sir?—she'd carry that one on her back. She was laughin' at me, sir—she was laughin' at me. I was so frightened that I let her off. Augh-h, sir, it's creepin' wid hares—it's full of 'em. I met ten—twelve—twenty hares before eight o'clock this mornin', skippin' in a wisp, wid their scuts cocked at me; it's creepin' wid them.”

Christie had taken up the hare, and was cautiously examining the wound.

"You struck him just right, Jack—right in the back of the head."

"If you saw me shoot that hare, it would delight you. Off she went at a canter. I caught the back look of her eye, sir, and, would you *be-leeve* me, sir, the creature winced under my frown! I hit her a pelt, and stuck her against the bank; then she went tumblin' over, and over, and over; all down the black hill, every yard of it, sir—every *yard*, I say. I kem' up to her, and laid me gun on her. 'Meek! meek! meek! meek! meek!' she'd cry, just like a screechin' infant, 'meek! meek! meek!'"

"Augh, sir," continued Mr. Boakes, mopping his face with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, "I'd stand no nonsense—I'm a man of truth!"

"What's on to night, Jack," asked Christie again.

"We'll net the big pool in the wood, my son—be there, you'll see sport, sir, *sport*, I say! I have four boys engaged to drag the net. Augh, sir, we'll make our fortins to-night!"

"The fish arn't up yet, Jack—they're not in it."

"Not in it—not in it! Don't tell me, sir!—its choked wid'em!—its alive wid' them! they're playin' lep-frog, I say! they're as tight as sprats in a tin case!" [*Solemnly*]—"There's a big shadow of a salmon, sir, lying crosswise, twistin' and wrigglin' wid his nose, making his grave, as they call it, to put the spawn in. He's the Schoolmaster; you shall gaff him yourself. Augh, sir, that fish is twenty, *thirty*, *forty* pounds weight; he's eight inches across the shoulders, sir; I measured him—I'm a man of truth, sir," cried Boakes sternly, screwing his eye upon Christie, lest he might venture to dissent.

"And what about the water bailiffs, Jack Boakes?"

"They're off the scent, sir; we primed them—false despatches; leave them to me, sir. Augh, sir, there isn't a man—— Look here, now, Christie—bring that hare to Father Roach, and tell him it's from a friend. Do you hear, now?"

"Father Roach won't have her, Jack; and you were like to be in a scrape. Never offer him game again; you'd better not. He'll take plover and duck, mind that, Jack. He's thinking of writing a bit of a note to Mr. Henderson about you."

Mr. Boakes looked troubled for a moment, and words failed him; to all appearance, Christie revelled in the confusion he had occasioned in that gentleman's mind, and the sudden change from his habitual audacious address. He had always been secretly flattered by the tone of swaggering respect which Mr. Boakes assumed towards him in his flights of pompous excitement, and the temporary effect of alarm that he had produced upon his whimsical companion gratified him with a sense of impish power: He was further proceeding to hint darkly how an information had actually been laid with the magistrate, when of a sudden Mr. Boakes seized him by the two collars, and without a word of explanation offered, plumped him down sitting on the hare.

"Hish!—sit there!—don't stir!" he whispered hastily; and at the instant a tall sallow man, with a gun across his arm, jumped on the fence, and stood there looking down on them. Christie spread out his old waggoner, and endeavoured to conceal the tell-tale trophy, for he knew that the gamekeeper was upon them at last.

"Morning, Mr. Boakes," said the man, in a cold northern accent; "whose shots were them I heard over the hill?"

"Very like they were mine, Mr. Brent," said Boakes undauntedly.

"You were trespassing, Mr. Boakes. I suppose you know my orders."

"You're an honest man, Mr. Brent, an' I don't blame you. I don't say a word again' you, not a word, sir. I was taking the short-cut, sir, across the wood."

"What were you shootin' ?—come sir, no humbuggin'—I havn't time for it."

"I'm a man of truth, sir," cried Mr. Boakes, puffing with dissembled anger. "I'll stand no nonsense." [*Then in a meek, quick key*]—"I was shootin' wrans, sir—wrans for tyin' flies—shootin' wrans, sir."

"Christie," said the man, keeping a quiet scrutiny on Mr. Boakes, "you must run this moment on a message from the mather to Father Roach."

"I'll see that he does it, sir," cried Mr. Boakes, relieved and anxious to cover his retreat by a disarming civility. "The boy is takin' a rest. Don't stir, Christie, my boy."

"Shew me your licence," said the gamekeeper, turning suddenly on poor Boakes. "I've a fancy to see it, Mr. Boakes."

"For what?—is it for shootin' tom-tits?"

"I'll stand none of your d—d humbug; hand out your licence. Do you think I don't see that hare."

"Would you *be-leeve* me, sir," said Boakes, in extremity, "I was in Athlone last month—this day four weeks exactly—and I met my friend Lord Caledon's gamekeeper. I correspond wid him; he's my friend, sir—my friend. He was asking particularly about the gentleman who minds the game in Moorlands, meaning you, sir—you. And sir——"

"I'll summon you to-morrow, Mr. Boakes, at the Petty Sessions in Lanesborough. I give you notice now," said Brent, coolly.

"Here's my licence, then," said Mr. Boakes, resolutely producing five shillings out of his waistcoat pocket, and offering them to the man, taking care that Christie should not see the nature of the transaction.

"All right," said Brent, pocketing the money; "take off that hare wid you, and don't let me see you on the grounds again." Then turning to Christie—"Tell your uncle that the mather wishes to see him to-morrow on important business, about four o'clock—do you mind?"

So saying, he jumped back into the next field, and strode away with his waistcoat pocket lined with silver.

"It's not lucky," muttered Mr. Boakes, looking after him. "No matter about that chap, but it don't look lucky. I'll be smashed entirely if they catch me to-night." [*Aloud*]—"We conquered him, sir—we hit him a slap, sir. Don't tell *me*, sir, how to manage them chaps!" [*In a small business voice*] "Be there, Christie—be at the hole to-night—you'll see sport—*sport*, I say. Look alive! I'll send Lame Bill tomorrow to bring you right. Eleven o'clock sharp—sharp!" And Jack Boakes departed at the same rattling pace with which he descended the piney hill.

For the remainder of the day Christie was impatient and restless, and and received his uncle's various conciliatory advances doggedly enough.

The prohibition which had offended him, sat very lightly on his conscience, and he was quite aware that, in this instance, the authority of the priest, occasionally supported with inexorable firmness, and more than once with the awful discipline of the horsewhip, was to be readily eluded.

The twilight fell very slowly, because Christie longed for it anxiously. His excitement about those great fishes, any one of which would have made an angler happy for the day, to be all gathered in on that night at one grand haul—the anticipation of his encounter with the monstrous Schoolmaster (the patriarch of the salmon)—filled him with quick imaginings and kept his heart beating.

He passed some hours in finishing a bird-springs, on which he had employed much ingenuity, and then he once more took his place at the window, to watch the night gathering in, and amuse himself by studying the various wild life which inhabited the bog.

About this hour a dusky troop of bats, which lodged beneath the eaves of the house, flew out one by one, and flitted off noiselessly like night-swallows. He could count them as they passed—sometimes twenty—sometimes thirty—little shadows, drifted away on filmy wing, mere hints of life and motion.

At intervals the wild duck would dart by in small flocks, with short sharp beat and outstretched neck, then gliding down to the river on dead wing.

Later in the evening came drifts of sad raincloud, followed by a gentle wind, which whispered around the priest's house as it passed.

Later still—the clouds broke insensibly into a fleecy pavilion all in motion, and the moon rose through it in soft bounteous light.

Still shadows dropt from the house—from the hill—from the grizzly fences—and from every separate little tuft and sod. There were moving shadows, too, from the flying clouds, which coursed over the bog within faint view-hollo!

Christie thought, as he glanced up through the vapours, how the great glittering Fishes went winnowing on their viewless course through the firmament!

“Time for bed, Christie,” said the priest, laying aside the book he had been studying drowsily. “I’ll give you a canter on Prence to-morrow, as I’m going up to the big house, and that will make us even again! Come up, lad—you’ll be glad you staid in, to-morrow, when you get that mount.”

Christie went upstairs after him with the utmost docility and got into bed. After a few minutes Father Roach became quite satisfied that his nephew was fast asleep, and, under this pleasing impression, he calmly entered the realms of Snoreland himself, and in right down-earnest too.

Then Christie arose and dressed hastily, listening attentively to Father Roach, whose spirit was wrestling with uneasy sleep. Lightly as a cat stole Christie to the bedside, and taking the great smooth watch from the curtain pocket—an act of unparalleled audacity—he inspected the hour-hand by the moonlight, and found it to be pointing to eleven; then, having replaced his uncle's property, he returned to the window and began to raise it inch by inch.

Father Roach flounders in bed, and the sash gives an inopportune

creak. Instantly the boy dips into the shadow of the window-sill, and in a few moments his uncle's groans and wrastlings with sleep recommence. A sudden lift completes Christie's object without any further alarm, and he twists his figure out upon the sill. The fall was not more than eight or nine feet; and yet Christie sat dangling his legs for a few moments' consideration, as a bather likes to pause on the bank before he takes the plunge.

It occurred to his mind, while he was thus delaying, what a startling thing it would be should he hear the tread of a naked foot within, and behold his angry uncle, in all the hideousness of dishabille, standing at the window-pane behind him.

On one occasion of disobedience like the present, the priest had shown a severity that evidenced a stern aspect to his character, and a memorable flogging left a dread on the boy's mind, which, though not so salutary as it might have been, was predominant when engaged on a forbidden freak.

He knew, however, that were he not thus surprised, he was safe enough, as it was a frequent habit with him to be up and out before his uncle awoke, nor had he ever been questioned on the objects of his early excursions.

So he mused, when he suddenly heard a heavy stride in the room within, and glancing round, he beheld, to his dismay, a large white figure at the window, with the ghastly moonlight full upon it. He uttered a sharp cry, and flinging himself from the sill, rolled over twice; then he made away for his life through the hoary fields.

"Is that Master Christie?" said a low voice from a corner of the pine-wood, as the startled truant was beginning to slacken in speed.

"Misther Boakes sent me for you," continued Lame Bill, a crooked lad of about seventeen, emerging into sight. "The water-bailiffs are up at Pouldru, phere we lit a furze-fire on the bank to desave them, and we'll have the lower pool dhrawn afore they get the wind of us. Misther Boakes bid us run."

Both boys broke into a trot; the pattering sounds of their feet went through the wood and disturbed a shining otter at his supper; he slid into the water with his prey. They aroused a heron from her intent watch, and she floated down farther, with the moonlight on her blue wing. The rain was still on the pine-boughs, and the delicate patter of the drops never stopped.

A word about this Lame Bill, while he pants along at a rolling gait, as if he were about to heave his companion into the ditch at every lurch.

Were you in need of a guide to a good snipe-field, Bill would save you miles of beating, and walk you up to the very tuft or splash where a bird was lying, as if he were a steady old pointer. He could follow you over miles of country, with a brace of hares on his back and a full bag at his side; he could tell a lie most adroitly, make a ready excuse for your bad shot, or affect to mark a bird down wounded which had not lost a feather. He could do all this, and was, moreover, in his own person, as destructive to game as a kite or a weasel. His name might justly have figured at the head of a catalogue of vermin; and, in Mr. Brent's opinion, he deserved no better courtesy. He had an instinct

for noose and snare, lime and torch. He could tickle a trout under the bank, and has knocked down a pheasant with the throw of a stick.

He was an especial protégé of Mr. Boakes, who used to lend him an old musket, which he dared not to discharge himself, that Bill might lie out in the frosty slush to contrive a pot shot at the mallards as morning broke over the heather.

"In here Master Christie," said Bill, stopping at a broken fence; and the moment they had cleared it, Christie beheld a small group of men beside the river, who talked to one another in whispers. Jack Boakes immediately signaled himself by a characteristic burst of bluster, and stepping from among them, welcomed his promising young friend.

"Don't look at that hole, I tell you," he said, in a sort of over-shadowing whisper; "'twould frighten you all that's in it. The mistress has three tubs of beautiful pickle ready. They'll burst the hoops, sir. It's *sniceen* with them!"

Boakes's light eyes were brimming with excitement—his cheeks were puffed with the same, and he trembled on his stout legs.

"Come down here, my son. Hould that gaff firm; and if he attempts to break the net fasten it in him. He's as big a shark, sir. A *shark*! He'll beat you, I say. Now, boys—now, boys!"

Mr. Boakes had managed everything with the most consummate generalship. In the first place, he had been so daring as to secure the pleasure-boat, having opened one of the links of its chain by means of a small hammer, and then paddled her silently down through the floating water-lilies, under the drooping branches and over the stony rapids, a passage that demanded both unusual caution and vigour. On her stern he had packed the net most carefully, and had ascertained, by previous examination, that the bottom of the hole offered no obstruction to the free sweep of the leaded rope, but was, on the contrary, a shelving bank of gravel, free from rock or stake.

In fact he proved himself, in Christie's estimation, a man of action and excellent contrivance, and challenged his young friend's respect by the unlimited superiority he asserted over his eager associates.

Boakes entered the boat, and placed a man at her bow, who was to paddle him round the hole. The three other assistants remained on shore, and prepared themselves for the work, by taking off their brogues and seizing their end of the rope, while Lame Bill was despatched to the brow of the hill, there to crouch and watch the country round lest the enemy might steal a march upon them before the prize was won.

Christie held his breath, and glanced with feverish curiosity from man to man, and tree to tree. He strove to keep the remembrance of the water-bailiffs from his mind; but it was for ever recurring—every little noise gave it momentary vividness. As he descended to the water side, there was a rush and a cry from the underwood, as a blackbird was startled from its shelter, and the blood shot back to his heart. Once a woodquost struck the branches above him with her wing, and he leaped aside as if a hand were on his shoulder. The recollection of the white figure standing wrathfully in the moonlight haunted him; and though he knew it to be his uncle, yet it left upon his imagination a vague superstitious impression he could not shake off. It predisposed him to be nervous and foreboding. Would that the continual dropping on the

leaves would cease, it was so terribly suggestive of footsteps through the wood!

The scene was striking, and not without a certain weird influence on such apprehensions. An old wooden bridge spanned the stream at a short distance beyond; and as the moonlight struck on shaft and plank with grim whiteness, it looked like the skeleton of a mammoth reared across the water. The fir-tops cut the sky with their black plumes, and the radiance shivered in through them in strips and blue sparkles. A shallow rapid shone below the bridge, and gave up a tinkling of waters and a broken sheen of light.

On the bank, and in the boat, were the countrymen, with livid gleams on their anxious faces and figures, and the dropping in the wood was still like coming footsteps.

Silently and rapidly Boakes paid out the rope, and the corks swam in circles of light, as they descended one by one into the water. Christie watched these gleaming circles with a fidgetty anxiety; and as the interest of the adventure began to absorb him, fear died away. The stars 'till now in beautiful still reflections on the pool, wavered into zig-zag silver as the net moved round.

Mr. Henderson, who is heir to, and virtual lord of these demesnes, is a keen angler, and has preserved the stream with jealous care. This very morning he was standing on the old wooden bridge surveying the rising fish with most fatherly interest. From time to time during last month, even up to the first day of the close season—a day by him most scrupulously observed—had he been seen, grave and silent, on the banks, sending a prying cast into nooks and eddies—a patient, watchful man, most cunning in the sport and rigid in its preservation. His success has been various, but brilliant on the whole, having landed and gaffed some thirty-five salmon during the season to his own rod. But what of that? One haul will kill as many to-night.

Hush! Was not that a footstep at the brow of the hill—or was it only the weasel-tread of the wary vidette?

Through Christie's eyes we still look on, and begin to perceive a troubling of the waters within the sweep of the net. The eddies break up in another instant into short, quick rufflings, and there are flashes to be seen as from silver mail. Then Christie and the men join in a marvelling chorus—

“Oh—a! Oh—a!”

Still the net sweeps on, and its area whitens and convulses. The moonlight shimmers amid writhing life. There is a dull roar of froth and foam, with angry strokes and splashes hither and thither, while the moonlight keeps playing over all like blue lightning.

Boakes snatches his “priesting” stick, and leaping on shore, brings the two ropes together and hauls in impetuously.

“Oh—a! Oh—a!” cry Christie and the men.

“Now, boys!—now, boys!” says Boakes, in great hoarse whispers. “There's winter store! There's Sunday dinners! They're as big as pigs. They'll beat us—they'll beat us, I say! Gently, boys, mind the net—in wid them. So—a! Gently—so!”

Christie never beheld such a sight. Flap and writhe and gleaming

struggle was all he could distinguish within the meshes : a glittering mass like tumbling waves of quicksilver !

Boakes flourished his "priest," and prepared to administer, when a shrill cry of "Ware, men!" broke from the wood, and suspended his uplifted arm. Rough hands were on his collar. Christie, who was wild with excitement, heard his friend sing out in alarm ; he saw him hop from leg to leg, and defend himself vigorously with his little truncheon ; he heard his late companions running off through the wood, and he grasped his gaff viciously, doubtful what to do.

"Be off, Master Christie!" said one of the water-bailiffs, recognizing the nephew of his priest ; "this is no place for you to be. The master is down himself, and if he sees you, you're done for—run!"

Boakes was just overpowered in his ill-advised resistance, his attempts at flight were counteracted, and Christie never heeded the warning. Darting at one of the men, who held his friend, he endeavoured to gaff his leg. Just then a sound box from behind knocked fire from his eyes, and bewildered him ; he saw no more of the encounter, till he found himself walking in procession, with Mr. Boakes before him, Lame Bill howling behind him, and the bailiffs, with their assistants, at either side.

By them walked a broad, bull-necked man, whom Christie recognised to be the lord of the place, and a magistrate of the county, Mr. Pierce Henderson. Often had Christie looked up at him with awe, when the great man filled his state-pew in chapel ; and the boy used to gaze at his deep eyes and snaky bald head with a disagreeable fascination such as children feel towards some faces, they know not why. And new with a confused comprehension of some heavy trouble over him, Christie trembled, and uttered a low sob.

"Look up, my son—never give way!" whispered Boakes, with reckless warmth. "Augh-h, sir, small as you are, you've a heart as big as Henderson's bald head."

"Silence!" said Mr. Henderson—"silence!" echoed the bailiffs, and no more was said, only Lame Bill howled away as manfully as ever.

CHAPTER II.

THE evening of the next day found the priest, with troubled brow, riding slowly down the road in the glow of a glorious sunset, that shone crimson on his face and great hands, and cast a long, stilt-legged shadow of himself and horse for fifty yards across the adjoining field.

On he rode through the gates of Moorlands. The stone griffins at either side caught the red glare, and it mellowed their frowns. Up the wide avenue he rode, with the twilight parks around him, and soft promontories of radiance between the trees.

And now he drew rein on the new terrace, and before a stately house, with its Ionic porch. Who would suppose, that had ridden through the griffined gates, along those twilight parks, and up to that spacious house, with rich light streaming on them, that the gloom of Debt and Encumbrance hung viewless over all.

The priest is immediately admitted, and led into the parlour. There

is a fine scope for hospitality in this room. The ghosts of great dinners departed seem to be in the very air. The magnificent carved buffet, with its inlaid mirror reflecting ranges of plate and enamelled vases, and the little regiment of condiments, attests most eloquently to the dinners to come. The leaves of the great table are piled in a corner; they rest from their burthens of the haunch and the turbot, and so they may for many a day. The looming shadow of the Incumbered Estates Court falls here also, though still unseen.

At the fire stood Mr. Pierce Henderson, bull-necked and bald; his forehead was retreating, his eyes brown and deep; his thick lips could spread into a most fascinating smile. Well chosen were his words, his voice sweet, manly, and precisely accented. There is a hint of character in the small, though square-jointed hand, which rests on the back of a chair; it has a firm, calm plant, as of confidence and power.

He stepped forward and greeted the priest, immediately introducing him to a gentleman who was seated at the table, with a parchment scroll before him. Mr. Henderson's agent was also present.

"Father Roach, I have requested your presence as a witness to a deed. My father and I have entered into an arrangement we have long contemplated." Then calling to the servant: "James, ask Mr. Henderson to come in for a moment; you can tell him Father Roach is come."

"Now," he continued, taking the deed and handing it to the priest, "if you just look over that parchment, you will see its nature at a glance—a mere legal form, you know."

Father Roach mounted his spectacles with unwieldy fuss, and taking the deed in his two fists, began to mutter over it, dwelling with much study upon the unintelligible law phrases, which seemed, from their obscurity, to be the important parts.

Now the door opens, and the old master enters with an active step, attired in a grey shooting-coat and great heavy-soled shoes—a figure, limber and a little bent by years; a face, full of pleasant suavity, and on which was the impress of the gentleman. All these, and a winning, hearty address, were the obvious characteristics of Mr. Pierce Henderson, senior, the present legal proprietor of the estate. When you looked closer, and watched him for a while, you might see a spark of glassy fire in the eye, so often seen in age, giving an anxious, irritable expression; at times you might observe, too, a certain weakness mingled with the kindness about the lines of his mouth.

He came up to the priest smilingly, greeted him, and questioned him pleasantly, rubbing his thin palms together, with a soft clap or two.

There is always a little formality attending such an occasion as the present, when silence is somewhat awkward, and the business of the moment too slight to form a topic. So thought the old gentleman at least; and with a show of tact he told a merry story, and in point too—*exceedingly* in point.

"I don't think Pierce and I will fall foul of one another, gentlemen," he said airily, "like old Bodkin, of Greywallstown, and his son. I remember when Bodkin made over six hundred acres of young plantation to his son-in-law, who had lent him large sums. I was witness to the deed and the consideration for the transfer was—ha, ha!—

'Natural love and affection.' Old Bodkin was the most unnatural fellow on the face of the earth, and used to curse his son-in-law every morning before he sat down to breakfast. By gad I gave him a sharp look when I heard the words, and I guessed how much they were worth, too. Well, gentlemen, a quarrel came soon enough, and a rattling trial on the tail of it," laughed the old man—"highest counsel in the land engaged on either side, and, by gad ——"

"Will you be so good as to read, Mr. Parkes," interrupted his son, coolly. "Now, gentlemen, Mr. Parkes will only trouble you with the necessary points; we need not have the law-jargon, you know. Go on if you please."

A colour shot over the old gentleman's face. Of late his stories had often been cut short thus, his opinions neglected, and occasionally his orders countermanded. He walked to the window and looked angrily forth over his demesne that was about to pass from his hands.

ATTORNEY.—"*THIS INDENTURE, made the seventeenth day of September, in the reign of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, by the, &c., in the year of our Lord 18—, between Pierce Henderson, Elder, of Moorlands, in the County of Roscommon, of the one part, and Pierce Henderson, Younger, of the other part, &c.'*"

Still the old man stands at the window, and looks over his sunny sweep of lawn, and his woods, purpling in the evening; his distant pastures, and farms, and covers. They are all passing away from him.

Those are beautiful ancestral woods, old gentleman. You are gazing at your favourite trees—the oaks, the copper beeches, and the pines; but there are foreboding sounds yonder, where the men are clearing off the ivy from their trunks. Instead of the cooing of woodquests in the distance, there may be a ringing of desecrating axes along the hill before the year be out, and the pride of your old place be levelled.

ATTORNEY.—"*NOW THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH, that for carrying the said contract for sale into effect, and in consideration of an Annuity of Two Hundred sterling, of lawful money of Great Britain, to the said Pierce Henderson, Elder, in hand well and truly paid by said Pierce Henderson, Younger, upon, or immediately, &c.'*"

That is a noble stretch of lawn, old gentleman. Many a morning have you cantered over it with your friends, when you were starting for the neighbouring cover, and chatted pleasantly upon the likelihoods of the day's sport. It is passing from your hands—soon it may be actionable trespass to set your foot on that springing grass.

ATTORNEY.—"*To have and to hold the said messuage or tenements, lands and hereditaments hereinbefore described, and all and singular other the premises hereby granted, or intended so to be, with their and every of their rights, members and appurtenances, unto the said Pierce Henderson, Younger and his heirs.'*"

Those are substantial farms yonder, old master, and the tenants love you well. A few moments, and this title of "Master" will be but an idle courtesy—the word will have lost its power and its substance. Your good, easy tenantry may now be wronged—be ejected—be robbed, and you cannot help them. Look to it, lest Pierie, as you call him, may not tolerate yourself! You have need to unlearn the egotism of age—to forget your racy stories of fifty years' standing, for you are

to sit at another man's table from to-day. Old Bodkin was a merry fellow, with his natural love and affection—let the relationship be reversed in your tale, and the joke may be a sorry one for you.

ATTORNEY.—“ *And that the same messuage, or tenements, lands, hereditaments, and premises, with the appurtenances and premises, shall and lawfully may accordingly, from time to time, and at all times hereafter, be held and enjoyed, and the rents, issues, and profits thereof received and taken, by the said Pierce Henderson, Younger, his appointees, heirs, and assigns, &c., without any lawful let, suit, trouble, denial, &c.* ”

You have resided on your property like a patriotic landlord, old master, and poured out your money through the country—planted largely, built ambitiously, and have earned a popularity of which you are justly proud. It will all be as nothing to you in a moment. Your position, your name in the country, your command of a large and hospitable table, were all that you learned to live for; they are all melting away. Perchance it might be better—now that your day is over, your place to be filled, and your name to be a mere echo of your son's—that you were laid peacefully beside those old, worm-eaten landlords in the Moorlands vault, where lost position and wounded pride can envenom the heart no more.

“Father—a-hem!—the witnesses are waiting on you—we want your signature.”

Old Mr. Henderson turned from the melancholy prospect and controlled himself. He had pondered over the concession long and heavily, and now he could avoid it no longer. He must not show a symptom of reluctance before strangers, or it would go over the country to his injury and discredit. He walked hastily to the table, scrawled the name “Pierce Henderson,” and now the woods, the house, the lands and farms, are passed from him for ever. He is now but a guest in the room!

THE PSCHYE OF CAPUA.

A FRAGMENT FROM A JOURNAL OF THE LATE MRS. ROMER.

Naples, 1844.

THIS morning I strolled again into the Museo Borbonico, to pass an hour in contemplation of the few specimens of art which I *feel* to be worthy of more than the one casual visit of surprise and admiration which is all that is usually accorded to them by tourists and wandering virtuosi. These few comprise the so-called Statue of Aristides—that of Agrippina seated,—the Venus Calpegye, and (but surely I ought to have given precedence to it over all the rest), the divine fragment of Praxiteles's Psyche, found at Capua. I ought also to have preceded the list of these objects of my predilection by the avowal, that either my appreciation of the sculptor's art has never been properly developed, or that my soul is incapable of feeling its sublimities with that degree of passionate enthusiasm which it elicits in the bosoms of so many. For I have looked upon almost all the celebrated master-pieces of antiquity, and, with very few exceptions, they have left me cold and unmoved as the marble of which they were composed. Beautiful I acknowledged them to be in their conception—exquisite in their execution—harmonious in their proportions;—but still *statues of stone*, producing no illusion in my mind, and leaving no trace there beyond that of mere admiration. The “Niobe” could never wring a tear from my eyes; or the “Laocoon” rouse me into a shudder; or the “Venus di Medici” warm me into that glow of enchantment which leaves her worshippers “dazzled and drunk with beauty” at her pedestal; or the “Apollo Belvidere” transfix me with his god-like disdain until I felt, as it were, scorched by the presence of “the sun clothed in human limbs;” and I have vainly sought within me, while examining the far-famed “Torso” of the Vatican, for one spark of the mingled enthusiasm and despair with which Canova's soul overflowed, when he gazed upon that mutilated fragment, and passed his hand over it to assure himself that it was *not flesh!*

Yet, notwithstanding this obtuseness for objects of art, whose undisputed claims to enthusiastic admiration have become world-wide, there are others, secondary perhaps in fame, which have succeeded in lighting up the electric spark within me. I *have* felt my eyes moisten as I looked upon the Dying Gladiator of the Capitol; and while standing before the Aristides of the Museo Borbonico, I have felt that *banal* expression of “breathing marble” to be not an exaggeration.

These emotions may, perhaps, be attributable to the subjects being of a nature to appeal more exclusively to human sympathies. But there is yet another gem of antiquity which has exercised over my feelings a power such as no other specimen of the work of man's hand ever before did; and while attracted, day after day, towards that unequalled fragment of the Psyche of Capua, which, all broken and defaced as it is, appears to me more exquisite in its incompleteness than the best-preserved or best-restored statue in the world, I have said to myself, “Was

this, indeed, the work of mere mortal hands, and are not the impress of a Divine finger—the breathings of a Divine Spirit—evident in this exquisite impersonation of the soul ?

Could the mind of man soar so far above earthly feeling, as to imagine a purity so ethereal, yet so devoid of coldness—so characterised by a chaste *abandon*—such ineffable grace and softness, untainted by one shadow of voluptuous allurements—or rather was it not the offspring of some moment of entrancing appreciation, of dazzling comprehension, not emanating *from*, but vouchsafed *to*, the sculptor ?

As I gaze, the Museo Borbonico and its countless gems of art fade from the scene, become absorbed in the one object before me ; but neither the satisfaction proceeding from disarmed criticism, nor the admiration due to anatomical perfections and accurately-balanced proportions, can find a place in my thoughts.

These but attest the skill of the artist. The diviner essence now occupies me—soul meets soul—the flesh-clad spirit of to-day communes with that of a bygone age, and both breathe alike the same idea—Immortality !

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SPANISH.

In the fond visions of the silent night,
I dreamt thy love, thy long-sought love, was won ;
Was it a dream, that vision of delight ?
I woke ! 'twas but a dream—let me dream on.

Defying Death's control,
My burning love for thee,
Wrapt in my inmost soul,
Shares Immortality.

If souls could mortal prove,
For thee I would not sigh ;
I could not bear to love,
And know my love must die.

A. S. M.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

“**WITH** the Devil’s regiments of the line I should be apt to make rather brief work ; to them one would apply the besom, try to sweep them with some rapidity into the dust-bin, and well out of one’s road I should rather say To feed you in palaces, to hire captains and schoolmasters, and the choicest spiritual and material artificers to expend their industry on you. No, by the Eternal ! I have quite other work for that class of artists : seven-and-twenty millions of neglected mortals who have not yet quite declared for the devil. Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you, and will teach you, after the example of the gods, that this world is not your inheritance, or glad to see you in it. What has a governor much to do with you ? You I think he will rather swiftly dismiss from his thoughts dismissing the one extremely contemptible interest of scoundrels—sweeping that into the cesspool—tumbling that over London Bridge in a very brief manner, if needful.”—*Latter-day Pamphlets—Model Prisons.*

WHEN Thomas Carlyle gave forth to the world the views contained in the quotation with which this article commences, it appeared to his discerning eye that a moral disease of ill-directed sentimentalism was threatening mankind, from which it required to be peremptorily startled. In his own rugged, uncompromising style, therefore, he enunciated the great principle which should bring back the warped sympathies of the human heart to their proper direction, viz. :—That the intention of the philanthropist should be directed in the first place, to the encouragement of honest and industrious poverty, it being a question paramount to that of the reformation of the vicious.

When a man advocates the disposal of our criminals by so summary a process as that recommended in the above paragraphs, the impracticable barbarity of such a course renders its serious consideration an absurdity ; such a proposal, therefore, can be only looked upon as a hyperbolic method of stating general views as forcibly as language will allow. While, therefore, pseudo-philanthropists are denouncing with righteous indignation the advocacy of such opinions, it behoves them to dig deeper down into the mine of thought thus opened to consideration, and to ask themselves the questions—Are we not the supporters of extreme views on the other side ?—Are we not as chargeable with absurdity and impracticability ?—Will our opinions bear the test of sober unexcited discussion with greater success ; or, rather, while gladly acknowledging the admission of the principle of reformation into our penal institutions as a boon to society, and a step in the onward march of civilization which can hardly be too highly appreciated, ought we not to accept it with consideration, and move forward with caution, lest our feelings should hurry us beyond the legitimate goal whither they should tend ?

Nothing can be clearer than the first step in such an inquiry. It is impossible to attempt the task of framing a code for the government and reformation of criminals, without possessing a thorough insight into the nature of the men to whom it is to be applied. Here we think we perceive the first stumbling-block in the path of those whom Carlyle, not

inaptly, terms "rose-water philanthropists." Instead of meeting the question as one of stern facts, to the elucidation of which experience, not theory, must guide them, they allow their imaginations to be led captive by vague generalities—weak fears of responsibility cramp their energies—a false charity bars the path of duty—and around all, a very perceptible cloud, of the not very orthodox doctrine of innate goodness, rises like dust in the eyes of common-sense, and completes the mischief.

To such a one we would say—Come, let us walk together to one of these bastiles that, sleeping or waking, haunts your imagination; to one of those living tombs over whose portal appears to your excited mind the gloomy inscription of the Italian poet—

"Voi ch' intrate lasciate ogni speranza."

Come, and let us see how far the prisoner around whom you have flung the poesy of pity resembles the felon of reality. Come, let us judge for ourselves as between the law and the law-breaker—let us see if the latter be justified, in the words of Cain, to exclaim, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." But, before we cross the threshold: as intellectual gladiators preparing for a mental struggle, let us throw away all that may impede a free, a rational decision; let us leave prejudice, conventionality, morbidity, nay, even poetry, without, and above all, let us begin by the beginning—let us understand the cause before the effect—the prisoner before the prison!

One word before we enter.—There is an important point upon which you must hold decided views. Bearing in mind that the inmates of a gaol are there not only for reformatory purposes, but also for punitive—that the *rationale* of imprisonment includes the discouragement of crime among the social whole, as well as the moral improvement of the individual—are you prepared to affirm that the character of the labour to be performed by criminals shall be similar in amount, in degree, and in quality, to that by which the honest artizan seeks a precarious livelihood (with how much difficulty and anxiety he and his God alone knows!)? If so, farewell. Our views on this subject are so widely apart, that the visit would be productive of good to neither of us; but, before we part, reflect well upon the consequences entailed by such a policy; consider, that by not drawing a distinction between the labour of the honest and that of the convict, you engender false views on the subject of crime in both, for you cause it to assume the appearance of a moral disease for which the patient is hardly answerable, rather than that of a social wrong for which the offender must atone by punishment. This is not all, for you throw a temptation in the way of the poor, and confuse all their ideas of right and wrong, by exalting the felon to the same position as the unfortunate poor; and who can tell, when an uneducated man holds the scales which contain in one side the gaol, in the other the poorhouse, to which the preponderance will be given. Pause, then, ere you lead honest poverty to look upon honest toil as a punishment; make some difference between the reward of iniquity and that of industry; let punishment be punishment, and be felt to be such, and let the prize for reformation, and the incentive to it, be that honest labour which, in the hopes of reformation, you grant as a favour, not impose as a penalty.

Thus, let punishment and reformation go hand in hand—one without the other is powerless for good. Punishment without reformation is but crime deferred. Reformation without punishment is demoralization to honest poverty and temptation to crime.

Now let us enter.

“What would you wish to see first?” demands the burly, good-humoured janitor in blue, whom our potent credentials have placed at our disposal for the visit.

Where first? Where but the cells dedicated to youthful crime, to those who have stepped over the threshold of vice so early as to lose their way in the mazy labyrinth within, before they can know whither they are tending, or how impossible is the “*revocare gradum.*” To those whom an unhappy fate has thrown into a phase of existence where the refreshing rain of religion never falls—where the fertilizing agency of education never acts. There let us go, my friend. It is there you will find the best field for practical philanthropy. There you may hope that active, never-ceasing, reformatory exertion may reap a small harvest. There the disease, though virulent, may be checked, nay, eradicated—a little later it becomes chronic and incurable!

We stand at the extremity of a well-lighted, well-ventilated corridor, on one side windows, on the other iron doors. Scrupulous neatness and cleanliness is the distinctive character of the place, and away in the perspective of the passage may be seen an orderly row of sloping desks furnished with all necessary educational appliances. Vocal silence reigns throughout, but from the other side of the iron doors a regular dull sound, as of machinery at work, reaches the ear.

Approaching the first door, our conductor directs our attention to a simple contrivance by which a spy-hole of about an inch and a-half in diameter is disclosed, and on placing our eye thereat, we form an acquaintance with the human wild beast within in the cub state.

To say the truth, it bears a mild and inoffensive exterior, and is at the moment employed in devouring the gaol ration of bread and gruel (it being feeding time), seated on a block of wood before a small triangular board, which officiates as a table at the junction of two walls. The sound made by uncovering the spy-hole causes the inmate to turn his head, and discovers a chubby, frank-looking face of about fourteen summers, whose rosy cheeks are at the instant rather vulgarly distended with victuals. The movement, however, is momentary, and, in no ways alarmed or astonished at the apparition of an eye, the head turns from us again and resumes its more congenial occupation.

“First offence?” you hazard, trusting to your skill in physiognomy.

“Oh! no sir,” smiles the blue functionary; “an old offender that sir—his sixth conviction.”

We leave him of the deceitful countenance, and proceed up the corridor, looking into various cells which our conductor throws open to our inspection. Wherever the meal has been concluded, we find the occupants employed at work, principally in constructing, upon plain wooden frames, mats or rugs out of cocoa-fibre. The labour seems by no means severe, and rather interesting. Indeed, were it of a much more toilsome nature it would be gladly executed; as, compulsion apart, there are few minds who would not prefer the companionship of labour to the solitude of their own thoughts.

This rug-making has also another advantage as a prison accomplishment. It can be (at least in some of the simple forms) acquired in a few hours, and thus is surmounted a formidable difficulty, often raised by the opponents of reproductive labour, as to the impossibility of instructing, in any trade, those whose imprisonments were for very short periods. At any rate, it is a better expedient than that of the puzzled governor who, when required to set all his prisoners to some remunerative business, could suggest no trade which could be learnt in a single lesson except that of "shelling peas."

More cells opened and their occupants inspected. Does it not strike you, my philanthropic friend, that there is a strange contrast between the young gaol-birds that we are now inspecting, and the same class of boys outside? Would any one believe that yonder lad, with independent air and defiant eye, who is even now complaining to our conductor, that having reached prison years of discretion (*i.e.* 16), he has a right to be thenceforth treated as a man, and placed upon full rations, though well aware that such a promotion includes the labour of the treadwheel and the capstan-mill?—would any one believe him to be the same being whom, a fortnight ago, we might have seen in tattered garb shambling in a slinking trot along the pavement, avoiding policemen like the pestilence, and ready to whine for your charity, or relieve you of your purse, as occasion offered? Yet, so it is!

"Can you read, my lad?" we inquire, handing him an open book from one of the desks.

"Yes, sir," responds the thief, and accepting the challenge, reads fluently several sentences.

"And write?" we inquire.

The officer points to an open copy-book, whereon we see repeated, all down the page, in admirable caligraphy—

"Honesty is the best policy."

"When this boy," explained the warder, "first came to us, he didn't even know his alphabet; however, as he is never long away from us, he has got on pretty well with his education. I've no doubt but that he will finish it with us. In this cell," continued he, unbolting the next iron door, "we have the youngest of our criminals; he is barely nine years of age, and it is his third visit to the prison. Come out, giant!" he cries, good humouredly, and the guilty atom of humanity stands before us. And such a chubby little rogue—he might have served as a model for one of Raffaele's cherubs!

"How do you live when free?" we ask.

"I robs," is the laconic and perfectly candid reply.

"This," says the gaoler, pointing to the child with a key, "is one of an ingenious class of thief, whose plan of action consists in fastening a morsel of cobbler's wax to the end of a long wand, and passing it, when no one is looking, into shops where small articles lie about; these adhere to the sticky surface, and you would be surprised at the quantity and value of the plunder thus obtained."

We look again at the prisoner, and are satisfied that such a mechanical contrivance never originated with him, and express a hope, which we are not sanguine enough to indulge in, that on his emerging from prison he will not again go astray.

"Oh, no!" saith this promising youth, with an indescribable grimace of mock repentance, that spoke a contrary resolve in a far more intelligible voice. The warder shakes his head in a half-amused, wholly incredulous manner, and we turn away from that small boy rather heart-sick; for we feel how hard is the task that we have imposed upon ourselves, so early, so deeply-rooted is the disease that we wish (we can hardly say *hope*) to eradicate.

Yet before we pass from the contemplation of juvenile crime, let us linger awhile and reflect if there be no way to check its increase, other than by the reformation of those who have already fallen. The treatment of our young prisoners is a neutral ground, upon which both the pitying philanthropist and the stern moralist may stand and agree. Both will allow, that these are not the subjects upon whom an outraged community may demand a punitive redress. For these, the Reformatory School is the proper sphere. Here is a spot where both may, with chastened and grateful hearts, acknowledge how little we owe it to ourselves—how much to Providence—that to our homes and children have been granted those means of enlightenment which have been inscrutably denied to these poor "pariahs." How shall we best repay that debt?

An Egyptian darkness—a darkness that *is* felt—broods over the distant region of society to which the poor belong, canopied by which sits Ignorance, the fertile mother of Crime, incubating her horrid progeny. Now and then some knight-errant of the Gospel, with the shield of Religion, and the flaming sword of Education, penetrates a little—a very little—into the dismal gloom; but to produce a perceptible result, should such heroes strive alone? Not by ones or twos, or even hundreds, must they be counted. The war of Intellect against Ignorance, is a war of nations, and not individuals. Onward, then, brave troops of pre-prison reformers, with your regiments of ragged schools, your shoe-black divisions, and such like forces! What, though poverty never cease out of the land, and sin be a fixed law, shall we contentedly allow ignorance to aggravate the evil? Education is no incendiary glare, as some would have us believe—'tis the glorious light of heaven, that breaks through the foul mists of night. Here is the field where the great battle of reformation must be fought; within the walls of a gaol 'tis but a series of single combats, of which the issue is often doubtful. True, they must be fought, and all honour to the victors in such a strife; but the stream poisoned by crime can never be made healthful to any appreciable amount, unless we purify it at its source; and this can never be done in the confined sphere of a prison. Prevention is better than cure.

But come, let us be going. We have yet to inspect another department of criminal discipline, before we can convict of cruelty that system which has been so animadverted upon by the would-be Howards of the day. We are now about to visit the adult prisoners, and judging of them as a class, determine how far a simple reformatory system, when stripped of the terrors of the law, would be available. And here we would remark, that the prison through whose wards we are now passing is no ideal, no theoretical phantasm of our imagination. Though its name may not appear in these pages, yet is it a *bona fide* reality, and a fair sample of the prisons of the country, neither worse nor better

than others, wherein the silent and separate system is in force, and; if anything, stringent rather than lenient in its rules.

The bolt is drawn, and as the heavy door swings back upon its hinges, the sound of the flying shuttle and the busy loom again salute the ear; while cocoa-fibre again may be seen, in all stages of preparation and manufacture. The opened cells disclose busy forms, whose countenances, full of the employment about which they are engaged, exhibit none of those haunting expressions of semi-madness that is popularly supposed to be the infallible concomitants of the silent and separate system: Were it not for the bolts and bars, the uniform dress, and the decidedly villanous expression stamped upon the features of many of the craftsmen, we might be visiting some honest factory. A pile of finished mats stands in the passage, and on inquiring as to its destination, we are informed that they are sold to wholesale houses, and that from the profits arising from such sales, one-third is set apart for the prisoner, and given to him on his release. It is hard to extract materials for a fair grumble from this scene.

Passing on, we are led to the hard-labour yard; and here, if at all, we must look for that refined cruelty which, while it tortures, hardens the criminal, and brutalizes the man.

We cannot find it. To lift and carry a cannon ball a stated number of yards, and then put it down again, when continued for any length of time, is certainly a wearying and monotonous task. To ascend an everlasting staircase without rising any higher in the world, is decidedly uninteresting and laborious; and we can picture a more intellectual pursuit than that of some forty men following each other, like horses in a threshing-machine, as in the case of the capstan-mill. Still we must recollect, that at each hoist of the shot, each step on the wheel, a cogent moral is forced upon the culprit. "You have repudiated honesty—honest labour is too holy an instrument for your punishment—repent! and let honest reproductive labour for the future save you from the degradation of unproductive rogue-labour."

If such, then, be the ordinary routine of gaol existence, must it not be admitted, that if there be that refinement of cruelty, so generally charged against the silent and separate system, it certainly does not appear to the casual observer?

Do not, however, let it be supposed for a moment, that we wish to understate the severity of the punishment. It is severe, and ought to be so. The real question is—Is it too severe? We candidly admit, that the definition of hard labour for criminals (as opposed to reformatory labour), that appears most reasonable to us is, a labour as toilsome and unpleasant as can be performed, without detriment to a man's mental or bodily health. This is a definition which embraces at once the requirements of justice and humanity, and would form a good touchstone at which to prove all systems; and to this test we are not afraid to bring a properly carried out silent and separate system.

You urge that experience has shown, that in it these conditions are not fulfilled; that mental prostration and prurient egotism are its inevitable tendencies; and that hypocrisy or desperation are the results. We answer, that it is illogical to charge upon a system that which is but an abuse of that system—that it is no more necessary to allow

the silence and separation which produce these effects to be carried out to their extreme limit, than it is necessary to compel a man to drink a pint of laudanum, who only requires a gentle anodyne. In short, that should such bad results take place, the blame should be laid less on the system, than on a defective method of its administration. And then comes the question, Are the advantages that belong to the silent and separate system so trivial as to render it unworthy of the trouble necessary for guarding against its abuses? And what are these advantages? We confess that, to our eyes, at least, they assume gigantic proportions. Immunity from contamination; reduction of the proud spirit; opportunity for reformatory reflections, backed by the exhortations of religion, and the wholesome abomination with which it is viewed as a punishment by those who have once undergone it, are all so many cogent reasons for its adoption, and would seem to point it out as the only system (in some one of its many modifications) which can have a beneficial effect upon the class of men with whom you have to deal, or from which the slightest hopes of effecting reformation can spring.

Do you twit us with the transient nature of such reforms, and point to the numerous recommittals in the register as evidences of its inefficacy? Alas! alas! to what system may not this apply with threefold weight? Is not rather this proof of the ingrained iniquity of the hardened criminal another plain reason that punishment, severe punishment, must accompany the gaol reformer, and endeavour, if only for the sake of honest society, to restrain from crime, by the sheer dread of the retribution, those upon whose ears the exhortations of the chaplain falls dull, meaningless, and ridiculous!

During the past season, a novel of no mean literary pretensions has appeared, and attracted considerable public attention, not only on account of the great interest which the author has contrived to weave into his tale, but from the fierceness of the attack of which he makes it the vehicle, upon the silent and separate systems of imprisonment now under trial in many of the gaols and convict-prisons throughout the United Kingdom. So harrowing are the details of suffering, so revolting, so diabolically ingenious, the tortures employed upon the wretched victims of the governor of —— gaol, that the reader is carried away without stopping to reflect, and re-echoes the indignant demand of the author. Shall a system be for one moment tolerated under which such enormities can be committed?

Then, again, it derives a fresh source of interest from the fact, that it is apparent to all; that horrible as these details are, they owe nothing to fiction, but are *bona fide* disclosures of actual occurrences. Indeed, so thin is the veil employed, that a reader can have but little difficulty in following up the matter from the romance to the reality, and in satisfying himself of the accuracy of the narrative.

Under these circumstances, the reader of "It is Never too late to Mend" (for such is the apothegmatic title of the novel) is apt to allow his imagination to supersede his judgment, and to follow the excited author into the illogical *non sequitur* before alluded to, of condemning a system on account of abuses which spring, not from the system, but from its maladministration.

True, the author admits that most of the horrors committed in — goal were not only *not* legitimate parts of the system, but in direct contravention to the printed rules upon which the discipline of the gaol ought to have been carried out. Had he, therefore, contented himself with rendering his work a warning to all engaged or interested in the management of gaols—an incentive to vigilance on the part of those whose duty it is to prevent abuses—a means of bringing the public mind to interest itself more deeply on this great social question—his end would not only have been strictly legitimate but praiseworthy. When, however, he proceeds a step further, and avails himself of the storm of indignation and pity which he has raised in his readers' breasts to obtain a verdict against the system itself, his previous data serve no longer as arguments, and a very natural suspicion is engendered as to the *unvarnished* nature of the facts themselves.

Without attempting to epitomise Mr. Reade's very interesting novel, it may be as well, in order to convince the reader of the exceptional character of the enormities carried on in — gaol, to give a very slight sketch of the characters and events introduced, bearing directly on the question of prison discipline.

Hawes, a coarse, tiger-minded savage, possessed, however, of some not very well-defined ideas, that in the execution of his cruelties he is but performing his duties, has contrived to hoodwink a whole bench of visiting magistrates, whose collective stupidity seems almost too gross for belief, even in the pages of a novel, and under their protection reigns supreme governor of — gaol. The chaplain, a weak but amiable young man, after expostulating vainly on the subject, resigns his post, and is succeeded by a gentleman of singularly well-drawn beauty of character. Possessed of clear, common sense, an indomitable energy, and a pure Christian love for his fellow-men, even when fallen so low as to be the world's outcasts, he resolves to ameliorate their wretched condition, and, in consequence, finds himself immediately in antagonism with Hawes, who is sensitively jealous of any interference on the part of the chaplain. Undeterred by the petty annoyances and open hostility which had succeeded in driving the late chaplain from his post, Mr. Eden, for that is his name, enters upon his work with earnestness. The strife is an unequal one. The unrestricted power in the hand of the savage counteracts the charity of the Christian, and the struggle tells upon the chaplain's health.

A crushing sickness, the effect of over anxiety in his holy vocation, falls upon him, and he succumbs just as all his plans are near maturity.

The effect of the delay occasioned by his illness is the suicide of one prisoner, and an increase in the misery of all.

At this juncture a celebrated physician, from a water-cure establishment, comes upon the scene; and, aided by the intense desire of the patient to recover, in order to finish his great work, he succeeds in restoring him once more to health, which he no sooner regains than he resumes the attack; and, after considerable difficulty, succeeds in obtaining from Government a Commission of Inquiry, which ends in the dismissal of Hawes, and the certainly inadequate punishment of three months' imprisonment. In this brief outline of that portion of Mr. Reade's novel that bears directly upon our prison administration, it will

strike the reader at once, that even in a gaol so badly managed as that which he has selected for his attack, a concatenation of unlikely circumstances were all necessary before the evils that he enumerates could take place. A monster, therefore, of the Hawes type is, we should hope, a thoroughly exceptional character—unlikely, nay, almost impossible, with anything like common precaution, to be met with in the situation of governor of a gaol. Should, however, an evil chance ever again place such a man in such a post, before he could indulge his propensity for cruelty, he would require a bench of visiting justices of a stupidity and obstinacy in wrong which can scarcely be met with, a power of terrorism over all other officers under his command, from the chaplain and medical man down to the lowest turnkey—a periodic stultification of the Government inspectors, and many other minor difficulties—so that a repetition of such iniquities, when tested by the doctrine of chances, becomes next to an impossibility.

The silent and separate systems of imprisonment, with their modifications, are now on their trial before the country; and it is evident that on a matter of such importance considerable time must elapse before a sufficient mass of experience can be collected to warrant the country to come to a final decision.

One point alone is settled and agreed to upon all sides. The old system—by which mutual contamination was unavoidable, and by which it was certain that any slight trace of morality and honesty that found its way into a prison, was cast off and left behind with the prison garb—this must be abolished. And as it is notorious that in many districts there exist gaols and prisons where this hoary iniquity still reigns supreme, propped up by the parsimony of local authorities, the duty of a Government resolved to abate this monster nuisance is clear. Coercive acts, backed by commissions, should compel those with whom such a reform rests, to do their duty, and abandon a policy as narrow as it is short-sighted!

Let, then, this great question be settled as speedily as possible; without hurry and with due deliberation it is true, but still without unnecessary delay. However important a probationary period may be, it is fraught with so much injustice, that the united energy and intellect of the nation should be brought to bear upon it, with the single object of shortening it.

The question—"What shall we do with our criminals?" is beginning to make itself heard throughout the land in urgent iteration. It cannot long remain unanswered. In the teeth of the humanity-mongers, alarmed society testifies, uneasily, to the increase of burglaries and garrotte robberies: the public are beginning to open their eyes to the mistake of the home ticket-of-leave system; and the holders of the said tickets, finding that they positively stink in the nostrils of England, unanimously declare, at a meeting presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, that they would rather enjoy a liberty so gained in a foreign land than at home.

These are pregnant signs, and betoken plainly the growing dissatisfaction of the country to the existing state of things. A final decision must be come to, and that without loss of time. It may be, that on due investigation into the many different modifications of prison discipline now in force throughout the country, no one individual prison

will fulfil all the necessities of the case; and that to make a perfect whole, it must be a kind of mosaic made up from the best portions of all. Nay, it may even appear that no combination of known elements will satisfy the exigencies of the case, and that new ground must be broken, and a completely new system, in all its integrity, adopted. Both views have their warm panegyrists. In any case, experience has given us some general data to go upon which are applicable to all, and to these we would direct particular attention.

In the first place, then, we would urge that whatever system be finally adopted, it should be of universal application, both in principle and detail, throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. With what shadow of fair play can we reconcile to our consciences a state of things (as at present) whereby men sentenced to the same punishment, suffer so differently? We know of two gaols this minute, situated not a hundred miles from the publisher of "*THE IRISH METROPOLITAN*," that might be fairly cited as examples. The one is a county gaol in which the old contamination system is in force, in an aggravated form; the other is the recipient of prisoners from a city, and is worked principally upon the silent and separate system. How different in these two prisons is the lot of those whose sentences are the same! How infinitely more disagreeable is the punishment of the latter! Yet the only difference between the culprits is, that one commits the offence in a town, the other in the country!

Again, the absence of a universal system is likely to prove one of the most fruitful sources of arbitrary cruelty in governors. If all prisons were governed by the same code of laws, such a uniformity of discipline would be sure to produce a corresponding influence on the minds of officials, and infringement of the rules could seldom occur; as it is, how does the matter stand? In every gaol throughout the United Kingdom a different set of regulations are enforced; true they are by-laws, framed upon Act of Parliament, but who is ignorant of the diversities of readings of which an Act of Parliament is capable? In some the cord may be drawn with too tight a hand; in others, as criminal a laxity may be the practice. We shall be told, no doubt, that the present state of the prisons in Great Britain is so diversified as not to admit of such a universality of administration. The answer is clear, if not palatable. When the best system shall have been settled upon, let it form the gauge to which all existing prisons shall be brought. If the two shall be found irreconcilable, let the prison, and not the system, be sacrificed. Great expense may be incurred by such a course; great and (it is to be hoped) graceful concessions may have to be made by those who at present hold the administrative power; great difficulties must beset the reformer's path. They must be met bravely. Things cannot go on as they are—"Fiat justitia ruat cælum!"

Secondly: the duties of the various prison officers should be so arranged that each should serve as a check to one another, and so raise a barrier against excess of duty on the one hand, and negligence on the other.

Here we have a task of no little delicacy, as it is obvious that to maintain efficient discipline in a prison, a considerable amount of unanimity of feeling would be requisite among the officers, and that any approach

to a system of *espionage*, or an interference with the individual duties of each, would be justly resented by every right feeling man. The task, however, though difficult, is by no means impossible, and a precedent may be found in any of the commercial establishments of the empire, where, indeed, such a system is of the most vital importance. Without attempting to propose a detailed scheme for carrying this most desirable object into effect, we may better explain our meaning by taking a single case, as instancing what might be the respective duties of the medical officer and the governor in the infliction of extraordinary punishments in a gaol. Here, if at all, will be the opportunity for a brutal governor to exceed the rightful limits of his authority, and to make his rule an oppression.

It is quite clear that a governor must be invested with a certain amount of discretionary power and arbitrary sway, otherwise the ruling of such a colony of reprobates would be impossible. It is equally clear, that from amongst this turbulent assemblage many will be found who will glory in resisting constituted authorities, and whose refractory conduct will sometimes (as the saying goes) "be enough to provoke a saint." Now, a governor being no saint, but a man of natural passions, will, when exasperated beyond bearing, be occasionally disposed to fly into a rage, and punish a delinquent more severely than his soberer judgment would approve of. To prevent such an outburst, a check must be imposed.

Supposing it to be the law, that previous to the infliction of any extraordinary punishment the offender be examined by the medical officer as to his fitness, or otherwise, to undergo it; and further, that a full account, both of the crime and the amount of punishment awarded, should be duly entered into a register signed by the governor, and countersigned by the medical man. Could any very great excess of severity take place; the doctor and not the governor being the really responsible officer for the consequences? Here a right-minded governor could feel no humiliation at the check imposed; on the contrary, he should be grateful for it. There is no diminution to him of legitimate power, only the removal of a very great responsibility.

A parallel case may be found in our martial law. When a man is sentenced to be flogged in the army, although the commanding-officer is present and sees the punishment inflicted, it is the duty of the regimental surgeon to be also present, and, with attentive finger on the sufferer's pulse, interpose a peremptory demand for the cessation of the punishment the instant that he conceives that its continuation will prove dangerous to the life or general health of the criminal. Here both commanding-officer and surgeon are discharging their proper functions, and the idea that one is interfering with the prerogative of the other never enters into the thoughts of either.

If then this doctrine of mutual responsibility has been found to answer in our commercial and military systems, why should it prove impracticable in our penal institutions? That it is required is evident to all who peruse the too authentic account in Mr. Reade's novel, of the doings in — gaol. That it is effective, common sense and experience alike proclaim. Let it not, therefore, be overlooked when the great question comes to be settled.

Thirdly comes that most important and difficult question, as to the nature and extent of the punishments to be enforced. And upon this head (a full consideration of which would require far more space than is at our disposal) we would wish to make a few general remarks.

Here is the Hougomont of the battlefield, where the war between the philanthropic school and the disciplinarian terrorists rages most obstinately. This is the deadly spot where concessions are never made—where quarter is neither granted nor accepted. It is here that feeling runs so high, that common sense will not be accepted as an ally by either side, and, as usual, stands wavering between the two. Let us approach the fray with caution, and, as commentators rather than combatants, let us endeavour, eschewing dogmatism, to disentangle the question from the difficulties that beset it.

It was our object in the early part of this article to point out the wide difference that should be made between the labour of the honest poor and that provided for the punishment of the rogue; and we attempted to exhibit the hopelessness of reclaiming the hardened offender by the mild purgative of mere reformatory agencies, unassisted by coercive punishment. We admitted that punishment alone, unaccompanied by a reforming element, could never be a check to the increase of crime, and that society demanded more than a mere punitive policy. We would now suggest that in a judicious mixture of the two principles lies the path of wisdom. Let us beware how we rashly abolish those instruments of punishment upon which so much mistaken obloquy has been heaped—the treadmill, the shot drill, and the crank. Do they degrade a man in his own estimation? So they ought. It is their very essence and source of usefulness. When a man begins to feel himself lowered in his own opinion, it is then you may hope to look forward for the gleam of a dawning repentance—a twilight of reform. Use them, therefore, but use them as incentives to a better habit of life—the parents of an honest hope, rather than the engenderers of a dogged despair. Let a man, as he wearily treads the revolving wheel, be enabled to look through his present abasement to a premium for good conduct and reformation open to him, even within the walls of his cell, until he longs for it, strives for it, obtains it! Let that premium be honest, industrial labour!

This is the only way in which the work of the honest can be legitimately introduced into our prison system, without injury to the *morale* of honest labour without; because, here it is no longer a punishment inflicted—it is a reward for improvement. Let then the sound of the passing shuttle, and the clang of active machinery, still echo among the passages of our prisons, rescuing, it may be, those for whom there is still a chance of salvation, from the contamination of their own evil thoughts—a contamination against which even the isolation of a solitary cell is powerless. It is true that, at the commencement, an impartial judgment, a discerning eye, and a sparing hand will be needed in doling out this precious boon to those upon whom the experiment should be made; but, as good conduct becomes confirmed, and amendment made apparent, so might the favour be increased, and the labour of the convict gradually exchanged for that of the mechanic, in proportion to the deserts of the individual. This we propose as a principle, the application

of which is but a matter of detail; as such, therefore, we leave it. That it is a humane and Christian course we cannot doubt; that it fulfils the claims of rigid justice, we conscientiously believe.

Lastly, let us very briefly advert to a question that saddens us as we put it, and obscures, if it does not altogether quench, the faint light of hope in our breasts that may have been kindled by a judicious system of prison reform—What can we do to render any good impressions that may have been received in the school of adversity permanent, when imprisonment is over and temptation returns? The heart sickens as the picture rises before it of the homes of vice and ignorance to which many must return, and the most sanguine may despair when they contemplate the young, half-formed desire for virtue, left to buffet with the overwhelming billows of temptation, ridicule, and old vile associations. Is there no *locus penitentiæ* outside the prison walls where the criminal, who longs to be reconciled to honesty, may go without the dread of being either withered by the scornful eye of distrust, or shamed and seduced from good intentions by the jeers of old companions in iniquity? Must the ship founder in sight of port, and all the labour and earnest solicitude be thrown away? Alas! the fearful return of recommittals in the gaol registers prove how many of those who have once found out the road to the cell, crowd thither a second, a third, a twentieth time, unmindful of the experience they must have gained, or the reformation that was to be hoped for. If a released prisoner had the brand of Cain on his forehead, he would not be a more effectually marked and proscribed wretch than he is at present! Inexorable society casts him forth. What course, then, is open to him but a return to his old haunts and original malpractices. Though the judge but sentence him for six months or a year, the world is not so easily appeased—its sentence is one of perpetual outlawry! How few are able to obtain a commutation!—Can we blame the world for this? Let us put an imaginary case, and ask ourselves, how would we receive one whose recommendation was a prison discharge? No! the world's award, though severe, is natural, and some place must be found to prove a true repentance other than the country of those whose confidence they have forfeited. Whither then can they turn?

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We often fancy—perhaps in a Eutopian spirit—that such a spot might be found; that in all the legislative wisdom and boundless territory of this great empire some scheme could be contrived, some spot set apart, by which, and

“Where the foul deeds done in their days of nature”

might be

“Burnt and purged away!”

And we like to picture to ourselves some half-way house between transportation and emigration, open to the repentant sinner, where, under a

stern and lynx-eyed surveillance, he might, with difficulty, work his way back to honesty, and prove his claim to a kindly oblivion of the past, and to the name of "honest man" for the future.

Are our fond imaginings fanciful impossibilities? Is such a project but the dream of an excited enthusiast? It may be so; yet should we be loath to resign it, for to us it conveys the only hope of efficacy that attends the mission of reform. Let, however, the means suggested be good or bad, the question is one that will intrude and force itself into consideration when the great question of our prison system is finally discussed. As it is, there is neither justice to the public nor the criminal. The heavy hand of punishment is but a lumbering engine of cruelty—the never-ceasing, prayerful toil of the reformer but the unavailing stone of Sisyphus, and the joy experienced in heaven over one sinner that repenteth sounds feebly and seldom among the glorious courts of the mansions of the blest!

"VITÆ VIA."

I.

With colours dressed and silken streamers glancing,
 Sailed we from out the haven of our youth ;
 Each heart exultingly with hope high dancing,
 Hailing its promise as the pledge of truth.

II.

No gayer, lighter-hearted crew at starting
 Ever had mustered in the port we left ;
 Impatient for the moment of departing,
 Joyful to mark the shore-bound cables cleft.

III.

From that one harbour set we sail together,
 Lords of a thousand vessels, each unlike ;
 Some built to battle with foul wind and weather,
 Daring the storms to injure where they strike.

IV.

Some with light holiday-bedizened bearing,
 Heedless of distant peril's winter gale,
 As floats a swan, its arching wings uprearing,
 Spread to the Spring their zephyr-courting sail.

V.

A thousand winding courses lay before us ;
 Nearing them, yet uncertain which to try—
 A thousand hidden currents caught and bore us
 Each to the channel he must voyage by.

VI.

Some through an island-studded fretwork flowing,
 Tracing the silvered outline of its maze
 Around the circled gardens that lay glowing
 Brightly beneath the summer's tissue haze ;

VII.

While overhead the heavy blossom bending
 Drooped to the rippled water's trembling kiss,
 Fragrance with freshness dallying and blending
 Languorously in interchanging bliss.

VIII.

And unto some their narrow path was bounded
 Steeply by barren walls of granite rock,
 Whose sullen scarp of precipice resounded
 Hoarsely the shattered breakers' baffled shock.

IX.

Down the swift stream, by many a whirling eddy,
 Past sunken rocks that scarce the eye could mark,
 Steered with strong courage, nerves firm-strung and steady,
 Swept the adventure-seeker-freighted bark.

X.

We knew that far beyond there lay the ocean,
 Whither each vessel bearing us must glide,
 But thought not that its waves' engulfing motion
 Near and around us heaved on every side.

XI.

Till sat we, on a summer morning, watching
 One who divergingly pursued a track,
 Though nigh, distinct from that we followed, catching
 Faintly the farewell signs he waved us back.

XII.

He was the youngest, fairest of our number,
 Richest in wealth and hope, yet one whose name
 Sufficed to soften Envy into slumber,
 Hushing Detraction's tongue for very shame ;

XIII.

For there was in his frank and gallant bearing
 That which endeared him to the love of all ;
 He justified good fortune well by wearing
 Nobly each gift her lavish hand let fall.

XIV.

We who were left behind, to one another
 Whispered regret, and looked sad smiles to him ;
 Each felt the pang of parting from a brother :
 Choked were our voices, and our eye-balls dim.

XV.

While hung our hearts around his form receding,
 Suddenly seemed a thrill to shake his frame ;
 The shadow of a nameless awe succeeding
 Over the mirror of his manhood came.

XVI.

He started up incredulous, directed
 Into the future one long searching look,
 Then slowly turned to where we all, collected,
 Vainly sought out the course his gazing took.

XVII.

We saw his face, and shuddered at its meaning,
 Reading by instinct what its import bore ;
 His ear had caught, while o'er the bulwark leaning,
 Ocean's far-fancied, fatal, close-heard roar.

XVIII.

A cloud around him then descending thickly,
 Shrouded what followed after from our view,
 As, down the gliding rapid hurried quickly,
 Into the cold white mist his vessel flew.

XIX.

And from among us he was gone for ever ;
 Thenceforth his name was spoken with the dread
 That no mere mortal courage can dis sever
 From the remembrance of the loved, lost dead.

XX.

I, with another, yet in consort sailing,
 Threaded the channel we had entered on,
 Till, drifting down a foul side-current, veiling
 Darkly its flag—his vessel too was gone.

XXI.

His name was breathed by us no more ; the station
 He in his comrades' hearts had filled was lost ;
 Dishonoured, in the tide of reprobation,
 Offcast, unviewed, still sorrowed for, he tost.

XXII.

I held my course alone ; at times there darted,
 Crossing my path, of youth's chance comrades some,
 But they were changed and I was changed—we parted
 After few words, wherein our hearts were dumb.

XXIII.

And now the Ocean's early-dreaded terrors
 Fade as my voyage toward its end draws near ;
 Repose from sorrow, grace for pardoned errors,
 Speak in the welcome sound that strikes my ear.

XXIV.

Shall there I meet with those whose love once lightened
 What we in common shared of pain and grief?
 Shall Desolation's retrospect be brightened
 By an ordained Futurity's relief?

XXV.

I know not. In the hand of Him who guided,
 Ruling in wisdom, all, I lay my trust ;
 As unto each his trials were divided,
 Be unto each his mercy more than just.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

THOSE were very happy days — the days when my cousin Johnnie was owner and captain, and I first-lieutenant, caterer and cook of the trim little cutter-yacht, *La Rigolette*. She measured ten tons, was dandy-rigged, could boast of a main and fore-cabin, each as large as a Newfoundland dog's watchhouse, and was manned by the aforesaid officers, and one A.B. seaman, whose name was Willie. She was not very new, nor very fast, nor very gorgeously fitted up, but she was in fair sailing order, and a good sea-boat. Her moorings were laid down in the unfrequented little harbour of Howth, and her cruising ground was bounded (for there was an impracticable Board of Admiralty of parents and guardians controlling us at the time) by Carlingford Bay on the north, the Tuscar to the south, and a twenty miles' run to sea on the west. Once, indeed, some unaccountable mistake occurred in the reckoning and the pilotage, by which we found ourselves one morning lying off Douglas, in the Isle of Man. No one appeared to know how we had got there, and I think there was a sort of tacit understanding amongst us that it would be more prudent to make no inquiries on the subject.

The putting-in for water and provisions (for after such a prolonged voyage we were, of course, nearly starved out), the strutting up and down the town in pilot-jackets and shirts open at the collar, and the cruise back again, were all truly delightful. Many long years have elapsed since then, but the "wild freshness of morning" hovers yet over the recollections of those young days, radiant as they were with

"That light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream."

Yes! those were very pleasant days. Not a cruise we ever took has been forgotten—not an incident the most trifling or the most insignificant but is as well remembered now, as though it occurred but yesterday. The effacing hand of time has blotted from my memory many occurrences of my life more worthy of recollection—old faces, old scenes, old enjoyments, have faded and passed away; but every bolt and spar of the little craft, every nook and corner she visited, every vicissitude of weather she encountered, everything we did, said, or saw, during the time we trod her decks, are ever before my mind, distinct, and clear, and fresh.

On one sultry afternoon in July (it seems but yesterday), the little yacht was lying at her moorings with her sails hoisted, and her flaunting burgee flapping lazily at her masthead; she was awaiting the arrival of some very unpunctual cousins of ours, to whom we had promised a day's fishing on the Kish Bank. Willie, and a familiar spirit belonging to the Commodore, and who answered to the name of John, had gone up to the town to procure provisions for the cruise. The Commodore was seated in the sternsheets, smoking a venerable pipe, and doing something to the end of a rope which, to the uninitiated, would

appear to be nothing, and the utility of which, even if I were competent to explain it, they could never understand; and the first lieutenant was stretched over the bowsprit, ensnaring with a small hook, baited with crumbs of bread, the silvery fry that clustered in myriads round the mooring-chains.

"Sixty-nine, Commodore!" I cried, as the wriggling victim that completed that number was landed on the deck. "I wish these fellows would come."

"Whenever they come," muttered the Commodore, through the tube of his meerschaum, "I shall be very glad to see them; but if they were to leave their lines and hooks behind, I should not break my heart; this sprat-catching work is beneath our dignity."

"Except when we are in harbour, Commodore."

"O yes; I'll make an exception in your favour, here or anywhere," he replied, goodnaturedly,—“but here they are, so stow away your fishing-tackle, and let us get under weigh as soon as possible.”

The young gentlemen, who had announced their arrival by a tolerable attempt at a nautical "Ahoy!" now made their appearance on board, accompanied by Willie and the familiar spirit, whom they had picked up on the pier. In a few minutes we were under weigh, and, fanned by a languid breeze, glided smoothly through the calm water towards the Kish Bank.

"Now then, Charley," said one of the youngsters, on our arrival at our destination, "set to;" and in a moment an infinite number of reels, and hooks, and baits, covered the decks. The fishing began, the Commodore retired to the forecabin, with the end of a rope before mentioned, and being afraid, in his august presence, to compromise the dignity of the vessel by joining in the amusement, I betook myself, in company with the familiar spirit, to the fore cabin, and employed myself in the concoction of a stew, à la Rigolette, which I defy Soyer to analyse or excel. Be that as it may, it was rapturously admired, and every single morsel of it eagerly devoured by our ravenous guests. The fishing had been good, and after dinner, in spite of the remonstrances of the Commodore, who warned them that the breeze was rapidly failing, the youngsters insisted upon making another cast before we put up our helm for Howth. One cast followed another, for the sport was even better after dinner than before, until at last, when there was scarce breeze enough to ripple the water, the Commodore in despair seized the helm and steered for home. We made, however, but tardy progress, for the breeze became every moment fainter and more faint—at times it quite deserted us, and then the sails would flap helplessly, and the boom swing to-and-fro, creaking piteously, as if chiding the faithless zephyr. Anon, a little fitful gust would come dancing on the water, and swell the drooping canvas, and send us merrily on our way; but by degrees the calms became more frequent, and the little gusts of wind far feebler, until at length they altogether ceased to come, and we were compelled, after a long and wearisome struggle, to cast anchor for the night under the point of Ireland's Eye. The youngsters were in raptures at the prospect of passing a night in "the deep;" and becoming in consequence rather uproarious, I cooked-up a most odoriferous supper, and

having enticed them therewith into the cabin, shut the hatch, and locked them up for the night. The Commodore and I, when everything had been made snug, lighted the calumet of peace, and stretched ourselves along the deck to enjoy the quiet and repose of a calm night at sea.

It was a lovely evening: night had not as yet fallen, and the roseate tints of sunset still lingered on the clear horizon, and flushed the lifeless waters of the bay. All around was very still; the soft lapping of the tide against the rocks, and the shrill scream of a few seabirds that still fluttered round the vessel, or flitted amongst the caves and inlets, alone broke the impressive silence. The hours pass on and we are still reclining listlessly on the deck. The bright hues have faded from the wave, the clamour of birds is stilled, and the tall cliffs are flinging their dark shadows gloomily around us. A pale crescent moon gleams feebly in the heavens above us, and the twinkling, trembling rays from the lighthouses flash vividly across the bay, but the atmosphere is heavy and depressing, and the night falls dim and sad. Below all is hushed; the Commodore sleeps along the deck, and I alone keep the night-watch on board the *Rigolette*.

On such a night the duty was not laborious. Nestled under the point of the island, there was scarcely a possibility of our being run down by any vagrant craft. Now and then I could hear the distant paddles of some panting steamer, as it tore through the unresisting water, and catch a glimpse of her dark outline as it loomed through the dusky night, far away from where we lay.

The night was far advanced when an Arklow smack, drifting with the tide (which was running strongly) passed close to us. She had a fire on the deck, and I could see that two men plied long sweeps, and that one was at the helm. I could hear the man at the helm singing as he swept by us, and every now and then the men at the oars joining in the chorus. The effect was inexpressibly striking. It is always so; melody, or even an attempt at melody, on the sea, penetrates to the inmost recesses of the heart. A snatch of the song which reached my ears, was neither plaintive nor refined; it was a jingling ballad, such as is roared in reeking taverns, down foetid, noisome lanes and alleys, and which, if heard on shore, could scarcely inspire any other feeling but disgust. But, as I heard it, this inharmonious strain, this coarse, low doggerel, cleansed from all its pollutions by the taintless atmosphere with which it blended, and imbued for the moment with the matchless harmony of that scene and hour, came floating over the waters, pure, plaintive, heart-searching, as a lisping infant's hymn. The song grew fainter as the boat receded, and the heavy stroke of the oars fell duller on my ears, but till they had passed far away, the song and laugh still floated on the waves.

"There is happiness everywhere," I murmured.

A heavy sigh near me startled me from my reverie. Near the fore-castle stood the young sailor Willie; his face was turned towards me, and he had evidently heard my muttered observation. I had been long curious to know more about him; for one so young, he was singularly reserved, gloomy and lifeless. There was no buoyancy in him. He did his duty, indeed, carefully and well, but appeared to take no interest in the craft, nor, indeed, in anything else. We knew but little about him,

having picked him up in the docks a few weeks before. His account of himself was very meagre. He was (he said) an English sailor, had gone in a West Indiaman to Jamaica, where he had caught the yellow fever, and had been left behind. When partially recovered, he had joined a vessel bound for Dublin. On his arrival there, was taken ill again, and left in one of the hospitals. He recovered, and was wandering through the docks in quest of employment, when we met with him. His appearance was favourable, his manners respectful, his age suitable to our own, and we engaged him. We knew nothing more respecting him.

"What is on your mind that you cannot sleep?" I said to him.

"I have slept enough, sir," he replied; "it will be morning in another hour."

"I hope the breeze will come with the day," I replied; "and I dare say there are many crews becalmed in the bay that wish the same."

"The Cornish boats should soon be here," said he; "they ought to have been here last week."

"What do you know about them? Do you come from Cornwall?"

"I was born near Penzance, sir."

"Why did you not go home when left behind here, instead of wandering about the docks?"

"I have no home now."

"No friends?"

"None."

"Are they all dead?"

"No."

The poor lad was almost choking now.

"What can you mean?—have you quarrelled with them?"

He turned and leaned for a few moments against the mast, twisting his hands together, and looking sadly out into the dark, still night; then, dashing his hand across his eyes, he said—

"I don't mind telling you, master, for you speak kindly, and it is weary work to keep one's troubles all to oneself; I will never see my friends again, for I have shamed them. I had a happy home once," said he, speaking very quickly. "We lived near Penzance, on the sea shore. Jessie's father lived next to us. We were fishermen, and he built our boats. Jessie and I knew one another since we were the height of that, and were always together. Father and mother used to laugh about it, but I know they liked it, though they said nothing. One of our mates had a son, a lad a year or two older than me. He was always after Jessie, but she could not abide him; however, he did not seem to mind that (though he did mind it), and he and I were very good friends, and I thought a great deal of him. He came one night, very late, and tapped at my window. 'Bill,' says he, 'will you stand to me, I am in a scrape?' 'Never fear me, Harry,' said I; 'what is it?' 'A lot of us,' said he, 'have made a haul of prime tobacco from old Ben; he heard us, and gave chase, and is after us now; the rest of the lads have made off, and I can't carry the keg by myself; it is quite close here, come and help me with it, and we will put it in your room till morning, and you shall go shares.' I held back. I did not like to have anything to say to the matter. 'I won't go shares,' said I, 'and I will only help you now, if you promise to give back the tobacco to-

morrow to old Ben.' 'Oh! yes, I promise; but make haste, for if I am caught, I will be sent to gaol, or perhaps worse.' 'I wouldn't wish that,' said I; so we got the keg in through the window, and stowed it away. 'Swear,' says Harry, 'that you will never tell about this.' So I swore. Next morning there was a great row; old Ben was like a madman; the police were ordered to search every house; the first they came to was ours, and they found the tobacco under my bed, for Harry never came for it, and I would not touch it. I was sent to gaol, and tried soon after. I saw mother and Jessie at the trial, crying their eyes out. I was found guilty, for what could I say? and sent back to prison for a year. As I was leaving the dock, I heard some one say—'Serve him right.' I turned round—it was Harry. I looked at him hard in the face, but he only laughed and went away. Well, the year passed away at last—mother often came to see me, but father never. Mother never said anything about Jess. I know she hates me now. When I got my freedom, I made to Falmouth (I could not face father or Jessie), and engaged with a captain of a West Indiaman, and you know the rest, master. I shall never see home again."

His head drooped upon his breast, and he turned away.

"Don't despair, my poor fellow," said I. "We have a saying here, that the hour before dawning is always the darkest, and I pointed to the gloomy night around us. There will be a Sunrise yet for you."

"Never, master, never!" said he bitterly. "I have been in gaol——"

Gray streaks on Night's inky mantle—fresh breezes through its sable folds—a dewy fragrance through the air—a crimson flush upon the wave—a burst of golden light——

It is MORNING!

The glad waters are rippling, dancing, foaming now, around our little bark.

"On deck, there! Up with the mainsail! Haul on the anchor! Heave! Yo ho, my boys!"

"They have come."

I turned, Willie pointed to the southern horizon, on which a crowd of dusky objects could be faintly descried.

"The Cornish boats?"

He nodded his head, his lips quivered, and tears glistened in his eyes.

"Keep her off and on (I was at the helm) till they close us," cried the Commodore, "and we will show them the way to port in gallant style."

We had not long to wait, for a rattling breeze, unlike the laggard of yesterday, brought them quickly upon us.

"Stand in for Howth! Set the gaff-topsail! Keep her well upon the breeze—give her more sheet! Now she goes!"

See how she dashes through the babbling waves! spiritedly graceful as a snowy swan, with her russet brood struggling stoutly but vainly in pursuit; the joyous breeze whistles and wantons through the sails; the laughing wavelets foam and sparkle; the liberated youngsters raise a merry chorus, so shrill, so loud, so madly joyous, that the startled deer bound from their ferny beds as we speed past Ireland's Eye. On,

merrily on! The little strait is passed, we fly past the light-house, and sweep into the harbour. The Rigolette is fast to her moorings, her snowy sails are furled, and a crowd of Cornish boats are now between the mainland and the island. One is entering the harbour, and at her topmast a red silk handkerchief is flying as a flag. Willie sees it, points with his finger to it—"I gave it to her." Agonized suspense is on his face, as he gasps out the words, and he clings to the rigging for support. The boat lowers her sails, and creeps towards us. A fair girl is standing by the helmsman—"It is Jessie!"

She sees him, and utters a loud cry. What passionate love! what deathless constancy is in that cry! She beckons to him. Trembling with hope and fear, he looked at me inquiringly. I motion to him to go (for I cannot speak); he heeds not the boat beside the yacht, but dashes into the water, and swims for the lugger. And now he stands upon her deck, and Jessie's arms are clasped round his dripping form. You can hear her sobs—sobs that tell of a long-felt sorrow, now melting into joy—of sunshine breaking through the dreary night.

The crew cluster round them; their rugged faces lighted up with honest joy, tell that the true state of the case has become known, and that everything has been satisfactorily cleared up; and so it was. He for whose offence Willie had suffered, had, when stretched upon a bed of sickness, confessed his guilt, and the cruel injury he had done to an innocent and confiding friend. The vessel from which Willie had been invalided had touched at Falmouth, and some of the men had mentioned at an ale-house that they had left a Penzance lad at Dublin. Jessie's father was present—he asked the lad's name. The Cornish boats sailed shortly after for the Irish coast, and the faithful Jessie sailed with the little fleet—"they must not leave *her* behind"—and now she is nestling to the wanderer's breast, and everything is well.

Days have flown by, and the fishing for the season is at an end. The Cornish boats have unfurled their sails, and some of them have already left the harbour. We stand at early dawn upon the deck of the Rigolette. Our eyes are turned on a boat preparing to depart—Willie's father is at the helm. Willie and Jessie stand near him, side by side.

They glide by us, and we dip our burgee, and essay a parting cheer, but fail in the attempt.

"God bless you ever!" we hear Willie exclaim. Jessie places her hand upon his arm, and bows her head towards us in gentle gratitude.

They clear the harbour. He draws her closer to him with one arm, with the other takes a crimson kerchief from her neck, and waves it towards us.

And thus they pass away; and as they gradually recede, the mists of morning clear away, and brightly falls the golden Sunshine on the little bark, and on those happy ones still gazing towards the shore. True hearts! within your faithful breasts how warm, how brilliant now is the glow of Love and Hope! Untimely was the **SUNSET** of your early hopes, drear the long night of your despair; but the dark clouds have passed away. Love—trust—hope on! **SUNRISE!** harbinger of a long and cloudless day, has come at last!

A MORNING'S DUCK-SHOOTING AT LOUGHNAGALL.

And above, in the light
Of the starlit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet,
They seek a southern sea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high,
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

—LONGFELLOW.

AFTER dinner, one night in the month of February, four gentlemen sat at a round table, their cheerful faces showing they had enjoyed good cheer. That they were not forgetful of the present, though consoled by the past, might be gathered from the state of their glasses, and the numerous decanters that stood on the table, glittering under the influence of a brilliant moderate lamp. The "kettle sang songs full of family glee," perched on the hob of a roaring turf fire, and a certain aromatic mist that floated in wreaths through the room, smelt suspiciously of the fragrant weed. The party spoke pleasantly and kindly to each other; and from their good humour and sparkling eyes, it was plain that the anticipation of some future pleasure materially added to the enjoyment of the moment. The restraint and coldness of fashionable society was abandoned, the heart was opened, and, with chairs drawn close to the round table, they exhibited the picture of four right good fellows, in right good health and in right merry spirits.

I shall say nothing of their ages or appearance, as this was a meeting of existing personages who might be too flattered by the portrait I would draw; and one in particular I shall avoid sketching, as he was no other than your humble servant.

The room in which we sat was "the sitting-room" of a little lodge in the village of Ballinalack, and county of Westmeath—not large, but most comfortable. Many strange devices and quaint fancies caught the eye wherever it wandered. The walls were studded with sketches of famous ballet-dancers, maps of the seat of war, sporting sketches, and numerous prints; odd lock-up cribs in corners for keeping idle hands from picking and stealing; and conspicuous above all articles of furniture, stood resting on a stand a huge tin case, smartly painted, and lettered "To the Ould Warrior, from Bob W——." This went by the name of the Infernal Machine, and held all manner of wines, liqueurs, jams, tea, sugar, &c., &c. It was, in fact, a compressed Italian warehouse.

We had all arrived at J. A——'s lodge this afternoon in time for dinner, prepared for a morning's duck-shooting at Loughnagall, a little lake to which we were to wend our way before daylight, so as to anticipate the fowl ere they left their night feeding-ground for its waters.

Here I must attempt some slight description of the habit of water-fowl, lest some of my readers may not understand what could induce four rational individuals to sit by the edge of a lake on a cold winter morning before break of day. However, putting shooting out of the question, a man is well repaid for such an early start, if it be only to hear the waking voice of Nature breaking the stillness of the early morning. A lover of nature in its wildest form would be well repaid in watching the soft and gentle approach of day, as it steals gradually and almost imperceptibly over the moorland, chasing away the dark shades of night, dissipating the hitherto impenetrable obscurity, and with its rosy fingers tipping the rippling waters of the lake with a warm and transparent tinge. Then what merry notes! what bursts of music and wild cries fill the air! proclaiming that the sun has risen, and that all the birds of the air are awake and astir.

Fowl, if undisturbed, resort to the waters they are bred on, and those that are migratory are allured by the quietness of the retreat to a lake, where they find the company of their kindred fulfilling the adage that "birds of a feather flock together." Here they will remain, if undisturbed, the whole day, either resting quietly on the surface of the water, which is usually the case with the widgeon, or perched on stones or rocks, or among reeds, and in such a position that they cannot be approached by the sportsman from the shore. The only fowl that feed by day are the divers, such as the golden-eye, the pochard, and the tufted duck (which are seemingly always feeding, though many a tit-bit they lose from the attacks of the marauding coot, which seizes the weed they bring from the bottom ere it can be appropriated by the legal proprietor), and the widgeon, which in spring feed in large flocks on the young grass at the verge of the lake, sometimes enabling the sportsman who can get a "creep" and a rake among them, to fill his bag.

When the shades of evening begin to fall, the fowl become restless, preparing for a move. Then those that kept in a flock during the day depart in a body, as if moved by one spirit, to their usual feeding-ground, which is the margin of some large river or swampy marsh, or even the distant sea-shore, distance being nothing to the rapidity of their wing; whilst those that kept in pairs, or the single birds, straggle off at their will and pleasure to their own feeding-grounds. From nightfall till dawn they dabble away industriously, and when taking wing again, they return on the same course to the lake they had left the evening before; on reaching which, they either take a wheel or two before they pitch, or with a sweeping dash swoop to the water, which they seem to touch with infinite joy, judging from the frolicsome way they flap their wings and chase each other, washing off the mud and dirt of their night's debauch.

Though the fowl leave the lake about the same hour in the evening, their return to it covers a much larger period; and this must be so for many reasons. Those that feed near the lake naturally arrive sooner than those that feed at a distance; some return down wind from their

feeding-ground, whilst others may have to buffet against a head wind; some (ducks in particular), if there is a flood up, will stay out later, or perhaps an early pedestrian may flush the birds, and then, knowing well that the dawn is at hand, they will seek the lake rather than pitch again; and in respect to teal, I have observed that they invariably came home earlier than other fowl, and widgeon later.

Here, then, is to be found the superiority of morning duck-shooting at a lake, to the "pass," or "flight-shooting," as it is called in England. Certain flocks may pass a certain way, whilst all the fowl of a certain lake return to it; and, if the lake be sufficiently small, the guns placed round its shores can count on some one or other getting a shot at each flock of fowl. To the sportsman it is far better than "pass-shooting."

"Ring the bell, my dear boy," said mine host, "and let us ascertain if O'Hara has come."

This O'Hara was the keeper who had been sent for to report what quantity of fowl were on the lake in the day-time, and inform us what sport we were to expect, as well as to have all things in readiness in the morning when we went to the lake.

I rang the bell for the neat maid, which she answered (as servants generally do) by asking a question.

"Please, sir, did you ring?"

"Australia," for such is the strange though only name by which this maid is known, appeared on the summons, smartly and becomingly dressed, as befitted her station. Her gown, just short enough, shewed an inch or so of white stocking over a neat boot, and a smart cap, which acted as a little set-off to a good head of auburn hair, which was rather inclined to be what some of my sporting friends would call "ginger hackle," completed the picture.

"Has O'Hara come?" asked our host.

"He has, sir."

"Well then, tell him to come up," said J. A——. "You will see now as fine a specimen of a wild Irishman as could be found from Cape Clear to the Black North. A fine active fellow, the terror of all poachers, and the best hand with a stick in the kingdom! When he goes, I'll tell you an anecdote of him."

A gentle tap at the door, as if from the finger of a fairy, and a giant stood in the threshold. We all looked curiously to see the stranger, the master of the shillelagh, and certainly his appearance was most striking. He stood about six-feet-two, with a herculean figure proportioned to his height. His countenance handsome, but singular, the forehead partly hidden by dark curly hair, and the face illuminated by a pair of black eyes that were literally lambent with a fire of their own. His coat was none of the best, made of country frieze, but his knee-breeches of corduroy were unexceptionable, and finished off at the knees with hanging ribbons that fell over a stout pair of calves. In one hand he held his *caubeen*, and in the other a thick blackthorn stick, which was manipulated as if it were a switch.

"Well, O'Hara, what report do you make of the lake?" said our host.

"There were over fifty pair on it this morning, your honour, and I am rather under than over the mark. They were mostly ducks, so I'm

thinking your honours will have good sport; but you must be early, jintlemen, as day breaks a few minutes after six."

"That is good news, O'Hara. Have you got the 'flat-bottomed' on the river, and everything prepared to drive it well up and down?"

"Lave that to me, sir, and never fear; I never failed ye yet. The shades are in illegant order, and you cannot but have fine sport."

With a glass of whiskey to O'Hara, who politely drank our healths, he was dismissed for the night, with the parting injunction to be in time and meet us at the edge of the river, where we should land, our journey to within a quarter of a mile of the lake being performed by water. Highly elated by the good tidings of the morrow's sport, we resumed the business or rather pleasure of the evening, and drawing closer to the table, we lit the fragrant cigar, quaffed the flowing bowl, and asked our host for the career of his protégè, Phelim O'Hara.

"Career, is it? He would be a clever man who could tell that, for I fancy he has seen both the dark and the light side of nature; but I'll give you his performance in the West.

"One season I sent him to our friend B——, to mind his salmon fishery, as a barger or watcher. I knew him to be a determined and faithful fellow, whose word could be depended on, and as brave as a lion. In short, the right man in the right place. So off he went to Connemara to watch the spawning fish during the winter months. His resolute determination to do his duty, and the success that attended his efforts in repressing the lawless depredations of the wild denizens of the far west was such, that not only was the rancour of the baffled poachers excited, but also that of the head-bailiff, one Brian ——, who, conscious not only of remissness in the discharge of his functions, but of actual collusion with the rogues, vowed a deadly vengeance on the officious interloper, whose energy and success were but indices to his own dereliction of duty.

"When a man is determined upon a wrong doing, Satan seldom leaves him without an opportunity; and accordingly, upon one bitter dark night in January, Brian accompanied Phelim on his night's patrol, and was treacherously persuaded, when almost overpowered with fatigue, and drenched to the skin by the pitiless rain that fell in torrents throughout the night, to take a few minutes' repose in a low shebeen-house, which stood invitingly by, and there resuscitate nature with a dandy of punch. Scarcely, however, was the tempting beverage tasted, when the door opened, and our hero found himself attacked by a number of desperate ruffians, who seemed savagely determined to make an end of him and his interference for ever. They however counted without their host; for personal strength, conscious rectitude, and an incomparable science in the use of his blackthorn, rendered O'Hara an ugly customer; so much so indeed, that Brian, who had been all along officiously pretending to act as peacemaker between the combatants, perceiving the critical state of the contest, snatched up a three-leg stool, and aimed a murderous blow at the head of the gallant fellow. But he was mistaken in his antagonist. The ubiquitous blackthorn averted the impending crash, and a well-directed left-hander sent the discomfited and now discovered traitor to the ground. The somewhat tardy entrance of the

landlord put an end to the fray, and the bailiff and his myrmidons retired from the contest in somewhat sorry plight.

“Stung with the treacherous conduct of his ally, and unsatisfied with the punishment he had already administered, Phelim followed the baffled rogue to his dwelling, and then and there pulling him from the concealment of the bedclothes, administered to the naked brute a good *dressing*. To make a long story short, the matter was brought to a judicial decision. Of course, there was the usual amount of hard swearing, rendering it difficult for parties unacquainted with all the particulars to arrive at the truth; but so strong was the faith placed in Phelim's honest face and good character, that the mild sentence of six hours' imprisonment, for the acknowledged assault, was all the satisfaction awarded to the conspirators.

“I may, however, add, that the leniency of the judge was not duly appreciated by Phelim, nor did it appease his wrath.

“‘Will your honour,’ he entreated, ‘order the police to give me up my ould blackthorn; and may the Lord protect my kind master from the villany of that blackguard! He has now his faction about him; but put us into a room, and I'll lay down my month's wages, and let him do the same, and let the man that is able take both.’”

Thus ended J. A——'s anecdote of his protégé, Phelim O'Hara; soon after which we all rose from the table to seek our beds, “Early to bed, and early to rise,” being the motto of a duck-shooter.

One short glance at my table showed me that all things were ready for the morrow. Two flasks of Lawrence's No. 2 coarse-grain powder, plenty of spare No. 5 shot, a pile of pink-edged wadding, and a box of caps, lay beside my two “Lancaster” guns, which were comfortably ensconced in India-rubber covers. These warlike preparations were for the ducks; whilst for myself, I complacently regarded a little flask mine host had sent, containing a glass of the best Cognac. So far for the inner man; as for the outer, on a horse before the fire plenty of warm clothing dangled, flanked by a pair of waterproof boots from the fens of Lincolnshire, where erstwhile they had done good service.

At four o'clock, J. A——'s head man in these matters, Mr. Duffy, walked into the room, and roused me from my slumbers, adding that the master did not feel very well, and would not go.

So out I turned, and proceeded to dress, first taking a peep from the window to see how the morning looked, the first care and duty of the sportsman, be he hunter, shooter, or fisher. The morning was pitchy dark and breathless, but soft and balmy. The want of wind was a drawback, but as it did not rain, I was easily reconciled.

Cheerful voices in the adjoining rooms showed that my companions were in good heart, and ready for the fray; and mine host coming in in his dressing-gown, radiant with smiles, urged me to complete my toilette as speedily as possible, and come and attack a fresh egg and a cup of scalding coffee. So, putting my ammunition into a bag, a fur cap of otter-skin on my head, and both guns under my arms, I entered the sitting-room, somewhat like Robinson Crusoe.

Round the comfortable table we were again seated, and within the influence of the blazing turf fire. Soon the fresh eggs disappeared; a slight foundation for the good things J. A—— promised when we should

return. Many were the conjectures and anticipations uttered, as we beguiled the short half-hour before five o'clock, the time appointed for our departure. The tobacco smoked over night with such satisfaction, was now heartily condemned, and the usual excuses put forward, in case we should not shoot, as we all knew we could, had it not been 'for this or for that.'

Time was called, and out we all sallied into the morning air. The scene was highly picturesque. In front of the lodge were two men with lanterns to light us over a marshy meadow to the river's edge. A young moon had just risen, and showed in the dark horizon a thin crescent of light—

"The pale reflex of Cynthia's brow."

When we reached the river's edge, we found two boats in readiness, well manned, to bear us down the stream of the river Inny. The retrievers—for there were two—fine, brown, curly, water-dogs, of the Castle Forbes breed, dashed into one, Friskey and Joy well knowing the errand they were thus unkenneled for. Duck was called out peremptorily, and took her seat with me in the bow of the larger boat, Captain W—— taking the tiller, and my other companion seated himself comfortably in a second boat, with Duffy to steer.

Off we set, and glided down the stream, which looked even wider than it was under the silver light of the rising moon. Down we went before the current, the splash of the "tuneful oar" flushing, as we descended, quantities of fowl which had fed along the banks throughout the night. They were not perceptible to the eye, but from their note, or the sound of their wing, each species was recognised by a practised ear as soon as sprung. In about a quarter of an hour the boats emerged on Lough Iron, a fine sheet of unruffled water, which we traversed with speed, steering in the direction of the river which flows out on the other side, and leaving behind a wake like a silver thread, until, after about an hour's row down the river, we arrived at our destination without any accident, save once grounding from mistaking the channel. Here we found O'Hara, our friend of the evening before, ready with his flat-bottomed boat to receive us on landing, and urging dispatch, as

"Night's candles were burned out, and jocund day
Stood tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

This was unfortunately true, as the horizon began to be "laced" in the East, showing those "envious streaks" that moved the lament of the saddened Romeo. So out we bundled with all haste, as we could not say with truth—

"Yon grey was not the morning's eye,"

and moved across a flat and wet bog for Loughnagall, which contains about four Irish acres of water, and to reach which five hundred yards of the bog had to be crossed. Our lanterns shone brightly, like Will-o-the-wips, throwing a broad gleam of light on those treacherous spots on which it was not safe to step, and led the advance until the

lake was reached, when we separated, each for his own "shade," under the guidance of our boatmen. Several early birds, and a flock of wild geese, rose as we came to the lake, so we hurried on; and hardly had I reached my "shade," than W—— called out, in an excited voice, "For God's sake put out the lantern and get into your shade at once, as I hear the birds coming. Stoop! stoop!"

I made a rush into the shade, and *doused* the lantern with as much celerity as if a body of Russians were on me. A minute had scarcely elapsed ere we were all concealed in our respective shades and listening to the wing of the approaching birds, as they came quick and strong. Little Duck was almost inclined to whine, she danced and trembled so at my feet, conscious of the approach of the fowl. The quick, shrill whistle of the wing proclaimed the flock to be ducks, which was soon made more manifest by a "quack! quack!" from the leading mallard. This flock did not come straight down at the lake, but took a wheel outside our shades, and out of reach of our guns, so that the excitement was intense. In a minute or so they would be within range of one gun or the other, and who was to be the lucky man to get a "pelt" into the flock was the nervous question, for the next round they would pitch! The mystery was solved in a minute. Two quick, bright gleams of fire flashed from the shade of Major B——, followed in succession by the two clear, loud reports of his "Purday," and then came two familiar whacks, loud and hollow, in the water, proclaiming the death of two heavy ducks. Lucky man! A heavy sigh followed the frustration of my nervous expectations.

And now might be seen the frightened fowl rising high in the air, with shrilly notes, proclaiming the dangers they had escaped, and seeking refuge in the darkness of the firmament from the terrors of the dawn.

One word of congratulation shouted across the little lake to Major B——, and all was silence again; but not for long, for, not far off, in the dusky grey, I indistinctly saw two birds pitch, and then swim side by side into the calm water towards the shelter of the bank. My gun was quietly advanced through the heath that was stuck around the shade; palpitating, I pulled the trigger, and saw to my joy, as soon as the smoke cleared off, the birds—one motionless, the other going round and round on the water like a tee-to-tum; though I knew they were ducks, yet the morning was still so dark I could not tell their gender.

Soon, however, the air was again enlivened by the play of the wing, or the answering call of the coming fowl. Some so cautious they would scarcely dare to approach, perhaps from having had a warm reception some morning this winter; others heedlessly dashing into the lake, and either leaving a comrade dead on the water, or narrowly escaping that fate themselves. The excitement was great, and the firing equal to a sortie from the Malakoff. We were having a splendid morning's sport.

" Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature!"

exclaims Mr. Cowper ; but I do not agree with him, for a clean shot leaves but little pain in "harmless nature," and Major B—— had *nailed* his mallards as dead as a *hammer*.

Here, during a brief cessation of the cannonade from the shade, let me describe the scene enacting around. The morning breaks gradually from the East, tinging the sky with a soft and subdued light, which discloses the margin of the little lake and the moor around. From this the wildest notes proceed. The lark warbles sweetly, as it mounts high in the air ; the old cock grouse (and many there are in this primeval locality) flies from his resting place, and drops on a heathery tussock, thus obtaining a little elevation. On this he proudly stands and plumes himself ; then, with head erect, he sends forth his challenge to all around. Thus he crows, "Corr, quack, quack ! corr, quack quack, quack quack ! go back, go back !" This he repeats many times, with a distinct pronunciation, and then suddenly rising some ten feet in the air, shakes the dew from off his plumage, and pounces again on the tussock to renew his call. The plover peewits as he flies to the meadow lands ; the curlew whistles his melancholy note, perhaps his last, as he flies towards the little lake, and thousands of starlings rustle in the air, dividing it, in their rapid flight, as they come from the tall reeds of the river, where they have perched during the night, to join their sable friends from the rookery.

W——, who is not only a good sportsman, but acquainted with the muses, made some lines on the ideas suggested by the early movements of the wild birds of the marsh, which being, as I conceive, not only appropriate but worthy of record, I here introduce :—

"Poised in the air, with spiral grace,
The heath-cock meets morn's earliest ray ;
Then falling, starlike, through the space,
With joyous crow announces day.
Shakes from his wings night's misty dew,
His spangled feathers, plumes, to please ;
Then calls his mate to him so true,
And each their early wants appease.
Cries from wild birds, in doubtful note,
Wending their way, by instinct led,
O'er heathery waste now constant float,
Nor cease till their long course is sped."

A low whistle was now heard from a shade, the warning of the approach of more fowl, and all crouched again. Swiftly they came, and were now quite perceptible before they reached the lake, daylight having made such progress. Their flight was rather high, so that they were allowed to pass, until taking a wheel out into the bay, they turned their flight, and returned at the back of my shade to sweep into the lake, when a right and left from my "Lancaster" settled a duck and mallard.

Thus the sport continued. Now, one gun or another getting either a single shot, or a right and left, at flocks, pairs, or single birds, of either ducks, widgeon, or teal. Nothing is prettier in shooting than to drop a duck that is flying high over the water ; she comes down with a "whack" that seems to make a hole where she falls. W——'s excite-

ment—and he is not only a keen, but a capital shot—was very great. One time he holloed out—“For goodness sake, do not raise your head so high above the shade, for the birds will be scared!” Down I went, of course; but curiosity would not let me long lie concealed, and when raising my head again to get a survey of what was going on, either among the wounded fowl on the lake, or at those approaching, I saw the pale face of my excellent friend gazing intently about, and I commenced laughing at *him*, when suddenly he exclaimed—

“Stoop! Stoop! Here’s a flock of curlew coming!” and, surely enough, I heard their melancholy note as they advanced across the bay.

“Surely you will not waste powder on those fishy birds: no one would eat them, and you will only scare the fowl if more are coming!”

“Fishy! By Jove, sir, there is no better eating than a curlew that has been inland for some time. Did you never hear the distich of the time of Henry the VIII?—

“‘The curlew, be she white, or be she black,
She carries tenpence on her back!’”

As soon as this flight of poetry had subsided, we sunk in our shades in order that the flight of curlews should not be diverted, and to allow my friend W—— to take down one of his tenpenny birds if he could, which, before long, he had the gratification of doing by a long shot. Fortunately for him the bird dropped in the water, for, being only winged, he might not have got her had she fallen on *terra-firmá*, where her long legs might have enabled her to escape. We had now fired about forty-five shots from the three shades, and with very good success; and as it was evident the sport was over for this morning, it being near nine o’clock, we agreed to leave our ambuscade and collect the game. Our proceedings were after this fashion. One party hunted the edge of the lake, on one side, with W——’s retriever, looking for winged birds, whilst Duffy, with “little Duck,” hunted the other, first sending her in for the dead birds, where they were lying on the surface of the water, there not being wind enough to float them in.

The dogs soon fetched these out in rapid succession; no breed of animals being such quick swimmers, so fond of the water, or impervious to cold, as the brown water-spaniel of Ireland, better known as the “Castle Forbes breed;” nor are there more sagacious dogs in existence, as they are able to do anything short of actual talking to you, though not quite so clever as the Yankee dog that **COULD** swallow half-a-crown and **WOULD** bring up three-and-sixpence! One of the old breed of retrievers saved the life of the late Lord Forbes, by jumping into his bed and waking him, when he found the flames rushing into his bedroom; he would have been burned to death but for the singular sagacity of this faithful animal, whose name, “Pilot,” deserves recording. Here also must be narrated how, upon the morning of which we write, “little Duck” shewed her good nose and breeding to perfection. I had shot a mallard, which dropped winged on the bog, within ten yards of the lake, early in the action, and did not go to look for it until some hour and a-half afterwards. A foolish thing to have done, for, as the bird fell winged, the dog should have been sent for it at once; but, as the coming

birds might have been scared, it was agreed that all retrieving was to take place after the sport was over.

Duck then was brought to as near the place as we could guess that the bird had fallen, and told to "seek lost!" Nothing more was said to her: for I consider that practice of perpetually whistling and working a retriever about, and talking to him in the usual fashion of "Good dog! hie! seek lost!" and so on, distracts the animal's attention and deadens his own instinct. Little Duck began beating about in a curious, zig-zag fashion, working by degrees away from the lake and across the bog, her anxiety, and the rapid motion of her tail, shewing evident symptoms of her having winded the bird. Duffy remained behind until she had proceeded more than a hundred yards in advance, and then followed her slowly. Then both disappeared out of my sight, and it was not until after a long hunt that they returned, Duck having retrieved the mallard from a distance of more than a mile which this bird had run across the bog, and this she did on a stale scent of more than an hour-and-a-half! I should here mention, that water-fowl, when knocked down on the water, if not killed, always make for the land, where they either conceal themselves under the shelving banks of the lake, or run up on the shore, and often to a considerable distance. This they do, I presume, not being able to bear the pain of the water on their wounds.

When all the lake round had been hunted, and as much done to find lost birds as could be in a reasonable time, we returned to our boats, which lay in the river, ready to bear us homewards to breakfast, and on reaching them, counted our game, and found it to consist of seven pair of ducks, nine teal, five widgeon, and two divers, to say nothing of W——'s curlew. These we duly stored in the boats, with the dogs and all our traps, and then away we started, Major B—— leading the convoy in the swiftest craft. Re-traversing the waters we had covered on our way to the shooting ground, he was fortunate enough to bag a fine specimen of the "male golden-eye," and we in our boat killed a pochard, and a couple of redshanks, which my friend W—— would shoot, also against my remonstrance, insisting that they were excellent birds on the dish, though he had no ancient distich to certify as to his correctness.

"Homeward bound, when all was done,
Still my thoughts to breakfast turned!"

And after a pull of a little more than an hour, we landed close to our host's lodge, who was ready, and in a hurry, to get us to a comfortable repast.

This breakfast, as part of the morning's sport, ought to be described, and with it we will conclude. Conceive then the party, shaved and dressed, and in the aforementioned comfortable sitting-room, round a table, with cloth of snowy whiteness, laden with an appetizing burden. Let us look at J. A——'s preparations. What are those things on the bars of the grate? His battery! Yes, that is the name for the best of all inventions. Lo and behold, two things which look vastly like large glue-pots on the top bar, steaming away. They are metal, and hold boiling water, in which stand crocks like those used for jam. These

contain, the one, mutton-cutlets, and the other hashed wild-fowl. They are kept piping hot from standing in boiling water contained by the aforesaid glue-pots, and can be taken out and handed round when called for. Our host, when at dinner, has a formidable array of these, which contain not only entrées, but hot oyster-sauce for his haddock, sloak (*Anglice Laver*) for his mutton, spinach, mashed potatoes, &c., &c.

Then on the side-table hisses and sputters a "dispatcher," in which is heated up the remains of the fish of the night before, with a few slices of pig's-cheek, some sauces, fresh butter, &c., making a glorious compound for a hungry mortal; and on the table itself are hot bread, toast, marmalade, and egg-cups, ready to receive the eggs, three minutes and three-quarters after they are ordered! Talk of Scotch breakfasts! What can equal an Irish one? such a one as J. A—— can give you—sally-luns, slim-cakes, griddle-bread, hashes, stews, fish, &c. And what about his tea? Our friend W—— and our host have rather a delight in passing little harmless jokes on each other; and J. A—— told me of his "Assam tea," and how W—— gave him an order for ten pounds of the same, he never before having tasted such flavoured tea. And what was it? J. A—— had dropped a rose-lozenge in the tea-pot, which flavoured the decoction for W——, who asked what the tea was? and was told it was "*Assam tea*," but *very dear*, and *very rare*. "Well then, old boy, buy me ten pounds, for I never tasted anything so fine!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIVER COSTELLO.

The Costello as a Fishery—The Arrival—The Prediction—The Dinner—The next Morning—The Prediction fulfilled—The Adventures of the Day—The second day's Dinner—The Merry Party—The Dream—The Warning—The Morning Walk—The Eagles—The Sleep in the Heather—The Wet Day on Dhu Lough—The Eagle's Indecision—The Haymaking Season—The Breaking-up the Encampment.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As your pages are open to contributions on sporting subjects, I shall endeavour from memory to give you an account of a day's fishing which I enjoyed some years ago on the Costello, a river holding most deservedly a high rank among the many excellent fishing stations of the far West. To many of your readers, particularly in the sister country, Terra del Fuego, or Spitzbergen, is less a "terra incognita" than the lonely and sequestered lodge of Costello: indeed, while I, a stranger, know every stream and pool in this extraordinary river, I have met with many persons who have lived within twenty miles of it, and yet are quite ignorant of its locality.

It has been my good fortune to have tried nearly all the celebrated waters in Mayo and Connemara. I have fished the Spiddal, from the Waterfall to the sea; I have slain many a seven-pound white trout in the stormy waters of the gloomy Dhuloch; I have been led by a twenty-pound salmon from the bridge of Delphi (the river swollen after four days rain) a good mile down the rugged banks; and while the rod bent to the wheel, and the line ran furiously through the rings, as the enraged fish rushed madly down the flooded stream, without a chance on my part of turning him, I have watched him in his desperate plunges with mingled hope and fear, and finally, "foiling his wild rage by steady skill," have landed him in triumph at the Deadman's Hole. I have lived for a week in the lonely islet on Lough Inver, and have been piloted by Martin Conneely over the waters of Screeb and Luggeenthurra. With the splash of my oar, I have startled the eagle from his eyrie in one of the rocky islets which stud the bosom of the distant and unfrequented Lough Inagh. I have, with the assistance of my boatman, carried my frail bark across the narrow isthmus which separates Dhuloch from the "lone Glancullen lake," and launching upon its waters, which, from their almost inaccessible position, are seldom visited by the angler, have filled my boat with white trout of the largest size. To each and all of these fisheries I award the due meed of praise; but give me a few pleasant companions, and a showery windy month of July, and I will pitch my tent at Costello in preference to any fishing station that I have ever seen.

It was late on a July evening, after a long and weary walk across the mountains, that we reached the bridge which crosses the Costello river, at a short distance from the lodge. There was just light enough for me to point out to my companions two rocks, which showed their

heads over the water at the top of a rapid stream some hundred yards above the bridge. "You will hook your first salmon to-morrow, close to those rocks," I observed to P——, who, up to this time, had never angled for any higher prize than the small trout which are to be found in the lakes and rivers of Wicklow. P—— shook his head, and seemed to think such a feat far beyond his skill.

We soon entered the lodge, and in a short time sat down to a dinner, to which we were well inclined to do ample justice. "Jack Mulloy," with his greyhounds, had crossed the mountains the day before, to give notice of our approach, and had brought in a brace of hares, which had been reduced to most palatable soup. One of the keepers had been up the river about five o'clock, when the heat of the day was past and a few clouds were over the sun, and, in proof of his success, at the head of the table smoked a splendid fresh run salmon, of twelve pounds weight, which, three hours before, had been swimming in Corrigmore Pool. Some of the fishermen from the bay had called and left a fine turbot, with a couple of lobsters to keep him in countenance; there was a saddle of five-year-old mountain mutton, with chickens and bacon to retire upon. Nor were we without a glass of genuine sherry, just, as old G—— said, "to dry our feet" after the mountain walk. The ubiquitous Guinness had contrived to transmit a barrel of XX. to this almost inaccessible region. And who that has sat over the turf fire at Costello, after a hard day's exercise, and long-continued wetting, will fail to appreciate, and gratefully remember, the mountain-dew which the faithful John Connor produced from some mysterious depository, about which no one made any particular inquiry.

Our long walk disposed us all to retire early, and a somewhat late hour found us assembled round the breakfast-table the following morning. During the night, the weather had changed very much; the day before had been hot and sultry, without a breath of air; but now it was raining heavily and thickly, with a strong breeze from the south-west blowing up the river, in opposition to the stream. It is well known that, next to farmers, there are no subjects of her Majesty so given to grumble about the weather as fishermen. There is always something wrong. "It is too hot." "The sun is too bright." "The water is too low." "The river is too high." "There is rain over head." "The weather is too squally;" or, worse than all, "the wind is from the east." These, and a hundred other reasons, are always at hand to excuse want of patience or lack of skill; and certainly, on this particular morning, as far as we could judge from the parlour window, the clerk of the weather seemed to have put a black mark against us in his book. We therefore lingered over our ample breakfast, no one appearing willing to leave the comfortable shelter of the house for the bleak inhospitable moor through which the Costello makes its way to the sea. However, I observed four or five wild-looking men, with large panniers strapped across their shoulders, and each provided with a gaff and a spacious landing-net; they seemed entirely indifferent to the continued soaking of the rain, and from time to time looked in at the window, apparently contemplating our dilatory proceedings with impatience.

At length the faithful John Connor opened the door, and whilst the rain was running down the peak of his old glazed hat, observed—“If your honours don't mind getting wet, it's a fine day for fishing, and there's a great rise on the salmon entirely.”

We were all immediately in motion—rods were spliced, casting-lines fitted, and flies mounted, and making the best defence we could against the rain, we proceeded on our way.

On reaching the first stream, just above the bridge—“Try that spot,” said I to P—, pointing out the rocks to which I had called his attention on the previous evening.

The river had risen considerably during the night; a strong stream was running between the rocks, while the wind was blowing in exactly the opposite direction, causing that peculiar curl on the water in which the large fish rise freely to the fly. Scarcely had his line touched the surface when a fine salmon came up, and rolling lazily over, disappeared. “You have him,” said the keeper to P—, whose unpractised eye had not noticed the rise of the fish in the rough water. The moment he felt the strain on his line, he struck at the fish with a force which nothing but the best and strongest tackle could have withstood. The fish, indignant at this rough usage, ran up the stream at a pace that made the wheel sing again.

There is great excitement in riding to hounds, when mounted on a fiery, hard-pulling horse, when there is a burning scent, and the “high constables” are racing at the “red thief” with their heads up, their sterns down, and have no time to do more than express their “savage joy” by an occasional sharp yelp. There is great excitement in deer-stalking, or in walking up to a pair of good dogs on a mountain side, and watching for the challenge of the cock grouse, as he springs, at the head of his family, from his bed of heath. But if you wish to see a man thoroughly unnerved, take an inexperienced fisher, place him on the banks of a rapid river, or in a boat on a rough lake, and let him at his first throw get fast in a fresh run salmon, or a seven-pound white trout. Some men, in such circumstances, drag and pull, attempting to accomplish by main force what can only be done by skill and patience. Others, as if to apologize to the fish for the liberty they have taken, allow their line to run out, without offering the slightest resistance to his progress. In either case, the result is the same: the fish escapes, and the discomfited angler is left to begin *de novo*, and endeavour to profit by his experience.

But it is time to return to P—. The salmon, after running out some forty yards of line, sprang high into the air, showing his broad tail and the whole length of his silvery side. This is a most trying moment for young anglers, and it requires the greatest patience and coolness to manage a fish which resorts to this manœuvre. It was entirely too much for poor P—'s unpractised nerves. He heard not, at least heeded not, old G—'s shout of “steady,” but with both hands, and all his strength, threw back his rod, in the vain hope of being able, with a single hair of gut, to swing a fourteen-pound fish to shore. The consequence may be easily guessed: from the violent check, the hold gave way, and off went the salmon up the river, springing several times out

of the water, as if to show his contempt for the foe he had so completely foiled; and P—— had the satisfaction of beholding his best rod snapped across near the middle splice. Poor devil, how thoroughly wretched and chopfallen he appeared, as he looked at his broken rod and entangled tackle, and heard us give our various opinions as to the reason of his misfortune, Bob S—— not forgetting to put in, "I knew the ugly face you made would spoil all." P——'s look of vexation put me in mind that I once saw a gallant officer, who lost a fine fish at the same spot, and under similar circumstances, take off his hat in a storm of wind and rain, and kick it about the heath for half an hour, to the infinite astonishment of his bewildered keeper, who seemed quite at a loss to understand the bold dragoon's method of working off his vexation.

P——'s misfortune happened so near the lodge, that he was soon provided with another rod; and leaving him to refit under the care of an experienced keeper, we proceeded up the river.

Every angler knows that of all living creatures, fish, and especially salmon, are the most capricious. I have many a day fished the Costello when not the daintiest fly ever tied by Martin Kelly could induce a single salmon to show himself, while probably the very next day the greatest bungler would at least have the satisfaction of breaking rods, and carrying away flies and casting-lines.

I have never met with any satisfactory explanation of this matter; but I well remember that this was the best fishing day I ever saw; and I equally well remember I never got so great a wetting. It rained incessantly, and there was half a gale of wind from the south-west, but the temperature was soft and warm.

For some time I was unfortunate; for though the salmon rose freely, I contrived, probably from my own awkwardness, to lose fish after fish, and, at the end of an hour, I had only brought to basket some seven or eight large white trout; while M——, who had gone up the river, had already sent back a keeper with two fine fish; and I ascertained that P——, who had remained at the lower pools, had killed two, and carried away three casting-lines with three more.

My turn was soon to come. Scarcely had my line alighted on Corrimoore pool, when the "ould fellow entirely" rose quietly to the surface, and deliberately took the fly. I saw enough of him as he rose, to be certain that, with the small rod which I used, I should have my hands full of him. I was not long left in doubt; for the moment he felt the strain, he made one furious run to the top of the stream, where there were some rocks, and springing boldly over them, disappeared with my tail-fly.

It was now my turn to look crest-fallen; but fortunately there was no one to witness my discomfiture except the keeper, who was too well accustomed to such casualties to make any disparaging observation; and, as quickly as possible, I repaired damages, and commenced again.

At the first cast a salmon rose, making what is called a false rise. In such a case there is but one thing to be done—strike forcibly and rapidly, and there is a chance (it is not much more) that you will hook the fish *somewhere*. Acting on this plan, I struck with great force, and

at once discerned that my manœuvre had succeeded, and that I was fast; but as the fish for some time refused to show himself, I could not account for the extraordinary manner in which he set my utmost efforts to control him at defiance. I had nothing for it but to "give him the butt," and let the line run, using my best endeavours to keep him from the rocks over which his predecessor had sprung and escaped. Fortunately for me, he did not attempt to do so until, by his violent struggles, he had in some measure exhausted his strength. After making several vain attempts to escape, he seemed to collect his powers for one grand effort, and running out fully fifty yards of line, sprung high into the air, and then I discovered that I had hooked a powerful salmon through the tail. Having his head and shoulders free, he was perfectly unmanagable, and I at once perceived that my only chance was to trust to the soundness of my tackle, and allow him to exhaust himself by his own efforts. He soon began to adopt the tactics of his brother, and made for the rocks.

But by this time some unexpected allies had come to my assistance. Three or four men, who had been digging turf in the bog, abandoned their work, and rushed down, with the love of sport which distinguishes all Irishmen, to witness the result of the contest. They at once dashed into the river, scrambled on to the dreaded rocks, and by beating the water with their turf-spades, and throwing stones, drove back the fish whenever he attempted this plan of escape.

Several times he tried to force the pass, but finding himself headed, he ran rapidly in to shore, embarrassing me with a quantity of slack line. This is a perilous position in salmon-fishing, as, unless the hold is very secure, the hook almost always slips, and the prize escapes; and if the angler is so situated that he cannot run back and keep the line tight, he has no means of counteracting this manœuvre. Each time the fish approached the bank, the watchful keeper endeavoured to secure him in the landing-net, but he was still far from being exhausted. Again and again he ran out into the middle of the pool, springing into the air, and straining the line to its utmost powers of endurance, for I now began to bear against him with all the force which I dared to use. Fortunately the hook had gone into the tough gristle just above the tail, and unless the rod or line gave way, he could not escape. Gradually I felt that his efforts were becoming feebler—each successive race was shorter; and, taking advantage of his failing strength, I drew him by degrees to a shallow part of the pool, and then rapidly wheeling in my line, I made a sign to the keeper to stand by. In came the fish, tail foremost, still struggling and full of "fight." The keeper dashed into the water, and dexterously cutting off his retreat, slipped the net under him and, by a sudden effort, flung him high up on the bank.

I have ridden a forty minutes' burst with the Queen's staghounds, across the Vale of Aylesbury, on an untrained five year old horse (his first day with hounds), and have many a time pulled the beam-oar in a well-contested boat race, but I do not remember ever to have felt so completely exhausted as when I flung myself down on the wet heath after my victorious struggle with the *breedhawnmore*.

Having waited a short time to rest myself, and wipe the toil-drops from my brow, I proceeded higher up, in order to reach the Reed Pool,

and leave the intermediate streams to my friend J. H., who was fishing immediately above Corrigmore. On my way up, looking towards the river, I perceived that he was in difficulties. His net was stuck in the heath, as he had sent his keeper away on some errand, his rod was bent to the wheel, and from the manner in which he was running about I guessed that he had met with an ugly customer. He was fishing in the crooked pool where the river turns at nearly a right angle, had hooked a large fish, and it was quite plain that my friend Jack, who was a novice, was not master of the situation; I therefore ran down to his assistance. He was so intent on his work that he was wholly unaware of my approach, and I had an ample opportunity of witnessing the struggle "between the man and the fish." It was well for the former that I had come up, as otherwise, the coroner would have been put in requisition. He was quite unconscious that he was in the angle formed by the sudden turn of the river; the salmon, after a fine race, had suddenly run in upon him. Jack retreated rapidly; another step and he must have gone down on his back into fifteen feet of water. Just as his right foot was about to quit terra-firma, I seized him by the shoulder and wheeled him round; then, taking up his net, I stood by him with advice and assistance until, after a protracted struggle, he had the satisfaction of seeing his first salmon safely deposited in his basket.

Leaving Jack to enjoy his triumph and pursue his sport, I proceeded up the river; still the rain was falling, and the wind was blowing. There was a thick heavy mist hanging over the heath, and shutting out the view of the distant mountains; but utterly despising the rain, which had long since penetrated my so-called waterproof coat, I walked on rapidly, anxious to arrive at the Reed Pool. This is a long reach of the river, abounding in salmon and white trout, and when the wind strikes it fairly, as it did on this day, he must be a thorough bungler that does not bring home a respectable basketful.

At every cast the white trout rose eagerly at the fly; several times I hooked two at the same instant, occasionally securing, but more frequently losing, both.

At length I reached the particular part of the pool where I expected the best sport. Here a bank covered with reeds runs out for a distance into the river, forming an acute angle with the shore. The wind was blowing directly into this angle, causing a strong curl on the surface of the water. I commenced fishing from the open end up towards the point where the reedy bank joined the shore. It seemed as if all the salmon in the river had assembled in this small place. I soon found that I should have more to do than I could well manage. Unfortunately something had gone wrong with my tackle. From the long-continued rain the line, which completely filled the wheel, had swollen, and would not run freely. My impatience did not allow me to remedy this misfortune, and I at once commenced operations.

At the first cast two fish rose. I succeeded in hooking one on the tail-fly; he went at once to the bottom, and for a short time remained perfectly quiet. After a pause, however, as if to decide upon his course of action, he made a rush for the open part of the river; in

vain I attempted to give him line—the wheel was choked in some vexatious manner. The salmon, feeling that the strain impeded his motion, sprang into the air, snapped my best casting-line, and disappeared, taking with him my favourite orange-body and jay-hackle. I greatly fear that I made use of some expression which Hannah More or Mrs. Fry, had they stood at my elbow, would not have considered perfectly “*comme il faut*.” There is an old saying, “Don’t swear or you will catch no fish;” but I think that, in my circumstances, even the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury (provided they were fishermen) would, like Captain Goffe,* have shotted their discourse with something stronger than “upon my honor.”

To add to my annoyance, several of my *friends* (how I hated them at the time), who were coming down the river at the opposite side, were witnesses to my discomfiture, and loud and most uncomplimentary were their comments upon my want of skill. I hastily replaced the lost fly, and commenced fishing again, but still with the same result. Four fish in rapid succession broke away, some taking a fly, others an entire casting-line, amidst shouts of derision from the opposite bank.

At last it occurred to me to do that which, if I had done it at first, would have saved me from all this annoyance. I deliberately cut away more than thirty yards of my wheel-line, and rigging on a fresh casting-line, and a new pair of flies, once more tried my fortune in the Reed Pool. It seemed alive with salmon; one or two rose at every cast; many I failed to strike; others, after a struggle, broke away, but I succeeded in landing five good fish, from eight to fifteen or sixteen pounds each. My friends on the opposite shore now began to cheer, and I almost forgave them for having been witnesses of my misfortunes.

The day was now far spent, and as my basket was full to the top, and the weary keeper sinking to his knees in the bog under his heavy load, I turned my face to the wind and rain, and made for the lodge, the rest of the party on the other bank following my example.

On reaching the stream, just above the bridge, the scene of P—’s defeat in the morning, I determined to try one cast, and had the good fortune at once to hook, and, after a severe struggle, to land a small fish, about seven pounds weight. He was in the most perfect condition, having just come from the tide-water, and was the shortest and thickest fish I ever saw, with a small thorough-bred head. I think if I know anything in this world, it is the difference between a good and a bad salmon. I therefore gave private directions to the cook to dress this last trophy of my skill for dinner, and within one hour from his capture he was occupying the place of honor at the head of the table, and even old G—, that most fastidious of fish-eaters, whom I have seen turn up his nose at Dublin or London salmon, warranted to have cost three-and-sixpence a pound, pronounced him faultless.

How we enjoyed that dinner! The change from wet to dry clothing, the good fire, the keen appetites, the well-furnished table, the recollection of the good sport we had just had—all combined to banish Care;

* See “Pirate.” *Waverley Novels*.

and had he ventured to show his wrinkled face on that evening, we should have told him, in plain language, that "he would not do for Costello."

It was a long time before "that retired gentleman, our inner man" was satisfied, and Jack, who had dined enormously, laid down his knife and fork, declaring, with an air of innocent simplicity, that "he could live where another man would starve." At length when, as old Homer says, "we had driven away the desire of eating," the table was wheeled to the fire, and if it be true, and true it is, in spite of the Temperance Society, that no one ever saw a merry party round a pump, it is beyond all doubt that we were a right joyous crew about our round table; while more than one bottle of mountain-dew, which had never received a license from a guager to be drunk on the premises, disappeared. Cigars and pipes were lighted, "songs were sung, and stories told, and tumblers replenished again and again." At last we recollected the words of my old friend Bishop Hall, that "moderation is the silken thread running through the pearl-chain of all virtues," and even old G—, that hoary-headed toper, the hero of a hundred bottles, cried—enough!

Upon counting the sport of the day, it appeared that my basket contained seven salmon, and about three dozen white trout. My four companions had, on an average, killed about the same number and weight of fish; and as many of these white trout exceeded six pounds in weight, and few were under two, those gentlemen who sit in punts on the Thames, and angle for chub and dace, may form some idea of a few hours fishing in the Costello on a wet day, with a rattling breeze from the south-west.

Upon retiring to bed, I was soon in the land of dreams: white trout and salmon were playing all sorts of antics round my bed, and eluding my best endeavours to catch them. My rod was broken, my line was foul, my flies were gone. I had slipped from the rock at Corrignmore into the water—the keeper had saved my life by striking his gaff through the collar of my coat and the lower part of my ear. Then I dreamed that a large salmon, who wore a wide-awake hat, and had a basket strapped round his back, was tapping at the window, saying, as plainly as ever a salmon spoke, "It is five o'clock; will your honor try the Reed Pool this morning!"

Now I know that I have several respectable old relatives who will say that I was suffering from night-mare; that had I eaten less salmon, and not so much roast goose—had I drunk more water and less mountain dew—I should have passed a more tranquil night. But I dismiss this suggestion as a weak invention of the enemy, and reply to them in the words of old G—, who, when recommended by Sir P—, some years ago, on account of a "suspicious toe," to give up wine and drink water, answered indignantly, "Don't tell me of water, sir; what is bad for the sole of your boot cannot be good for your stomach."

However, I recollected after a few seconds that I had given orders to my keeper, Shaun Breedhaun (John the Salmon) to call me early that I might have the first cast at the Reed Pool. I was not in the least obliged to him for his punctuality, as I had by no means slept off yesterday's fatigue, and I thought old G—, who was snoring lustily in the

next room, a much wiser fellow than myself. I dressed as quickly as possible, and, rod in hand, proceeded up the river.

The weather, which in Ireland is always capricious, had again changed. The sun was bright, the wind had ceased, and though from the rain of the previous day the pools were full, and the stream strong, the surface of the river was smooth and glassy. However, as the heat of the day had not set in, I had hopes that in the rapids I might find some sport to reward me for my early rising. I therefore plodded on through the deep wet heath, with my hat pulled over my eyes to shade them from the morning sun, when I was startled by Shaun catching me by the shoulder, while he pointed towards a large granite rock about eighty yards in advance of the spot where we were. On this rock were seated a pair of large sea-eagles, with their white heads sunk beneath their shoulders, and apparently absorbed in the contemplation of some knotty point. "Situated as I am," it is not for me to make an irreverent comparison, but I think they were very like some of our venerable judges engaged in digesting a demurrer, or trying to find out if either party is right in *Beamish v. Beamish*, or *Errington v. Rorke*.

I fixed my eye steadily on the eagles, and advanced step by step. They suffered me to come within ten yards, and then took to flight with a sharp peevish cry, as if angry at being disturbed while digesting their morning meal. I delight in watching the flight of the eagle, as with almost motionless wing he poises himself in mid air, and then drops with incredible velocity on his prey; and I shall never forget a scene which, in company with my old friend J. A——, I witnessed at Dhuloch.

We had been fishing in a boat on the lake—our sport had been uncommonly good; besides filling our baskets, we had covered the floor of the boat with large white trout. In the evening the rain came down in torrents; the fog settled on the tops of the mountains, and we could not see farther than twenty yards in any direction. We guessed, however, from the way the wind was blowing, how to steer, and were pulling rapidly for our landing-place, as we were thoroughly wet through, and had what is commonly called a good mile, but which means nearly two, to walk before we could get shelter. During our progress down the lake, a distance of at least two miles, a large black eagle hovered over our heads. We were going before the wind, and had four men at the oars, still the king of birds kept up with us without any visible effort. He was so close, that I could see his eye, and several times I thought he was about to make a swoop into the boat. My friend Joe said he was attracted by the sight of the fish, but I whispered in Irish to the rowers that my friend Joe's nose, which, under the influence of the wind and rain, had assumed a most tempting, raw-meat colour, was the real object of attraction. Long and loud was the laughter of the dripping boatmen at the suggestion, and it required all an Irishman's handiness at evasion to account for our merriment.

But to return to my story. I walked up to the large rock which the eagles had just quitted, and sitting down on the softest stone I could find, placed my back against the rock, and was soon in a profound sleep. How long my slumber continued I cannot say, but I was awak-

ened by a sensation of cold, and opening my eyes, perceived that the sun had gone behind a dark cloud, and that a cool breeze was blowing in my face.

I lost no time in running down to the Reed Pool, and taking advantage of the dark hour, I killed a ten-pound salmon, and a remarkably fine white trout, which turned the scale at seven pounds and a-half. By the time I had got them into my basket the breeze had died away, and the sun came out in full power ; not another fish would look at my flies, so I retraced my steps to the lodge, and arrived just in time to find my friends sitting down to breakfast.

The weather appeared so fine "for haymaking," that we determined for the present to break up our encampment, and as the man who can only get a few days' hunting in the year puts up with blank days and bad scents, if he can only see his name in *Bell's Life* as having gone the "run of the season," so we went on our way rejoicing at having dropped in for this one brilliant day's fishing in the Costello.

THE LAST DAYS OF SEBASTOPOL.

(Notes of a Journey to the Crimea in the months of August and September, 1855, and of a residence in the British Camp before and after the fall of Sebastopol).

[The Summer of 1855 was an anxious one to many in England. The great struggle before Sebastopol was evidently drawing to its close. Coming events cast their shadows before, and it was felt that ere long those shadows would darken many an English home. Accompanied by three friends, the writer of these Notes left London for the Crimea, on Monday, the 13th of August, 1855. It will be collected in the course of the narrative which follows, that, in undertaking this journey, he had other interests and objects than those of mere curiosity; and that having lived in camp with the officers of the Royal Engineers during the entire of his stay in the Crimea, he had opportunities, not unfavourable, for witnessing the operations and events which marked "The Last Days of Sebastopol."]

CHAP. I.—"EN ROUTE."

1855, *Wednesday, August 15th, Paris.*

"MAIS voila Paris—ah c'est un Paradis!" was the exclamation of a charming little French girl, our companion in the railway-carriage, as she caught the first distant glimpse of that capital in which centre the affections and the admiration of every French person throughout the habitable globe; and if Paradise hereafter were to be as crowded, relatively speaking of course, as this material Paradise was on the 14th of August, 1855, it would be a consolatory reflection for many of us.

After travelling for two consecutive nights, despising the prejudices of sleep and beds, we arrived here at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning. The Queen was to make her entry on the Saturday following. I have heard of crowds, of places being full to repletion, and soforth. London, during the railway mania of 1845, was undoubtedly fuller than usual—in 1851, in the days of the Crystal Palace, it was rather more crowded than in ordinary times—but never did I see a town literally and thoroughly crammed, totally regardless of its powers of digestion, until I saw Paris yesterday.

Tired, dirty, with incipient Crimean beards of two days' growth, we began our search for rooms. At the hotels the application was met with derision. Twenty-five francs for two bed-rooms, "au quatrieme," in a lodging house, was our first chance. Finally we were obliged to disperse our forces, and, at the end of two hours, I had the extreme good fortune to settle down with one of my fellow-travellers in two small bed-rooms, at fourteen francs a night, in the hotel "de France et d'Angleterre."

Then a breakfast on the Boulevards, amidst a panorama of human beings such as no other spot on earth could furnish. "Omelette, pommes de terre frites, et chocolat," followed of course by a visit to the "Exposition d'Industrie." A dinner at the table-d'hote of the Hotel

des Princes, and the "petit verre" outside the Cafe Cardinal, on the Boulevard des Italiens, brought us to the orthodox hour of eleven, and consigned us to a bed whose comforts were not the less appreciated from the fact that we had not reposed in one since the Saturday night preceding.

Thursday.—This, being the 15th of August, was held as the Emperor's fête. The ordinary "spectacles" were not given, the sum which would have been expended for these gratifications to the people being this year devoted to the sick and wounded; but the brilliant illuminations at night, the gay, restless, busy crowds in the streets, amongst whom the representatives of every nation on earth might be found—from the Briton in his "wide-awake" to the Bedouin in his "bernoise"—presented a "spectacle" of itself which it is no exaggeration to say was a perfectly fairy one. But is not this always the charm of Paris?—not its buildings, its theatres, or its sights, but that population ever good-humoured, well dressed, in search of pleasure, and finding that pleasure in public, and under its clear sky and beautiful climate.

Friday.—The Constantinople steamer was to leave Marseilles on Monday evening. Our original intention was to have quitted Paris to-day for the purpose of reaching Marseilles in time to complete all those necessary preliminaries in the shape of "vising" passports, engaging berths, &c., which our "Bradshaw" assured us would at least require two days there. It was sufficiently provoking to be obliged to abandon Paris for the stagnation of Marseilles, with such an event impending as that which was to come off on the following day.

On inquiring yesterday at the head-office of the "Messagerie" Company here, we ascertained that everything necessary, even to the securing cabins, could be effected in their bureau, and that our presence in Marseilles would not be required before the Monday morning, which would allow us to remain for the purpose of witnessing the "entree."

The mail service between France and the East is performed by this "Messagerie" Company. Twice a week steamers, carrying the mails, pass and repass to and from Constantinople, taking alternately the line by Messina and Athens, and that by Smyrna and Malta. From Malta also other packets, "en correspondance" with these mail steamers, proceed, by what is termed the Italian route, to Naples, Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, and Genoa, giving to the traveller the opportunity of catching this passing glimpse of Italy, with a delay of only three or four additional days.

The plan I had formed was to return home by the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, seeing Venice and Vienna on the way; but it now appeared that by taking a "return-ticket" by the "Messagerie" line to Constantinople and back, a saving of one-fifth of the entire fare would be effected. The pecuniary consideration prevailed over the charms of the Adriatic. It is recorded of another traveller, celebrated in song for his erratic performances, that

"Though he was on pleasure bent he had a frugal mind."

In this spirit a return-ticket of the first class was secured for the sum

of six hundred and seventy-five francs (£27), with liberty to proceed and return by any of the routes indicated, during a period not exceeding four months.

One of the chief attractions of Paris, in my mind, has always been the living "en evidence;" the pleasant breakfasts, dinners and "petits verres," taken "al fresco." Abandoning the gloomy court of our hotel, we had accordingly sallied forth each morning to take our chocolate on the Boulevards.

Our views on this subject did not appear to coincide with those of the proprietor of the "Hotel de France et d'Angleterre." On our return yesterday we found a threatening notice lithographed and affixed to the mirrors in our respective rooms, which, commencing with the words "Messieurs les Voyageurs sont avisés," went on to denounce such latitudinarian practices, and to threaten, in very explicit French, that those who did not breakfast or dine in the house should pay an additional sum of two francs per day for their rooms. I am almost ashamed to say that we were weak enough to succumb to this "ex post facto" law, and thenceforward breakfasted at the hotel; but to sacrifice ourselves in the dinner line was altogether out of the question.

Our concession did not avail us. On the day following an alteration, calculated to meet our particular offence, had been effected in the notice. The word OR had been erased, and in its place the particle AND substituted—the notice, as now amended, threatening the penalty to all such delinquents as should not *both* breakfast and dine.

We determined to have recourse to the unfailing specific for the bilious Englishman, a letter to the *Times*, and our appeal to the sympathies of our countrymen was only averted by the non-appearance of the obnoxious item in our bills, when we came to the final settlement.

Saturday.—This is the eventful day which, in French estimation, is to cement the alliance. All Paris is in a fever. Every head is turned, business at a stand still, and the shops and balconies to be let out to the curious at fabulous prices. Triumphal arches—the work of only a few hours—are thrown up across the Boulevards; plaster statues stand on each side welcoming the expected visitors; everywhere are to be seen inscriptions recording the homage offered by the city of Paris, by the National Guard, by the artists of the Grand Opera, and so forth, to "la Reine D'Angleterre." The united flags of the two countries wave from the windows and balconies of every house.

One of my companions overheard a characteristic dialogue which occurred between a tradesman and his servant during the operation of hanging the flags of the two nations on the master's balcony. The master proposed to hang them separately, at the two ends, the servant, on the contrary, to unite them in the centre, and backing his opinion with "Mais Monsieur, l'alliance!" was allowed to carry his way.

A singular police notice has just been posted through the city—"It is expressly forbidden to all persons during the entry or departure of the Queen of England, during her stay, or in her daily drives, to present to her any petitions, to offer her bouquets, or to throw flowers at her. Any breach of these regulations to be punished with the utmost severity."

Six o'clock was the time named for her entry. Never did city present such an appearance as did Paris at that hour. The most gorgeous of sunsets offered its homage to the scene. Up to the seventh and eighth story and on the roofs, all the houses were crowded with spectators. On the very chimney tops were perched whole families. From the terminus, along the entire extent of the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, and through the Bois de Boulogne, the line was kept by dense masses of troops, whose numbers, so readily furnished at such a crisis of the war, certainly impressed one strongly with the military resources of the country. Immediately behind the place where we stood an ingenious speculator had elevated a ladder against the wall, and his reiterated cries of "places à louer" showed that standing room on the steps of this ladder was the value proposed to be given in exchange for your money. But twilight now stole on, and was rapidly deepening into night before the procession passed. No distinct sight of the Queen could be obtained by any of those who had paid so much, and stood and suffered so long and so patiently for the promised "spectacle." There was one universal feeling of disappointment—it was a "coup manqué."

But the glittering splendour of that night in Paris can never be forgotten. All that has been written of Eastern magnificence in the tales of the Arabian Nights fell short of its realities. As we moved and mixed amongst that throng, I felt that I looked upon a sight such as it would never be my lot again to behold!

Sunday.—Off to Marseilles by the Lyons railroad. Soon we catch on the right a passing glimpse of the wild forest scenery of Fontainebleau. From Dijon to Lyons the country is full of beauty. At this season the vines look their best, and we feel that French scenery has been calumniated as we pass through the rich valley of the Saône.

And here let me record, for the benefit of all interested in such details (and what truly great or good man is insensible to the charms of a dinner?) that the gastronomic arrangements on this line are unexceptionable. Both at Tonnerre, on our journey down, and at Dijon, on our way back, we were provided with banquets worthy of the gods. In the face of from sixty to eighty hungry individuals, bent on satisfying their material wants within fifteen minutes, a long series of "plats" was produced, each of which would do honour to Ude, succeeding each other rapidly, and with but little confusion. A high degree of administrative ability, to use the cant of the age, presided over all the arrangements, and, at the end of the allotted minutes, the moderate payment of three francs sent forth each stomach of that impatient host rejoicing on its way, and at peace with itself and with all the world. Truly these are the triumphs which stamp the French as a really great nation, foremost in arts as in arms.

At Lyons an unpleasant break occurs. An omnibus jolts you pitilessly for a distance of three or four miles through the town, from the terminus at which you have just arrived, to the corresponding one on the Marseilles line, on which you are now about to enter. Here, as everywhere along the road, bodies of troops were being hurried down southward to meet the cravings of this insatiable war. Our train was densely packed with them, and we were whirled off amidst a tempest of lamentations and leave-takings.

At Lyons, the "southing" we had so rapidly gained during the day began to assert itself. The night was intensely hot, but the worthy Provençals in our compartment of the carriage appeared totally insensible to this peculiarity of the atmosphere. They addressed themselves calmly to their slumbers, closing the windows with all the precaution observed in Hyperborean regions, whilst we, panting for air, gave vent to profane expressions similar to those said by the poet to have been wrung from perspiring fishes of old, under the influence of a perpendicular sun.

All our schoolboy notions of geography are upset by these modern railways. Under the severe discipline of our youthful days, particular degrees of latitude and longitude became fixed ideas in our minds. We have been brought up in the faith that a certain number of these mysterious parallels separate the bleak northern shores on which we breathe, and live, and have our being, from the "land of the cypress and myrtle." All this is obsolete; as completely a mere "geographical idea," as Italy has, by some modern statesmen, been asserted to be. To-day in Paris; in eighteen hours we are at Avignon; in three more at Marseilles, in the presence of a blazing luminary, who leaves no doubt at all either on your mind or body, that you have reached the sunny south.

From Avignon the scenery becomes beautiful. All around, in endless succession, the vine, the olive, and the orange tree; the pure white chalky soil of the hills contrasting with the intense blue of a sky, such as the untravelled Briton has never before seen. Before us is the Mediterranean; and gliding gently downwards, now through long tunnels, whose gloom is a relief, and again flashing out into the dizzy splendour of the morning sun, we enter the terminus at Marseilles.

At all times a town of considerable importance from its wealth and commerce, Marseilles is acquiring increased consequence and riches from the present war. It is the great highway between the East and the West. That "Cloaca Maxima," termed by courtesy the Inner Port, which, since the days of the Romans, has never been purified, is crowded with the ships of all nations. The process of loading and embarkation never flags; men and munitions of war follow in unbroken streams. The streets have a semi-oriental appearance—Greeks, Turks, and Armenians jostle you at every turn. Our final arrangements, prior to embarkation, were effected with but little trouble. In reference to our future comfort, we laid in what in mercantile phrase is I believe termed an "assorted" Crimean cargo—brandy, potted meats, champagne, preserved cream, and saddles. Four straw hats were purchased for a similar number of heads, and when duly trimmed with pale straw-coloured ribbons, the appearance of our party would not have brought discredit on the chorus of peasants in "Somnambula."

My last act in taking leave of Western civilisation was to take leave also of its especial emblem and type. With many regrets I intrusted my hat to the custody of mine host of the "Hotel des Ambassadeurs," if haply I should ever return to claim it. Its dignity and its grace would have been lost upon the Oriental mind. At five, P.M., we were on board the "Jourdain." "Monte Christo" has made all men familiar with the port of Marseilles. A figure of the Virgin, erected at

the extremity of one of its encircling piers, smiles upon the outward-bound, and welcomes the home-returning traveller. At six o'clock we were in the Mediterranean—the Chateau D'If on our starboard bow—a well-spread banquet before us.

The next morning Corsica, with its high, bold coast lay on our left, the graceful feluccas, with their lattine sails, skimming, like sea-birds, under its shores. Later in the day we made Sardinia, and at six were passing through the narrow strait of the Magdelene. So closely here do the rocky shores of the two islands approach, that it appears as if a stone might be thrown on land from the ship. Eagerly are the whole party gazing for the well-known figure of the "Bear." At this critical moment the bell sounds for dinner, and we oscillate between the cabin and the deck, the "Bear" and the "Bouilli."

The voyage is most enjoyable. The "Jourdain," a steamer lately added to the company's stock, is an English-built vessel, with every modern improvement and luxury. The saloon is large and airy. We glide through that summer sea, calm as a lake, beautiful beyond imagination, of a blue so intense in its depth, and yet so bright and sparkling and sunny, that "lapis lazulæ" alone can perhaps furnish a conception of it. Around and before you, from hour to hour, points of interest come successively into view, which one has dreamed of from early youth, but which I, at least, had little thought it would ever be my fate to see. The days, brilliant in their beauty, as yet are not too warm—no motion—no "mal de mer;" nothing to disturb the "dolce far niente;" the sleeping, reading, day-dreaming, in which all are indulging on deck beneath an awning which forms a protection from the sun's rays by day, and from the heavy dews at night.

There is no fault to be found with the department of the "Maitre d'Hotel;"—disgust him not by calling him "garçon," as Englishmen are prone to do!—a wider distinction does not exist between the Brahmin and the Pariah. Coffee is supplied when you arise; at half-past nine is served the first dinner, disguised under the milder term of breakfast. A table spread with a heterogeneous mixture of fruits, pickles, cakes, and sardines, meets your eye—these are the standing decorations; presently appears the usual succession of French dishes: the "cotelettes," the "omelette," the "poisson," the "poulet," the "roti." Tea for those who desire it—for all "vin ordinaire à discretion."

At half-past five or six, the same process is repeated, in the shape of the dinner proper, the only perceptible difference being the addition of the "potage." In the evening, tea and coffee. For all this "nouriture," as the phrase is, the charge of eight francs a day is made. Wines of all descriptions are supplied "à la carte," and no objection is raised to your calling for a bottle of "eau de vie," and retaining it in custody for your private consumption; a practice which I recommend to all travellers in the East, as being at once economical and sanitary.

Our good ship carried a heavy freight of live-stock. Four hundred French troops filled the main-deck, the larger portion of them sappers, proceeding to the Crimea, to supply the gaps which the siege casualties daily created in their corps. The French soldier is uniformly so quiet

and well-conducted, so much of the gentleman in his individual capacity, that these troops caused less annoyance than might be supposed to the general passengers. They slept on the deck by night, but this could scarcely now be considered a hardship. By day they amused themselves with cards or dominoes; some read, others lay basking in the sun, or sleeping. Their messing arrangements were very simple. The men were told off into different squads of eight or ten. They had three meals a day; the allowance for each mess was contained in a large circular tin vessel; round this the soldiers knelt; each man had a small drinking-can and spoon attached by a string to his coat, and was provided with a portion of bread. With the most perfect order, and in regular succession, each spoon was plunged into the general mess, and applied to its owner's individual mouth, the fire being taken up from right to left. When the supply of food was exhausted, the providore produced a large tin vessel, from which was poured into the several cans the regulated allowance of "vin ordinaire." Discipline and order seem to be spontaneous amongst them. There was no apparent exercise of authority by the officers; no muster, roll-call, or parade during the entire time we were on board.

Our party in the first-class cabin consisted of a French colonel of engineers, in command of these sappers; a captain of our own artillery; some young English officers of the Turkish Contingent, proceeding to join their newly-formed regiments, five or six English and French civilians, and a Queen's messenger. It is a regulation of the French service, that all officers below the rank of chef-d'escadron (corresponding to our majors), proceed as second-class passengers; the field-officers as first-class. There were five French officers on board, captains and subalterns, who messed in the second cabin. The fairer sex were represented by two French ladies. One of them was young, rather pretty, and "spirituel," and with a great deal of that grace of manner, and "talent de société," which appears indigenous in the women of their nation. The gallantry of the captain had provided for her a mattress and pillows on the quarter-deck, where gracefully reclining, and wrapped in shawls, she held her levées by day, surrounded by groups of admirers, conspicuous amongst whom appeared the young "Telemachus" of our party, conveying, in the impassioned glances which are of all countries, those ardent vows which his British tongue declined to utter. Her story was interesting—she was the wife of a "chef-d'escadron" of artillery, who had been recently wounded at the siege. The French reports of such matters are not as precise, or as considerate for the feelings of relatives, as our own. She heard only that he was wounded, and beyond that—nothing. In the impulse of the moment she started to join him, and now, perhaps, had for the first time leisure to reflect on the many chances which existed against her meeting him, even when she had arrived at her journey's end.

What words can do justice to, or what northern imagination picture, the gorgeous sunsets of this enchanting clime? Hardly has the sun disappeared, ere the whole western horizon is suffused with tints the most lovely and the most varied. Hues of the brightest orange, and of the deepest red, glow over half the arch of heaven, gently and gradually fading into the yellow, the purple, and the grey. We turn from the

scene which we have now for an hour been gazing on entranced, and where the last faint blush has not even yet wholly died, and the southern moon, large and lustrous, is shining in the heavens. The ship's track, uneffaced in this tideless sea, is traced in our wake by its long line of light even to the far horizon, each tiny wave tipped with silver. On such a night we are stealing through the Lipari islands, not a breath of air, not a sound to disturb the stillness of the scene. From hour to hour we sight, near, then pass a succession of small islands seen dimly in outline through the soft grey haze; an occasional light glimmering from the cabin of some solitary fisherman. Presently a flame flickers faintly up into the sky—it is but a glimpse, and all again is dark. Stromboli is in the far distance. As we approach its flames shoot grandly forth at intermitting and nearly regular intervals, a few minutes forming the limit. Nature's great light-house! which for ages has watched and lighted that lonely sea. I linger late into the night, unwilling to quit a spectacle so sublime, and the grey dawn of early morning, with the moon still keeping watch above, finds me again upon deck, as the ship glides gently into the harbour of Messina.

From the sea, Messina is very striking. The water, bright and blue as sapphires, sparkles in the sun, washing the base of the handsome terraces which face the port in a semi-circle. The houses, of a dazzling white stone, with those gaily-coloured "jalousies" and blinds, to which Venice has lent a name, and which Canaletti has made familiar to us on canvas. The whole aspect of the place is Italian. Immediately behind the town rises a grand background of mountains, beautiful in outline and colouring, and studded with vineyards, olive groves, and villas to their very summits.

The town itself is, in parts, well built. The principal streets are paved across their entire breadth with large slabs of lava: but of sights worth seeing or recording there are none. The stranger is conducted to a cathedral and a convent, of which the prototype may be seen in almost every Mediterranean town, and in all the towns of Italy. Monks and friars flourish and abound; all else seems in decay. A torpor pervades the place. A few shops there are, sufficient to supply the merest necessities; but of life, or bustle, or business, nothing. A pauses to think how these people live. Is there any commerce? Are there amongst them any professions, trades, or means of raising their conditions in life? or does this bright sky and delicious climate limit their desires, and teach them that contentment with their actual lot, which philosophers may laud, but by which nations decay? Whilst thus theorizing, the steam is up, and we are off. Scylla and Charybdis appear on the left, and Messina, with all its beauties, fades from our view.

Our course now lies for the classic land. In the distance, Etna looms, round, massive, bulky and corpulent, as becomes his rank and station amongst mountains. His base is prodigious, and his head is lovingly pillowed in the clouds; but he is some forty miles off, and we can only form a distant acquaintance with him, and bid him farewell!

I once spent two or three of the "dog days" in the society of an officer, whose unlucky fate had been to have been quartered for twenty years of his life under a West Indian sun. We were all basking and

rejoicing in our glorious English July. He alone, of the party, was gloomy and depressed: the bright sunshine to him was too suggestive of the past. His spirits rose as the barometer fell. In heavy rains he was happy, and revelled in gales of wind. I begin now to understand and to sympathize with the feelings of the gallant and ill-used warrior. For the last two days the heat has been very oppressive. We wander from the cabin to the deck, and from the deck again downwards, in quest of but one stray zephyr. By night, and in the confinement of a berth, it seems impossible to breathe. I detect myself casting loving thoughts on dear old England, and I register a solemn vow never again to abuse its sombre skies, invoking the penalties of perjury on my head if, over its venerable surface, I ever again raise the shelter of an umbrella, even under the heaviest provocation.

The "Ægean" has not improved in character since the days of Horace. He is still a "tumultuous" sea, as when the poet invoked the favouring breeze, and Pollux, the twin, to bear him

"Tutum per Ægeos tumultus."

Seldom does the traveller pass here unscathed. Its bays, and headlands, and islands innumerable, are still, as of yore, nurses of the tempest and the gale. On this occasion, our trusty "screw" did duty for Pollux; but grateful as I am bound to feel to him for his assistance, I am not sure that I do not prefer, to this modern innovation, the ancient "paddle." The perpetual vibration in a screw-steamer is especially annoying. The tremulous motion makes it almost impossible to write, more particularly with the thermometer at 100 degs. The paddle is a manly fellow, makes a row, a fuss, and a splash, and rushes at his work with a will. The contest between him and his enemy is an open one, in the broad light of day. There is something sneaking about the screw, with his underhand practices. He burrows in the dark, and as you creep so stealthily through the waters, you feel that you are taking a base advantage of the foe. Catching a distant glimpse of Navarino, we round Cape Matapan, and are fairly launched into the Ægean. The outlines of the Grecian hills is, at the first view, disappointing. You look in vain for the bold magnificence of the coasts of Western Europe, which nature, ever practical in her handiwork, has fashioned in the giant mould required to stem the mighty ocean which presses on them. You forget that this is the land whose attributes are grace, beauty, and exquisite proportion; and looking again, and thus remembering, you recognise and admire the soft, graceful and flowing outline of these hills of Southern Greece. And now we are in the Saronic gulf, and memory is busy with the past, and we are once more young. On our left there is a little land-locked bay, with entrance scarcely visible—can that be Salamis? and *that* the hill where Xerxes stood? We round the headland on which stands the tomb of Themistocles, and enter the silvery basin of the Piræus. A French man-of-war dominates over the harbour; in the neighbouring bay, the British ensign floats; the crimson breeches of our ubiquitous allies are again recognised on the shore; and I am bound to admit the force of a French officer's answer to my question as to the necessity of passports—"Mais

non c'est un pays conquis." We do forthwith invade this conquered country, and without question or passport. Under a burning sun, and over a burning, dusty, and arid soil, relieved only by a few stunted vines and olive trees, we drive over the five miles of classic road which connect Athens with the Piræus. And now high above us towers, in solitary majesty, the spot most famous in the world's history, if we exclude those regions consecrated by holier associations. Ascending the winding path, we pass through the Propylæa, the grandest portal ever fashioned by man, and mounting the marble steps, stand amidst the ruins of the Parthenon. The imagination is awed as we gaze on these remains of the past, which have looked proudly down on so many generations, unrivalled still, and ever; sublimer now in their desolation and decay than in the days of their noonday splendour. Time has dealt more leniently with them than man. They have suffered in the various sieges, and even now, in these our boasted days of civilisation, they are not safe from the more degrading outrages of modern barbarians. Large black letters, scratched on the very walls of the Parthenon, arrested my eye, and recorded the visit of "William — of Dublin (I forget the name of the Vandal, and even were it otherwise, would not further his views by advertising him), and Samuel, his brother, August, 1835."

Beneath us lies the plain of Attica; on the right, Hymettus with its double peak; on the north, Pentellicus from which was hewn the marble so purely bright, which towers around; in the far distance is Mount Citteron; in front, the Piræus, the blue Ægean, and Salamis, and Egina. One last and longing gaze—we look upon the land of the hero, the philosopher, the sage; the land unrivalled still in arts, and arms, and eloquence.

Descending and crossing a small hollow, redolent of rich odours of Gruyère cheese, proceeding from the exhalations of the innumerable goats browsing in all directions around, a low rocky knoll stands before us. By four steps hewn in the side of that rock, and worn with the foot-prints of the mighty dead, we ascend and stand on the Areopagus! By those very steps once mounted, and on this very spot once stood, he who taught the doctrines of life and immortality to the heathen. From this spot, and under the very shadow of yonder glorious temple, unawed by its splendours, undazzled by its imaginations, did Paul rebuke the worshippers of the "Unknown God," and reveal to the "Men of Athens" the only living God, "the Lord of heaven and earth, who dwelled not in temples made with hands," and "the Godhead which was not like unto gold or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device."

Perfect in its beauty, and fresh as in its earliest days, is the little temple of Theseus. Within it are collected many of the statues and relics of art which from time to time have been exhumed from the ruins of the different temples above. But time presses, and we hurry back to our ship, and to our dinner. The modern Greek is still the finest type of mankind; tall, erect, active, graceful, and with a garb at once splendid and picturesque. The "Maids of Athens" would seem to have strangely degenerated since the days of Byron; they are certainly not, in point of beauty, fit helpmates for their lords.

In a journey undertaken with an object in which the mind is deeply

interested, the total absence of all intelligence, and of everything in the shape of news, whilst at sea, is keenly felt. A telegraphic despatch had been received at Marseilles, on the day of our departure from there, announcing that the English were to open fire on the 17th, the day following the date of the communication. This was naturally considered as preliminary to the final assault, though it afterwards appeared that it was only for the purpose of enabling the French, under cover of our bombardment, to push their approaches still nearer to the enemy's works. The probability of important events having ere this occurred, and its possible contingencies, could not fail to recur anxiously to my mind. Even at Constantinople, I could not hope to learn as much of the actual state of affairs in the Crimea at this juncture, as I should have known had I remained in England.

Off the island of Tenedos, we were hailed from a boat by an English naval officer. He belonged to a large sailing transport, "The Pride of the Ocean," which was lying at anchor in the harbour of Tenedos, some miles distant. She was laden with ammunition, and guns and mortars of large calibre for the siege, and had been detained there for many days by the northerly winds, so prevalent in these waters. His object now was to get a passage to Constantinople with us, for the purpose of obtaining from the admiral there the services of a steam-tug. The captain refused to take him on board, alleging the existence of positive orders prohibiting them from taking up passengers at sea. We could only undertake to report his message, and the boat dropped off, to consume, probably, the greater part of the night in making her way back to the ship, against the current and a strong head wind. I mention this incident, because it must occur to every one reading it as most strange that at this period of the war, with the experiences of former mismanagement, and with the knowledge of the prevailing northerly winds, a regular service of small steam-tugs should not have been established for the purpose of towing these transports through the Dardanelles. Here, in a case thus accidentally coming under our notice, was a ship, with a cargo of the most vital importance to the prosecution of the siege, detained for an indefinite period from the want of that which the most ordinary degree of foresight should have provided. In the end, she succeeded in reaching the Crimea, after the opening of the final bombardment, when her stores had become utterly valueless. We passed through the Dardanelles, and touched at Gallipoli during the night; on the following day were passing through the Sea of Marmora, and on the evening of Monday, the 27th, at seven o'clock, anchored in the Golden Horn.

We had been exactly seven days on our voyage. The inconvenience of landing in the dark, and the uncertainty of finding accommodation in any of the hotels, induced the greater number of the passengers, and our party among the rest, to remain on board until the following morning.

CHAP. II.—THE GOLDEN HORN.

THERE are few whose imaginations have not been vividly impressed with the glowing descriptions of Constantinople. Perhaps the highest tribute that can be offered by those who look on it for the first time, is, that it has not disappointed their anticipations; and I did not feel that disenchantment which is too often the penalty we pay in our exchange of the real for the ideal. I could not fancy that I was looking on a strange place. Who is not familiar with its airy towers, its domes and mosques, the tapering minarets, the gay-painted villas, and the dazzling white buildings, relieved by those masses of dark foliage which give to the distant views of all Eastern cities their peculiar charm and grace?

For all this I was prepared; but I was not prepared for the enormous size of the magnificent city which now surrounded me. Its situation has been truly said to stamp it as the fitting capital of the world. The Golden Horn, in which we lie, is that portion of the Bosphorus which divides Stamboul, the Constantinople proper of the Osmanli, from Galata, one of the suburbs of Pera, where dwells the Frank population. Above, the grand old Genoese tower of Galata rears its head aloft; around us, were congregated fleets from every quarter of the world. The glorious sunset in which I gazed upon this scene had dyed it with its own golden hues, and when the purple twilight had deepened into night, and the diamond stars came forth in the deep azure of the sky, and the many lights of the city and of the shipping were glittering in the dark stream whose current rippled silently yet swiftly round our vessel's bow, I acknowledged the supremacy of the "City of the Sultan," and that I looked upon a scene such as by no other spot on earth could be equalled.

Tuesday, August 28th.—We landed early in the morning at Tophaneh. Again a "pays conquis"—no passports, and no custom-house; these are abominations of the past. The landing-place is a collection of rickety planks, with gaping apertures, coeval with Paleologus, and projecting into a fetid pool. The "hamals," or porters, strap our portmanteaus on their backs, and we ascend the steep mountain gully, which does duty for a street, and leads to Missirie's hotel. Here we find accomodation.

Missirie has been too much abused, and I must say, justly so, to need my little additional tribute of obloquy. The hotel is large and comfortable, but the genius of extortion presides over it. The one great principle of the establishment is, that once installed in a bed-room, you pay seventeen francs a day. It matters not whether you do or do not partake of the two meals, breakfast and dinner, to which the "restaurant" is confined. Dine, you need not, but pay you must! Miserable "Broussa" wine, the only beverage supplied at the table-d'hôte, compels you to call, at extortionate prices, for wines professing to be of a more aristocratic caste. But even all-powerful gold cannot command any refreshment after the hour of ten. Missirie seeks his couch at that hour, and like the Eastern prince, his slumbers may not be disturbed. You may growl, but you must repair to bed without the longed-for

soda-water, and it is useless to attempt to "summon *spirits*" from this "still and vasty deep."

The main-street of Pera, on which Missirie's opens, has little to distinguish it from the ordinary street of a third-rate European town. Shops of all descriptions, English and French, are there. A motley population from all quarters of the globe wanders through them; our old friends with the crimson breeches abound, and more rarely, a Highlander, fluttering by in all the majesty of his "native garb of old Gael," startles the prejudices of the Mussulman. Occasionally an "araba" sticks in a cavernous spot, and you catch a passing glimpse of soft-eyed ladies, the harem of some too fortunate pasha. The guardian eunuch resents your indiscretion, and galloping up on his gaudily-caparisoned steed, with whip and voice succeeds in dislodging the vehicle. Porters, bearing loads that would crush camels, walk over you with loud cries of "Guarda, guarda!" The stranger seeks in vain for any place of amusement to beguile the weary nights. Of late a miserable "Chateau des Fleurs" has been established, to which in despair you resort, and hear a tolerably good band, and receive bad refreshments; but the part of Hamlet is wanting—ladies, there are none.

Exhausted with the heat, and worn out with fatigue, from scrambling up and down the mountain-paths which branch to the water from the main street, you repair to the fetid pool of Tophanèh, succeed at the peril of your life in effecting a safe embarkation into the unstable caique, and having fought your way through the "Billy Hobbs of Waterford," and the "Sarah Scraggs of Shields," which block up all egress, and by a miraculous interposition having escaped being run down by a busy little steam-tug bearing the familiar name of "Punch," you find yourself floating on the blue waters of the Bosphorus. Here gliding gently over the sunlit waves, all the miseries of Pera and Stamboul may be forgotten—those whited sepulchres "which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of all uncleanness." You resign yourself to the placid enjoyment, and are roused by the bloated and decomposed carcase of some deceased bull coming rapidly down upon you, in the full swing of the current. After him, in eager and animated chase, tumbles a porpoise, passing with perfect nonchalance close athwart the bow of your caique, and over the whole, high in air, are poised the vulture or the hawk, ready to pounce upon their prey. This little scene is quite of ordinary occurrence; all the carrion and offal of the city are thrown into this fair sea, to be hurried by the current through the Dardanelles, and the shoals of porpoises who disport themselves in its waters are perfectly astounding.

The administrative talents of our allies are rapidly developing themselves here. They have their distinct "arrondissements." On the streets leading to their "bureaux" and departments, names such as "Rue de la poste civile," "Rue de l'état major," &c., are painted up in legible characters. With that daring British spirit which brooks not to be outdone, we have immortalized a locality under the name of "Little Tower-street."

The birth and origin, history and habits of the Constantinople dogs would, to a naturalist, present much to reflect on. Dogs only in name, they are essentially vulpine; almost uniformly of a light foxy

brown colour, with the countenance and tail of a fox, and an occasional dash of the wolf. With all the calm stoicism of the true believers, they repose by day in the streets, dozing and winking; resigned to be walked over, but resolute, under no circumstances, to stir. They divide the town into distinct districts, each set of dogs, averaging from four to five, taking their own peculiar locality with a vested right in all "waifs and strays," in return for which they perform the office of scavengers. Should a strange dog trespass upon these precincts, they lazily arouse themselves and proceed reluctantly, but firmly, to execute a painful duty. The howls of the intruder testify speedily to the severity of the punishment. By night they become more fierce, and not infrequently attack any solitary Giaour whom they may chance to encounter in their nocturnal orgies.

Friday is the Mahomedan Sabbath, and we engaged a caïque on that morning to witness the state procession of the Sultan to his mosque. Rowing up to the new palace, on the margin of the waters of the Bosphorus, we lay to on our oars at a little distance from it, waiting his appearance. Two superb state caïques, with handsome canopies in the stern, were lying at the foot of the marble steps which lead up from the water to the palace. Under the canopy, in the foremost caïque, was a sofa of crimson and gold, and at its prow a large golden eagle. A guard of honour and a band were drawn up on the terrace. In a short time the Sultan made his appearance, the guard presented arms, the band struck up one of those wild Turkish airs, of melancholy minor notes, cymbals clashing and drums rolling, which it is impossible to describe, but which powerfully impresses the imagination. The guns open from a pretty little Turkish brig of war, moored opposite the palace. The salute is taken up by the forts on the opposite shore, and the echoes from the hills of Europe and of Asia awake and repeat the sounds. Amidst the clangour of the band and thunder of the guns, arms presented and yards manned, the two barges start. In the first sits the Commander of the Faithful alone; in the second are his great officers of state; in each are about thirty rowers gorgeously apparelled. They honour themselves to each stroke with wonderful vigour and with astonishing upliftings of the hinder parts of the body. The caïques fly through the water, and, before the guns have ceased their roar, the Sultan is in his mosque. These are the state observances; but more than once we met him proceeding in unostentatious guise across the Bosphorus, from his palace to the seraglio at Stamboul, in a simple white and gold caïque, holding a crimson umbrella as a protection from the sun.

The "yashmac" of the Turkish women is supposed to possess something of that piquancy which usually attends on mystery. I cannot bring myself to think so. To me it conveys only the unpleasant impression of a shroud. If there is too much of mystery about the face, there is too little about the lower extremities. A less stimulating spectacle than a Turkish lady floundering through the streets, her bare legs revealed above her yellow boots, which, in turn, are encased in the outer "papooshes," or slippers, can scarcely be imagined. Their garments are of a light silky texture; generally of bright tints, but with no mixture of colours.

In the afternoon of their Sabbath, these Turkish ladies seek their pleasure in two secluded spots, called the Sweet Waters of Europe and of Asia. To these resorts they proceed either in *caïques*, or in "arabas," bearing a family resemblance to our state coaches, as used in the days of Queen Elizabeth, drawn by two bullocks, who, *i. e.* the bullocks, are in turn led or drawn by an attendant marching in front, with a rope attached to them—a procession sufficiently solemn in appearance. Hiring a *caïque*, we rowed for some five or six miles up the land-locked inlet of the Bosphorus, which runs above the city, into Roumelia. The Turkish fleet lies moored here, imposing in appearance; and along the whole distance the shore of this inlet is lined with continuous store-houses, villas, dock-yards, and arsenals. Turning down by a pleasant winding creek the Sweet Waters of Europe are reached, a pretty secluded valley, dotted with a few scattered trees. Here, on the banks of this creek, sit the Turkish ladies, drinking from bottles the pure waters of the springs which rise in the valley, and listening to the monotonous sounds of mandolins, varied by pleasant conversation on the topics of the day. What those topics may be I have no means of divining, though probably a general identity of feeling and sentiment prevails amongst the sex in all countries. The children cluster around their *mammas*, and the baby is disposed of by hanging its cradle or hammock by ropes from two neighbouring trees, where the wind rocks it freely and sings its lullaby.

CHAP. III.—TO SEBASTOPOL.

A SKILFUL general always looks forward to secure his retreat, and our first thought on landing at Constantinople had been to provide for our transit onwards. The mode of effecting this had been a subject of some anxiety before we started on our expedition. French steamers "en correspondance" proceeded shortly after the arrival of each mail at Constantinople, on to *Kamiesch*. Passengers were taken in these vessels, but at the rather high rate of 120 francs; and to an Englishman there was this inconvenience in taking passage by them, that the point of disembarkation being *Kamiesch*, a French settlement subject to martial law, he was liable to be taken up as a spy—no writ of *Habeas Corpus*—and, under the most favourable point of view, with very great difficulty in organizing the land-transport needful to convey himself and his baggage to *Balaclava*, or to the camp. However, practically, there was but little difficulty in obtaining a free passage to *Balaclava*. To any Englishman showing a reasonable motive for the journey, a passage by one of the government transports was almost invariably granted by the courtesy of the Admiralty authorities, subject only (as the order expresses it) to such agreement for the living on the voyage as might be arranged with the captain.

The Admiralty offices are situated immediately on the water's edge, with a private landing-place from the Bosphorus, to which any of the native boatmen will at once direct the course of their *caïque*, on hearing the now well-known words "Admiral Pasha." From Captain Powell, the officer in charge of the transport-service, we met the greatest courtesy and kindness; first receiving an order for a passage

in the "Cape of Good Hope," and a subsequent one for the "Earl of Aberdeen," when, at the last moment, the courage of some of our party waxed faint on the announcement that the "Cape" had orders to tow through the Black Sea our old friend "The Pride of the Ocean," which, having succeeded in getting so far, was again as helpless as ever. However, as fate willed, even the "Earl of Aberdeen" was destined to be thrown over. At Missirie's we met by accident Lieut. Pike, the commander of "The Banshee," then occasionally employed in carrying the mails and despatches to the Crimea. An offer most kindly made by him to take us up on the Saturday following, was too tempting to be declined; though we might have perhaps hesitated, had we been then aware that his hospitality would not allow of our settling with his steward for our living whilst on board, according to the invariable usage in such cases. By him we were viewed as his private guests, and as such treated "en prince."

On Saturday, the 1st of September, at four o'clock, "The Banshee" was steaming down the Bosphorus at the rate of fourteen knots an hour.

The long winding strait of the Bosphorus forms a succession of "reaches," or bays of almost unequalled beauty; the vine-clad hills, studded with bright, gaily-coloured villas, sloping gently upwards from the blue and sparkling waters. We lay-to off Therapia for an hour to receive passengers from the flag-ship, and convalescents from the hospital ordered to rejoin the army. Before us lay Buyukderé, the white tents of the Turkish contingent force visible on the summit of its hills, above the woods which clothe its slopes and ravines. Another half hour of steaming through a strait enclosed by gloomy, barren hills, dotted here and there with small forts, and as evening closed in, we entered on the waters of the dark and mysterious Euxine. There is beyond question something sombre and depressing in the aspect of this sea. How much of this may be attributable to the imagination, influenced by early impressions, it is perhaps difficult to determine; but the altered colour of the water, and the absence of all laid or islands, after passing from the Bosphorus, has, probably, something to do with it.

Sunday.—Divine service was performed in the morning by one of our passengers, a chaplain of the fleet. On such an occasion even the least impressionable person could hardly fail to feel the solemnity of those prayers appointed to be "used at sea," and "for the sick and wounded at the seat of war," even though we then little foresaw the events which that ensuing week was destined to bring forth, or the sad catalogue of those who would need such prayers before the recurrence of another Sabbath.

So wore on Sunday, the 2d of September; evening again closed in, and I was called by the captain to the gangway across the top of the paddle-boxes. Following the direction indicated by him, and straining through the darkness, I caught on the far horizon flashes, faint and intermitting, like the play of summer lightning; and this was the first realization of that which we had journeyed three thousand miles to see! Presently, like distant thunder, came the dull boom of the guns floating faintly over the water, becoming gradually more distinct, and in an-

other half-hour, with diminished speed, "The Banshee" was gliding under the stern of the stately flag-ship. The scene, as viewed in the clear, soft moonlight, was one of startling contrasts. The night was perfectly calm. Around, in all directions, sleeping on the motionless waters, lay the giant forms of the vessels of the fleets, their tall masts tapering aloft till lost in the soft grey haze.

Before us was the panorama of actual war, now for the first time beheld by me. At each moment the darkness of the horizon was lighted up by bright gleaming flashes, as if a curtain were for the instant drawn up, succeeded by a still deeper gloom, and followed by the dull rolling sound which told the stern realities enacting before us. As we came to, four bells (10 o'clock) struck from the "Royal Albert." From ship to ship in different tones, floating faintly and more faint over the waters, the hour was proclaimed and repeated, until the last sounds were lost in the distance. Here, for about an hour, we lay to, receiving the visits of the boats sent from the ships for their various packages, consisting generally of hampers filled with the fresh fruits and vegetables of Constantinople. "Nothing new," was still the answer to our eager inquiries as to the progress of the siege. From the flag-ship, the "Banshee" steamed on to the "Hannibal" bearing the flag of Sir Houston Stewart, to deliver the despatches addressed to him, and then proceeded into the little harbour of Kasatch, anchoring shortly before midnight.

Monday, 3rd September.—The cool grey autumn morning saw me early on deck, anxious to get the first view of the promised land which, in truth, scarcely looked to be a land "flowing with milk and honey." Kazatch is a branch of the larger bay known under the general name of Kamiesch, divided from Kamiesch proper, the French harbour, by a low, narrow strip of land. Around, on three sides, was a flat, barren coast, without trace of vegetation, or sign of trees. A few wooden sheds on the land, immediately in front, dignified by the name of "Rodney Villas" (from the "Rodney," which was moored close beside us), marked the site of a small English settlement. Behind these "villas" the ground gradually sloped upwards, the far background closed in by a bold chain of mountains.

An irregular and intermitting fire was going on, indistinctly heard, distant as we were from the scene of operations. A few hundred yards off was a small vessel getting up her steam. Presently her paddle-wheels were at work, and she steamed rapidly out of the little harbour seaward. From her stern depended a long tail, trailing after her on the surface of the water, and bearing some resemblance to the tail of a kite. A closer look showed this to be a cargo of departed horses, mules and buffaloes, attached together with stout ropes, and about to be towed out and turned adrift in the waters of the Euxine. Several times, in the course of the morning, was this sanitary process repeated—a striking commentary on the waste of war.

To individuals, as to armies, the question of the land transport is an ever-recurring difficulty. The problem which I have before glanced at, I had now to solve. Had I landed at Balaklava the case would have been simple; but what was to be done here, on what might strictly be termed the French soil, with myself and my portmanteau, and with

many miles of unknown regions intervening between me and the camp. From this dilemma I was extricated by the kindness of a general officer on board, who was returning in the "Banshee" from sick-leave. A branch of the electric telegraph extended from one of the wooden huts at Kazatch to the camp in front, and General D—— was kind enough to transmit, together with a message to his aid-de-camp on his own behalf, one also to my relative, informing him of our arrival on this desert shore, with a request that beasts of burthen, adequate to such an emergency, might be sent down. Thus relieved in mind, I had only to devise some scheme for the intervening hours.

At this time the whole of the allied fleets were anchored off the mouth of the roadstead of Sebastopol. Their anchorage-ground was about three miles from the forts Constantine and Alexander, out of range of their guns, whilst near enough to watch the movements of the enemy's ships. A small steamer, called the "Little Danube," made periodical trips, three times daily, from Kazatch to the flag-ship and back, for the purpose of carrying out to the fleet, and receiving in return, despatches and letters. She was to start at eleven, returning at two; and General D—— was about to proceed in her, to visit Sir Edmund Lyons. I availed myself of the opportunity to obtain a view of the town and the forts from the sea. The day had now become intensely hot; in half an hour we were lying in the "Little Danube," amongst the ships of the fleet.

The sea was without a ripple; the sun shone fiercely in the cloudless sky. The harbour, with its forts, familiar to us all in innumerable prints, was before me. A sort of sidelong view was obtained of the town, sloping down the side of the hill to the edge of the waters of the inner harbour. On its highest point, standing conspicuously forth, was a white, temple-like building, with pillars and porticoes, to which we had assigned the imaginary dignity of the club-house.

Immediately behind the town, a series of heights swelled upwards in gentle gradation: the whole picture bounded on the horizon by a magnificent chain of mountains. On the south side, and to the right of Fort Alexander, was the Quarantine Battery, presenting, with its long line of guns, a most formidable appearance from the sea.

The contending powers were carrying on a lazy sort of duello—two or three shots in the course of a minute from different parts of the extended lines of the allies, answered by an occasional flash and a sullen boom from the forts on the northern shore. By the help of a powerful glass the Malakoff might be clearly seen—men, reduced to something like the size of ants, passing up and down the narrow path connecting it from the rear with the town.

The delay in landing was fortunate. The intervening hours had been well occupied in obtaining this view of the town and its seaward defences.

At three o'clock we—that is to say, one of my companions and myself (the remainder of our party having preceded us in the "Cape of Good Hope," with the "Pride of the Ocean" in tow)—made our descent on Rodney Villas. Any latent misgivings I might have entertained as to the delivery of the telegraphic message were removed in a few minutes by the arrival of E—— with the land transport, comprising four steeds and a soldier.

With no little difficulty our unwieldy English portmanteaus were secured on the backs of two of these animals, and bestriding the others ourselves, we formed a cavalcade calculated to astonish even the natives of Crim Tartary, over whose soil we were so unceremoniously advancing.

CHAPTER IV.—CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Our destination was the camp of the Engineers. Soon we passed by, on our left, the French town of Kamiesch, composed of wooden houses and sheds, told off into streets regularly numbered, named and lighted, with police, restaurants, and all the other comforts and appliances of civilized life. These are the small details in which the French show their aptitude for campaigning.

Our road to the front (as the camp was technically termed) lay over a succession of arid, burnt-up steppes, undulating gradually upwards from the sea. Around, far as the eye could reach, nothing but a succession of apparently interminable tents; over us, a glaring, burning sun. For six weeks there had been no rain, and water was becoming scarce. Occasionally we came on some muddy wooden reservoir, where a long string of horses was drawn up, waiting for their scanty allowances; and here and there French soldiers, in small parties of two and three, were employed in the domestic process of washing.

Before six o'clock we had arrived and were fairly settled in that locality which had so long formed the heading of letters to anxious friends in England—"The Camp before Sebastopol."

The Engineer Camp was situated almost immediately under, and to the left of, Cathcart's Hill, looking from Cathcart's Hill towards the town, not far from the head of that valley which has acquired a poetical celebrity as the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." In shape a parallelogram, it was open at the base towards Cathcart's Hill, but, if such a term is allowable, *built* up on the three remaining sides. On the left, advancing upwards, was a series of wooden buildings, occupied by the sappers; in front three respectable-looking stone houses, one of them the dwelling-place of Colonel Chapman, then the chief executive officer of the Engineers.

These edifices remained a monument of the labours of the sappers during the preceding winter, and, from the peculiarity of their materials formed a landmark to the bewildered stranger endeavouring to regain his home—a point of no small importance in a region where, from the uniformity of the interminable tents, the "oldest inhabitant" might sometimes be at fault.

On the right lay two lines of densely-packed tents, devoted to the officers of the corps, and in one of these, recently vacated by its wounded owner, I was duly installed on the evening of the 3rd of September. Two or three steps led downwards to its interior, which in this, as in the case of almost all the officers' tents, has been excavated about two feet below the level of the ground, to give additional height within. A trench dug on the outside served the purposes of drainage. A sufficiently comfortable bed, a table, a chair—by courtesy

termed an "easy" one—constructed out of what had once been a beer-barrel, by cutting away the top and half of the front, and a very primitive toilet apparatus, constituted its furniture.

But tent-life, under the most auspicious circumstances, is better in theory than in practice. The temperature is ever in extremes—in heat and cold alike unbearable. The rain leaks in; the dust, through the various crevices, sneaks in; the mud walks in. My tent had the advantage of being a double one, at that time an especial object of ambition, as forming a protection, to some extent, from the vicissitudes of the climate.

Separate tents were appropriated to messing purposes; the messes, generally, being on a miniature scale, limited to the number containable within the area of the canvas, usually not exceeding three or four persons. These tents being all closely packed in double and sometimes in triple rows, with their separate line-ropes interlaced and fastened to pegs in the ground, the navigation, especially by night, was one of considerable anxiety; and I generally found myself executing a species of war-dance in threading the channel homewards from the banquet to my bed, though the actual distance to be traversed did not exceed fifteen yards.

The rations supplied were uniformly good of their kind—good tea, excellent rum, very palatable bread of a brownish hue, varied by biscuit, and small portions of beef, mutton and pork, of not very defined shapes, but forming a good substratum for soups or stews. Few of the officers however depended on these regular supplies; irregular auxiliaries in the shape of preserved soups, meats, essences and sauces, abounded everywhere.

As a general rule, the preserved meats are not successful; for a continuance they are too surfeiting, and accordingly the culture of poultry was much affected. The goose in particular constituted a favourite "piece de resistance." Whether a flock of these unfortunates may have been especially slaughtered in honour of our arrival, I am not in a position to say; but this I will decidedly maintain, from our own experience, that on active service the goose has somewhat trampled on the place of honour, which at home has been the time-honoured prerogative of the "saddle."

An occasional turbot from Balaklava constituted a not unwelcome addition to our dinners. To obtain this luxury, it was necessary to have a resident agent at the harbour, and I have more than once seen an officer too happy to secure the prize by fastening it, when packed in hay, to his saddle, and thus ride up the seven miles to camp. The price of a good sized turbot was generally from six to seven shillings; and when arrived at its destination, it always became necessary to halve or to quarter it, in deference to the exigencies of the kitchen department. In taste they closely resemble the English fish; but there is this curious difference between them as to external appearance, that whereas the English turbot carries his small horny knobs on his back, his Crimean brother completely reverses the matter, having these excrescences on the under or white part.

Wine of all descriptions, or professing to answer all descriptions, is obtainable at the various stores and bazars with which Kadikoi and

some parts of the camp abound, but at fabulous prices, and, I am bound to say, in infinitesimally small bottles. During our residence fresh white bread from Balaklava, the produce of private enterprize, was regularly supplied at breakfast, and to my extreme astonishment, the strictly national cry of "Milk!" was heard each morning in camp, the extract of the goat, and "racy of the soil."

The first dinner over, we proceeded, under the guidance of one of our military friends, to Cathcart's Hill, a task of no ordinary difficulty to new comers, in the thick darkness which had now settled over the camp.

Far as the eye could reach on the three sides, were the innumerable twinkling lights of the tents, suggesting the rather prosaic idea of an arrival at some elevated railway terminus, overlooking a combined London, Manchester and Birmingham, with their miles of confused streets, lighted with gas. In front, the darkness was occasionally relieved by the vivid flashes of the guns, and the long lines of light marking the path of the shells from our trenches and the Russian works, as they slowly circled through the air, crossing each other in their course. Such, with but little intermission or variety, had been the nightly spectacle from this hill, for now nearly ten months, and still nothing indicated, with any degree of certainty, that the crisis was at hand.

The next morning I again walked to the front.

By day, the first impression is one of extreme surprise at the possibility of such a resistance as has been offered. The city itself appears to lie temptingly beneath you, its white buildings looking gay and lightsome glittering in the morning sun. No obstacle apparently exists to the entry of the besieging army. As an essential element of a siege, the eye naturally looks for walls, bastions, stone forts—some of those solid material matters connected with the names of Vauban, Cormontaigne, and the great masters of ancient engineering. But here you seek in vain for any thing of the sort. With some little difficulty we succeed in discovering some low, jagged mounds of earth, surmounting the tops of the knolls which rise gently between the spectator and the town, from which may be seen to issue occasionally a puff of white smoke. But can these stand for a single day between that countless host which surrounds me and its prey?

I walk home to breakfast, in meditative mood.

Tuesday, 4th Sept.—On my arrival yesterday I found that one of my relatives had, after working through the most trying part of the summer with the siege-train in the trenches, been attacked with that dysentery which no one seems wholly to escape, and which appears a necessary prelude to the process of acclimatization. His name appeared in the general orders last evening for three weeks' leave, to proceed to Scutari.

Immediately after breakfast, E—— and I started for Balaklava, for the purpose of securing his passage with as little delay as possible. On our way there an incident occurred illustrative of the order maintained by the French in all their camp arrangements.

Our route lay along a high road, which at different points ran through the several camps of the French and English. On the sides of this road, at a particular spot, something less than a quarter of a mile in length,

our allies had established a settlement of small sutlers' booths, canteens and restaurants. One of their police regulations was, that no horseman should proceed along the high road, within the precincts of this establishment, at a pace exceeding a walk. We were trotting our horses when this point was attained and despite the challenge of the French sentry posted at the near end of the road, who shouted out the prohibition, E—— continued his pace, calling to me to follow him. Discretion prevailed with me, although my island blood rebelled a little at what I could not but consider an unjustifiable interference with the rights of the "British lion" on a high road. My companion went on his way rejoicing, not anticipating the advent of a second sentry at the further end, who forthwith, and with many and loud "sacres," charged with his bayonet at the horse. With great difficulty E—— succeeded in saving his horse, and only escaped the annoyance of an arrest when in uniform, by undertaking to proceed voluntarily to the French officer in charge of the party. This he accordingly did, and was dismissed at once, with a courteous explanation of the order, framed probably for the purpose of preventing the dust, confusion and chance of accidents so likely to ensue from a number of horsemen being permitted to ride rapidly through a crowded thoroughfare.

From the top of the plateau, our way lay along the Woronzoff-road, overlooking the scene of the light-cavalry charge which has been so happily expressed as the "heroic frenzy of Balaklava." Groups of English and French officers were passing up and down this road, which wound along the side of the hill.

On this, as on all other occasions, I remarked the scant courtesy prevailing between the officers of the two nations. The ordinary salutation appeared to be quite the exception, and to be only offered when a French officer of rank was encountered, who, from his escort, or other circumstances, was deemed to be, what in camp language was termed a "swell."

About a mile from Balaklava is the small settlement of Kadikoi, a collection of huts and wigwams; the most important feature being the establishment kept by Crockford for the supply of the luxuries of life. From this point the approach to Balaklava lay along the side of the rail, or in more accurate parlance, the tram-road.

Balaklava, in its general features, is familiar now to everyone. The grave-yard, where so many were interred during the first winter, lies at the entrance of the village. From here commenced the long, narrow street, extending for over half a-mile; huts of all imaginable descriptions running up and dotting the entire side of the hill which impends over the town. Prints and descriptions innumerable had prepared me for the narrow entrance to the harbour, but not to find the harbour itself so exceedingly small, as it in fact is.

Almost all the vestiges of the old Tartar village have disappeared and given place to wooden and, in some cases, iron houses. Each regiment and corps has here its *depôt* store; a small half-finished church is in the centre of the town, and the streets, or rather lanes, are divided, marked out and named with such high-sounding titles as, "Raglan-square," "Artillery-place," and soforth. The boat service of the harbour is performed almost entirely by those citizens of the world, the

Maltese. Here however none of the extortions of Constantinople prevail. Martial law reigns supreme; and under its terrors, a shilling frees you, without remonstrance, to any part of the port.

We proceeded to the "Triton," a small man-of-war steamer anchored near the entrance of the harbour, and obtained the necessary order for a passage for T— on the Saturday following.

During our absence, two formidable-looking scaling ladders had made their appearance in the Engineer Camp, where they remained for the next few days, sadly suggestive of that which was so shortly to follow. If any confirmation were required of the fact of the approaching assault, it was supplied by the announcement this evening, that the sixth bombardment was to open on the following morning at five o'clock.

Some heavy firing had taken place in the trenches during the preceding night, and Captain Buckley, of the Guards, was killed. The casualties are necessarily increasing with the closer approach of our works to those of the enemy. The daily drain from wounds, sickness, and deaths has more than balanced all the reinforcements which have been despatched from home; and at the present moment the effective bayonets of the army do not number eighteen thousand.

"IF ONLY."

I.

Amid a busy multitude I sate,
 A busy multitude around me thronging,
 And yet I was *alone*, and desolate,
 The victim of one vain, resistless longing.
 My heart within me felt so sad and lonely,
 And ever seemed to say—"Alas! if only!"

II.

A passing friend in kindly pity said,
 "Yield not, companion, to this strange dejection."
 He might as well have spoken to the dead,
 As to the victim of that one reflection,
 My heart within me felt so sad and lonely,
 And ever seemed to say—"Alas! if only!"

III.

A brother grasped me fondly by the hand:
 "The world around," he said, "is clothed with gladness—
 Take comfort." Ah! he could not understand
 How comfortless the secret of my sadness.
 My heart within me felt so dark and lonely,
 And ever seemed to say—"Alas! if only!"

IV.

A sister watched me with a thoughtful eye,
 And happiness seemed almost to awaken;
 Beneath that look of gentle sympathy,
 I almost felt that I was not forsaken.
 And yet my heart within felt sad and lonely,
 And ever still it said—"Alas! if only!"

V.

A mother's glance, oh! such a holy glance,
 Looked down through tears upon my desolation.
 Ah, me!—what was there wanting to enhance
 The magic of that mother's consolation.
 Yet even then my heart felt sad and lonely,
 And ever seemed to say—"Alas! if only!"

VI.

And still amid that crowd I sate and sighed
 Alone, though loving friends around were thronging,
 For as I thought on thee, my own lost bride,
 Still ever came that vain, resistless longing.
 My heart still seemed to say, "Alas! if only,
 If only thou wast here, I were not lonely!"

U. U. P.

A FEW WORDS ON NOVELS.

THE multiplication of novels is one of the literary facts of the day. Our Reviews are scarcely progressing, the strength of our journalism is being absorbed in the *Times*, but this kind of writing is largely on the increase. Twenty years ago, it was limited by the creed that a novel must fill three volumes, and cost a guinea and a-half; but it now appears in every form and at all prices. Novels deal with all subjects, and enter into every sphere of thought, fact, and opinion; they top the heights of Theology, edge the skirts of Science, twist History into strange shapes, and trench largely on the fairy ground of Poetry. In short, they vitalize everything, from sectarian mysteries to the theory of Malthus, as Doctor Newman and Miss Martineau can testify. Possibly, as yet, they have not found life in the "thin and difficult" atmosphere of Mathematics; but perhaps the asses' bridge may yet be traversed in a love-scene, and the differential calculus be solved in Amæbean raptures.

Considering the amount of ability employed in this writing, it may seem strange that its fruits are not more worthy. How few novels reach a second edition! how few are read by men of real thought and taste! And yet the reason of this is not obscure; for the greater number of novels, now-a-days, either seek to work out some special theory, or else are mere displays of rhetorical egotism. In the one case, the work is certain to be crude, and the characters ill developed, because human life can never be stereotyped to a theory; in the other, lifeless automata are tricked out in a pomp of words, which suggests the idea of a skeleton in crinoline. The one class of writers is specially fond of theological topics, and struggles to animate, in a sorry plot and feeble impersonation, some pet religious fancies, which could scarcely ever bear being stated in plain terms; the other seizes on the domain of love, and records personal experiences of the universal passion, through the mouths of mere Marionette exponents,

On the false principles necessarily implied by such limited comprehension of the rules of art, are numberless modern novels constructed; while of those that appear, by the excellence of their conception, to afford the promise of pleasure, but too many destine their readers to disappointment by the poverty of their execution. Nor is this surprising. We believe that a great poem or a great history may sooner be expected than a perfect novel. Poetry usually deals with a legendary world. Even when it idealizes actual life, it seldom grasps its complex

elements, or follows out long sequences of detail; aspiring, above all things, to touch the imagination, it directs its efforts but incidentally to the satisfying of experience. A history also will have many readers, if it group events artistically, portray character in picturesque language, and reproduce the external life of its period. But to be truly great, a novel must daguerreotype life as it is, in a continuous story developing many characters; and this delineation, appealing as it does to our living experience, aiming to set before us the drama of existence in perfect truth, but in many scenes, great length, and free from all ornament, requires a delicacy of observation and a skill of description denoting the rarest triumph of our faculties. In short, the art of the great novelist demands that power of "fitly representing what is common to all minds"—*proprie communia dicere*—noted by Horace as so extremely difficult—the rarity of which indispensable gift alone, even were no other requirements called for, would make a perfect novel, as Sir E. Lytton remarks, the most curious specimen of genius. The power of correct imitation, moreover, does not necessarily imply that of *fit* representation: and it is, perhaps, from not keeping sufficiently in view this truth, that so many novelists of the day, notwithstanding undoubted abilities, are disappointing and unsatisfactory. By attempting creations in which many persons, through lengthy scenes, are left exposed to the keenest scrutiny, they bring too closely before our eyes the characters they would portray, to allow us to remain unconscious of the faults, blemishes, and incongruities they are made to exhibit.

When, turning from the enumeration of the difficulties that beset art, to the consideration of those artists who have most successfully coped with them, we review our living novelists, four names present themselves as those of writers who have made the nearest approach to the standard of excellence.

"Coningsby" truthfully delineates the selfish and scheming life of politicians, and adequately mirrors the polished but veneered surface of "high society." The drama, in which Lord Monmouth, Rigby, Tadpole, and Taper play out their parts, though bad in its plot, and not very good in its other characters, will probably live. To readers two centuries hence it will be of the same interest as "The Way of the World" is to us: that is, it will give them a vivid, but somewhat satirical, picture of the schemings, manners, vices, and foibles of their ancestors in high life. Mr. Disraeli, however, is not a novelist of the first order; his genius is not fertile in impersonation—it fails in reproducing the life of the lower classes, and it has loaded his works with witty mannerism. With the exception of "Contarini Fleming," which is rather a prose poem of extraordinary beauty, sweetly elaborated to

carry out a single conception—the development of the imaginative mind—his novels, in their characteristics, resemble the plays of Congreve or Sheridan, as being, though good portraits of some phases of social life, more remarkable for the brilliant wit of the author than for a deep and clear expression of nature.

In the works of Sir E. Lytton it seems to us that the dramatic power of idealising life into those forms which suggest to our minds terror, pity, and sympathy, is more apparent than in the writings of any contemporary author. He has drawn the most beautiful feminine figures of any artist of his time, and there is often a great charm in his landscape-painting. The poetic form, however, with which he has invested so many of his novels, by reflecting on their characters the colours of his own imagination, lays them open occasionally to the charge of being wanting in natural truth; while the reproduction of similar personages in his writings might induce a belief that his range of personation was but limited, were it not that an index of his works would of itself suffice to vindicate the versatility of his genius. None, we think, can compare such novels as “Harold,” “Rienzi,” “The Last Days of Pompeii,” owing, as they do, nearly their entire charm to the beauty of the poetic element pervading them, with works like “Pelham” and “My Novel,” without recognizing the very marked difference in the sources of the attraction presented by these latter. Few will fail to appreciate the wide scope of thought and power implied by such varied mastery.

Mr. Disraeli and Sir Edward Lytton have drawn their best characters from the higher walks in every age. Mr. Dickens has depicted the life of the middle and humbler classes with the power of a Wilkie; and, for this excellence, combined with that of exquisite miniature-painting of outward objects, his novels may be lasting. But he has never succeeded in giving us a perfect portraiture of a gentleman or a lady—Sir John Chester and Sir Leicester Dedlock on the one side, and Edith Granger and Lady Dedlock on the other, having always appeared to us exaggerated caricatures. The imagination of Mr. Dickens, besides, often leads him into falsities in his art. He is fond of impossible ideals of purity, beauty, and goodness, in the midst of moral contagion, which experience has never realized. He indulges often largely in mere rhetorical display, filling many pages with sentiment and descriptions which are quite irrelevant to the action of his piece. The incidents of his work, too, are frequently manifest stage-tricks, and his writing has lately been infected with the “spasmodic” style of poetry. We may add, that the truthfulness of his impersonations has been much injured by his peculiar creed of ethics, which seems to assume that indiscriminating benevolence is the only rule of life.

To our minds, widely differing as he does in the direction of his genius

from his great rivals, Mr. Thackeray has written the novels of the present day that will live longest and rank highest with posterity. Of the immediate appreciation of their excellence, their popularity is sufficient proof. No writer has ever been more successful in reproducing in natural truth—*veluti in speculo*—the phases of life which he attempts to describe. His plots are worked out with that easy simplicity which is the art of art, each scene in the drama seeming to succeed the other in natural sequence. His characters, though not of a wide range, and chiefly made up of ignoble elements, have a power and breadth which show the great master. Rarely stirring our feelings to their depths, in his appeals to our imagination he never wanders into poetic irrelevance; but, true to the proper object of his art, he teaches and satisfies our sense of real life. Becky Sharpe, Rawdon Crawley, and Sir Barnes Newcome are portraits which time will not easily destroy. Mr. Thackeray, however, is wanting in geniality, and does not appear to have that keen eye for the better side of life which he assuredly has for its meaner illustrations.

We have, in the above remarks, rather attempted to indicate the different schools of art in which the authors touched on are the acknowledged masters, than to criticise the works by which they have established their position. Space for ampler commentary at present fails us, but we may take a future occasion of entering more fully into the subject of our immediate notice, and of paying a tribute of recognition to the merits of humbler writers, the validity of whose claims has yet been proved, as evidenced to many a reader by the answering sympathy of his own heart.

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING SEASON, 1857.

SEVERAL of the Spring Meetings in England have already been held, and the results which are given show that the stables of Messrs. Saxon and Barber, and Mr. Parr, are in greatest force.

It is the fashion to talk of the degeneracy of the Turf, and to complain of the lion's share of Fortune's gifts being more distributed among the "profanum vulgus," than amongst the "Nobs;" such would appear, indeed, from the results up to the present early day; but we hope that an equal proportion of her gifts are in store for the "Upper Ten Thousand."

The different Entries for the year that have closed, by no means show a falling off, in comparison with past seasons. Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, and Godwood, not forgetting York and Doncaster, all have their Stakes more or less graced with a goodly array of names, both as to Owners and Horses.

The Foal Returns look equally well; and, although last season's prices for Yearlings, at the different sales, did not quite come up to former figures, now that the War is over, and several old patrons of the Turf returned to their more peaceful occupation, breeders may again look forward to a return of their high prices.

On reference to Mr. Hunter's "Book Calendar," just out, we likewise find the different future Irish Turf engagements look highly promising.

We fear, however, that the General Election will, in a great degree, interfere with the attendance of many noblemen and gentlemen during the April and May gatherings.

DERBY BETTING.—Blink Bonny has been up and down in the market, like a shuttle-cock, and all sorts of reports are rife about her; she is first favourite both for the 1,000 Guineas and Derby.

THE 2,000 GUINEAS.—Vedette, Schedam, Loyola, and Sidney, are backed at 5 to 4 against the field.

CHESTER CUP.—The favourite, Leamington, keeps steady at 10 and 11 to 1; from the strong demand Mincepie has been in of late, Rogerthorpe in the same stable, and whom the public has backed for large sums, retrograded accordingly.

Races in England—February and March.

LINTON opened the Ball on the 18th February, with the TRIAL STAKES of 5 sov. each, with 25 added; three year olds, 7st 4lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.; one mile; 11 subs.

Mr. T. Parr's Apathy, by Annandale, 3 yrs., 8st. (inc. 10lb. ex.)	Flatman	1
Mr. Angell's Paula Monti, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb.	Fordham	2
Mr. J. B. Starkey's b. c. Vaulter, 3 yrs., 8st. (inc. 10lb. ex.)	Cowley	3
Mr. R. Rande's b. & Fiction, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb.	Bray	4
Mr. T. Cunningham's Spinet, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.	Withington	0
Mr. Morris's Admiral Lyons, 3 yrs., 7st.	Grimmer	0
Mr. J. Jackson's b. f. Remedy, 3 yrs., 7st. 6lb. (including 5lb. extra)	Challoner	0

[Betting—2 to 1 against Apathy. Won by three parts of a length.]

The ALL-AGED STAKES was won by Magistrate, 3 years old, beating four others.

The TWO YEAR OLD STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; (about half a-mile); 10 subs.

Mr. J. St. John's ch. f. Greenwich Fair, by Woolwich, 8st. 4lb. Cowley	1
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. by Malcolm, out of Cocktail's dam (h. b.)	
8st. 7lb. Aldcroft	2
Mr. Saxon's b. c. T. P. Cooke, by Slane, out of Black-eyed	
Susan, 8st. 7lb. Rodburn	3
Mr. T. Parr's Schrifton, 8st. 7lb. Flatman	4
Mr. W. Robinson's Nora Creina, 8st. 4lb. J. Quinton	0
Mr. Mellish's b. f. by Pyrrhus, the first out of Miss Abel, by Lanercost,	
8st. 4lb. Wells	0
Mr. John N. Chapman's b. c. Little John, by Æsculapius,	
dam by Contest (h. b.) 8st. 7lb. Robinson	0
Mr. Stebbing's Sir Isaac Newton, 8st. 7lb. Basham	0
Mr. J. Osborne's b. c. by Vatican, out of the Proctor's dam,	
8st. 7lb. J. Osborne	0

[5 to 2 against Greenwich Fair. Won in a canter.]

The TWO YEAR OLD SELLING STAKES was won by Woodmite, beating Marley and Negro.

The LINCOLN SPRING HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, 3ft., with 50 added, for three year olds and upwards; one mile; 33 subs.

Mr. Mellish's br. g. Huntington, by Hernandez, 8 yrs., 5st. 13lb.	
Grimmer	1
Mr. Saxon's br. g. Tom Thumb, 4 yrs., 6st. 11lb. Dales	2
Mr. Ramsay's The Early Bird, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. Midgley	3

[Thirteen others started, but were not placed. 12 to 1 against the Winner.]

The SCURRY STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; 15 subs.

Mr. Cliff's Jack the Giant Killer, by Slane, aged, 7st. 2lb. L. Snowden	1
Mr. J. Jackson's Remedy, 8 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Challoner	2
Mr. Gilby's b. f. Ella, 8 yrs., 6st. 6lb. G. Fordham	3

[Ten others started but were not placed. 5 to 1 against the Winner.]

NOTTINGHAM SPRING—FEBRUARY 24.

The TRIAL STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; one mile; 15 subs.

Mr. T. Parr's Apathy, by Annandale, 6st. 12lb. Fordham	1
Mr. Hawkins's gr. c. Master Bagot, 8 yrs. 6st. 7lb. L. Snowden	2
Mr. Jackson's Remedy, 6st. 4lb. Challoner	3
Lord Chesterfield's c. by Stultz, out of Gentle Kitty, 8 years,	
6st. 4lb. W. Grimmer	4

[5 to 4 on the Winner. Won in a canter, by two lengths.]

The GRAND STAND HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; T. Y. C.; 10 subs.

Mr. Morris's Admiral Lyons, by Collingwood, 8 yrs., 6st. 4lb.	
W. Grimmer	1
Mr. Bishop's Queen of the South, 4 yrs., 7st. Grainger	2
Mr. Copeland's Salmon, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb. Stagg	3
Mr. J. Holland's Tyre, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb. H. Welch	4

[Two others started, not placed. 6 to 1 against Admiral Lyons.]

The NOTTINGHAM SPRING HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added; one mile and a-half; 24 subs.

Mr. G. Mather's St. Clair, by Orlando, or The Sea, 6 years,	
6st. 12lb. Fordham	1
Mr. Saxon's Tom Thumb, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb. Dales	2
Mr. John Osborne's Walhalla, 8 yrs., 5st. 7lb. Challoner	3
Mr. Ramsay's Early Bird, 6 yrs., 8st. 12lb. Midgley	4

[7 to 4 against Early Bird; 9 to 1 against St. Clair. Three others started.]

The **LITTLE JOHN STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for two year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.; 21 subs.

Mr. St. John's ch. f. Greenwich Fair, by Woolwich, 8st. 9lb. (including 5lb. extra).....	Cowley	1
Mr. Wadlow's bk. c. Orchehill, 8st. 7lb.....	Wells	2
Mr. J. Thompson's Sister to Dusty Miller, 8st. 4lb.....	Aldcroft	3
Mr. T. Parr's Schrifton, 8st. 7lb.....	Flatman	0
Mr. W. Robinson's Norah Creina, 8st. 4lb.....	Quinton	0
Lord Chesterfield's Rough Bob, 8st. 7lb.....	Ahmall	0
Mr. Gulliver's ch. c. Archibald, 8st. 7lb.....	Yates	0
Mr. Ingham's b. f. Miss Curl, 8st. 4lb.....	Kendall	0
Mr. Stebbing's br. c. Sir Isaac Newton, 8st. 7lb.....	Basham	0
Mr. Goodwin's b. f. by Jericho, out of Dividend, 8st. 4lb.....	Charlton	0

[Betting—Even on Greenwich Fair; 5 to 1 against Orchehill.]

The **PARK STAKES** of 5 sovs., 20 added, was won by *Sichæus*, beating three others.

The **FOREST HANDICAP PLATE** of 5 sovs., by *Elfrida*, 4 years, 6st. 10lb., beating seven others.

The **JUVENILE SELLING STAKES** of 50 sovs. with 20 sovs. added; won by *Woodmite*.

The **INNKEEPER'S PLATE** of 25 sovs.; one mile; 13 subs.

Mr. Bytne's Cripple, by Iago, 4 yrs., 7st.....	L. Snowden	1
Mr. H. Robinson's Attorney-General, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb.....	T. Holmes	2
Mr. Warris's <i>Sichæus</i> , 3 yrs., 6st. 2lb.....	Dales	3
Mr. Bakworthy's Knight of Avon, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.....	Charlton	4

[Six others started, not placed. Winner not named in the betting.]

DERBY SPRING—FEBRUARY 26.

Stewards:

Earl Harrington, Lord Stanhope, and Captain Marsland:

The **HARRINGTON PLATE** of 30 sovs. added to a Free Handicap of 5 sovs. each; one mile.

Mr. Mellish's Huntington, by Hernandez, 3 yrs., 6st. 4lb. (including 5lb. extra, carried 6st. 5lb.).....	Fordham	1
Mr. T. Hughes's Emulator, 4 yrs., 6st. 10lb. (car. 6st. 11lb.).....	D. Hughes	2
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Stultz, out of Gentle Kitty, 3 yrs., 5st. 4lb.	Challoner	3
Mr. G. Drewe's The Dupe, 3 yrs., 5st. 18lb. (carried 6st.).....	Bray	4

[Eight others started, were not placed. 5 to 1 against the Winner; won cleverly by a length.]

The **SCARSDALE STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for two year olds; colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 10lb.; half a-mile; 10 subs.

Mr. T. Parr's York, by Slane, 8st.....	Flatman	1
Mr. St. John's Greenwich Fair, 7st. 18lb. (inc. 8lb. ex.).....	Cowley	2
Mr. Gulliver's ch. c. Archibald, 8st.....	Prior	3
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. by Malcolm, out of The Cocktail's dam (h. b.) 7st. 10lb.....	Charlton	4
Lord Chesterfield's Rough Bob, 8st.....	Mundy	0
Mr. Copeland's ch. f. Trot, 7st. 10lb.....	Frost	0
Mr. W. Lascelle's b. f. Papoose, 7st. 10lb. (car. 7st. 11lb.).....	C. Hornsby	0

[Betting—2 to 1 on Greenwich Fair; 8 to 1 against York. The favourite went at once to the front, followed by Archibald and York, but swerved at the finish, and was beaten by a neck. Betting—7 to 4 against *Bashi Bazouk*; 6 to 1 against *Mary* and *Tom Thumb*; and 10 to 1 against *Siding*.]

The **SELLING PLATE** of 20 sovs. was won by *Sichæus*, beating two others.

LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING.—MARCH 3.

Stewards:

The Earl of Sefton and Captain White.

The **TRIAL STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Earl Sefton;

three year olds, 6st. 6lb. ; four, 8st. 4lb. ; five, 9st. ; six and aged, 9st. 3lb. ; mile and a-quarter ; 7 subs.

Mr. T. Parr's b. c. Fisherman, by Heron, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb..... Wells 1
 Mr. Merry's b. g. Special Licence, 3 yrs., 6st..... Bullock 2
 Mr. Barber's b. f. Miss Harkaway, 4 yrs., 8st..... Dales 3

[Three others started. Betting—8 to 1 on Fisherman. The race was a match between Fisherman and Mr. Merry's horse, and won by the former, after a little rousing, by half a length.]

The TYRO STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added, for two year olds ; T. Y. C. ; 12 subs.

Mr. Barber's ch. f. Polly Peachum, by Collingwood, 8st. 3lb..... Dales 1
 Mr. J. Merry's br. c. Disputa, 8st. 7lb..... Chilman 2
 Mr. H. Richardson's ch. f. Letitia, 8st. 3lb..... Basham 3

[Four others started. Betting—5 to 2 against Polly Peachum, and 3 to 1 each against Knockburn and Disputa. Won in a canter, by two lengths.]

The LIVERPOOL SPRING CUP (Handicap) of 100 sovs. ; one mile and a-half ; 33 subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's br. c. Bashi Bazook, by Faugh-a-Ballagh,
 8 yrs., 5st. 12lb..... Bullock 1
 Mr. Saxon's ch. m. Mary, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb..... Rodburn 2
 Mr. T. Bell's ch. c. Charles O'Malley, 3 yrs. 5st. 8lb..... Grimmer 3

[Seven others started. Won by a head, after a punishing set-too, Charles O'Malley beaten off six lengths.]

The OPTIONAL SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs. was won by Lanky Bet, beating Indian Queen ; 3 to 1 on the Queen.

The AINTREE PLATE of 50 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. Windsor's br. c. Sir Humphry, by Gameboy, 3 yrs. 5st. 6lb.
 Challoner 1
 Mr. T. Cliff's ch. f. Our Sal, 4 yrs., 6st. 6lb..... Snowden 2
 Mr. J. Cassidy's b. h. Kilkenny Boy, 5 yrs., 7st. 8lb..... Wakefield 3
 [Six others started, not placed. 4 to 1 against the Winner.]

HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs. was carried off by Lady Hercules, beating Admiral Lyons and five others.

The SEFTON HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs. ; one mile and a-quarter ; 21 subs.

Mr. Windson's br. c. Sir Humphry, 3 yrs., 5st. 6lb..... Challoner 1
 Mr. J. Merry's b. g. Special Licence, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb..... Snowden 2
 Mr. Saxon's br. g. Tom Thumb, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb..... Dales 3
 [Three others started. 2 to 1 against the Winner.]

The ALL-AGED SELLING STAKES, won by Mr. Saxon's br. e. T. P. Cooke, 2 yrs. old, beating The Village Cock and Sir Hercules, filly out of Rubina. The Winner, who was entered to be sold for 20 sovs., was bought in for 57 Guineas.

DONCASTER SPRING MEETING.—MARCH 30.

The TRIAL STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added ; for three year olds, and upwards ; T. Y. C. ; 15 subs.

Mr. T. Parr's Odd Trick, by Sleight-of-Hand, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb.
 Fordham 1
 Mr. Gill's Bourgeois, aged, 9st..... Gill 2
 Mr. Bennett's Peto, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb..... Snowden 3
 Lord Ribblesdale's Centurion, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb..... Hibberd 4

The HOPEFUL STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 100 added, for two year olds colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies and geldings, 8st. 3lb. About five furlongs ; 63 subs.

Mr. Barber's Polly Peachum, by Collingwood, 8st. 7lb. (inc. 4lb. ex.)
 Dales 1
 Mr. T. Parr's Pessgrine, 8st. 3lb..... Flatman 2

Mr. Halford's filly, by Peppermint, out of Fisherman's dam, 8st. 8lb.

Kendall 3

Mr. Le Mert's Melita (late the Ranger's Daughter) 8st. 3lb....Midgley 4

The **Downcastra Spring Handicap** of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 100 added. St. Leger course; 50 subs.

Mr. Saxon's Mary, by Idle Boy, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb.....Flatman 1

Mr. Lewis's Pantomime, aged, 8st. 4lb.....J. Kendall 2

Mr. Andrew's The Martlet, 4 yrs., 6st. 13lb.....J. Forster 8

[The following also ran:—Artillery, Forbidden Fruit, Poodle, Merlin, Bolton, Courtenay, Cossey, Greencastle, Little Nell, Night Hawk, Odd Trick. Betting—7 to 2 agst. Mary, 4 to 1 against Odd Trick, 8 to 1 against The Martlet, 8 to 1 against Artillery, 12 to 1 against Pantomime, 7 to 1 against Bolton. Won cleverly by a length.]

The **Municipal Stakes** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; one mile; 4 subs., were won by Mr. Dawson's Polish, by Faugh-a-Ballagh, 3 yrs. (£30), 5st. 9lb. (Bullock), beating Mr. Pickering's Tom Perkins, 6 yrs. (£30), 8st. 7lb. (Fordham), second. The Heiress and Capuchin also ran.

The **Chesterfield Plate**; one mile.

Mysterious Jack..... 1

Lord Nelson..... 2

Cardsharp..... 8

[Won by a head. Eleven ran.]

The **Betting-room Stakes** of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two and three yr. olds. Red House in. 18 subs.

Lord Ribblesdale's St. Giles, by Womarsley, 8 yrs., 8st. 9lb. (allowed 5lb).....Hibberd 1

Mr. Morris's Admiral Lyons, 3 yrs., 9st. 8lb. (including 8lb. extra).....Baaham 2

Mr. R. Jones's Saxony, 2 yrs., 6st. 11lb.....Withington 8

The following also ran:—

Mr. Gill's Adventurer, 2 yrs., 7st.....J. Gill 0

Captain Gray's Duncany, by The Flying Dutchman, out of Dame Cosser, 2 yrs. 7st..J. Forster 0

Mr. Bennett's Peto, 8 yrs., 9st. 8lb. (including 8lb. extra).....Pearl 0

Mr. La Mert's Melita, 2 yrs., 6st. 11lb.....Bullock 0

Mr. H. Stone's Framis, 2 yrs., 7st.....C. Harrison 0

Mr. Goodwin's filly, by Jericho, out of Dividend, 2 yrs., 6st. 11lb. Musgrove 0

[Betting—6 to 4 on St. Giles, 4 to 1 agst. Melita, 8 to 1 agst. Adventure. After going about 200 yards, St. Giles went to the front, and won cleverly by a length and a half; a head only between the second and third. Peto was a moderate fourth, Melita a bad fifth, and Duncany sixth.]

The **Juvenile Selling Stakes** of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; colts, 9st.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 10lb. Half a mile. 5 subs.

Mr. G. Barnes' Queen of the Isles, by Mildew, 6st. 10lb (£40).....Withington 1

Mr. J. Osborne's ch. c. by Chatham, out of Mrs. Taft, 7st. (£40).....Challoner 2

Mr. Dawson's Julia, 6st. 10lb. (£40).....Bullock 8

Mr. Harland's Pultowa, 6st. 10lb. (£40).....Grimmer 4

Mr. Allen's Busy Bee, 6st. 10lb. (£40).....Dales 5

[Betting—5 to 4 agst. Mrs. Taft, colt, 3 to 1 agst. Queen of the Isles. Won easily by three quarters of a length; half a length between the second and third; bad fourth.]

The **Scurry Stakes (Handicap)** of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added.

Mr. Morris's Admiral Lyons, by Collingwood, 8 yrs., 6st. 7lb. Grimmer 1

Mr. West's Plausible, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb.....Ashmall 2

Captain Gray's Magnolia, 8 yrs., 6st. 4lb.....Dales 8

The following also ran:—

Mr. J. Osborne's Night Hawk, 8 yrs., 7st. 10lb.....Bearpark 0

Mr. Schroeder's Ulysses, 4 yrs., 7st 9lb.....	Barton	0
Mr. Baker's Spinet, 3 yrs., 6st. 13lb.....	Withington	0
Mr. C. Wintringham's Capuchin, 8 yrs., 6st. 11lb.....	Bullock	0
Captain Christie's Stormsail, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb.....	Fordham	0
Mr. Barber's Prince of Denmark, 2 yrs., 5st. 4lb.....	Shakspear	0
Mr. C. Barne's Princess Royal, 2 yrs., 5st. 2lb.....	Challoner	0

[Betting—5 to 2 agst. Admiral Lyons, 4 to 1 agst. Prince of Denmark, 5 to 1 agst. Stormsail, 6 to 1 agst. Night Hawk, 8 to 1 agst. Magnolia. Won by two lengths; a length between the second and third.]

SALISBURY RACES—MARCH 12.

The CRAVEN PLATE, a handicap of 60 sovs. Winner extra. Five furlongs.

Mr. Sargent's Sealark, by Orlando, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.....	Faulkner	1
Mr. G. Drewe's The Dupe, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.....	Bray	2
Lord Ribblesdale's Greyling, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb.....	Hibberd	3

The WILTSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 added; the second to save his stake. The winner of any handicap, after the publication of the weights 6lb., of two, 9lb. extra. Two miles. (34 subs., 17 of whom declared.)

Mr. T. Parr's Apathy, by Annandale, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb.....	Fordham	1
Mr. Mellish's Tame Deer, 4 yrs., 7st. 1lb.....	Cresswell	2
Lord Ribblesdale's Iareca, 3 yrs., 5st., 10lb.....	Hibberd	3

The CITY BOWL of 25 sovs. value, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for two yr. olds and upwards. Five furlongs. 5 subs.

Mr. E. Hall's Lady Conyngham, by Slane, 2 yrs. (£70) 5st. 12lb.	Faulkner.		
Mr. P. Delme's filly, by the Hero—Westmania, 3 yrs. (£20),	7st. 11lb.....	Harrison	2
Mr. Y. King's Cyclops, 3 yrs., (£20), 7st. 4lb.....	Sadler	3	
Mr. Smith's The Grey Dawn, 3 yrs., (£20), 7st. 1lb.....	Fordham	4	
Captain Little's Chamounix, 2 yrs., (£20), 5st. 1lb.....	Dear	5	

The FIRST YEAR OF THE FOURTH SALISBURY BIENNIAL STAKES, of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two yr. olds; colts, 8st. 10lb.; fillies, 8st. 6lb. Half a-mile. 14 subs.

Mr. W. Day's The Happy Land, by Jericho, — Glee, 8st. 10lb.	Fordham	1
Mr. Hewitt's The Merry Sunshine, 8st. 6lb.....	Wells	2
Mr. Howard's The Morning Herald, 8st. 10lb.....	J. Goater	3
Duke of Beaufort's Lass of Richmond Hill, 8st. 6lb.....	G. Mann	4
Sir J. Hawley's Scourge, 8st. 10lb.....	A. Day	5

The SECOND YEAR OF THE SALISBURY THIRD BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added; for three yr. olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. One mile. 14 subs.

Mr. St. John's Vanter, by Iago, 8st. 10lb. (inc. 3lb. extra) A. Cowley	1	
Mr. Howard's Martinet, 8st. 13lb. (inc. 6lb.).....	Wells	2
Lord Anglesey's Tricolour, 8st. 6lb. (inc. 3lb. extra).....	Fordham	3
Mr. Norton's Avonford, 8st. 7lb.....	J. Goater	4

Steeple-Chases and Hurdle-Races in England,

FOR JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND MARCH.

Manchester set the example of a little cross-country amusement on New-Year's-Day; but it was of a very mediocre character.

The CITY STEEPLE-CHASE of 40 sovs.; about three miles and a-half; 8 subs.

Mr. Henderson's b. g. Dangerous, aged, 9st. 8lb.....	F. Page	1
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Mr. C. Brown's br. g. Janus, by the Friar, aged, 10st.....	Green	2
Mr. C. Thorp's ch. g. Tom Gurney (h. b.), aged, 10st. 12lb....	Kendall	0
Mr. Braithwaite's b. m. Garland, aged, 10st. 6lb.....	R. Sly	0
Mr. Davis's ch. m. Ginger, 6 yrs., 9st. 8lb. (car. 9st. 12lb).....	Ablett	0
Mr. M. Heslop's b. g. Cahirnee (h. b.), aged, 9st. 4lb.....	T. Smith	0
Mr. Newman's b. m. Deceitful (h. b.), aged 8st. 12lb. (car. 9st.)	Dickson	0

[Betting—Even on Janus, 3 to 1 agst. Garland, and 5 to 1 agst. Dangerous. Won by 4 lengths. Cahirnee and Ginger both fell.]

The HURDLE RACE of 25 sovs. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; two miles over six flights of hurdles. 6 subs.

Mr. D. Wray's br. h. Tom Perkins, by Ithurial, 6 yrs., 9st. 9lb	Dickson	1
Mr. Nesbitt's b. h. St. Julian, 5 yrs., 9st. 2lb.....	Kendall	2
Mr. Braithwaite's b. m. Garland, aged, 10st. 7lb.....	R. Sly	3
Mr. Groves' b. g. Hernandez, aged, 9st. (car. 9st. 2lb).....	F. Martin	0

[Betting—Even on St. Julian, and 6 to 4 agst. Tom Perkins. Won by 3 lengths; Hernandez refusing the hurdles, and pulled up.]

The SELLING HURDLE RACE of 20 sovs. was won by Hernandez, beating Heads and Tails, and Miss Flyaway.

OUNDLE—THURSDAY, FEB. 12.

Stewards :

The Earl of Cardigan, Lord Burgerth, Count Portarlis, Sir G. Wombell, and W. Craven, Esq.

The SELLING STEEPLE-CHASE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 25 added; about two miles. 13 subs.

Mr. Sedley's gr. m. Honeycomb, by Young Priam, 9st. 12lb. (50 sovs.)	W. Goodman	1
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Mr. Whitehead's The Squire, 9st. 12lb. (50).....	E. Weaver	2
Mr. F. J. Day's b. g. The Despised, 9st. 7lb. (25).....	Mr. Edwards	3
Mr. Deacon's ch. g. Weston, 9st. 7lb. (25).....	F. Lotan	0
Captain Bloker's ch. g. Whalebone, 9st. 7lb. (25).....	Kendall	0

[Betting—5 to 4 agst. Honeycomb. The Squire and Despised cannoned and came down on their heads, and Weston and Whalebone fell.]

The GRAND HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each; about four miles. 24 subs.

Mr. John's br. g. The Minor, by Coronation, 11st. 2lb.....	C. Green	1
Mr. T. F. Mason's b. g. British Yeoman, 9st. 12lb.....	Mr. Goodman	2
Mr. Weaver's br. g. Tchernaya (h. b.), 9st. 12lb.....	E. Weaver	3

[Betting—3 to 1 agst. British Yeoman, 4 to 1 each agst. Little Yeoman and The Minor, and 5 to 1 agst. Tchernaya. 7 others started, but were not placed. Maid of the Glen, Oakball, and Curragh "came to grief" at the lane; and Tchernaya and Little Yeoman, cannoning, lost several lengths: and the race, after sundry mishaps, was won by 3 lengths.]

Gannymede beat Grapeshot in a match for £100 a side, and the Farmer's Plate was won by Lilford, beating 4 others.

FRIDAY.

The CLUB STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h, ft.; 11st, 7lb. each; gentlemen, &c., riders; about three miles.

Mr. Deacon's ch. g. Ligford, by Harkaway, aged, 11st. 7lb. Mr. Edwards	1	
Mr. Selby's gr. m. Honeycomb, 11st. 7lb.....	Mr. Goodman	2
Sir G. Wombell's The Painter, 11st. 7lb.....	Mr. Dart	3

(7 others started not placed).

[Betting—5 to 2 agst. The Painter, 8 to 1 agst. Lilford, and 7 to 1 each agst. Marmaduke, and Sir Charles Napier. Won easily by 10 lengths.]

A FREE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added,

was won by Mr. J. H. Peart's Victory, by Valentissimo, 9st. 12lb., beating Laura, Selina, and 5 others.

MATCH—50 sovs., 20 ft.

Captain Daff's Gannymede, 12st.....	1
Mr. Walter's Lady, 10st.....	2

FREE HANDICAP STEEPLE-CHASE, 5 sovs., 25 added. Won by Weston, 9st. 2lb., beating 4 others.

WESTBURY—FEB. 10.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 1 ft.; two miles, over six flights of hurdles. 20 subs.

Mr. Andrews's Coleshill, by Cotharstone, aged, 9st. 5lb.....	Weaver	1
Mr. T. M. Smith's g., by Bowstring, out of Faith, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb.,	Ennis	2
Mr. Hunt's Sultan, by Shirt, aged, 10st. 5lb.....	Burroughs	3
Major Boyle's Miss Mary, aged, 9st. (car. 9st. 12lb.).....	Mr. Buckle	0
[Betting—8 to 1 on Coleshill, and 4 to 1 agst. Sultan.]		

The WESTBURY AND WILTSHIRE STEEPLE-CHASE of 40 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 7 sovs. each, 2 ft.; four miles. 19 subs.

Mr. C. Brown's b. g. Janus, by Cattonite, aged, 10st. 7lb.,	Burroughs	1
Mr. Hunt's Sultan, aged, 10st. 4lb.....	Capt. Hunt.	2
Mr. Peasant's Bruiser, aged, 10st.....	Ennis	0

[Betting—5 to 2 on Janus, 3 to 1 agst. The Bruiser, and 10 to 1 agst. Sultan. Won by 20 lengths. Sultan fell, unhorsed his rider, and broke away, but was caught, and finished second.]

The HUNT CUP was won by Mr. Raxworthy's Toll Bar, 11st. 10lb., beating Grey Momus and Railroad.

LINCOLN—FEB. 19.

The GRAND STEEPLE-CHASE HANDICAP of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 80 added; four miles. 13 subs.

Mr. Andrew's Tchernaya (h. b.), by The Count, aged, 10st. 2lb.,	Weaver	1
Mr. C. Brown's Janus, aged, 11st. 5lb.....	Green	2
Mr. D. Wray's Victor Emmanuel, aged, 11st. 7lb.....	Dixon	3
Mr. Jennings's King Dan, 11st.....	Mr. Edwards	0
Mr. H. King's b. g. Liverpool Boy, aged, 10st. 5lb. (car. 10st. 7lb.)	Baldoch	0

Mr. G. Barry's ns. ch. g. The Wizard, aged, 10st.....

Donaldson 0
[Betting—5 to 2 agst. Tchernaya, 8 to 1 agst. Janus, and 4 to 1 each agst. King Dan and the Wizard. Janus and King Dan both met with misfortunes, and unhipped their riders, and Tchernaya came in an easy winner by 10 lengths.]

The HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; two miles, over six flights of hurdles. 14 subs.

Mr. Rayner's b. g. Nicholas, by The Emperor, 6 yrs., 9st.....	Eatwell	1
Mr. B. Land's b. g. Weathercock, 6 yrs., 10st. 5lb.....	B. Land, jun.	2
Mr. R. Schroeder's ch. g. Old Stringhaults, aged, 9st. 4lb.....	M'Lean	3
Mr. C. Searl's Newbold, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb.....	Bally	4
Mr. Chambers's Sir Richard, 6 yrs., 10st. 3lb.....	F. Marson	5
Mr. Wray's Tom Perkins, 6 yrs., 10st.....	Dickson	6
Mr. Andrew's Coleshill, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb. (inc. 7lb. extra).....	Weaver	0
Mr. Neabitt's St. Julian, 5 yrs., 9st.....	Kendall	0
Mr. Byrn's b. g. Cripple, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb.....	Palmer	0

[Betting—6 to 5 on Weathercock, 8 to 1 agst. Coleshill, 6 to 1 agst. Cripple, and 10 to 1 agst. Nicholas. Old Stringhaults and Julian came in contact in the act of taking one of the hurdles, and Weaver got a very bad fall, but recovered himself before the day was over.]

Carmarthenshire Hunt Steeple-Chases.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

The OPEN STEEPLE-CHASE of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., and 2 if declared, with 100 added; about four miles. 18 subs.

Mr. Llewellyn's b. g. Victim, by Ascot, 12st.....	T. Davies	1.
Mr. E. Burke's b. h. The Old Screw, 10st. 10lb.....	Debeau	2
Mr. Deacon's b. g. Edgar, 11st.....	Owner	3

(7 others started; not placed).

[Betting—3 to 1 agst. The Old Screw, 4 to 1 agst. St. David, 6 to 1 agst. Victim, 6 to 1 each agst. Confederate and Eighty Seven, and 10 to 1 agst. any other. No less than four of the candidates for honours met with disasters, viz., Deception, Maid of the Glen (twice), Confederate and Rosalia; Debeau, on the Irish Old Screw, running a good second.]

The HUNTER'S HANDICAP of 5 sovs. with 25 sovs. added. Won by Mr. James's Manylegs, beating 2 others.

THURSDAY.

The CARMARTHENSHIRE HANDICAP of 7 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 50 added; about 4 miles. 7 subs.

Mr. W. R.H. Powell's b. h. St. David, by Baitkeale, 11st. 8lb. J. Rees	1
Mr. E. Burke's b. h. The Old Screw, 10st. 10lb.....	Debeau 2
Mr. G. Lort Phillip's ch. g. Deception, 11st. 2lb.....	Mathias 3

(3 others started; not placed).

[Betting—5 to 4 agst. St. David, 8 to 1 agst. The Old Screw, 4 to 1 agst. Deception, and 5 to 1 agst. Rosalia. Won, after a capital set-too, by a length; the Screw again playing second fiddle.]

The SELLING STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added, was won by Mr. G. R. Phillip's Deception, beating Tom Tinker, The Disowned, and Hercules. Tom Tinker the favourite.

NOTTINGHAM SPRING—FEB. 26.

The GREAT ANNUAL HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 7 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 50 added; about two miles and a half, over eight hurdles. 27 subs.

Mr. Thomas's b. h. Sluggard, by King of Kildare, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	W. White	1
Mr. Worth's b. g. The Screw (late Hatbox), aged, 9st. 7lb....	C. Green	2
Mr. E. Davenport's Boadicea (h. b.), 5 yrs., 9st. 2lb.....	E. Sly, jun.	3
Mr. W. Barnett's br. h. The Prince (late Prince Plausible), 5 yrs., 9st. 12lb.....	G. Stevens	4

(5 others started.)

[Betting—4 to 1 each agst. Old Stringhaults and The Prince, 5 to 1 each agst. Sluggard and Boadicea. Old Stringhaults fell, The Prince and Sluggard narrowly escaped a similar fate, through collision with the riderless animal. Won cleverly by two lengths.]

DERBY SPRING—FEB. 26.

The MIDLAND STEEPLE-CHASE PLATE of 50 sovs., added to a Handicap of 10 sovs. each; about three miles and a-half. 24 subs.

Mr. Hughes's Westminster, by Slave, 5 yrs., 9st.....	Poolo	1
Mr. Weaver's br. h. Tchernaya (h. b.), aged, 9st. 9lb. (inc. 5lb. extra).....	E. Weaver	2
Mr. Ingham's br. g. Janus, aged, 10st. 5lb ..	W. Archer	3
Mr. Black's Cupbearer (h. b.), aged, 9st. 12lb.....	Kendall	4

(7 others started.)

[Betting—3 to 1 agst. First of May, 5 to 1 agst. Tchernaya, 6 to 1 each agst. Lilford and The Screw, 8 to 1 agst. Evington Laes, and 10 to 1 agst. Westminster. Won in a canter by six lengths.]

The HURDLE RACE PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a Handicap of 5 sovs. each; two miles, over eight hurdles. 28 subs.

Mr. Thomas's b. h. Sluggard, by King of Kildare, 5 yrs., 9st. 5lb. (inc. 5lb. extra).....	W. White	1
Mr. Hughe's Treachery, 5 yrs., 9st. 6lb.....	Poole	2
Mr. H. Price's Royalty, aged, 9st. 6lb.....	Palmer	8
Mr. R. Schroeder's ch. g. Old Stringhaulta, aged, 9st.....	Kendall	4

(8 others started).

[Betting—4 to 1 agst. the winner. Won by a neck.]

The SELLING HURDLE PLATE of 25 sovs. was won by Laura Selina, beating 5 others. The winner the favourite.

Liverpool Grand National.

MARCH 4.

The GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; about four miles; 69 subs.

Mr. Hodgman's b. g. Emigrant, by Drayton (h. b.) aged, 9st. 10lb.	C. Boyce	1
Mr. B. Land's b. g. Weathercock, 6 yrs., 8st. 12lb.....	Green	2
Mr. T. Hughes's b. m. Treachery, 5 yrs., 9st.....	Poole	8
Mr. J. Merry's bk. g. Escape, aged, 11st. 2lb.....	J. Thrift	0
Mr. M. Mellish's ch. g. Minoes, aged, 10st. 4lb.....	Mr. A. Goodman	0
Baron Monnecove's ch. g. Casse Cou, aged, 10st. 2lb.....	Johnson	0
Mr. J. Colpitt's gr. g. Star of the West, aged, 10st.....	A. Jones	0
Count de Cunchy's b. g. Jean du Quesne, aged, 10st.....	Lamplugh	0
Mr. Andrew's b. m. Hopeless Star, aged, 10st.....	D. Wynne	0
Mr. Barnett's br. h. Freetrader, aged, 10st.....	G. Stevens	0
Mr. Capel's b. g. Little Charley, aged, 10st.....	Burrows	0
Col. Dickson's ch. g. Garryowen, aged, 9st. 12lb.....	J. Ryan	0
Mr. T. Day's na. b. g. Horniblow, aged, 9st. 10lb.....	Mr. Dart	0
Mr. W. P. Wrixon's ch. g. Squire of Benaham, aged, 9st. 8lb.	Mr. Coxon	0
Mr. A. Rice's b. g. Dangerous, aged, 9st. 8lb.....	Page	0
Mr. Wright's na. ch. m. Forest Queen, aged, 9st. 8lb.....	Donaldson	0
Mr. T. Hughes's ch. m. Red Rose, 6 yrs., 9st. 8lb.....	D. Hughes	0
Mr. Jennings's b. g. King Dan, aged, 9st. 6lb.....	Escott	0
Mr. W. Garnett's Midga, aged, 9st. 6lb.....	W. Black	0
Mr. T. Hughes's b. g. Romeo, aged, 9st. 6lb.....	W. White	0
Mr. J. Dennis's ch. m. Albatross, 6 yrs., 9st. 6lb.....	Meany	0
Duke de Grammont's b. m. Sting (h. b.) 6 yrs., 9st. 6lb.....	Hanlon	0
Visct. Lauriston's b. m. Lady Arthur, aged, 9st. 4lb.....	Weaver	0
Mr. Lawrence's b. g. Maurice Daly, aged, 9st. 2lb.....	James	0
Mr. W. Cowper's b. g. Omar Pasha (h. b.) 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb....	Kendall	0
Mr. Hylton's b. g. Teddeley, aged, 9st.....	R. Archer	0
Mr. Raxworthy's b. h. First of May, 5 yrs., 9st.....	R. Sly, jun.	0
Mr. T. Hughes's ch. g. Westminster, 5 yrs., 9st. 2lb. (including 6lb. extra).....	Palmer	0

[Betting—100 to 15 agst. Minoes (tk), 7 to 1 agst. Escape (off), 9 to 1 agst. Hopeless Star, 10 to 1 agst. Emigrant, 12 to 1 agst. Teddeley, 100 to 7 agst. Jean du Quesne, 100 to 6 each agst. Omar Pasha, Romeo, and Little Charley, 20 to 1 agst. Forest Queen, 25 to 1 each agst. Free Trader and Weathercock, 30 to 1 agst. Garryowen, 40 to 1 agst. Maurice Daly, and 50 to 1 each agst. Dangerous and Sting. Emigrant made strong play, was never headed, and won easy. Garryowen broke his back, and Albatross burst a blood vessel in the head, and died on the course. Great fault was found with Mr. Topham at having set the weights in the above race at so low a scale; and if Steeple-chasing is to be considered as the means of encouraging the breed of serviceable weight-carrying hunters, we hope in future to see the old standard of weights revived.]

DONCASTER.

The GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 100 added. About three miles and three quarters. Forty-two subs.

Count de Cunchy's Jean du Quesne, aged, 10st. 2lb....H. Lamplugh	1
Mr. Rowley Burden's Hindoo, 5 yrs., 9st.....	Pearl 2
Mr. Price's Tom Gurney (h. b.) aged, 10st. 4lb.....	Thrift 3
Mr. Hylton's Teddesley, aged, 9st.....	Archer 4

(7 others started.)

[Betting—5 to 2 agst. Emigrant, 7 to 2 agst. Jean du Quesne, 7 to 1 each agst. Tom Gurney, Victor Emmanuel, and Teddesley. At the last flight of hurdles, only three were left in the race—Tom Gurney, Hindoo, and Jean de Quesne. The former was cannoned against, as they jumped the hurdles together, Jean de Quesne winning easily by a length. The Emperor fell at the first flight of hurdles. Sandboy broke his back at the Dyke. Emigrant, overstriding himself, fell at the fence at the bend.]

Steeple-Chases in Ireland—Jan., Feb., and March.

BANSHA, CO. TIPPERARY—JAN. 14.

SWEPESTAKES of 2 sovs. each, 15 added; weight for age; second to save stake; two miles (Steeple-chase Course).

Mr. Massey's gr. m. Wild Irish Girl, 5 yrs.....	D. Meany	1
Mr. Sadleir's b. m. Twilight.....	W. Maher	2
Mr. Andrew O'Ryan's Enchantress.....	Owner	3

[Four others started; won by a length.]

The WELTER STAKES of 2 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added; 12st. 7lb. each, was won by Mr. O'Ryan's Enchantress (Owner), beating 3 others; and the Farmers' Plate, by Mr. Keely's Chamberer, beating 5 others.

TALLAGHT, CO. DUBLIN—JAN. 26.

The BELGARD STAKES, a Free Handicap of 3 sovs. each, 2 ft. with 30 added; the winner to pay 3 sovs. to the fund; ages from the 1st January; three miles.

Sir E. S. Hutchinson's b. m. Chance, by Playboy, 6 yrs., 10st. 4lb.

	E. Noonan	1
Mr. Scott's b. m. Eloise, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb.....	J. Hanlon	2
Mr. Keating's ch. h. Morgan Rattler, 6 yrs., 10st. 10lb....	Hyland	0
Mr. Griffin's ch. m. Violet, 6 yrs., 10st. 2lb.....	Maley	0
Mr. Hoysted's gr. m. The Arab Maid, 5 yrs., 10st.....	Fannin	0
Mr. Byrne's ch. g. Ringleader, 5 yrs., 9st. 7lb.....	Hogan	0

[Betting—2 to 1 agst. The Arab Maid, 5 to 1 agst. Chance, and 4 to 1 agst. Eloise. Sir E. Hutchinson's mare won easy.]

The DUBLIN CAR-OWNERS' CHALLENGE CUP, value 30 sovs., with 20 added to a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each; ages from the 1st of May; three miles; 10 subs.

Mr. Keating's ch. f. Vine, by Old Port, 8 yrs., 8st. 18lb....	E. Noonan	1
Mr. E. J. Irwin's b. c. Dunmurry, 4 yrs., 10st. 5lb.....	D. Meany	2
Mr. Pelle Hoysted's gr. m. The Arab Maid, 4 yrs.....	Fannin	3
Mr. W. H. Sowden's b. m. Maid of Westmeath, 5 yrs.....	Hughes	0
Mr. J. H. Coatsworth's b. g. Bernard Kavanagh, 4 yrs.....	Brady	0
Mr. Donnelly's b. c. The Huntsman, 8 yrs.....	Cusack	0
Mr. Byrne's ch. f. Geneva, 8 yrs.....	Whelan	0

[Betting—7 to 4 agst. Vine, 2 to 1 agst. Dunmurry, and 4 to 1 agst. The Huntsman. Won cleverly by 8 lengths. The Huntsman fell early in the race.]

The HACK STAKES won by Geneva.

Irish Metropolitan Leap and Flat Races.

HOWTH AND BALDOYLE—TUESDAY, MARCH 17.

Stewards:

Sir E. S. Hutchinson, Bart.; Major Carlyon, 3rd Dragoon Guards; Captain Goff, 16th Lancers; Captain R. W. Bernard, King's County Royal Rifles, and E. J. Irwin, Esq.; Judge—Mr. R. Hunter.

The above meeting, which for some time past has engrossed the attention of the sporting world, came off this day under the most favourable circumstances, and was attended by a large number of the *élite* of the Turf, amongst whom we noticed, The Marquis of Conyngham, the Earl of Howth, Viscount St. Lawrence, Viscount Russborough, Sir E. Kennedy, Bart.; Sir Thomas Gresley, Lieutenant-Colonel Udney, Hon. King Harman, Major Dickson, Major Bagot, L. Balfour, Esq.; J. Courtenay, Esq.; M. O'Reilly, Esq., &c.

MAIDEN PLATE of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 8 sovs. each, half forfeit. Weight for age—3 yrs. old, 7 st.; 4 yrs. old, 9 st.; 5 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.; 6 yrs. old and aged, 9st. 12lb. One mile and a-half.

Mr. Maxwell's br. h. Sirocco, by Simoom, 4 yrs. (allowed 8lb.)

	J. Wynne	1
Mr. E. J. Irwin's ch. m. Malay, 4 yrs.....	Broderick	2
Mr. G. Taylor's b. f. by Don John, 6 yrs. (allowed 8lb.)....	Moyston	0
Mr. Harrison's br. f. Stormy Petrel, 8 yrs.....	Perey	0
Lord Conyngham's b. f. Fosa, 8 yrs.....	M'Nerney	0

[Betting—6 to 5 on Sirocco, 5 to 2 agst. any other. The favourite made the running throughout, and after a good race with Malay, who closed with him at the distance, won cleverly by three parts of a length.]

GRAND METROPOLITAN HANDICAP LEAP RACE.—A Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; 2 ft. in case of acceptance; 100 sovs. added. About three miles.

Lord Conyngham's ch. m. Vine, by Old Port, 9st. 12lb.....	Noonan	1
Mr. Byrne's b. g. Ringleader, 10st. 4lb.....	Fanning	2
Mr. E. J. Irwin's b. h. Dunmurry, 10st. 6lb.....	D. Meaney	0
Mr. M. Murray's br. g. Escape, 10st. 6lb.....	Hyland	0
Mr. M'Auley's br. g. Louth, 10st. 6lb.....	Hamdon	0
Captain Campbell's b. g. General Evans, 10st.....	M'Donald	0

[Betting—7 to 4 agst. Dunmurry, 5 to 2 agst. Vine, 9 to 2 agst. Louth, 5 to 1 each agst. Ringleader and Escape, 8 to 1 agst. General Evans. A fine start was made, Ringleader going in advance, Vine and Dunmurry in close attendance, until they arrived at the bank near the gate-house of Stapelin; here, Dunmurry "toed" the obstacle, rolled over, giving Dunmurry an ugly purl, and never showed after in the race. General Evans bolted into a small pond near the fence, at the turn, the far end of the course. The race was severely contested between Vine and Ringleader; and although the latter had evidently the turn of speed, the superior fencing of the daughter of Old Port enabled Noonan to land her a clever winner by a neck. The Noble Marquis was loudly cheered on his success, it being her first appearance in the French grey since his recent purchase.]

TRIAL PLATE of £60. Weight for age, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.; 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb.; 5 yrs., 9st.; 6 yrs. and aged, 9st. 11lb. One round.

Mr. R. Newcomen's b. h. Gamekeeper, 6 yrs.....	J. Wynne	1
Lord Howth's br. h. Alfred, 4 yrs.....	Connolly	2
Lord Conyngham's ch. f. Mocking Bird, 8 yrs.....	M'Nerney	0
Mr. G. Taylor's ch. h. Surgeon-General, 6 yrs.....	Doran	0
Mr. Doyle's b. h. Piccaniny, 4 yrs.....	D. Wynne	0
Mr. G. Taylor's b. f. by Don John, 8 yrs. (allowed 5lb.)....	Moyston	0
Mr. Edgeworth's ch. m. Cara, aged.....	J. Keegan	0

Mr. Bergin's b. m. Empress, 5 yrs.....Percy 0

[Betting—6 to 4 agst. Alfred, 2 to 1 agst. Gamekeeper, 4 to 1 agst. Mocking Bird. Won after a good race by less than a length; Empress a very bad third.]

CORINTHIAN PLATE of £40. For horses that never started for any race, value £50 (ridden by jockeys), weight for age; 3 yrs. old., 9st. 7lb.; 4 yrs., 11st. 7lb.; 5 yrs., 12st. 11lb. 6 yrs., 12st. 7lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. If entered to be sold for £50, allowed 7lb. One and a-half mile heats. Half-bred horses allowed 7lb. To be ridden by officers of the army, navy, or militia, or gentlemen qualified to ride for the Corinthians at the Curragh.

Mr. E. J. Irwin's ch. m. The Duchess of Alba, by Harkaway, 4 yrs.

Mr. W. Long 8 1 1

Mr. P. Heysted's gr. m. The Arab-Maid, 5 yrs. £50. Captain Preston 1 2 dr.

Lord Howth's ch. f. by Dough, out of Atalanta, 8 yrs. Mr. W. Kennedy 2 dr.

[The first heat won by a length; the second on the post admirably ridden by Mr. W. Long.]

Coursing Season, 1857.

THE Season having proved a remarkably open one, the lovers of the leash have had ample opportunities of enjoying their sport. Our space precludes noticing more than a few of the leading Meetings; but the "blue riband" of Coursing we must unhesitatingly award to the Monster Meeting at Liverpool, which took place the 25th, 26th, and 27th February, the week before the Spring-Race Meeting, Earl of Sefton, President. For the Waterloo Cup there were no less than 64 dogs entered, at 25*l.* each.

The First day's sport consisted of 48 Courses—

The Cup Stakes Courses	82
First ties, ditto	16

The Second day, 40 courses—

Waterloo Purse Courses	16
Second ties, Waterloo Cup	8
First ties Purse	8
The Waterloo Plate	8

The Third day—

Third ties cup	4
Second ties purse	4
The Waterloo plate	4
Fourth ties cup	2
Third ties purse	2
First ties plate	2
Deciding cup	1
Ditto, purse	1
Ditto, plate	1
Total	21

THE GREAT WATERLOO CUP; the Winner to receive 500*l.*, and the second 200*l.* Two dogs to receive 50*l.* each; 8, 20*l.*; 16, 10*l.* each.

Won by Mr. W. Wilson's King Lear, by Wigan, out of Repentance.
Captain Spencer's Sunbeam, by Lamiston, out of Fly, ran up.

THE WATERLOO PURSE for the 32 dogs, beaten in the first course for the Waterloo Cup, amounting to 200*l.* Winner to receive 100*l.*, the second, 50*l.*; 2 dogs, 15*l.*; 4, 10*l.*; and 8, 5*l.* each.

Won by Mr. Armistead's Albatross. Mr. W. Long's David, running up.

The WATERLOO PLATE for the 16 dogs, beaten in the second ties for the cup, amounting to 100*l.*, to be divided as under—Winner, 45*l.*; second, 20*l.*; 2 dogs, 7*l.* 10*s.* each; 4, 5*l.* each.

Won by Mr. J. H. Jones's Jail Bird. Mr. Bartlett's Goldfinder ran up.

BIGGAR OR UPPER WARD OF LANARKSHIRE MEETING—FEB. 17—18.

Stewards: J. Campbell, J. Dunlop, J. Gibson, J. Swann, and G. Steel, Esqrs.
Judge: Mr. Nightingale.

The SCOTTISH CHAMPION CUP; entrance 10*l.* 10*s.*; the winner to receive 100*l.*, the runner-up 35*l.*, third 20*l.*, fourth and fifth 7*l.* 10*s.* each; expenses 40*l.*

Won by Mr. Hyalop's Harpoon. Mr. Campbell's Camarine running up.

ASHDOWN PARK MEETING—JAN. 20, 21, 22—23.

Stewards: The Earl of Sefton, C. Randell, and W. Long, Esqrs. *Hon. Secs.*: R. Etwall and J. Bowles, Esqrs. *Judge*: Mr. M'George.

The CRAVEN CUP, of 6*l.* 10*s.* each.

Won by Mr. Laurence's Le Juff. Mr. R. Long's Lockersby running up.

The LAMBOURNE STAKES of 5*l.* each, for bitches.

Won by Mr. Laurence's Leonora, by his Lopez, out of his Landgravine.
Mr. Willis's bk. b. Lady Watford, by Lamiston, out of Consideration, running up.

OSWESTRY MEETING—JAN. 27.

Stewards: Robert Burton, R. G. Jebb, I. S. Hodgson, J. B. Minor, Esqrs.
Judge: Mr. Warwick.

The ASTON HALL CUP of 4*l.* 10*s.* each.

Won by Mr. Evan's Early Blush. Mr. Balderson's Express running up.

The OSWESTRY STAKES of 3*l.* 5*s.* each.

Won by Mr. Griffith's Alice Grey. Mr. Jack's Bright Idea running up.

ARDROSSAN CLUB MEETING—FEB. 6—7.

Patron: The Earl of Eglinton and Winton, K.T. *President*: C. D. Gairdner, Esq. *Vice-President*: Provost Campbell. *Committee*: W. G. Borron, Esq., G. Johnston, Esq., G. Fullarton, Esq., Captain Chrichton, and John Moffat, Esq.

The OPEN STAKES of 2*l.* 10*s.* each, for all ages, with 25*l.* added by the Members of the Ardrossan and Dalry Coursing Clubs; the winner to receive 50*l.*, the second 25*l.*, and the third, fourth and fifth 12*l.* each.

Mr. Borron's Brunette, by the Curler, out of Brilliance, and Captain Chrichton's Baron Garnock, out of Maid of Saragossa, divided the stakes.

Irish Coursing Meetings.

DIAMOR (COUNTY MEATH) MEETING—JAN. 8—9.

Stewards: Earl of Bective, Lord Lurgan, G. O. Pollock, F. Battersby, C. A. Nicholson, and J. Roden, Esqrs. *Judge*: W. Owens, Esq.

The MILTOWN STAKES of 2*l.* 5*s.* each, for all ages.

Lord Lurgan's Master Mat and Lord Bective's Billet divided the stakes.

The LAKEFIELD STAKES of 1*l.* 5*s.* each, for all ages.

Lord Bective's Bruske and Mr. Walker's Kate divided the stakes.

SOUTHERN CLUB (CORK) MEETING—FEB 3.

Stewards: J. Curtis, Esq., M.D.; Henry Curtis, Esq., J.P. *Slipper*: Thomas Saunders.

Primrose Girl beat Mayboy; Mr. Payne withdrew Primrose Girl, and declared Polish the winner of the stakes.

LIMERICK CLUB MEETING—JANUARY 21.

The **KNOCKNEE STAKES** of 2*l.* 10*s.* each.

Won by Mr. Westropp's Tacha, by Bonnie Scotland, out of Papillotte. Mr. Carling's Spiteful, by Hawk, ran up.

The **TYRO STAKES** of 1*l.* 5*s.* each.

Mr. Spaight's Nelly Bly, by Bedlamite, out of Fearless, bet Mr. Hewson's Fluke, and won the stakes, Nelly Bly receiving two-thirds, and Fluke one-third.

BELLEEK COURSING—MARCH 11—12.

Stewards: Lord H. Loftus, J. C. Bloomfield, and Jas. Johnston, Esqrs. *Judge*: Mr. Owens.

BELLEEK STAKES, 3*l.* 10*s.* each.

Mr. Winder withdrew Easter, and Legar Hill was declared the winner.

CASTLE CALDWELL STAKES.

Mr. Anderson's Alma and Mr. Kirk's Renzi divided the stakes.

HERBERTSTOWN MEETING—MARCH 16.

Stewards: Earl of Bective, M.P.; J. N. Waller, Esq.; J. Roden, Esq. C. A. Nicholson, Esq.; J. Bayly, Esq., and G. A. Pollock, Esq. *Judge*: J. N. Waller, Esq.

BECTIVE CUP.

Lord Bective's Bosio won the cup. Mr. J. Bayly's Busy ran up.

ALLENSTOWN STAKES.

Mr. J. Bayly drew Black Satin, and declared Bribery winner.

LIMERICK—MARCH 18—19.

Stewards: Thos. Fosbery, W. H. Barrington, Jas. Spaight, Geo. Bayly, jun. and G. A. Pollock, Esqrs. *Judge*: Mr. Wm. Owens.

OPEN CHAMPION STAKES.

Mr. W. H. Massey's Tit-Bit and Mr. Payne's Put-'em-out divided the stakes.

THE CONSOLATION STAKES.

Mr. Hewson's Brilliant and Mr. Fosbery's Blackband divided the stakes.

YACHTING.

" Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
 She bounds before the gale,
 The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
 Is joyous in her sail!
 With fluttering sound, like laughter hears,
 The cords and canvas strain;
 The waves, divided by her force,
 In rippling eddies chased her course,
 As if they laughed again."

—*Lord of the Isles.*

We have seldom seen a Season heralded with more brilliant prospects for yachtsmen than the approaching one of 1857. Albeit the weather has been anything but propitious for the last few weeks, yet have yachtsmen been bestirring themselves earlier than usual. The *Constance* schooner, R. C. Naylor, Esq., was the first to leave her muddy bed, at Cowes, and is now off for the Mediterranean. A new schooner of 200 tons, a steam yacht, is in progress, said to be for Sir R. Oglander, Bart.

The application of the auxiliary screw appears to be quite the rage amongst yachtsmen this spring. We see it stated that Vice-Commodore Talbot's schooner, *Capricorn*, has been so added to, and that it is the intention of Commodore the Earl of Wilton to have the *Zara* converted in the same manner.

The *Emerald* schooner, J. R. Thompson, Esq., has been lengthened by the stern, and we have little doubt will be found much improved thereby.

We regret having to record the loss of an old favourite, the *Water Wyvern* cutter, Vice-Commodore Stopford, which took place on the morning of Friday, the 6th of February, during thick weather and a fresh gale, whilst on her passage from Kingstown to Galway; she was lost on Satan's Reef, Mutton Island. We are glad, however, to be enabled to state, that the most valuable portion of her materials—spars, sails, gear, cabin-furniture, boats, lead and metal ballast, copper, &c., have been recovered. A 70 ton schooner will immediately be in frame to replace her.

We perceive that the *Coquette* schooner, J. W. H. Smith Pigot, Esq., received some damage at Cowes during the gale that raged there on the 9th of March, but will shortly be again all a-taunto.

The cutter yacht, *Shadow*, Sir Gilbert East, Bart., has had a new bow, and is as greatly improved in appearance as she doubtless will in speed.

The *Maraquita* schooner, F. B. Carew, Esq., has been lengthened aft, and is a much more sightly vessel now; the addition of nearly 20 tons being a great improvement.

The cutter yacht, *Zillah*, has changed hands, being now the property of Vice-Commodore Knibbs, of the Prince of Wales's Yacht Club; as has also our old friend the *Cynthia*, Mr. Roe having recently disposed of her.

Mr. Grinnell has disposed of the *Blue Belle* cutter; we believe she re-

tires into the humbler, but not less useful, sphere of a coasting trader, and more is the pity, for a faster or abler little cutter does not float.

The Iron Ranger, J. A. Clarke, Esq., has had new decks and bulwarks, and is otherwise greatly improved.

The Pearl cutter—the far-famed Pearl—commences fitting out immediately. She is at present in the Birkenhead Float.

Will Tyse, of Fairlie, has three cutters and a schooner nearly ready for launching, all built to order. Inman, of Lymington, has just launched a very fine schooner of 84 tons, named the Heroine, for Robert Batt, Esq., Commodore of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland; she sails for Bayonne about the 12th of April, from whence the Commodore is expected in Ireland about the middle of May. R. Araby, Esq., Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, has also a fine schooner, of 105 tons, on the same stocks; she will be launched in ten days. Mr. Inman has also just completed the following new vessels:—A schooner of 160 tons for sale; a 25-tonner for J. A. Crowther, Esq.; a 25-tonner for E. Ellioe, Esq., M.P.; and one of 53 tons, named the Lily of the Test, for J. Wood, Esq.

In Lymington Creek are fitting out the following vessels:—The Magician, yawl, 65 tons, Erskine H. Wemyss, Esq. (late the property of R. Batt, Esq.); the Edith, yawl, 70 tons, John Berners, Esq. (formerly the property of J. Ewart, Esq.); Henrietta, cutter, 81 tons, Count Batthyany, and the Falcon schooner, 14 tons, J. L. Ricardo, Esq., M.P.; the latter vessel has, we believe, changed owners, and sails next week for Italy.

The Leiworth, American sloop, 80 tons, J. Weld, Esq., is on Messrs. Inman's slip for alterations, together with the Vestal schooner, 74 tons, F. O. Marshall, Esq. The St. Ursula schooner, 192 tons, H. Tennant, Esq., is reported from Cork as sailed for Norway and Iceland.

The Julia, cutter, Vice-Commodore Houldsworth, Royal Northern Yacht Club, has been lengthened by the stern, and will shortly be ready for sea; much interest and excitement exists relative to her match with the Oithona, cutter, 80 tons, J. M. Rowan, Esq., a gentleman whose name, remembered in connexion with the victories of the Aquila and the celebrated Cymba, will be a sufficient guarantee that work is meant; it will be England v. Scotland; and the Julia will prove a much faster vessel than we take her to be if she beats the fleet Oithona—the Virgin of the Waves. This match is fixed to come off early in June.

The Osprey, yawl, 25 tons, Colonel Lord Burghley, M.P., is now upon the Kingstown Station. The Heroine, cutter, 35 tons, Rev. R. C. Singleton, is ready for sea, and will shortly proceed to the same station. The little American sloop, Truant, now the property of R. Barklie, Esq., has been afloat and cruising about all the winter; she is at present in Kingstown Harbour. A new screw-schooner is on the stocks at Baylis's yard, Kingstown, for Lord Otho Fitzgerald, Vice-Commodore, Royal St. George's Yacht Club.

It is expected to be an early season on this station; the Royal Irish Yacht Club having given such well-timed notice of their Regatta. It would be well if other Clubs would follow this example, and thus prevent the clashing of Regatta meetings with one another. We have no doubt the Royal Cork Yacht Club will suit their Regatta so as to come after the Royal Irish, about the second week in July. This would bring the yachts from Kingstown, on their way round to Galway, where we understand a large number have signified their intention of attending the Regatta to be held there, under the auspices and management of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. We are informed that a Regatta will also be held in Bantry Bay, in the interim, between Cork and Galway; and then, should the Royal Northern Yacht Club so suit their time, there is little doubt that a large fleet of yachts would go north about from Galway, and after enjoying the cruising

in the noble Clyde, might finish the season in the Irish Channel, at the Regattas to be held at Liverpool, Douglas, Isle of Man, Holyhead, and Carnarvon.

We are given to understand that the meeting in Galway Bay is likely to prove one of the most brilliant of the season. The subscription lists are filling rapidly, and no exertions are being spared by the Local Committee. It is proposed to hold two days' Regatta in the Bay, two days' Regatta on the romantic waters of Lough Corrib, a procession of yachts, gigs, and a picnic on the lake; the aquatic fetes to be wound up with a Grand Fancy Ball at the Great Western Railway Hotel. The probable time of this Regatta will be the latter end of July; but the Committee are only waiting to see what the other Regatta arrangements may be.

We perceive the organization of a Model Yacht Club in the Clyde, presided over by that veteran yachtsman, James Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill; we heartily wish it all the success we doubt not it will command; these Model Yacht Clubs are first-rate schools for yachtsmen. We are glad also to learn, that the formation of a Kingstown Model Yacht Club is in progress, and that it is likely the leading yachtsmen of the three Royal Yacht Clubs, there established, will take a prominent part in its management. It is proposed to have a sailing match of the small craft in Dublin Bay, once a month throughout the season. A new screw schooner, from the lines, and built under the inspection of Jonathan Grindrod, Esq., Rear-Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, is now nearly completed in the Birkenhead Docks.

We observe the following vessels are in the lists for sale, their owners principally requiring larger vessels:—The *Cymba*, cutter, 53 tons, built by Will Fyfe, of Fairlie; the performances of this celebrated "crack" are too well known to need recapitulation. Next comes the *Water Kelpie*, cutter, of 50 tons; a fine wholesome sea-going cruiser, replete with every comfort. The pretty little fore-and-aft schooner, *Odalisque*, of 50 tons; a very fast and able vessel, built by Marshal, of Ringsend, Dublin. The *Nimrod*, cutter, of 40 tons, built by Peasley, of Passage, Cork; a fine sea-going cruiser, admirably found and fitted. The *Plover*, cutter, 35 tons; a very fine little vessel, built by Messrs. Wigram and Green, and found in the most admirable manner. Applications relative to these yachts, are to be made to the Honorary Secretary, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, Club-House, Dublin.

The celebrated yacht, *Amazon*, 44 tons, the property of the late much-lamented Alfred Young, Esq., is for sale; she is a beautiful craft, and now lies in the East India Dock, London. Application relative to her to be made to the Secretary, Royal Thames Yacht Club, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, London. The celebrated little clipper, the *Flirt*, of 8 tons, likewise the property of Mr. Young, is also in the market. For particulars, application to be made to C. F. Chubb, Esq., Honorary Secretary, Prince of Wales Yacht Club, 14, South-square, Gray's Inn, London.

The Messrs. Wanhill have a beautiful little 20-ton clipper just finished, having all modern improvements, and can be ready for sea immediately; their address is Messrs. Thomas and James Wanhill, Poole, Dorset. Our successful little friend, the *Surprise*, is having new decks put into her, and will come out this season even more improved than last. The *Memie* cutter, 48 tons, late Lord Vivian's, is for sale also; she is in the Menai Straits; application to the Honorary Secretary, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.

LIFE'S FORESHADOWINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES."

CHAPTER III.

"I wish to speak to you before you go upon a little matter that concerns yourself, Father Roach," said Mr. Henderson, in a good-natured tone, when his father and the two other gentlemen had left the room. "I am sorry to say your little nephew has got himself into a scrape, which might have been serious enough if he had fallen into other hands than mine."

"What, what!—Christie!" said the startled priest.

"As it is, of course, there shall be no ill consequences to him. In fact, he got into bad company—a poaching fellow of the name of Boakes —"

"I know," said the priest, looking scared and impatient, "the greatest rascal —"

"This Boakes, and some of the boys about, came to my river last night, and brought your nephew with them; they attempted to net the hole below the bridge, and would have succeeded but that I got information on the previous morning from the wife of one of the party, having given her my word that her husband and the boys of the village would be permitted to escape. I have their names, however. We secured Boakes and a young fellow who is the pest of the county, of the name of Lame Bill. Your nephew, unfortunately, signalled himself by attempting to wound one of my men, or he would not have been noticed. I was exceedingly sorry that any person belonging to you should have been mixed up in this affair, for really my river has been ruined. These attempts have been made repeatedly—repeatedly. Of course, your nephew will not suffer by it; but let me advise you to keep the lad within. That cursed village would be the ruin of any respectable boy."

Poor Father Roach was in the most pitiable confusion, and scarcely knew what to say.

"I'm disappointed in the lad. I—I would not have believed it, sir."

"I had the boy used very gently when I found he was your nephew, and I dare say the fright has served him. He has made a hearty breakfast," continued Mr. Henderson, laughing, "and is in nowise the worse for the affair."

"But he is, Mr. Henderson," said the priest with warmth, "he is; I'll never think the same of him again. You were wrong, Mr. Henderson, to let him off easy. I've bred that boy with tenderness and love, kept him off the street as if it was a faver-house, given him of the best—if it was my heart's-blood he'd ask me for—and has it come to this, that he has brought disgrace on me in the face of the country."

"My dear Father Roach, pray don't make so much of it," said Mr.

Henderson, softly; "a young lad is easily led into a scrape, and he is very fortunate to have had such an early warning."

"After all my kindness and love to him," said the priest sorrowfully, "I had great hopes out of him. He and I have been companions so long; and I could not have had greater softness for my own son." He drew his hand across his dull eyes, then, with sudden roughness, "I'll— I'll flog the life out of him—I will!"

"Indeed you must do no such thing," said Mr. Henderson, with much kindness; "you must allow me to beg him off. I have been quite interested in the lad, he has displayed such extraordinary intelligence in his replies. Now, really the matter stands thus—the boy has been led into a scrape without knowing the nature of the crime in which he abetted—he has got a very serious fright, and been kept in apprehension for a whole night—that is quite sufficient punishment; in point of fact, I promised the lad to intercede for him with you, and he is awaiting you out there in the plantation—as miserable a little penitent as ever I saw. Remember now, as a favour to me, you must not punish the poor lad further."

With a dull sense of shame and anger the poor priest took his departure, having given the required pledge. As he was leaving the hall he heard a quick, light step behind him, and turned frowningly, supposing it to be Christie's foot. A pale, timid-looking lady, with a nestling infant on her arm, stood at his side, whom he immediately greeted as Mrs. Henderson.

"Father Roach, pray tell me," she whispered, "has there been any disagreement, any quarrel, between my husband and his father?"

"No, ma'am. I'm sorry to say, ma'am, it was only—only a little lad of mine ——" He stopped confusedly.

"Thank you. They have had so many differences of late, and poor old Mr. Henderson is so passionate, that I am always uneasy. There were no words between them?"

"Not a word, ma'am," said the priest, absorbed with a single thought. "I came about a little misfortune that happened to myself, ma'am. The babby is looking bright and well ma'am;" and he laid his bulky finger on the little rosy chin of the infant, and forced a lachrymose smile, then he bade her a respectful good morning, and Mrs. Henderson slipped away into the inner hall, as if her uneasiness had something personal in it too.

Father Roach mounted his horse, and rode slowly down the avenue, looking around him on all sides, expectantly, for Christie to appear among the bushes. He had just turned the shrubbery, through which led a broad avenue to the stable-yard, when he saw a pretty child, with long brown tresses escaping from her hat, who stood with gaze intent in the direction of the house, and at not many paces distant from her was Christie, his back to a laurel bough, and his eyes on the ground, undergoing her regards with much demure satisfaction.

"Father Roach—Father Roach," whispered the child, running up beside the horse, "is not that the little poacher?"

"He's a wicked lad, my pet—don't look at him."

"How ugly he is," she said, with another gaze toward the culprit, half curious, half frightened, such as she might have cast upon a hyæna.

Christie was suddenly conscious of his uncle's vicinity ; now his lynx-eyes were raised distrustfully, and he sullenly watched his offended relative from beneath the uncombed shelter of his hair.

"Follow me home, sir," cried the priest, angrily ; "I'll not forget this thrick to you for many a day. I won't treat you as you deserve, for its my belief it would do you no good. But don't offer to spake to me, I tell you ; ate your meals and go to your bed in silence. I wont discourse wid' a poacher and a thief !"

Christie slunk off into the plantation in surly silence, his ears very red ; and the priest went disdainfully on his way.

That evening was solemnised in most monastic silence. Christie sat at the window, distressed and humbled—very fain to offer even a few syllables if he dared.

Father Roach was at the fire with his newspaper, reading it with goggling attention—he would not so much as rest his eye upon his nephew. Occasionally, indeed, he indulged in a loud hem ! that stood out severely from the silence like a note of admiration. It seemed to Christie that he hemmed more than was usual to him, and far more than was needful, but this was probably owing to the unnatural stillness that reigned.

The rustle of the newspaper, too, was unpleasantly audible as the good man crushed it occasionally into convenient form. There never was such an oppressive evening, and Christie sought occupation in vain. At first he thought his uncle was about to speak every instant, and it was an employment to watch his face with a beating heart, but its stolid severity never relaxed. At length tired of expectation, he gave up hope, and idly turned his attention upon his uncle's huge shadow, thrown by the candlelight upon the wall, the face of which was most humorously distorted. Mortal never beheld such a nose and chin—never conceived such a nether lip—schoolboy never dared, with slate and pencil, to portray such a frightful countenance. It was like an ogre in spectacles ; and whenever the priest moved in his chair, it seemed to mop and mow towards Christie with an outlandish eccentricity.

When several hours had crept away in this fashion—and so heavily to Christie, that but for the stroke of the old clock, which marked their progress, he had fancied that he was sitting up all night—the Priest rose from his chair, and taking the candle, uttered a hem ! louder and gruffer than any of its fellows, which was for a sign to Christie that it was time for bed.

Before they went up stairs, Father Roach was more significant even still in the expression of his distrust and displeasure—for the moment his nephew stood behind him in the hall, he sternly locked all the doors and put the keys in his heavy-flapped pocket. Nor did his precautions stop here ; when they reached the bedroom, he lustily drove a twelpenny nail into the upper bar of the window-sash, so that no effort could raise it without creating a disturbance. All this he did, less from an apprehension that his young charge would attempt another unlawful escapade, than to mark to him that he no longer had any faith in his honesty. Christie felt it so, and could scarcely master a sob that was rising ; but pride and repentance were at strife within him, and the former was as yet the stronger. The noise of the hammering seemed to him like sharp-ringing words of anger and reproach.

Christie would have given anything to utter a few words, and to break the spell, if it were only to wish a good-night; but he found himself tongue-tied when he strove to utter it. So, as was his wont, he knelt beside his bed and found some relief in whispering over his beads; for his whispers mingled with the low, thick articulations of the priest at his devotions, as if they were praying in kindly concert together.

The next morning was Sunday, and still the ban of silence was upon the house. Breakfast passed without a word. Christie walked beside the priest's horse to chapel, and heard him speak kindly to the people on the road. The lad envied this kindness to them, which, by contrast, seemed to deepen his own disgrace.

When within the chapel he had donned his little surplice and gay soutan, being one of the boys who served mass, there were other circumstances to daunt and depress him—his eye was ever wandering towards the great man's pew, and he ever fancied the deep eyes were fixed upon him in public rebuke.

Home again, but there was still no symptom of a thaw, and the evening was wearing away as wretchedly as the preceding. He tried various little artifices to betray his solemn relative into a few words. Having waited his moment, he concealed his uncle's spectacles, and watched him hunting for them with an officious zeal upon him to clear up the perplexity he had caused.

The good priest frowned, slapped all his pockets successively, and cleared his throat.

"Christie, hem!"—and he stopped abruptly, remembering the offence between them.

"You are looking for your specs, uncle?"

"Nothing, sir," growled Father Roach.

"Maybe they slipt behind the cushion, uncle?"

"How dare you spake—silence sir!"

"Uncle Roach, I'll run away if you don't speak to me—I will!"—

"Hould your tongue, I tell you, for the second time."

"I'd rather be on the mill with poor Jack Boakes than living this way with you."

"What, sir?"

"I wish I was sent to gaol."

"You'll be sent there soon enough, my shaver; nobody cares for a thief!"

Christie put his hands in his pockets and began whistling with impudent bravado, when suddenly he burst out crying, and passionately pushing away his chair, he retreated to the window. Father Roach's eyes, hitherto sternly averted, now stole round slowly, and fastened upon the red, convulsed face. Certainly poor Christie's countenance was anything but affecting at the moment. His large mouth was screwed up crookedly, and his eyes all puckered and streaming; yet there was something there which would have made the reader laugh, perhaps, but which moistened the lustreless eye of Father Roach.

"Christie, boy," said his uncle, quite softened, "maybe I didn't mean all I said if I could only think that you were really penitent. Come here boy."

Christie came over with a mixture of sheepish gratification and half-

stayed emotion on his face, and put his hand in the open palm of the priest.

"If I thought you were sincere, Christie, boy—and that it wasn't the punishment alone, but the crime, that was at you now—I might look over all the sorrow you have cost me. You tried me sore, boy—you wrung my ould heart—but I'll not be hard on you. Come, look me in the face, and say you'll be an honest boy—that 'ill make me proud of you before I die."

As Christie looked up, all the good in his nature shone out on his features; and as he repeated the simple words dictated to him, there was a fondness and a softness in his face, which, for the instant, re-claimed it from ugliness.

This was the last coldness that ever fell between these two friends.

That evening they were seated amicably together, though Christie still felt a little strange towards his uncle, and the awkwardness of a recent reconciliation had not entirely worn away, when there came an agitated knock to the door, and Christie looked from the front window to reconnoitre the visitor. A very little woman stood without in a faded bonnet and shawl of largest plaid.

"Mrs. Boakes!" cried Christie, and she looked up, disclosing a little, plump face, not ill-looking either, but for the suspicious redness of her nose; the glance she threw up was dolorous in the extreme.

"Oh! Master Christie, darlint, I want to see Father Roach. I'm ruined entirely about this business. Oh! what'll I do—what'll I do?"

"Don't cry, Mrs. Boakes, I'll go down to you," said Christie.

"Come up here, my woman," shouted Father Roach from where he sat; and his nephew running down, returned in a few seconds with the disconsolate little woman.

"Oh! your riverence," she cried, earnestly, "what shall I do, at all, at all; they are goin' to drive out myself and my children into the street; and Jack, who could turn his hand to anything, is in gaol, and we're ruined all out."

Here poor Mrs. Boakes commenced wringing her hands most piteously, and seemed beyond the reach of consolation.

"What can I do for you, my poor woman?" said the good priest, compassionately—then, as if a sudden thought struck him, he went to her, and gently leading her to a chair at the table, he poured out a glass of spirits with a deliberate hand.

"Sit down there," he said, in a tone of rough hospitality, "drink that off, and for the first time in your life it'll do you good, my dear. I know you are not dainty about taking it raw, and it would be well if you were, Mrs. Boakes."

"Och, your riverence, it's seldom I take a drop now," said Mrs. Boakes, very pathetically, as she sipped the consoling stimulant. "It was only on an occasion when poor Jack was lucky, or the like, as we used to christen the day's shootin'. Ah! then, it was the sore day to me that he ever handled a rod or gun, and I often tould him he was a bad, bad man, and was shreddin' the roof from our heads—see how my words come true at last."

Mrs. Boakes sobbed, and sobbed, then looked mournfully through her glass at the amber light within it.

"Well, well, well, that can't be mended now, Mrs. Boakes; your husband is suffering the penalty of his folly, and I hope he will come out of prison a sensible man."

"Sure, your riverence knows well it's in his blood to be a scamp, and they'll never drive it out. He's the queer Jack, and nobody but myself knows how queer he is. Sure he wouldn't get his health or spirits if he hadn't that gun on his shoulder at the grey of the mornin', and off out with him, like a rampagin' whiteboy, across the country. It's my heart was sick, often and often, waitin' up for him in the night till I heard him roarin' up the road. Often I bid him give in, and take to the soft goods or hosiery, or some honest trade, if it was only breakin' stones, but the poor man had'nt a turn for anything but ramblin' and rovin', and his poor wife and children are druv to that same now," and Mrs. Boakes began to wail rather noisily.

"What can I do for you, my good woman?" said the priest blandly.

"I just kem over to your riverence in all my trouble," said Mrs. Boakes, recovering herself, and lifting the empty glass mechanically o her pretty lips, "to ask you for a sketch of a note, puttin' in a kind word, and beggin' of the masther not to be hard on me. It's not like the ould masther, to drive a poor body to such a pinch, and so everybody says; but he has taken a sudden turn again all the poor cratures like ourselves, who were payin' low rents, has raised the rent on them all, an he's goin' to hunt me an my childer out on the country, with the bitter winter comin' on."

"I'll give you a note to Mr. Henderson, with all my heart, Mrs. Boakes," said the priest "for I believe you're an honest crathur, and very much to be pitied; but it's to Mr. Pierce I must write, for he is the master now."

"Oh! your riverence, I wouldn't go within a hundred miles of Mr. Pierce — sure you know I wouldn't? It's my belief he'd wrap us all in an ould quilt and bundle us into the Shannon. The ould gentleman is the only hope of us all."

Here the priest endeavoured to explain to her the altered state of affairs, and to remove her prejudices against her real landlord; but a mortal terror of Mr. Pierce was at poor Mrs. Boakes' heart, and approach him she dare not, if it were to save her life instead of her lodging, nor could she be made to understand that the kind old master was a mere cypher now.

"Uncle Roach," said Christie, stoutly, "I'll bring the letter."

"My blessing on you, Master Christie," cried Mrs. Boakes, snatching at the offer; and Father Roach, after some little hesitation, acceded to it with some approbation.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a moist, grey morning, but that pleasant light fell through the clouds which gives the herbage such a pensive freshness, makes the hills approach, and lends such a mellow distinctness to reflections in the water; this cloud-light is more beautiful to us than the glare of the blue sky.

Over a little ornamental bridge in the Moorland plantations came Christie stealing, and as he passed, looked down where the autumn foliage was imaged on the stream in leopard-coloured shades.

From thence he winds on to the avenue, that ascends the terrace steps, where the rabbits have just scampered out of sight, and here beside a small fountain, in which a marble child is blowing a huge bubble of the same material, stands Christie, and gazes idly at the house.

Now he imagines himself the master of that great pile, all staring with windows; that he owns the green and flowering plots, and the giant trees around. He fancies how grand it would be to browbeat an army of plush servants. How enchanting to roll forth from the griffoned gates, drawn by four furious bloods. How he would set springes in all the woodcock covers down below. How he would dismiss the water-bailiffs with ignominy, and reprimand Mr. Brent. How he would convert the large greenhouse yonder into a zoological garden, with a bear, a lion, and a pelican, such as he had once seen in Roscommon. How the plots should flare with tulips and scarlet flags, and how he would walk through all this peacock finery, with a little wife by his side, who should very much resemble the little lady of the brown ringlets. So mused the imaginary master of Moorlands estate.

Within that chamber, with the blinds drawn close, sits the real master over his desk, chin on hand and brow contracted, pondering painfully over ways and means — haunted by that overgrown bill, which hangs like a falling rock over Moorlands Hall — tortured by a threatened foreclosure on the Clagagh townland, which contains in its circle the primest of his ground — puzzling how he may hedge — how he may borrow — how he may further anticipate his rents by inducing rich tenants to take up smaller bills of immediate pressure. Sleepless, anxious, and perplexed.

The imaginary master, were he once installed within, heartily feels that he could never leave this Paradise. He could be content to climb its trees for ever — to catch its fish — to ride its Shetland ponies — nay, to roll about in its velvet grass in the very exuberance of power and possession.

The real master of Moorlands has at this moment a restless, fretful longing to be off to his club in town, and to his winter gaiety, which now he can afford no longer. He, the *savant* — the insinuating — the silver-voiced — the amateur politician, who has written leading articles for the journals of the day — must he be cooped in by a labyrinth of dangers and gnawing anxieties, from which no exit has as yet appeared.

Christie's ideal castle presently dissolving, he left the marble-boy blowing his moss-stained bubble for ever, and trotted towards the house with the note, nor stopped till he stood within the pillars of the porch.

To his diffident summons at the bell a smooth old butler replied, white-haired and peering, and receiving the appeal, placed it on a salver, and carried it up stairs, whilst Christie gazed in curiously at the great horns of the moose-deer which branched over the hall-stairs, at the gay portraits of race-horses ranged beneath, and at the four shaded lustres above the billiard-table; then he inspected, with some portion of awe, the small straw hat on the rack which he had often beheld on

Mr. Pierce's head, when he rode over his place to superintend the workmen.

"The master wishes to speak to you himself, young man," said the butler, patronizingly; "follow me up." And before Christie could make up his mind where to look or what to answer in such an emergency, he was ushered into the presence of Mr. Pierce.

The butler retired, and Christie hung his head and plucked nervously at the wadding of his cap, which he grasped between his hands. He fancied that Mr. Pierce was anatomizing him from head to heel, and about to examine him concerning the woodcock which he had snared the winter before.

When many minutes had elapsed he ventured to look up, and to his surprise found himself unnoticed, if not forgotten. Mr. Henderson bent over his desk, conning the blocks of a draft-book with profound attention, and pencilling notes from them on a sheet of paper at his side.

Christie, much relieved, began to watch him with some curiosity, resting first on one leg, then upon the other, till both were somewhat tired; when at length Mr. Henderson muttered something inaudibly, and, closing the book, looked up.

"Oh! you're the lad that brought the note?"

"Yes, sir."

"Christie Roach is your name?"

The boy assented.

"Well, lad, do you know what this note is about?" said Mr. Pierce, taking up the paper he referred to.

"I do, sir."

"Ha! and you have come," said Mr. Henderson, smiling, "to put in a good word for this big friend of yours—eh, is that it?"

Christie looked down.

"Boakes is a friend of yours, my lad?" asked the gentle voice of Mr. Henderson; for Christie dared not look him in the face.

"He is, sir," he replied, far louder than he intended to speak.

"Rogues are not often such good friends," said Mr. Henderson, with quiet significancy.

"I'm not a rogue," said Christie, flushing; "and, whatever I am, Mrs. Boakes is an honest woman, and has no right to suffer for poor Jack's wickedness."

"Bow-wow! what's all this?" said Mr. Henderson, tauntingly.

"So I'm to have a nest of young poachers like yourself growing up upon my land, spoiling my trees, and noosing my game, all because this Mrs. Boakes is an honest woman!"

"Jack has no son," replied Christie, getting heated, "and little girls don't poach."

"And what are we to do with your friend, old Boakes, my little man?"

"Take Jack off the mill, give him something honest to do, and make him grateful." Christie plucked a piece of wadding excitedly from his cap.

"Capital idea, indeed," said Mr. Henderson, secretly amused. "Come, now, my lad, I was very good to you, and let you off easy;

what are you going to do for me?" As he spoke he placed a sheet of note-paper before him, and took up a pen.

"I'll kill no more game, sir," said Christie, feverishly.

"Very good, boy; but I won't trust you."

He wrote for some seconds, and then looked up with a smile—

"Father Roach was very kind to these Boakeses, I suppose, my boy?"

"He can't do much for them," said Christie, "because he's too poor; but the people love him."

"And you think that I'm very rich?" smiled Mr. Henderson.

Christie started at the question—"Nothin' surer."

"Eh! and the people love me too, I suppose?"

Christie coloured, and shook his head ere he knew what he was about. Then Mr. Henderson ceased to talk idly, and silently finished his note.

As Christie was leaving the room with the momentous reply to his uncle's appeal in his hand, Mr. Henderson inquired affably—

"What are you learning, my man?"

"Reading, writing, and 'Vosterh,' to the Rule of Three."

"Nothing more?"

"I understand the celestial globe."

Mr. Henderson lifted his brows for an instant—

"The what?"

"The celestial globe," repeated Christie, with suppressed exultation.

"'Pon my word, you're a clever fellow! Take care of that note, and I'll see what I can do for you, if you're a good boy." So saying, Mr. Henderson closed the door, and returned to his desk to complete his irksome toil, with the hand on his snaky forehead.

Some hours after, he gave the following directions to his steward:—

"Serve those notices immediately upon the Lynocks, Tom Carrol, the Widow Walsh, and Mrs. Boakes. Bring me no messages from them. Do you hear? I'll have no dirt-gardens on the place." And thus he summarily disposed of the happiness and livelihood of four humble heads of families.

When Christie had escaped from the house and its awesome master, finding himself amid pleasant lanes, into which he dare not trespass on other days, he was content to wander down to the river, through the plantation, and yielding to the instinct of his age, he cut himself a smooth branch of sycamore with his large pocket-knife, then, having seated himself on a rustic bench by the river, he occupied himself carving out a whistle.

The nook he has selected holds a charmed place in our tale, so we must endeavour to miniature it as near as words may go.

Behind the bench was a luxuriant bank of wild growth. It was Nature's most vulgar pattern—the drugget that she weaves over every hedge-row, and nobody cares to note how beautiful is her handiwork. On the stony soil beneath ran the ground-ivy, glossy and tri-peaked; over this were languid waifs of yellow grass; through these branched the woof of briars, their purple stalks straggling and lolling into fantastic arches, and sparsely-leaved with crimson, gold, and olive. Here and there drifted the withered fern, like the dry ribs of some pigmy race.

Immediately overhead was a mountain ash, silver-stemmed and scarlet-fruited; and below, at a few yards' distance, ran the stream whose waters kept tinkling their virginals all the autumn day. Around on every side were dense plantations, except for one little vista where a blue hill peeped dreamily in.

Christie had finished his whistle, and was just about to essay a shrill note or two, when a slender voice from behind arrested his interest—

“You must not cut the trees, little boy.”

Christie looked round suddenly, and beheld the lassie of the brown ringlets standing among the trees.

“I made this for you, Miss,” said Christie, with ready effrontery; “will you try a whistle?”

This frank advance was accompanied by two or three seductive monotonies, like a thrush that had lost her compass, but he did not meet with the smallest encouragement. The little damsel shook her head at him, and retired into the wood.

Then Christie bethought himself of some irresistible attraction by which he could tempt this coy companion into fellowship; and kneeling down beside the stream, he made flagger boats, and little green yawls of the water-lily's leaves, letting them dart down the current with light freights. Once he balanced in a larger craft two sober snails, which resembled a pair of cowed old wives, seated *vis-a-vis*. Instantly it seemed that a silver bell had struck among the trees; but when Christie turned to improve his triumph, the saucy fairy pulled a grave face and ran away, her white frock and tossing ringlets vanishing among the bushes.

Christie took his departure homeward, and suffered a reaction in spirits by the way. He longed for this pretty playmate again, and almost expected to see her tracking him across the bridge like a young terrier; for he laboured, somehow, under the absurd delusion that his bay-head and custard cheeks had a share in the attraction that was possessed by his dainty flagger boat.

But instead of the shy little maiden he looked for, he was doomed to meet the excitable Mrs. Boakes, in bouncing spirits too, clapping her hands, and all dimpling in smiles.

“Musha, good luck to him, an' God bless his grey head——”

“What's on now, Mrs. Boakes?”

“Oh! Masther Christie, Masther Christie, I'll pray for him all the days of my life.”

“You're cracked, Mrs. Boakes, that's what it is.”

“Oh! Masther Christie, wait till I tell you, jewel. I was comin' up the back aveny to watch for you, and ax you about the letther, when who should I see but the poor ould masther standin' over the workmen in the turnip field—the thought kem into my heart, that if he knew how they were thrating me he wouldn't stand by and see us shoved into the ditch. So I gathered up my cloak and ran across the grass-fields, an' over the gap wid me, across the vetches. Well, jewel, he let a roar out of him you'd hear at the big house.”

“‘Hullo there, Bessie, you thief, get off my vetches!’”

“Oh, Masther dear, says I, curtsying an' puttin' my apron to my eyes, I want a word wid you—I'm in great trouble.”

“‘Get off my vetches,’ he roars, peltin’ a bit of clay at me. So I goes back very mournful like, and stands by the ditch, for I knew the ould masther’s ways—and he purtinds not to mind me; but for all that I caught him lookin’ over at me now and agin—I knew he’d soon give in. Well, my dear, sure enough he comes over presently, with his hands in his pockets, hoppin’ like a schoolboy across the clods, an’ asks me what was crossin’ me, in a voice as tindher and pleasant as a tune upon a fiddle. So I up and tould him my story, as well as I could for sobbin’, and when I kem to the end, I declare to my heart he tuk a suvran out of his pocket, my dear, and gev’ it into my hand.

“‘Bessie,’ says he, ‘go home an’ get a hot tumbler of punch (cup of tea, the real expression used). I’ll see that no harm comes anent you.’

“‘And you won’t turn us out of the house an’ bit of ground, your honour, says I, to famish in the coud winther that’s comin’ on.’

“‘Bessie,’ says he, ‘keep that d——d scamp of a husband out of mischief, and I’ll see you’re not disturbed. Go home now, and don’t come over my vetches again, or I’ll ——’ and he makes a switch at me wid a bid of stalk he had in his hand. Oh! Masther Christie, I knew he had a soft heart, and he’ll have the prayers of the poor always about his bed.”

Christie further cheered Mrs. Boakes’s heart by giving her a flattering account of his interview with Mr. Pierce, and the simple Mrs. Boakes tripped actively towards her home.

CHAPTER V.

THE news was the property of all the village, that there was a coldness between old Mr. Henderson and his son—that the former had made indignant remonstrance against the threatened ejection of some of the poor old tenants; but that Mr. Pierce had quietly acted, and had all the notices served.

Mrs. Henderson had heard with beating heart the passionate voice of her father-in-law contending in vain with the even tenor of her husband’s tones.

The butler had caught many sentences of the contention, and afterwards overheard the old man muttering and harping upon the subject of his wrath.

The steward had got directions finally, which, by their effects, threw a clear light upon the matter; and so everybody came to know it—as well as our readers—that the old master was deposed and powerless, and that Mr. Pierce was to be propitiated now.

To the better class of farmers it was matter of very little consequence, seeing that they had always paid their rent to the day, while wealthy individuals among them had certain pecuniary ties over their landlord, which endowed them with influence and consideration. But as for the squatters and hovellers, and such small vermin, they began, poor creatures, to turn their thoughts to a choice between domesticity in a ditch, or separate apartments in a very fine building in the neigh-

bourhood, of the amplest accommodation, in which husband, wife, and children should be boarded very frugally apart.

This was a first step in that discipline which the old man had to endure, ere he could realise his altered position—but the habits of a life are not to be unlearned in a few months.

It was a busy morning with the old man; habit was strong upon him, and he was up and out at an early hour, as if he had the responsibility of the place still upon his hands. Day after day he must go out thus and stand over the workmen as of old, or he would become restless and unhappy. The labourers, who seldom, in Ireland at least, exhibit the courtiers' failing, preserved towards him much of that respect and obedience which they owed him of late; and nothing had as yet occurred to dispel the delusion which he clung to so fondly—that his hands were full of business, and that the action of the farm was dependant upon his supervision. He was now engaged in a pleasant task, and was in good spirits, varied occasionally by little fits of impatience at the awkwardness of the men. Some rare evergreens were to be transferred to a garden-plot near the house, and the operation required the utmost care and gentleness. He watched the workmen anxiously as they cleared the roots of a beautiful variegated holly; he swore at them if they severed a fibre; he showed them, by personal example, how they were to go about lifting it without breaking off the soil; and when they had propped it carefully in the cart, he walked slowly behind holding up one of the branches with slightly tremulous hand, lest it might receive the smallest injury in its transit; then, when it was lowered into the ground, and the earth pressed round its roots, he strutted round it admiringly, and listened complacently to the compliments of the gardener, chuckling gently more than once as he contemplated the delightful surprise he was preparing for a very dear friend.

Mrs. Pierce Henderson, whom we have already casually introduced, had always been attached to the old man; they had taken to each other, to use a homely phrase, from the first day she entered the house as mistress. She had listened respectfully to his opinions—and he had many a dogma, too, on subjects political, agricultural and local; she had cherished his good stories with aye patient ear and ready smile; she had studied his little whims and weaknesses, and ministered to them tenderly; she had quietly secured his comfort, by those hundred little attentions which a woman's tact can suggest—and in this manner she had become insensibly a dear and necessary object on whom to exercise his simple gallantries, and all the innocent chivalry of the courteous old gentleman. How scrupulous he was to be at the door of the dining-room, napkin in hand, as she was retiring, that he might bow her out with some pretty little speech; how mysteriously used he to deposit a fresh rose, or a bunch of fragrant violets beside the breakfast-tray, ere she came down in the morning; how gaily would her kind "old beau," as she used playfully to call him, lead her forth in the summer evening for a walk; or, lighting his cigar at her particular request, sit with her in the little summer-house, and listen to the stormy newspaper debates delivered in her feeble key; how jealous he was to vindicate her position if she was slighted or attacked in his presence. And this constant support and attention were needful enough to Mrs. Henderson, who was

but a timid, sickly woman, of thin-flowing conversation and unattractive person, but of an affectionate heart, and a patient, patient spirit as ever was possessed by her long-suffering sex. In fact, we would more than insinuate that Mr. Pierce Henderson, though bland to all the world beside, was cold, negligent, and often rude towards his wife.

It is a curious fact how often and often your men of the ripest blandness abroad conceal this rottenness at the core.

Mrs. Henderson had a garden which had been allotted to her by her father-in-law, whilst yet it was his to give. He had planned it for her amid the grass, and furnished it with his choicest flowers; furthermore he had promised her to transplant into the beds, when the proper season came round, several evergreen shrubs which they had selected together. On this morning, then, he rose early to fulfil his pledge and produce his effect before Hester was out of bed, realising the while, with much enjoyment, the pleasurable surprise he would occasion.

"Where shall we put the two portigas, your honour?" asked one of the men, as they arrived at the shrubbery-gate, and prepared to lift another shrub.

"Eh, what Portugal? Put the biggest of them in the round bed yonder. Eh, Billy, where shall we put the other?"

"The mistress was saying, your honour," replied the gardener—a small man, with a voice so sugared that it must have tended to mellow his plums—"the mistress was saying that the lilly-of-the-valley wanted shelter very bad, and that's what I think, too. The portiga would look very nate, too, in the centre of the crescent: and we might put down a nice bit of guano to sweeten the soil, your honour, for the shrub is inclined to be delicate."

At the moment, up come Pierce with his light straw hat on, and, standing on the edge of the grassy slope, he called the gardener in a voice which killed his mellifluous mood. The labourers, as if by common consent, stopped the work; the horse stood still—it seemed instinctively as if he, too, doubted the warrant for his labour; even the old gentleman's brow clouded, and his eye grew distrustful as it followed the meek person of the gardener sneaking up to Mr. Pierce, like a mongrel coming to be beaten.

When sweet Billy returned, his face was blank and long, and his voice tart as a winter pear.

"Eh, Billy, what's the matter?" said Mr. Henderson quickly.

"The masher has given me warning for not takin' his orders about the shrubs—that's what's the matter."

Every face among the party fell into blankness and dismay: some of the men slunk off, hoping to escape notice, and those who remained whispered sullenly together.

"What the d—l do you mean, man—you had my orders, and isn't that enough?"

"Begor it seems not, air."

"Come boys," said Mr. Henderson excitedly, "stay where you are—there's some mistake here; I'll talk to Mr. Pierce and set it right." So saying, he walked briskly after his son, and overtook him near the terrace under the shadow of the tall old trees.

"What's the meaning of this, Pierce?" he said, with an impatient manner, "there's some mistake between us."

"Simply, this," said his son, turning calm'y upon him, "I am particular about those shrubs, and object to their being disturbed. I gave explicit directions to the gardener and steward to receive no directions but mine."

The old man was so angry that he could not utter a word for some moments; but he walked on stiffly, with his hands clenched, and his eyes glittering. When he spoke it was the low tremulous tone of suppressed passion.

"And so it has come to this—that for a few worthless shrubs I am to be insulted before my own workmen. Egad, Pierce, you've hurt me more than you intend."

"I am very sorry, sir. I don't wish to hurt you at all; but I cannot have my workmen interfered with, and I'll insist on their obedience to my directions."

"This is only an excuse to insult me. Those shrubs were planted by me, and given to Hester before I signed that instrument. I'll not stand your impertinence—I'll see every twig on the hill turned into firewood."

Pierce said nothing in reply to this impotent threat—just the slightest imaginable shrug of his shoulders, and no more.

"Do you refuse to have the shrubs removed?" said the old man, almost fiercely.

"My dear sir," said Pierce, with mild expostulation in his voice and action, "there is no occasion for any heat—I have not insulted you. My gardener disobeyed his orders, and I am going to part with him. I shall not stir the holly you have put into Hester's garden; but pray do not disturb any of the other shrubs; and let me add a request that you will not interfere with my workmen any further, or give yourself any more trouble about the farm. It is out of the question that the place can go on under two masters. I needn't say how happy I am that you should continue to live here as before; but it must—really now it *must*—be distinctly understood, that there shall be no more intermeddling in my concerns."

Anger overpowered the old man, and he seized blindly on the first cold word that offered.

"What do you mean by intermeddling, sir? you apply that word to me—you must retract that word."

"I shall mend it with all my heart—we will not quarrel about words. Pray let me manage my own ground, and command my own men. Pray leave the disposal of my shrubs to myself, and don't gratify even Hester at my expense; for the rest, I see no earthly reason why we may not live peaceably together, and enjoy one another's society, as I am aware your present means are by no means sufficient to support you on the scale to which you have been accustomed."

Each soft word had a barb in it which rankled in the old gentleman's pride—he felt stunned and confused for a time. But a minute before he was angry; but there was now deeper feeling at work—consternation at the implied taunt of his poverty—repulsion at the cold unnatural tone—apprehension—a wish to disbelieve what had happened, and what he had heard. He turned away, as if going, and then returned sadly again—

"Pierie," he said, in a voice to which age added a plaintiveness,

"we have both been hot, and spoken more strongly than we intended. Let us reflect on what we are doing—this cannot be a passing coldness if you persist, for you are wounding me too deeply. It may prove an estrangement for ever. Don't cross me for a trifle. I resign the management of the farm entirely, since you wish it, though I shall find the days pass long enough without employment; and d—n it, Pierie, I ought to know something of farming by this time; and if I ordered the men about, could you not have let a poor old fellow have his fling when no harm came of it. But let that pass—I resign it from to day. Don't cross me in this little job for Hester—I've set my heart on it, and I promised it to her this long time. It's a mere trifle, Pierie."

There was a simple pathos in the manner of this address which the words cannot convey; we can only suggest how the voice warmed and trembled at the earnest moment—how the eye softened, as he might have looked on Pierce when he was a boy—how a gentle confidence shone upon his face as he thrust out the open hand of reconciliation. It would need a hard heart to repel him now.

Of course, Pierce took his hand and shook it formally.

"I repeat, father, what I said. The holly shall remain in Hester's garden, but let no other shrubs be disturbed."

"Is that your answer?" said old Mr. Henderson, with sudden reserve.

"That is my answer, father."

"Well, then, sir, I shall leave the house this evening, and never set my foot within it again!"

He said this in a loud, sharp voice, and turned vindictively away. Mr. Pierce only smiled.

In our record of this short but important scene, we confess that we have sympathised with the old gentleman alone, and have shewn up Mr. Pierce in a somewhat unamiable light. This was not, perhaps, altogether just, as until those parting words were uttered, there was much to be said in his defence—but what was the meaning of that smile?

He could have urged, plausibly enough, that the tone he assumed—surely a temperate one—was needful to prevent a daily recurrence of such scenes; for the old gentleman really interfered in the management of the place far more than he at all suspected, and not always judiciously either. Mr. Pierce might have spoken, had he chosen, far more severely, and not less truly. He might have respectfully reminded the old gentleman how his own extravagance and vanity had brought ruin on an ancient property, and entailed endless care on his son—that pathetic appeal or gentlemanly mettle were nothing to the purpose. He should receive his annuity all the same, but he must tamper no longer with the wreck he had made. Mr. Pierce was struggling to save it, and was jealous of every plank; with better grace the old man ought even to shrink from allusion to farm or plantation, as the subject could only recall his fatal mismanagement and ruinous parade. All this had truth and justice in it, but that smile spoilt all, for it suggested a despicable object gained.

Old Mr. Henderson did not appear at breakfast, but Mr. Pierce was bravely bedight in his red coat and top boots; he had Mr. Brandon, the owner of the large neighbouring estate, to breakfast with him, a delicate-looking, handsome man, of a reckless manner, whom little Annie,

the heroine of the shrubbery, acknowledged as papa. Mr. Pierce did not laugh the less, or eat a whit less heartily for the event of the morning. Mrs. Henderson, indeed, looked surprised when she saw the still vacant chair, for her father-in-law was generally the first down in the morning. His newspaper awaited him on the table, and his letters were unopened. The meal was over, and the gentlemen were mounted, but he did not appear.

As Mr. Pierce and his friend rode down the avenue, an old grey hunter pricked his ears, and trotted up to the corner of the paling; then whinnied sorrowfully after them, and galloped round the field with rickety action. There was a day when that old hunter, now as gaunt as Death's pale horse, used to lead the country with his master on his back, nor shake the foam-flake from his bit. The old man could tell you of many a hairbreadth escape over thrilling park wall and treacherous fence. He could tell you with an impressive face and outstretched hand how he refused two hundred guineas, with a berth in an earl's stable, for that horse, after one half-hour's run over the Clagagh hill. Now times are indeed altered—the dishonour of age has fallen on man and horse: for the latter we can only offer five shillings, and the tan-yard—for the former, a lone hearth, and at last, the lease of a small tenement *in perpetuo*, no matter where.

ON INDOLENCE—A FRAGMENT.

1790.

LONDON, farewell! thy dissipated scenes,
 Where with eternal sceptre Pleasure reigns,
 Where Folly laughs amidst revolving joys,
 And drowns Reflection's whispers in the noise;
 Where ever fresh varieties invite,
 To waste the morn, and worse than waste the night;
 Where Indolence, the Circe of the soul,
 Presents that opiate, and envenomed bowl,
 Whose fell ingredients, drugged with deadly art,
 Unstring the mind and petrify the heart,
 Charm into sleep each nobler thought and plan,
 And spread their sickly influence o'er man.
 Yet through that trance will break a casual gleam
 To shed its light like some accusing dream,
 When sleepless Conscience, direst punishment,
 Scourges its victims with their own contempt.
 Indolence! foe to genius, worth, and truth,
 Death of my hopes, and poison of my youth,
 Yet will I snatch a moment from thy spell,
 And all thy fascinating dangers tell.
 While yet my giddy brain to think can bear,
 Record thy mischiefs in a scalding tear;
 Ere by thy potent charm of soul bereft,
 While yet a thought, while yet a feeling's left,
 I'll weep the memory of a wasted time,
 Sigh for a fame that never can be mine,
 And, in the mirror of Reflection seen,
 Behold the thing, alas! I *might* have been.
 Power that forbids the aspiring soul to rise,
 Whose soft resistance man's best strength defies,
 With scarce enough of vigour to do wrong
 The Fiend, like infant Hercules, is strong;
 And tho' Ambition and Remorse will swell,
 And make some feeble efforts to do well,
 Firmly she grasps them with a soft control,
 And strangles in the cradle of the soul!

LINES WRITTEN UPON SEEING A FLOWER GROWING OUT OF A SKULL IN A
 CHURCH-YARD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Condemned, fair flow'ret, in thy earliest bloom
 To blossom 'mid the rankness of the tomb;
 By Death's cold hand thy tender buds were nurst,
 And in the grave thy opening petals burst.

'Tis sad to leave thee cradled with the Dead—
 'Twere harsh to tear thee from thy native bed.
 To take, or leave thee wasting here thy breath,
 Dooms thee alike to fellowship with Death!

A. S. M.

THE LAST DAYS OF SEBASTOPOL.

CHAPTER V.—A NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES.

FROM the deep sleep of early morning I was roused by sounds such as earth had never listened to since its creation.

Legions of spirits seemed to be careering through the air, howling, wailing and hissing, with an illimitable variety of expression. Now, one universal burst which shook the very ground from under us! then, the rush, screech and whistle of shells, rockets and every imaginable species of eccentric projectile. Again, a succession of thunder-claps repeated from end to end of the line, followed by a salvo so tremendous that a silence of a few seconds would usually ensue, as if the actors themselves were scared by the result of their exertions.

Such was the opening of the bombardment which ushered in the morning of Wednesday, the 5th of September.

From the extreme French left to our extreme right, this "feu d'enfer" was taken up, and continued with but slight intermission for the entire of that and the two following days. The only break in the line of fire, which would otherwise have completely encircled the city, was at the Mamelon. During the whole of this last bombardment the guns in that work were silent—a silence possibly designed to divert the attention of the Russians from the contemplated assault on the Malakoff, by inducing the belief that the works on the left were to be the points of attack.

We had made our arrangements to place T—— on board the "Indiana" to-day.

Before starting for Balaklava I paid a visit to an officer of Engineers who had been severely wounded in the trenches about a week before; a rifle ball had entered the outer part of the arm above the elbow, passed out through the shoulder, and struck him, when its force was nearly spent, on the jaw. The fever consequent on the wound had been so much increased by the noise and excitement of the bombardment that it was thought advisable to remove him, on that evening, to the Castle Hospital at Balaklava. He had gone through six months of continuous trench work; and now, for him at least, the siege was over. His honours had been gallantly won, and he was to be sent to England as soon as he could with safety be moved—another added to the long list of sufferers furnished by his corps during that weary siege. But his life was spared; and as he thought and talked on his bed of pain, of home and country and of friends to be once more seen, whatever his feelings may have been, I, at least, doubted whether he might not be considered fortunate, in comparison with the few of his brother-officers still remaining for duty; as to each and all of whom a similar or even worse fate could hardly be more than a question of time.

Riding from our encampment to the camp of the right siege-train we encountered one of those melancholy processions now of daily oc-

currence. Captain Pechell of the 77th had been killed on the previous day, and was now being borne to his grave followed by the officers and men of his regiment.

Death forms no exception to the power of habit on the human mind. With it, as with all things, we become insensibly familiarized. To the soldier who, to-day mourning for his friend, knows that on the morrow he may possibly fill a different place in a similar procession, this is a merciful dispensation; but we were as yet too new to war not to feel the depressing influence of such spectacles. The only son of his parents—heir to a title and large possessions; as we listened to those solemn notes which heralded him to his grave in the stranger's land, could we fail to think of those at home, so unconscious at that moment that their all on earth had passed away, and denied even the last sad privilege of the mourner, to weep at the tomb of the lost one.

A *cacolet*—in ordinary phrase a sort of swinging cradle-bed—placed on the side of a mule, is not a pleasant mode of conveyance if it can be avoided, and especially under a tropical sun. T—— professed himself able to ride down to Balaklava at a quiet pace. We accordingly mounted him, and with some difficulty and after many halts, discomfitures, and dismountings, succeeded in depositing our freight on board the "Indiana," for transport to Scutari.

This affair settled, we climbed the steep, winding path which leads to the old Genoese castle overhanging the town. Immediately adjoining the castle are the huts lately built for the accommodation of the wounded, and known as the Castle Hospital. The site has been well chosen; a small green plateau crowning the line of rocks on which the "Prince" was wrecked, and overlooking the wide expanse of the Black Sea, now sleeping in the noonday splendour of a September sun.

Still continuing to ascend, we reached a level spot some hundred feet above the castle on which stood a large wooden hut with three or four white tents grouped around it. This was the summer residence of Major Keane then commanding the Engineers at Balaklava, a refuge from the intolerable heat and odours of the choked and crowded town below.

Beneath us were the remains of the grand old castle on which time had laid its heavy hands—nestling under its shadow the trim, fresh hospital huts, the work of yesterday. The harbour, its entrance hidden, might have been taken for some quiet mountain tarn but for the tapering masts of the innumerable ships lying on its surface, and the occasional outbreaks of steam from the Leviathans within. In front the *Exzine*, dotted with white sails, stretched away to the far horizon—its once lonely waters now the highway of nations. Immediately below us lay the fleet of transports, waiting their turn for entrance into the harbour, anchored under the same cliffs, and in that bay which the 14th of November will for ever render memorable in English annals.

Having refreshed ourselves with more than one glass of soda-water, sherry and ice! most acceptable after the exhaustion of our upward journey, we proceeded homewards to the camp by the back of the mountain overhanging Balaklava, and through the old lines which had been constructed in the winter for the defence of the town.

The adventures of the day were not however concluded. As we sat in the mess-tent after dinner, contemplating a quiet night's rest after our labours, a report was brought in that the town was on fire. From the camp we could only see the bright red glare illuminating the whole horizon; our military friends had been so often disappointed on similar occasions, that it was difficult to rouse in them any enthusiasm. We, less blasé, had decided that a second Moscow tragedy was to be performed. This was the fitting time to pay our meditated visit to the trenches, and through the darkness we started under the guidance of one of our hosts, Major Campbell of the 46th, then acting as assistant-engineer.

Over the stony and broken ground—over ruts, hillocks, and pitfalls—over shot and fragments of shells, stumbling and plunging at every step, we toiled on for more than half-a-mile, the gloom around rendered only more intense by the brilliant light in front.

We had now reached the first parallel of the left attack.

From this point the cause of the fire was distinctly visible. One of the long-coveted men-of-war, which had hitherto appeared to bear a charmed life, had been set on fire by a rocket from the French lines. She had been burning for more than an hour. The flames were shooting fiercely upwards, quivering over the masts and spars, whilst dense columns of smoke rolled sluggishly out seawards. Small steamers paddled about the harbour, and boats were crossing and recrossing, engaged in giving assistance to the burning vessel, and in endeavouring to warp the other ships out of the reach of the fire.

In the trenches a species of saturnalia seemed to reign. The artillerymen were pouring forth a perfect storm of fire from the batteries; the troops and the sailors cheering and in their excitement despising cover, were crowded on the top of the parapets watching the scene and the effect of our practice on the enemy.

Advancing from this point through the trenches, we came to a battery armed with 13-inch mortars. It is difficult to give an idea of the explosion caused by these monsters. For some minutes after, it seemed as if the sense of hearing were gone. Threading our way still onwards through what appeared to be miles of trenches, from their innumerable turns and windings, we reached the Mortar Battery No. 18, within about two hundred yards of the advanced sap on which our working party was then employed.

The scene now was one of indescribable sublimity. In our immediate front was the Great Redan; further to the right the Malakoff; the whole line of the Russian works—the town, harbour, and shipping lit up by the splendour of the blaze from the burning ship. In this brilliant light, and in the strong relief of the surrounding darkness, every object in front stood clearly and distinctly forth.

High in air, tracked by their light, circled the monster shells, proceeding slowly on their course with plaintive cries of *pee-wit*, crashing into the earth in their fall, and hurling clouds of dust and smoke aloft: The round shot hurtled by with a rush; and when a *whirr* was heard, like the flight of a flock of small birds, the warning to "duck our heads" told the tale of grape.

A terror even to the hardened warrior is the grape. To all else he is

comparatively indifferent. The shell and the round-shot announce their own advent. The grape and the Minié ball are stealthy villains; when their sound is heard the evil is done. More than once, when quietly riding through the country after the siege was over, I have seen my companions start at the rush of a flock of sparrows through the air, so closely did the noise resemble the familiar sound of their old enemy.

We remained in the battery till midnight, watching the doomed ship burning slowly downwards to the water's-edge. The flames begin to flicker faintly—a few last feeble flashes—then darkness settles down again, and, turning away, we almost fancy that what we have been gazing on is but a dream.

Long after we had emerged from the trenches, and when wearily plodding homewards through the gloom of the Woronzoff ravine, occurred the greatest peril we had encountered on that night. A huge shot struck the ground within a few feet of us, then rolled leisurely onwards, bounding and ricochetting like a playful panther. Our immediate impulse was to prostrate ourselves on our faces and call upon Allah!—but our companion, with more experienced ear and eye, restrained us with the consoling assurance that it was only a round-shot, and that all danger was over.

CHAPTER VI.—A QUIET DAY IN CAMP.

THURSDAY MORNING, 6TH SEPTEMBER.—This morning brought us the sad news that Captain Anderson, who was acting as assistant-engineer, had been killed in the night in the advanced sap. I had been speaking to him but yesterday evening, as he was starting for that turn of duty which was to be his last in this world.

How many tragedies have been enacted in these fatal trenches, whose details are never known beyond the circle of the immediate sufferers! We hear that the particular officer or soldier has been killed—beyond that nothing—and we think not of those smaller incidents which too often serve to render the bereavement still more afflicting.

One such instance, in which the parties were known to me, appears particularly distressing.

A young officer of Artillery, not eighteen years old, was killed in the trenches of the left attack. His brother, an officer in the navy, was serving with the Naval Brigade in the batteries of the same attack. Meeting an ambulance coming up from the trenches, when he was on his way down for his own turn of duty, he stopped the driver to inquire from him the name of the wounded officer. The ambulance contained his brother's corpse! And at such a moment he had to march down with his men, and to spend the night in the trenches where that brother had but just been killed.

The circumstances attending the death of Captain Dawson of the Engineers, were scarcely less sad. He landed in the Crimea on the 4th of June, a very few months only after his marriage. On the day following he was ordered from Balaklava to the front, and on the morning of the 6th went down to the batteries, on his first turn of duty, during the bombardment which preceded the assault of the Quarries.

He had hardly entered the first battery when a round-shot struck him on the head. Within an hour from the time he had left the camp he was lying in his tent—a corpse!

E—— showed me yesterday his pocket-book, containing a most touching relic of a young officer who had died but a few days before our arrival here. He had been wounded in the throat by a musket-ball, and was brought to be examined by the surgeon. Choking from the gush of blood into his mouth, and unable to articulate, he made a sign that he wished to write. A pocket-book and pencil were given to him. In trembling and almost illegible characters, he wrote—“Have I any chance?” The surgeon proceeded to probe the wound, desiring him to intimate when the operation pained him. The next entry, blotted with the dark stains of his life-blood, was—“It pains me now.” These were his last words—within a few hours he was gone where we are told that there shall be no more pain.

I am spending this day quietly in my tent, E—— being in the trenches since five o'clock this morning.

The present routine of duty by the Engineer officers is for twelve hours at a time. It was formerly twenty-four. The hours for going on and coming off are at five o'clock in the morning and five in the evening. As an ordinary rule, the turn of duty is twelve hours on, with from thirty-six to forty-eight hours off; increased of course as the roll of effective officers diminishes from wounds or illness. At four in the morning the officer for duty is called by his servant, and in a few minutes afterwards, mounted on his *bât* pony, is on his way to the trenches. In another hour the pony, more fortunate than the master, makes his appearance again in camp, bringing back the relieved officer, who, before he can take to his bed, has to make a detailed report in writing of all that has occurred in the trenches during the night, which is at once forwarded to the general commanding.

The Engineer officer is not a popular character with the troops during a siege. It is his duty to see that the sap is properly pushed on during the night, and that a sufficient quantity of work is performed. For this purpose a working-party of soldiers is told off each night, and placed under his immediate orders. To work with pick and spade under a heavy fire, with light-balls revealing your position to the enemy, is neither an agreeable nor an exciting employment, and it is hardly to be wondered that the soldier, under such circumstances, should consider his task-master as his natural foe.

A dialogue between two soldiers, illustrative of this feeling and slightly profane, was overheard and repeated. The Engineers had suffered severely in the two assaults of the 7th and the 18th of June. In a few days afterwards a soldier on duty in the trenches, who would appear to have speculated on the species being as extinct as the *Megatherium* or the *Mastodon*, catching a glimpse of one of his old enemies, shouted to his companion—“I say, Jim, I be blessed if there bain't one of them ere — Engineers; I'd rather meet a Roossian any day! I'm blowed if I didn't think every mother's son of them was dead and — long ago.”

In the afternoon I strolled up to Cathcart's Hill, where the usual group was assembled watching the never-ending bombardment.

On the summit of this hill, surrounded by a low wall which would appear to have at one time formed part of some small Russian work, is now an English graveyard. Here are buried the generals and many of the officers who fell at Inkermann. Head-stones mark the graves of Cathcart, Goldie, and Strangways. A handsome monument of black marble bears the name of Sir Robert Newman, whose remains have been lately removed here from the place of his original interment. Here also I recognised the name of a gallant countryman of my own, Captain Bland of the 57th regiment.

There is something inexpressibly sad in the thought that these remains, so dear to the bereaved ones, must be ere long abandoned to the mercy of those whose soil we have violated, and on whom we have inflicted the miseries of war. This idea is anxiously evidenced by the Greek cross invariably engraved on the head-stone—a touching appeal to our common Christianity. On many of these stones, inscriptions in the Russian dialect follow our own brief record of the name of him who sleeps his last sleep in the stranger's soil. There are no sadder spots than these simple graveyards which are so frequently encountered on the lone hill side or in the dark ravine, when riding through this vast wilderness of tents. Each division and corps possesses one. The Artillery, the Engineers, the sailors have all their last resting-place inclosed, and tended by the survivors with a touching care.

Truly has it been said that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous! Issuing from the cemetery on the hill, I came upon a party of civilians, men and women, seated on the low wall which incloses the graves, contemplating, though not with silent admiration, the scene before them. Their spirits were sustained by the contents of a basket which, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of bottles, were spread out on the sward at their feet. They were probably a steward's party from some transport at Balaklava, who had come up for the day to enjoy this picnic in front of Sebastopol!

From the hill I sauntered onwards to the front and seated myself on a knoll immediately behind the first parallel, to observe the effect of our fire. Before long two French soldiers who were standing near me also watching the bombardment, approached and entered into conversation. The Frenchman is always courteous, and never unwilling to converse with a foreigner if he finds that he can be understood. Our party gradually increased, and before long I found myself in the midst of a group of Frenchmen, earnest, voluble and demonstrative. They spoke much of their sufferings during the winter, and it was easy to see how exclusively the successes of the war were associated in their minds with the French army and attributed to the French arms alone. The battle of the Tchernaya had done much to strengthen this feeling. Their longing for home seemed almost a disease. Tears started to the eyes of some as they listened to the accounts of the Queen's entry into Paris, and heard that I had been there but a few days before. Repeatedly they reverted to the recently-announced promise of the Emperor, that the regiments which had been the longest out should be immediately sent home, and a similar relief extended successively to all. This seemed their only hope in prospect.

After half-an-hour's conversation they rose, and we parted with

mutual expressions of good will, uplifted caps and such observances, at least on their side, as would not have disgraced the courtiers of the "Grand Monarque."

It was four o'clock as I reached my tent, in front of which the sappers were paraded in full dress. The funeral procession of poor Anderson, to whom I had been speaking at this same hour on yesterday, was about to start. And now I was watching the coffin being borne from his tent, its pall his country's flag, and the long line winding slowly up the steep before me to the hill on whose summit he too was to rest. The solemn notes of the dead march in Saul proclaimed what is only fully realised in such scenes, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Whilst I still looked and listened to the measured beats of the muffled drum, an air from the "Sonnambula," fraught with a thousand home associations, floated faintly by from the band of the regiment encamped behind us. Such is war!—its sad realities—its startling contrasts; where laughter sparkles through a veil of tears, and the sorrow of the one minute is banished by the jest of the next.

Where is all the "romance of war," of which Grant has written so pleasantly, and over whose pages we have all lingered with so much interest? Where all those pleasant scenes of Peninsula campaigning!—the cork groves—the gushing stream—the merry bivouac—the dark-eyed senora? In this unfortunate siege there is no excitement, no change, or prospect of change, save the dreadful one of the last assault, with its possibility only of success, and its sad certainty of slaughter.

When the soldier-servant, to whose guardianship you have been assigned, has been summoned, and his last offices rendered in hermetically closing your tent, all promises well for a good night's sleep, and you commit yourself to your couch, in the faith that there shall be "rest for the weary." All these visions are soon dispelled by those itinerant vagabonds, the mice and rats, whom the abundant cheer of the camp seems to have attracted from all quarters. As soon as the candle, stuck in the bottle which forms the usual Crimean candlestick, is extinguished, forth issues a troop of these marauders, who possibly consider themselves at home on their own soil, and that you are the intruder. Some proceed to amuse themselves with gymnastics on the floor; others, in imitation probably of our own siege operations, direct their energies to the excavation of trenches and subterranean galleries in the wall of earth which surrounds your bed. You address them, expostulate, shout! Possibly they do not understand your language; if they do, they heed it not. Losing all self-command, you seek in the dark for the nearest projectile, and hurl it fiercely into space. With most unchristian feelings you hurriedly light your candle to seek for the corpses of your foes. They must have been borne off by the pious care of the survivors who, undeterred by the past, resume the offensive when darkness is again restored. The grey dawn of morning and the opening bombardment find you still engaged in this unequal conflict.

The Russian practice of throwing shot at long ranges constitutes one of the most unpleasant features of this camp life. These missiles are mere adventurers sent out upon private speculation, without any fixed or definite object—the length of range being attained by fixing the guns in the earth at an elevation of forty-five degrees. Our part of

the camp, from its advanced position, is peculiarly exposed to these intruders. The mind may be strung up for a turn in the trenches—it may be possible even to play the hero in the excitement of a general *melée*—but this invasion of domestic life, when the nerves are unstrung and you are taking your ease in your tent, is peculiarly trying.

As we were seated at dinner yesterday, my attention was caught by a rush through the air, followed by a dull, heavy *thud* on the ground near our tent. I made no observation, and might possibly have remained ignorant of the cause of this disturbance but for the succession of visitors of a similar character which continued to come in upon us much too rapidly during the next quarter of an hour. These missiles have done less actual injury than might have been expected, though there have been several extraordinary escapes. A few days back a shot bounded in through the top of the tent in which the paymaster of the regiment near us was seated, without doing any damage. On another occasion a horse was killed in a stable in which General Markham was at the time standing. But a bombardment, even though at long range, is not a favourable time for calculating the doctrine of probabilities. The possibility of the one catastrophe looms largely before the eye—and it is not pleasant to have even a miraculous escape.

Whilst we were at dinner this evening the curtain of the tent was drawn aside, and a soldier appeared to report that a serjeant of the Sappers had been just killed in the trenches. He had served from the commencement of the siege, volunteering for every enterprise of danger, and up to this time had remained untouched. He was returning to camp, having been relieved from duty, when in his passage through one of the batteries he met an old friend, a serjeant-major of the Artillery. They stopped to shake hands, and at that moment a round shot killed them both. The request which the soldier now came to convey on the part of the men of his company was, that Serjeant —— might be allowed a coffin! To officers only, as it appeared, was this last luxury accorded.

It need hardly be added that the petition was not refused.

CHAPTER VII.—THE MONASTERY.

It is an article of faith in England that the British soldier never runs. The experience of the last few months has given a rude shock to this, as it has done to many other equally pleasant illusions.

The trenches are not a favourable school for the soldier. The opportunities for the display of individual conduct are few, whilst the habit of constantly seeking cover has a tendency to unduly develop the discretionary element of valour.

It is hardly possible to imagine a situation requiring more steady and practised courage than that of a small body of men thrown out at night to push on the sap: isolated—liable at any moment to be surprised—unable in the darkness to test or to estimate the danger that may menace them, without even the stimulus of excitement—it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that they should sometimes be unduly sensitive to rumours of *sorties*.

An incident of this description in which her Majesty's household troops played the principal part, found considerable favour in the camp circles.

The Guards on this occasion formed the working-party, and had retired rather precipitately at the inopportune moment when their nightly ration of grog was in the course of being served out. The Highlanders, who were on duty in the trenches, advanced to the front to repel the sortie, and finding the alarm to be a false one, employed their interval of leisure in drinking the health of their absent friends with the materials found on the spot. The joke, like most practical jokes, left its bitterness behind it.

A similar panic occurred a few nights back when Captain W— was in charge of the working-party. Deserted by the men, and left with only a corporal in the advanced sap, he had been severely wounded whilst endeavouring to rally them in their flight.

It was proposed that we should ride over to-day to visit him at the Sanitarium, a building near the Monastery of St. George, which had been recently fitted up as an auxiliary hospital, and afterwards proceed on to the Monastery.

The distance was about five miles. We passed the British headquarters on our way—a small, unpretending group of farm buildings with a court-yard in front, remarkable only in the general desolation as having a vineyard attached to it—the last survivor probably of the many that once covered this part of the country. From this point our road lay across a succession of low undulating hills, bare and stony, until we came within sight of the cliffs and the waters of the Black Sea.

On inquiry at the hospital for Captain W—, we were told that he was at the "Cave."

Picketing our horses on the ground in front of the Sanitarium, we commenced our research for this mysterious retreat, whose direction was indicated as lying between us and the sea. A narrow winding path cut in the face of the cliff led downwards. Creeping cautiously along this track, where one false step would have entailed a fall of several hundred feet into the waters below, we came to an opening in the rock. The cliff on which we now stood in deep shadow, and as if midway between sea and sky, formed one of the sides of a small creek. Immediately in our front rose the steep rocks inclosing the inlet on the other side, reflecting the most beautiful and varied colours in the bright sunlight which played upon them; below, and at a depth not pleasant to look down upon, were the blue, transparent waters of the tideless sea, still as those of a lake.

We turned in through the opening, and dimly, through the fragrant smoke which circled lazily around, beheld the prototype of the robbers' cave in "Gil Blas." Deep and lofty overhead—cool, dark and airy—a more delightful retreat could hardly be imagined during the mid-day heats of these September days. At a table in the centre, furnished with the usual camp luxuries, were seated Captain W— and two other officers, in the calm enjoyment of their meerschaums.

It is impossible to live with our officers when on active service and not be strongly impressed with their gallantry, their devotion and, above all, their patient and cheerful endurance of suffering. Our host pre-

sented a most ghastly spectacle. He had lost the sight of one eye, the entire of one cheek was cut open by gravel and small stones, thrown up by a round shot which had struck the ground, near him; his head and face were bandaged, and he was now exerting himself to entertain us with as much gaiety and self-forgetfulness as if what had happened were a mere trifle of every-day occurrence.

Whilst bearing grateful testimony to the unvarying hospitalities of the camp, I cannot but think that they constitute the chief danger which the unseasoned visitor has to encounter. Dysentery and fever he may escape, or may survive; but what stomach can rise superior to the ham, the German sausage; the potted meats and preserves, the brandy, sherry, rum and soda-water which are pressed upon it by kind friends at every hour of the day, and at every tent it enters.

Passing out once more into the heat and glare of the sun and toiling up the steep ascent, we regained our horses and proceeded to the Monastery.

Fastening the bridles of our animals to a detached iron railing, to which several other horses were already attached, and offering up prayers for their safety during our absence (by no means a work of supererogation), we walked up to a long two-storied building, in front of which we were rather startled to find an effigy of our old friend St. George, still engaged in his interminable struggle with the dragon. Entering through a long arched passage we emerged from the further end upon a terrace in front of a low range of white buildings, with porticoes and green domes, overlooking from a considerable height the waters of the Black Sea which extended around in unbroken expanse as far as the eye could reach.

Here once stood the temple of the goddess Diana. The goddess has fallen from her high estate — the temple fashioned by man's hands has passed away — the site alone survives in all its glorious beauty as of old. The accacia and the lime-tree wave their graceful foliage around. Successive terraces, cut out of the natural rock and connected by flights of steps, lead downward to the sea which ripples calmly over the pebbly beach several hundred feet below. On these terraces are, or were, gardens, which now appear to be untended, though the fullest protection has been afforded to the occupants of the Monastery. Bold cliffs and headlands, coloured with the most vivid tints, red, yellow and grey, stretch around in all directions. The monks sauntered lazily along the walks, apparently feeling neither curiosity nor interest in their visitors. At five o'clock an evening-service was performed in the chapel, to which the singing usually attracted a large attendance of our officers. Another, and possibly a more powerful attraction, existed in the presence of some young ladies, the daughters of a Russian colonel, who, having been taken prisoner at Balaklava, had been permitted by the authorities to remain with his family at the Monastery.

Those alone who for long months have been doomed to gaze only on their fellow-men, debarred even of the sight of woman, can understand the void created by the absence of the sex, or the passionate desire which exists for their presence and companionship. Imagination, ever active, busies itself then in portraying in colours all too real the absent

and the loved, mocking the present with fond memories of the happy past.

But in truth this void is ever felt by the voyager in the East. The refined imaginations of Western Europe cannot picture in the loose ungainly bundle which shuffles past with shrouded face, a Hourri!—or, if a Hourri,—certainly not a woman. The flowing drawers but ill replace the crinoline, with all its sins—the floundering “papoosh” is but a miserable substitute for the piquant little foot which, in its graceful “chaussure,” peeps forth, conquering and to conquer—a more universal subjugator of mankind than Ghengis or than Tamerlane.

To the forlorn Romeos of the camp it was happiness sufficient to catch even a distant glimpse of those bright Russian eyes, or to hear the passing flutter of their robes, as they swept along the terrace to the private garden which formed the limit of their walks.

With many lingering looks I turned from this most beautiful spot; so calm, so retired, so soothing to the mind and to the senses in its contrast with the scenes we had left, and to which we were now again to return.

The weather since our arrival has been magnificent: these September days rather warmer, and the sun more powerful than in our English July, but the heat is not unbearable. A fresh breeze sets in regularly at noon from the sea, whilst the evenings are pleasantly cool, and the nights even chilly.

Returning each evening to camp we behold the same glorious sunset—sea and sky suffused with floods of golden light—the calm waters of the Euxine stretching to and bounding the horizon. The white forts and buildings of the still unconquered city lying beneath us, becoming gradually less distinct in the soft grey tints of evening. As we ride through the French encampments, the bands of the different regiments are playing to groups of gay listeners. The short twilight rapidly darkens into night, and ere we arrive at our home, the lights from the innumerable tents glimmer for miles around like fire-flies.

On entering the mess-tent, we found a knot of officers within anxiously discussing the contents of the order-book, For weal or for woe the die was cast! The assault was to take place at noon on the following day, and the details of the plan were now under discussion.

The arrangements did not materially differ from those of the 18th of June. This alone seemed ominous. The force to be now employed was certainly larger, and the salient angle only was to be stormed; whilst on the last occasion, the men detailed for the assault had been divided into three weak columns, for the purpose of attempting the two faces of the Redan, as well as the salient. These were improvements. But the principal errors were again to be repeated. The number of troops to be employed was still wholly inadequate to the exigence of the work. The same difficulties and disadvantages, as compared with the French attack, still existed. Our stormers were not to leave the trenches until the French had succeeded at the Malakoff, which meant simply, that we were to forego all chances of a surprise, and were to advance over the two-hundred-and-fifty yards of open space in the face of an enemy thoroughly awakened, and thoroughly prepared to receive us.

On that evening, and before the event could possibly have suggested the prediction, I heard in different quarters of the camp the same opinion as to the probability of the success of the French, and the certainty of our failure.

Twenty sappers led by a subaltern of Engineers, with detachments from different regiments of the line, were to form the ladder-party. Another detachment of sappers, under the command of a captain, with two subalterns, was to form a portion of the working-party. The duty of this party was, in the event of a lodgment being made in the Redan, to connect it with our own works. The ladder-party formed part of what, in popular phrase, is termed the forlorn hope. It was to advance first out of the trenches bearing the ladders; to cross the open space up to the ditch of the Redan, and when arrived there, to place the ladders so as to enable the troops to descend into the ditch and afterwards to scale the work itself.

Later in the evening the names of the officers appointed for these duties were made known.

As I sat amongst them and heard the orders read, I could not but speculate sadly on the feelings of those selected. To each and all it could not but be a service of imminent danger. For the leader of the ladder-party especially, how few were the chances of escape! We should probably have hesitated long before undertaking this expedition, could we have foreseen all that it would be our fate to encounter. How many of those who now surrounded us — friends already, though our companionship was but of a week — would be assembled here again on the morrow!

Few words were spoken. There was much to be done before the morning, and the party soon dispersed to their separate tents.

The short intervening time was a solemn one for all parties, and earlier than usual was the camp hushed into silence on that night, which to so many was to be their last!

OUR LATE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

AMONG the many advertisements which daily attract the eye in the crowded columns of *Saunders*, our readers must have been struck with one inviting their charity for the support of a lady of rank, utterly ruined by a sale in the Incumbered Estates Court. Every noble feeling of the heart must have been roused into action. Sympathy for the sufferer, indignation at the system which caused such ruin, and a burning desire to assist the fallen—all must have powerfully operated on the feelings of the humane and affluent; and the contributions to the lady who thus published her wants and grievances must have been large. The advertisement “draws,” and is periodically repeated. The history of the origin and progress—we cannot as yet add the downfall—of this dread tribunal, the instrument of affecting our latest social silent revolution, of which this advertisement is but a slight indication, may be interesting to those who have hitherto only known of its labours by the grievance thus widely circulated, and, we hope, liberally redressed.

There are few who have not heard of the Court of Chancery, and who have not, from their youth, associated the Lord Chancellor with their ideas of wealth, and rank, and greatness. His large salary of £8,000 per annum, his rank above dukes, his greatness excelling peers—all gave him such a prestige, that his acts were wisdom, and his words oracular—his court immaculate and unalterable. Everything connected with the court is upon the same scale of imposing magnificence. The Master of the Rolls enjoys salary and rank next to the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen’s Bench. His robes also, like those of the Lord Chancellor, glitter with “barbaric pearl and gold,” and his subordinate officers are favoured with salaries which few can attain after years of the most diligent labour in the arduous professions of the church, or of medicine, and which strike the needy strugglers at the bar by the immense disproportion between the trifling duties and large emoluments. The Masters in Chancery, too, originally in a very inferior position, and limited in their jurisdiction, have at last attracted to themselves a considerable share of the grandeur attaching to their chief, and have salaries larger than many bishops of the Established Church; and as wealth is frequently esteemed the best criterion of all excellence, the mode in which their duties were discharged was most indulgently criticised. To all this, however, there are some drawbacks; spots are detected in the sun by prying astronomers; and defects were alleged to exist in the Court of Chancery and its procedure, so confirmed by the sacredness of time, as to be almost essential to its reputation. The curious observer failed not to notice in cities that every house particularly desolate and uninhabited, exhibited on its door the ominous title to its ruinous appearance, in a bill, dreadful as the handwriting on the wall, headed “In Chancery.” In the country, farms ill-cultivated, tenants idle and improvident, marked the same withering influence. Suits were said to be expensive, dilatory, uncertain, and oppressive; but still the

abuses were tolerated as part of an ancient time-honoured establishment, coeval with the rise and progress of the empire. Indeed those abuses, however notorious, were so profitable to two very powerful bodies of men, solicitors and barristers, that they had many defenders and but few jealous opponents; and legal reform was in Ireland a topic not popular amongst the higher and most influential classes, who were too deeply interested to "support the system whence their riches flowed."

To this tribunal so constituted and endowed belonged, until the year 1849, the exclusive jurisdiction of selling incumbered estates for payment of the charges affecting them. The mode in which this jurisdiction was exercised we shall now describe, endeavouring to divest the description of technicalities, and trusting that the professional reader will make all due allowances for the attempt to make the mysteries of their science intelligible to the uninitiated in their craft.

Suppose, then, the fortunate owner of a judgment, or portion of a "family charge," affecting "real property or estate," a term used to denote a freehold estate in land, as distinguished from money in bank or in the funds, &c., desirous of raising, by sale of the estate, the amount of his incumbrance, his course of proceeding was as follows:—A long and "humble" complaint, called a "bill," was filed in the Court of Chancery, setting forth the various documents on which the creditor's right was founded. Conciseness and clearness were not deemed at all desirable in this narrative, or stating part of the bill, by the party most interested in its length—the solicitor instructing counsel to prepare it, and hence a redundant prolixity was equally desired by the two legal artists, the solicitor and counsel. The right of the complainant being stated, it then was necessary to detail the rights and positions of all those against whom the plaintiff conceived his claim was to be made, and equal care and similar prolixity were employed in "bringing before the court all proper parties." So great and laudable was the anxiety of the court to have all proper parties represented, that all other creditors, by mortgage, specific incumbrance, owners of the estate, tenants for life and in remainder, were required to be made what the court termed "answering parties;" and these were so numerous (the last extremity of a creditor generally being to file a bill to raise a charge), that not unfrequently the answering parties, or defendants, might be numbered by decades. Once we knew fifty answering parties to a bill to raise less than £1,000 out of a real estate, producing about £6,000 per annum.

The filing of the bill, and making all proper persons parties, being accomplished, then succeeded all the usual accidents to retard and interrupt the solemn, slow march of a Chancery suit. "Births, deaths and marriages," bankruptcies and insolvencies—all contributed their influences to protract the cause; and much was the skill and learning required to advise safely how to conduct the suit, or reconstruct it, when impeded or destroyed by such contingencies; but if it met with no such casualties, the first stage of the cause was performed with all absence of haste. Months were allowed the defendants to answer, months to prepare evidence, months to set down the cause for hearing. When such care was necessary to bring the case before the cognizance

of the Chancellor, it might be supposed that the decision would be final, and the creditor immediately paid. Never was supposition more unfounded: all the expense, the voluminous pleadings, the formidable briefs, the numerous array of counsel attending the hearing, lead to a trifling formality called the "decree to account." The counsel who had laboured to exhibit the profitable degree of prolixity in his written statements or pleadings, studied to compress into the fewest possible words the result of his previous exertions; and a few sentences informed the Chancellor of the nature of the demand; and that grand functionary then tersely said, "Take the usual decree," and thus was the first stage in the progress of a Chancery suit accomplished.

After this most tedious and expensive formality, it might be expected that something had been achieved—some real step in advance made towards the sale of the estate. This was not so. The case was merely sent by this decree to the pleasant regions of the "Master's office," where all commenced anew, where the plaintiff again told his tale, and all the defendants theirs; and where any one having a claim on the estate was invited to make it. The Master having consumed, or rather wasted, more years in the by-play of taking the account, made at length his "report," to the great superior of the court, in which, with a prolixity emulating that of all the previous proceedings, he stated at great length every deed on which a claim had been founded; and, lest official impatience might fret under the load of verbiage thus accumulated, he added schedules containing more briefly the substance of the report—a lengthened index to a tedious and bulky volume.

The case was a second time set down to be heard before the Lord Chancellor, on what was termed "report and merits." The same formidable array of counsel appeared to represent all the parties—two counsel generally for each. Enormous "briefs," a contradiction in terms, were exhibited, as if some weighty questions were involved, but unless "exceptions" (the technical name for objections) were taken to the report, the same ceremony was performed as on the first hearing. The case was tersely stated. "This case comes before the court on report unexcepted to. The bill was filed to raise the amount of a judgment obtained in T. T. 1787, by A. B. against C. D., for £1,000; the usual decree to account was made in 1839, and the Master's report has found the full sum due to the plaintiff, and the several charges affecting the estate, and is unexcepted to. He is now entitled to the usual decree for sale." The Chancellor's response was similarly pithy, and he pronounced, in a few words, "the decree for sale," and awarded the several parties the costs of this ruinous litigation, in the priority of their demands. These stages of the cause were most expensive; the first step, obtaining the decree to account, costing often to all the parties, and ultimately to the estate, several hundred pounds, and resulting in a mere formality, requiring no exercise of judicial care, foresight, or wisdom, and being a mere preliminary to the tedious and costly investigation, in the Master's office, of all the charges supposed to affect the estate. The same might be said of the decree for sale; it was a most expensive formality, giving the defendant six months' time to pay off the demands, which of course was never done; in default, ordering the

lands to be sold for payment of incumbrances. Years generally elapsed from the filing of the bill to the decree for sale; hundreds of pounds were consumed in obtaining it; but of all the expense thus rendered necessary by the delay and ceremonial trifling of the Court, the plaintiff could not get one shilling as costs, unless in the priority of his demand. All parties equally derived the benefit of the plaintiff's proceedings. The estate could not be sold unless the costs for procuring the "decree for sale," including the decree to account and report, had been incurred by some one; and yet the rigid rules of the Court decided that this portion of the costs should only be paid in priority with the plaintiff's demand.

Now, this rule was manifestly absurd. Suppose an estate sold for £21,000, and those costs to be £1,000, the fund available for creditors would be £20,000, and this would be the result whether the £1,000 had been paid to a party first in priority, or last, whether the plaintiff had also been paid his debt out of the fund, or utterly lost it.

The rule had also a most pernicious operation in protracting suits. Solicitors were uncertain if, after great expense incurred, their clients' demand would be paid, and were naturally reluctant to prosecute a suit, the chief expense of which their clients might have to pay for, and this for the sole advantage of others, who derived the entire benefit of this large expenditure. It was, indeed, the old adage of "*sic vos non vobis*," and the result naturally was that suits, instituted by parties the priority of whose claims was doubtful, lingered, and at last expired; and those instituted by parties more happily circumstanced, were protracted by every art in the solicitors' power, as they were certain, at some time, of reaping a liberal, though a late harvest. The Court was most indulgent to dilatory suitors, and allowed a period of ten years to bring the case to the first hearing, after which it was considered as at an end. A defendant, indeed, might dismiss it at an earlier period, but this power was not frequently exercised.

But suppose all the preliminary steps safely accomplished, then the sale in due course should have taken place, but this was rarely effected. All the costs attending a sale were paid as the first charge on the produce of it, and hence the making out title, and selling, at some very distant period, the lands, was the most profitable part of the suit, and was accordingly the most expensively and slowly performed. The sale was adjourned from time to time on any or no pretext, and instances have occurred where exorbitant prices have been refused by the Court, the sale adjourned almost wantonly, and the estate afterwards sold, in the same court, at a much lower price than was before refused. Hence purchasers were deterred from attending Chancery auctions. The sales were few, were never *peremptory*, and even when not adjourned, the highest bidder ran the risk of the sale being set aside, and the biddings opened. But even when the sale was confirmed, the title had to undergo the careful investigation of the purchaser's counsel and solicitor, and years might be consumed in this process; and in one case, we are aware of eight years having been wasted in this stage of the proceedings, the title declared bad, and the purchaser refunded his deposit, expenses, and costs.

Such were the proceedings to sell an estate in the Court of Chancery

for an incumbrance, and it is only wonderful such abuses, such gross defects and failure of justice, could so long have been tolerated. Few estates were annually sold; the gross produce of all the sales for ten years preceding the establishing of the Incumbered Estates Court, would not amount to one million, excluding the Blessington estates, sold, however, under the operation of a private act of Parliament to clear and facilitate the proceedings and title; and the Court of Chancery was daily becoming more clogged with business which it could devise no remedy or system to despatch. Large powers were confided to it by the legislature to make, from time to time, general rules for the benefit of the suitors, but the rules were framed in a narrow and most truly professional spirit of technicality, and left many abuses untouched and unremedied. But the Court was not without a device to counteract the lethargy which seemed to mark all its movements towards a sale. A creditor might not, in twenty years, effect this termination to the suit; but, to soothe his indignation and counteract this torpor, the Court generally appointed a receiver over the estate, to collect and apply the rents until the sale took place. Alas, this was making the matter much worse. The receiver collected the rents at enormous expense, paid in the first instance out of the receipts; and plaintiff, and defendant, and receiver, all had then a common interest in protracting the suit; a mutual league was established, the rents were, from time to time, divided between the parties, giving promise of a bright future, and to obtain a receiver, which was originally a mere expedient to correct and remedy the gross abuses of the system of procedure of the court, became at length the chief object of the suit.

Now, we do not hesitate to say that almost the greatest social evil which can exist, is the proprietary of a kingdom being involved at once in debt and protracted litigation, from which it is in vain to attempt to extricate themselves. A hopeless despondence benumbs them; they become unwilling, and are made unable, to fulfil the duties imposed on them by their position and ownership of the soil; their tenants are a prey to every extortion, and the estate is soon characterised by scenes of violence, fraud, and falsehood; the usual vices of the poor mark the landlord, and descend to the tenant, and the very land is waste and refuses to yield its fruits. Such was the condition of Ireland in the year 1844, and to 1851. An impoverished proprietary, a wretched tenantry, court receivers, by what is known as the "Receiver Act," multiplied to a vast number, wasting and desolating the numerous estates under their management, and but few landlords able to discharge the obligations incident to their position, their best wishes and exertions being paralysed by the helplessness of all around, who were retained as the owners of land in which they had not the least interest, from there being no machinery known to the law by which their creditors, or they themselves, could divest them of this mischievous nominal proprietorship, and transfer the estate to those possessed of capital, skill, and energy, to develop its resources. It is not necessary to specify particular instances of the ruinous effect of such a state of things; the results of the working of the Incumbered Estates Court, which we shall presently notice, will sufficiently verify this statement.

But we have ourselves caught, perhaps, too much of the spirit which

pervaded, without enlivening, the Court of Chancery, and have dwelt too long on its system of procedure (if that may be called procedure which scarce made any progress), the wasteful expense, and pernicious effect of the delay and denial of justice to its suitors. The following description of the Court, taken from a debate in the English Parliament, some 200 years since, continued to depict it until almost the present time :—“ It was, beyond a doubt, the greatest grievance of the nation. For dilatoriness, changeableness, and a faculty of bleeding the people in the purse-vein, even to their utter perishing and undoing, it might compare with, if not surpass, any court in the world. Many hundred causes were depending in that court, some of which had been going on for five, ten, twenty, and thirty years (it may be added in Ireland, forty, or fifty), that there had been spent therein thousands of pounds, to the ruin, nay utter undoing, of many families.” A poetic picture of the court at a later period is contained in the couplet—

“ Or a Chancery suit, the case being clear,
Swallows up your revenue for twenty year.”

While the prosperity of Ireland was steadily improving, despite of many serious impediments, the vast amount of injury inflicted by the Court of Chancery on the suitors and the nation, though felt and complained of, was tolerated with great patience; but at length the advancing prosperity received a sudden check, and “ The famine was indeed sore in the land;” and has been attended by a revolution in the ownership of the land like that produced by the famine in Egypt. The attention of the legislature was roused, and witnesses were examined before Committees of the House of Commons. All were unanimous in condemning the system of the Court of Chancery, and the evils produced by the prevalence of receivers; but no large and liberal measure of relief or correction was produced; a petty corrective only was applied to each; receivers were not to be appointed at the instance of a petitioner whose judgment did not amount to £150; and a bill was passed to facilitate the Court of Chancery in selling incumbered estates—but there was not a single estate sold under its operation. The narrow spirit of lawyers produced both these measures; and of legal reforms suggested or promoted by mere lawyers, it is not too much to say that they are ever narrow, technical, and unsatisfactory; and the interests of the profession are consulted, at least, as much as those of the public. It was a statesman who suggested the origin of the present Incumbered Estates Court. To the late Sir Robert Peel is due the hint of this measure, which, however, was quickly adopted and carried into effect by Sir John Romilly. The “collapse” of the Court of Chancery had been disastrous and most decisive. It had never sought reformation from without; it had disdained improvement from within; and always enjoying the advantage of having for its head an officer highest in the consideration of the government, it had never seemed capable of conceiving or correcting any one of the numerous abuses in which it abounded. It seemed hopeless, therefore, to try any further the experiment of entrusting to that court the power or task of improving its procedure, and making it answer the pressing emergencies of the time;

and accordingly a new tribunal was constituted, whose duty was confined to selling incumbered estates, and distributing the produce amongst the creditors whose demands were ascertained to affect them. The Act 12 and 13 Vic., c. 77, which constituted the Court, received the royal assent the 28th July, 1849. The new Commissioners were shortly afterwards nominated to their powers. Their course of procedure, and the results of their labours we shall now detail.

The Commissioners were constituted a court of record; they had authority to sell, on the adverse petition of a creditor, any estate, the annual charges on which for interest, &c., was equal to half the amount of the rents, or over any part of which there was a receiver. An incumbered owner could, however, avail himself of the facilities to sell a portion of his estate offered by this new tribunal, though his estate was not so heavily incumbered. The jurisdiction of the Commissioners was confined to estates in fee, or what was termed "The Land," and certain limited interests less than the fee, viz., leaseholds for lives renewable for ever, church and college leases, and terms for years, of which, at least, sixty years were unexpired. The Commissioners were not subject to the control of either Courts of Law or Equity; and their order for sale was to have the effect of staying all proceedings in equity for a similar purpose. They had power to ascertain all the tenancies on the estate; to validate or invalidate leases claimed by the tenants; to investigate and decide on the titles to the lands, and all charges affecting the estate brought within their jurisdiction, on the petition of a creditor or owner. Their conveyance under seal was to have the effect of giving an unquestionable title to the estate specified in it, without any trouble or expense of investigation on the part of the purchaser. They were directed to frame general rules, to be sanctioned by the Privy Council, to regulate the proceedings of the Court, and to promulgate forms of petitions for the guidance of the practitioners. The proceedings were exempted from the heavy stamp duties, so oppressive in the Court of Chancery, and a ready and inexpensive appellate court—the Judicial Committee of the Irish Privy Council—was entrusted with the duty of correcting any decisions which the Commissioners thought required the consideration of a superior tribunal. They had thus entrusted to them the most absolute power, without redress or appeal; but the Commissioners very rarely refused permission to appeal, and only in cases where the point was one of practice, or too clearly frivolous, to admit of a doubt. The duration of the commission was limited to five years—the first three for receiving petitions, and the last two given to enable the Commissioners to "wind up" or dispose of the cases brought before them in the three preceding, unembarrassed by any new applications for the exercise of their extraordinary powers.

Such is a summary of the legislative powers conferred on this tribunal, thus called into existence by the calamitous state of the landed property in Ireland, and the inefficiency of the Court of Chancery to relieve it.

The first important fact to be noticed is, the rapidity and judgment exercised by the Commissioners in framing their rules and forms of proceeding. The Commissioners were not appointed until August, 1849: their rules and forms were framed and approved of by the Privy Council on the 17th October, and on the 25th, the first petition under the

Incumbered Estates Act, a great event, in truth, was presented to the Commissioners. How forcibly does this energy contrast with the inertness of the Court of Chancery! In the month of August, 1856, a Statute was passed giving that Court, as the Attorney-General for Ireland has repeatedly stated as a reason for not passing any other measure, "almost legislative power" to frame general rules to facilitate the sale of estates; but as yet, in the month we are now writing in, April, 1857, not a single rule has been published, or so far as we know, been framed, under the powers thus confided to that Court.

The body of rules framed by the Commissioners of Incumbered Estates originated a course of proceedings or practice for their Court wholly dissimilar to that before adopted in Chancery. A short petition, which was not necessarily prepared by counsel, and which was more frequently drawn by the solicitor, was presented to the Commissioners, stating concisely the incumbrances vested in the petitioner, for payment of which he desired the estate to be sold. Schedules were annexed, one setting forth the lands subject to the petitioner's claim, the other, the various other incumbrances affecting the estate; the petition and schedules were verified by the oath of the party, or his solicitor; and if there had been previous decrees in Chancery, were accompanied by copies of the Chancery proceedings. One of the Commissioners read the petition, and if he considered it presented a fitting case for the exercise of the jurisdiction entrusted to his Court, made what is termed the "conditional order for sale." This was to be served on the party stated by the petitioner to be in receipt of the rents and profits of the estate, and who was generally called the "owner;" and if he did not within one month, the time usually allowed for the "shew cause," that is, "object" to the sale, the conditional order was made "absolute." It will be observed, that this "order for sale" embraced all that was really effected by the two most dilatory and expensive decrees in Chancery, the "decree to account" and "final decree," and that at a most trifling and inconsiderable cost, and in a period of time less even than that permitted by the Court of Chancery to a defendant to "answer" the plaintiff's bill. It was obtained also (and hence the chief ground of all the outcry against the Commissioners) without the aid of the numerous well-paid counsel, who necessarily derived such enormous gains from the abuses of the Chancery system of procedure.

The order for sale having been made "absolute," notices were circulated in several newspapers, to apprise the public of the Court having ordered a sale of the particular lands and premises included in the petition, and calling on all parties to make their claims or objections to the Commissioners exercising their jurisdiction over these lands; and the solicitor having the conduct of the sale proceeded to make out an abstract of title, and ascertain the tenancies on the estate. As the Commissioners were entrusted with very large powers, the exercise of which could not be questioned by any other tribunal, the necessity for a careful and accurate investigation of the title to the estates which they were to sell was apparent; the solicitor had, therefore, to prepare a very full abstract to the title, showing that the parties whose estate he had represented the lands to be, were really the owners of it,

and also stating the several incumbrances affecting it. This abstract the Commissioners required to be verified by production of all the documents contained in it, or when the production was not possible, by copies of memorials, or other satisfactory evidence, of the execution and contents of the deeds abstracted. All steps in the pedigrees set forth in the abstract, were required to be authenticated by affidavits of parties conversant of the facts ; and the Commissioner in whose office the original petition was filed, read the abstract, decided on the sufficiency of it, and on the propriety of selling the estate, and giving a title to it as against all persons, to a purchaser ; and directed the searches for incumbrances in the Registry of Deeds and Judgment Offices, to disclose any charges or claims not entered in the abstract, and to prevent, so far as possible, the exercise of the large powers vested in the Commissioners doing injustice to any parties whose rights were not clearly disclosed to the Court. The completing the necessary searches required much time, often many months, as there was a great influx of business to the Registry Offices, caused by the operations of the Incumbered Estates Act ; and hence much delay was occasioned in the distribution of the produce of the estates by the Commissioners. The abstract having been approved of by the Commissioners, the rental describing the estate was then settled, all the tenancies accurately and fully stated, and then the estate was extensively advertised for sale for two or three months at the least previous to the day appointed by the Commissioners for the purpose. The sales were generally peremptory, "without reserve ;" and although the Commissioners occasionally adjourned the sales, the success of the experiment was not such as to encourage the practice. The purchaser, if reasonably active, could complete his purchase and get into possession in a few days, without any expense of investigation of title.

The purchase-money being brought into court, arrangements were made for its distribution among the various parties entitled. This was effected by the "*final schedule*" of incumbrances, which was prepared by the solicitor having carriage of the sale from the claims filed, the searches directed by the Commissioners, and an inspection and careful comparison of all the deeds stated on the abstract of title. Public notice of the final schedule having been lodged is then given in the most widely-circulating newspapers, and all parties who think the schedule erroneous, are required to lodge objections for argument before the Commissioners, on a day stated in the advertisement for the various creditors to attend before him. On the day fixed, all the incumbrancers are expected to attend, in person or by solicitor, and their claims and objections are heard, the schedule finally settled, subject to an appeal to the full Court and the Privy Council, and the produce of the sale paid out in accordance with the rights of the parties thus determined, on the day-week following the settling of the schedule.

This is a brief outline of the course of practice of the Commissioners in carrying out the provisions of the legislature for liberating the landed property of Ireland from the anomalous condition in which long neglect, and inefficient judicial machinery, had placed it.

But to appreciate fully the beneficial effects of the working of this rather arbitrary tribunal, it will be necessary to attend to the significant

and startling facts exhibited by the figures in the following short table:—

	Persons receiving Relief in the Year.	Rates, Expenses.
1845	114,205	816,025
1846	243,933	485,001
1847	417,139	803,686
1848	2,043,505	1,885,634
1849	2,142,766	2,177,651
1850	1,174,267	1,480,108
1851	755,847	1,141,649
	Deaths.	Emigration.
1845	86,900	74,969
1846	122,889	105,955
1847	249,885	215,444
1848	208,252	178,159
1849	240,797	214,425
1850	164,093	209,054

The area of Ireland is 20,808,271 acres, and the valuation of it £11,439,575 sterling. The diminution of population between the years 1841 and 1851, was $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and the total population on the 31st of March, 1851, was only 6,552,385.

Any person glancing at the foregoing figures can readily form some, but not an adequate, conception of the condition of Ireland at the time the Commissioners of Incumbered Estates commenced their operations. Every form of wretchedness which fever, famine, and poverty, and their attendant woes, could accumulate, became but too familiar to the eye; and few there were who ventured to indulge the pleasing hope of a speedy termination to all this misery.

While deaths and emigration were so rapidly thinning the population, the condition of those who remained was as rapidly becoming worse; and in the year 1849 about one-third of the population was receiving relief from some public or private charity, the poor-rates absorbing nearly one-fifth of the rental of the country.

Let us now glance at the gigantic operations of the Commissioners, which have commenced, and almost completed, the greatest of our social revolutions. To begin with the number of estates brought within the jurisdiction of the Court, either on the petition of an owner or creditor. Up to the 1st of March, 1857, the vast number of 4,063 petitions were presented to the Court, and of this number more than three-fourths were for sale of the land; 3,176 absolute orders for sale have been made, which include princely estates of many thousands per annum rental, or small leaseholds scarcely deserving the name of property. The Commissioners have already sold estates producing a net rental of £1,200,000 per annum, the purchase-money of which was £19,668,828; and, at the date we are now writing, they have distributed nearly eighteen millions among the creditors affecting the sold estates.

A great want long felt in the social system of Ireland was, the existence of a body of small landed proprietors; and the Report of the Devon Commissioners had noticed this defect, and the propriety of its gradual alteration. This desirable result has been effected by the sales in the Incumbered Estates Court. Already about three-and-a-half millions of acres, and those, of course, the most uncultivated and most neglected—those longest under the blight of ruined owners and Chancery mismanagement—have found new proprietors; and thus one-sixth of the surface of Ireland has changed a nominal for a real proprietary. The estates already sold were divided into 9,855 lots of most unequal value, suited as well to the extensive capitalist as to the industrious tenants, who have, in several instances, become the purchasers of the farms they had cultivated. Of the purchasers, 6,834 are Irish—and this fact is one for national congratulation. "Ireland for the Irish" has been made a frequent cry; and thus has it been made so, but for the industrious, skilful, enterprising Irish capitalist, and not for the incumbered descendant of a warlike grantee or court favourite. English and Scotch capitalists, and some of them possessed of vast energy and skill in the management of estates, have also become Irish proprietors; and the good example set by them in the improvement of their newly-acquired estates has been followed in many instances by the proprietors around.

What great changes in our social state have accompanied, and, as we think, been mainly produced by this revolution in our landed proprietary, and the re-distribution of so large a portion of the kingdom among a new class, the purchasers and not the inheritors of estates—"the founders of fortunes"! Pauperism and poor-rates have steadily diminished, the productiveness of the soil and the value of the produce largely increased, new and improved relations between landlord and tenant originated, and, lastly, a total and most beneficial change of thoughts, feelings, and habits in the proprietors of the soil has been produced. Figures, which we regret being compelled again to use, but which often are the briefest and most intelligible exponents of valuable facts, will show much of this to be true. Contrast, then, the figures in the following table, exhibiting the amount and expense of pauperism in Ireland for the years from 1850 to 1856, contemporaneous with the labours of the Commissioners, and the value of the live produce of the soil, with the table already given:—

	Persons receiving relief in the year.	At the expense or outlay of
1851	755,847	£1,141,649
1852	519,775	883,267
1853	409,668	785,718
1854	319,616	760,152
1855	205,226	685,259

The expenditure for 1856 shows a reduction of more than £100,000 on that of 1855. The maximum number of paupers for the first and last years in the preceding table shew an equally favourable result. The maximum number receiving relief in 1851 was 266,394, and in 1856 only 77,844. These cheering facts cannot be explained by the

great diminution of the population from the combined causes of deaths and emigration. The population has been increasing since the year 1851; but the demand for labour, the many sources of profitable employment developed by the enterprise, skill, and capital of the new landed proprietary as well as the old—all have tended to produce the results exhibited by the figures in the preceding table.

The proofs of this increasing prosperity might easily be extended; but we do not like to weary the reader by tables of figures. Suspicion generally is attached to them, and few read them carefully. We shall, however, ask the reader's indulgence to one more, showing the increase in the value and number of stock between the years 1850 and 1855, and the contemporaneous sales by the Commissioners:—

Value of Stock.		Sales by Commissioners.	
1850	... £26,951,959	1850	... £1,671,781
1851	... 27,737,398	1851	... 3,172,195
1852	... 29,134,229	1852	... 8,222,219
1853	... 31,458,785	1853	... 8,207,421
1854	... 33,608,371		
1855	... 36,679,731		

And the yearly returns of the sheep and cattle offered for sale at the great fair of Ballinasloe shew a similar progressive increase.

The tenacity with which Irish proprietors clung to the nominal ownership of estates, the real profits of which had long been their creditors', is well known. The accumulated evils of all the incidents of Chancery mismanagement were passively borne by them, and for one reason—the ruin produced by that court was certain, but the consummation seemed distant. It did not sell; and the pride of ownership, the rights of "hunting, hawking," &c., and being the monarch of all he surveyed, induced a tolerance of the Court of Chancery, rather than any respect for its intrinsic excellence, its procedure, or sound administration of justice. An incumbered Irish proprietor could not sell any portion of his estate to free the remainder from the charges on it, and thus render it indeed "his own"—and were the power placed in his hands, he would not do so. All this is altered. Pride is now felt in having smaller estates, free from charges and well managed; and the first impulse of an owner is to avail himself of the facilities of the Incumbered Estates Court, and disengage himself from the profitless receipt of rent for the benefit of creditors, by selling sufficient to pay off all charges. This late tendency is remarkably shewn by the fact, that of the 4,063 petitions presented for sale, the large number of 1,172 have been by owners; and while of the first hundred petitions, six only were by owners, of the last hundred, owners presented fifty-one, or one-half.

The desire to escape the now dreaded horrors of the Court of Chancery has, no doubt, contributed largely to produce this altered feeling. In 1256 cases brought within the jurisdiction of the Incumbered Estates Court, proceedings had been previously pending in Chancery for periods varying from three years to more than *fifty*. This latter fact is almost incredible, but it is quite true that at least in ten of the cases proceedings had been pending in Chancery for more than fifty years. But the num-

ber of instances, in which suits had been previously pending in Chancery, does not at all represent the number of Chancery suits summarily terminated by the Commissioners of Incumbered Estates. In many cases several Chancery suits, connected with the same estate, were concurrently carried on. Thus, in one instance, the estate of Cooke, there were five suits pending in Chancery, and in another, that of Sir J. Burke, fourteen in all. The inevitable, though it might be deferred, ruin to an estate thus involved in litigation, was plain, and to avoid this, the fate of Outis, to be devoured last, has perhaps been the motive of many a suitor seeking the aid of the Incumbered Estates Court.

We are too deeply attached to the British Constitution to censure one of its essentials, the hereditary peerage; but with some remarks of one, who himself was the most illustrious of peers, we are rather disposed to concur. Lord Bacon says, that "nobility of birth commonly abateth industry," and that "states that aim at greatness should take heed how their nobility do multiply too fast, for that maketh the common subject grow to be a peasant and base swain, driven out of heart, and in effect but the gentleman's labourer." The truth of these general remarks of that great philosopher appears rather striking from the fact, that the Irish peerage consists of 195 persons, a number vastly disproportionate to the wealth of the kingdom, and of that number, the estates of thirty have been wholly or partially subjected to the jurisdiction of the Commissioners. The minor notabilities of baronets, counts, honourables, and members and ex-members of parliament, have also largely swelled the list of owners whose estates are being transferred to other and more vigorous hands; and among these latter, perhaps, may be found the case with which we introduced the article. But this particular revolution, or transfer of property, from titled to untitled owners, we do not rejoice in. Our sympathies would be the reverse; for "it is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, as to see a fine timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which had to stand against the waves and weathers of time." The fact was, however, too striking and important to be passed in silence. We cannot rejoice at it, but it may not be a subject of regret.

Such then are the most prominent features of the vast revolution now being worked out in Ireland by the operation of the Incumbered Estates Court. Much has already been effected; an area equal to one-sixth, or five large counties, of Ireland has been transferred to new proprietors, and the prosperity of the kingdom has consistently kept pace with this change; and yet much remains to complete this revolution. Estates, to the extent of £600,000 per annum, are still within the jurisdiction, but unsold by the Commissioners. Some years must necessarily elapse before this vast mass of property has been brought into market and distributed among new proprietors. The revolution in the landed property of Ireland will then, indeed, have been completed; and if the general prosperity of the kingdom, and the improvement in the thoughts, feelings, and habits of the population, should be commensurate with that which has attended, and, we believe been produced by, the labours of the Commissioners—even we would hope to see the "wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

It is not our intention to become the eulogists or censurers of the Commissioners of Incumbered Estates, to defend all their acts, or cavil at their errors of judgment. They have had during their existence, prolonged as it has been by the miserable expedient of "continuance bills," a most difficult and unpleasant office to discharge, in which they have displayed many admirable qualities of mind, temper, tact, courtesy, and judicial fitness for onerous duties. If at times their haste in selling, or rapid adjudication of the rights of parties, might seem reprehensible, it should be remembered that they were administering a system, all of which was new by a course of practice, novel in itself, and designed by them to correct the inveterate abuses of another court; and that their duration, at first limited to five years, was in effect a compulsory command by the legislature to move swiftly and at all events surely, if possible, and that they should be rather studious of doing a great right than painfully and tediously anxious to avoid a little wrong. They may perhaps avail themselves of the apology of Lord Carteret: "*Res duræ et regni novitas me talia cogit moliri.*" They have made few friends and many active enemies, chiefly amongst the bar of Ireland. That profession, now numbering in its ranks many members of the legislature, at first felt severely the total deprivation of emoluments caused by the new practice of the Commissioners, and loudly complained of every act of the Incumbered Estates Court, as a total departure from the well-established rules of equity and justice. Their complaints rather resembled those of a certain public-spirited individual of ancient times, named Demetrius, who persecuted the Apostle of the Gentiles, and urged that, by the teaching of Paul, not only "his craft was in danger to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana was likely to be despised." Few there are who could believe that zeal for the temple of Diana much actuated this votary, and the complaint of the bar that the temple of justice was degraded by the Commissioners is something similar. Their craft was set at nought, and it was only natural to see in this the setting at nought also of the rules of right and wrong, of which they had been hitherto the well-paid and necessary exponents. The tribunal is, however, anomalous. It was introduced by an imperative necessity, and should not be permitted to outlast the cause of its introduction; and some well-devised mode of uniting its advantages, procedure, and forms with the ordinary tribunals of the land would, we believe, meet universal approval. Timely and well-considered legislation, especially on any branch of the administration of justice, is now most rarely seen, and accident, most probably, will perpetuate or determine the Incumbered Estates Court—the unhonoured instrument in effecting our latest social revolution—the regeneration of Ireland.

THE HOPE OF ENGLAND.

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
 Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury ;
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

—HENRY IV., 1ST PART.

ON Wednesday the first of April, I found myself at the Paddington station, in order to start for Reading, where some electioneering business called me, and for which place I had taken a return-ticket. Nothing was more remote from my thoughts than the idea that I was going out hunting, a pursuit which, although formerly much devoted to, I have long since relinquished for more urgent but less amusing occupation. My curiosity, however, was so much aroused by perceiving upon the platform of the station a sprinkling of smart top-boots, spurs, and hunting-whips, that I was led to inquire what hunting was on the *tapis* for the day. I was informed that Prince Albert's Harriers were to meet at Salt Hill, and that the Prince of Wales was to join them.

While I was in conversation with my courteous informant, a royal carriage drove up to the door of the station, and from it issued his Royal Highness, accompanied by his tutor, Mr. Gibbs. They proceeded to the carriage that was prepared for them, followed by footmen bearing a due provision of carpet-bags, railroad-wrappers, &c. In passing by the groups of passengers collected on the platform, I had an opportunity of closely observing the young Prince, as he graciously noticed the marks of respect paid to him by all those who recognised his Royal Highness.

The interest with which we regard the heir apparent to a mighty empire is at once so natural and intense, that it is difficult for the eye or the judgment to shake off its influence ; but, putting aside that absorbing *prestige*, Albert Prince of Wales is a charming youth. I never saw a son who bore so strong a resemblance at the same time to both his parents.

As I stated before, I had taken my place for Reading ; but before I got to Hanwell I made up my mind that I would abandon the train at Slough, and proceed by a later one to my destination. I learned from my sporting fellow-travellers that this was to be the last day of the season for Prince Albert's Harriers, that the hounds were to meet at Mr. Aldridge's Farm, and hunt in the immediate neighbourhood, and that the day and season were to close by a dinner at the far-famed Windmill at Salt Hill, where Colonel Hood, at once a high-bred gentleman, a bold rider, a first-rate sportsman, and who has the direction of the Prince Consort's Harriers, was to preside, and where many of the nobility and gentry of the country were to meet the yeomen

farmers of the neighbourhood. These latter, a class of men who are at once enlightened, intelligent, and highly respectable, and who, from frequent intercourse and identity of pursuits with their superiors in rank, have learned to render that respect which is always due to an exalted position, without surrendering one particle of that proud independence of feeling which places an upright and honest man on a level with all others in the moral scale.

This programme, therefore, of the day's performances decided me to stop at Slough, and proceed humbly on foot to the scene of action, not above a mile from the station. However, on arriving there, where Colonel Hood was awaiting his Royal Highness, I had the good fortune to meet an old ally, a livery stable-keeper, who, in days gone by, had the care of my hunters. Telling him my object, he obligingly placed at my disposal a very clever hack, which was sure to do all that my unambitious views required. Thus equipped, I proceeded to the Meet at Mr. Aldridge's, where, during the delay I had encountered in getting my horse, the Prince had taken some refreshment. I found him mounting his pony, under the immediate attendance of Mr. Charles Davis, her Majesty's huntsman, to whose experience and instruction the young royal sportsman is entrusted. Davis has nothing whatever to do with the management of the Harriers, which is quite a different establishment from the Royal Stag Hounds. They are, however, admirably appointed, and are hunted by young King, the brother of Harry King, who is Davis' first whip; so that Davis comes out on these occasions solely in the capacity for which Nature intended him—a gentleman—a position which he carries with him into every other situation of life, and which has dignified his career in such a way as to obtain for him world-wide popularity and respect. Physically speaking, Davis is wonderful. I knew him when he was a young man, and then he looked an old one; and now that he is unquestionably old, he very nearly looks young—certainly, in mind, manners, and energy, he is so. Davis' dress is as perfect as his address. His clothes, made in the perfection of the fashion, are without one particle of either foppish or snobbish eccentricity; and then, such boots and breeches! Asheton Smith used to say that no man could ride across Leicestershire who had a calf to his leg. I am not inclined altogether to agree with that Nestor of the Chase in his assertion. I have known remarkable instances to the contrary. Had he said that no man with a calf to his leg could show off a top-boot to advantage, I should concur with him; but we would both admit that Davis' legs and boots, in a hunting point of view, are perfection. Lord Jersey once said, that if on the coast of Norway he were to pick up Davis' boot and leg, he would immediately pack them up and send them to Windsor Castle, knowing that they could belong to no other living individual.

We proceeded leisurely to the hunting-ground, which lay on the opposite side of the Bath-road from Mr. Aldridge's, and as some time was spent in looking for a hare, I had an opportunity of learning from Davis, with whom I renewed my acquaintance of many years' standing, several interesting particulars respecting his young pupil, who was the object of so much attention on the present occasion. First of all, as to the immediate branch of the Prince's education, which was intrusted

to the veteran, he told me that he had had not only much to inculcate, but much to *unteach*; his seat had been originally formed on the stiff model of the riding schools; "but," said Davis, "all that has been done away with, and I am beginning to get a little bit of an angle at the knee." He told me many anecdotes of the Prince, highly characteristic of a fine, warm-hearted, unaffected boy, always asking for advice and information, and always grateful for it when obtained. An instance which he gave of his unselfish and considerate disposition at once speaks volumes. One day when it was getting late, and there was some question as to whether they should return home or continue their sport, his Royal Highness had decided to persevere, notwithstanding the heavy rain which was falling. He suddenly, however, changed his determination, saying, "No, no, it is not fair upon Mr. Davis; we have only two miles to ride to Slough to meet the train which brings us to London, and he has thirteen miles to ride home to Swinly in the rain, and to-morrow he has to hunt his own hounds."

But an accident, of which Davis gave me an account with fear and trembling, and which might have had a tragical termination, occurred on the very first day of his coming out hunting. At the time it was kept as quiet as possible, so as not to occasion alarm in the highest and tenderest quarters, but it is now no longer a matter of mystery, and it may be confidently hoped that the knowledge and experience which the youthful Nimrod has since acquired will be full security against the recurrence of such a catastrophe. The pony which the Prince of Wales rode on that day, although a lovely animal, was rather too much for him, and overpulled him in its anxiety to be near the hounds, which, after running rapidly through a grass field, had crossed one of those deep, narrow lanes which abound in that part of Buckinghamshire, and which require great dexterity in both man and horse to get *into* and to get *out* of with safety. In the corner of the field there was one of those small gates, called hatch-gates, made to facilitate the passage of pedestrians. The Prince's pony rushed at it, jumped it in a flying-leap, clearing the lane, which was so deep that he flew over a man and horse that were standing in it without touching them, and violently struck the opposite bank, the shock bringing down Prince and pony. The "Field" stood aghast, and were only relieved from the stupor and terror into which they had been thrown, by hearing the cheerful voice of the royal boy calling out, "Well, come, that's a cropper." It was deemed advisable that he should ride that pony no more, at least for the present, and he returned to Windsor Castle nothing the worse for the accident, and rejoicing in the testimony borne to his bold riding, by his broken hat and soiled clothes; nevertheless, the terror created by the occurrence weighed for a length of time upon the minds of those who witnessed it. Poor Davis declared to me, that for a week he was haunted with night-mare and visions (as he expressed it) of being in at his own death, and hanging on Tower Hill.

This gloomy anecdote was interrupted by the cheering cry of "Gone away!" A hare jumped up before the hounds, and for five-and-twenty minutes afforded as pretty a run as I ever witnessed; mind, I do not say as I ever rode, for I did not ride a yard of it, having neither the material under me nor the pluck within me to do so; but I took up a sort of a Wel-

lington position upon a high railroad bridge (The Great Western runs through the country), from which, like a general, I could observe and criticise the proceedings of my troops, all of which passed and repassed before me *en diorama*; the circuitous course taken by the hare being very favourable to such observations. Two long circuits did she make, and ultimately saved her life by gaining Stoke Park, where there is a hare-preserve; which, consequently, entails the necessity of whipping-off the hounds whenever they approach it. The country run over was charming—fine, large, open fields, with small, low brushing fences, which it was quite a luxury to fly over.

The young Prince rode not only gallantly but independently; Davis and he riding in couples, the Prince as often, indeed oftener than otherwise, leading (I fancy the old one leut himself wisely and courtier-like to such a state of things). As to the rest of the field there was no attempt to show any servile deference to the lion of the day, every one rode for himself without reference to who might be before or behind him. If at any time the Prince was first, it was because his bold and judicious riding entitled him to be there; and when he happened to be behind he manfully struggled to better his position. This state of things vividly contrasts with what I remember in my boyish days, when hunting in France with the late King Charles X., then Comte d'Artois, and his son the Duke d'Angouleme, in the Forest of St. Germain. Wishing to get as much for my money as I could out of the wretched hired hack I was riding, I ventured to gallop before the great *swells*; le Grand Veneur rode savagely up to me and roared at me as if about to send me to the galleys, "Monsieur il ne faut pas devancer les Princes; Monsieur contentez vous de les suivre." I took the hint, and at the same time formed a resolution never to hunt again where such humbugging etiquette was to be observed. It is fair, however, to say that now "they manage these things better in France"—the Princes of the Orleanist dynasty having made great progress in their approaches to that model republic—a well regulated hunting field.

When the run terminated I descended from my observatory and joined the jolly group, where no countenance or voice evinced happier excitement than those of "England's Hope," the young Prince of Wales. In looking for another hare some delay occurred, which made him rather impatient, and in desponding tones I heard him say to Davis that he feared there was an end of the day's sport. The veteran somewhat reprovingly said, "Your Royal Highness must learn that the first motto of a sportsman ought to be "*nil desperandum*," and, as a practical illustration of the wisdom of the doctrine, a hare jumped up almost from under the feet of the Prince's pony. We had now got into a country of a different description, such as required more of a *workman* than the very easy one ridden over in the first run. We had got amongst what Christie Boyle, an euphuistic Irish servant of a friend of mine, used to call "the intrinsic leaps." I gallantly stuck to the lanes, unless I could see my way to a line of gates, under the guidance of a fat parson, as little disposed to hurt himself as I was. This run was less brilliant than the first, but more satisfactory in a sporting point of view; for after running for forty minutes, the hounds gallantly and creditably killed their hare.

Some interesting episodes occurred in the course of the run. There was no deficiency of mud-stained coats and broken hats, and occasionally might be observed a stray horse without his rider, taking unceremoniously the lead of hounds and horses.

One event I witnessed which much interested me, although the interest was for a moment mingled with alarm. My fat parson and I having seen the hare pass through a hedge impossible for horses, took up a position to see how the field would *negotiate the difficulty*. There was but one corner through which daylight could be seen into the next field, for which every one galloped, but where every one pulled up—for, believe me, the place was by no means enticing. It was a place which the passage of cattle had rendered so slippery and greasy, that to jump on it was most dangerous, and to clear it in a fly out of the question. A considerable pause and hesitation ensued, when an old Irish gentleman, with a white head and a pair of enormous black boots, and riding a horse apparently as old and Irish as himself, literally crawled up the bank in that way in which Irish horses alone can solve such a problem. This at once decided the Prince to face the difficulty; but from the delay which had taken place, and the pressure of the crowd of horses about him, his pony had become impatient, and the moment he was called upon to go forward, he leaped at once from a distance fully two yards greater than he ought to have done; and what rendered the effort more perilous was, that he leaped in an oblique direction, the Prince all the time holding him tight and short by the head (a great error under such circumstances). For a moment this rendered the chance of the rider pulling the horse back rather imminent; but Davis, with the eye of a commander-in-chief, and the voice of a boatswain, roared out, "Drop your hand to him, your Royal Highness." The admonition was not lost, down went the hand, and the royal freight was safely landed in the next field. As a matter of course, Davis followed in his usual masterly style, and both he and his pupil galloped up to the Hibernian, whom Davis addressing by his name, which, as far as I could catch the sound, was Mr. O'Bramble (I know it was Mr. O'Something), said to him, "I told his Royal Highness, sir, this morning that he might follow you, for that I have been trying to catch you for the last two-and-thirty years."

At the death of the second hare I made my retreat, leaving the "Field" to continue the sport, his Royal Highness in no way disposed to surrender. I caught the down express for Reading, and in less than an hour was plunged into all the toil and turmoil of electioneering politics, and doomed to listen to all the common-place doctrines of levelling demagogues, who, in trite platitudes, foretold the dislocation of Constitutions and the fall of Dynasties. I gave a nudge to an alarmed-looking farmer, and said, I know a dodge worth two of that. I have been out hunting this morning with the Prince of Wales, and "The Hope of England" has let go its anchor in the heart of the British yeoman,

T E M P O R A .

“Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.”

WHATEVER Cuvier or Buffon may say to the contrary, I believe that man, after his meals, is a ruminant animal—if not corporeally, certainly mentally. The hour after breakfast especially is, to me at least, one so well adapted for

“Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,”

that I always strive to snatch it from its busy companions, and revel in the *far niente* it affords.

Mistake me not, oh, reader! The *far niente* of which I speak is not a profitless, soporific lassitude of body and mind, such as would seem to be the case with yonder quadrupedal ruminant (my one milch cow), which stares at me with vacant eye, as I look at her through my study window; her only motion, as she lies on her side, being the revolving jaw, or the occasional whisk of her tail to rid herself of entomological tormentors. No! with me the ruminating hour is, perhaps, the busiest of the day. The body indeed is at rest—the mind at work. I knock off the manacles that enchain it for the rest of the day to the dull business of life, and, like a schoolboy released from his task, it rushes forth to run riot, and commit any extravagant freak that seemeth best to it, in the fields of fancy.

I assist him in any direction in which he desires to travel. Is it summer? I ramble pensively in the two-acre paddock that affords sustenance to the above-mentioned cow, with vacuous eye, uncertain step, and hands plunged into the innermost recesses of my pockets, as if in search of an idea there. Being unprovided by nature with the cud supplied to corporeal ruminants, I supply the deficiency with a fragrant havannah. The ignited tip glows brightly, the suggestive fumes ascend, and lo! connecting itself, as though it were a locomotive engine, to the train of thought in the mind's terminus, with a very few preliminary puffs, we are off—far enough away from the paddock, the cow, and myself; booked through to the realms of fancy.

Is it winter? The scene only is changed. A brisk fire, half coal, half wood, crackles and hisses in my study grate; I vibrate slowly and contemplatively before it, in the most luxurious of rocking chairs; the locomotive cigar is exchanged for six feet of perforated cherry-stick, having a *terra cotta* bowl at one extremity, and my mouth at the other. The process of getting up steam is thus repeated—puff, puff, away we go!

It is hard to say in what manner my thoughts choose for themselves the direction in which they would stray; for, as a general rule, I do not deliberately interfere with the selection. It seems, however, that these waking dreams of mine adopt the plan often employed by their brethren of slumber, and take, as their starting point, some subject which has lately interested me. Thus, on the morning on which the penning of this article first suggested itself, scarcely had the chair begun to rock,

or the locomotive to *draw*, when my eye was casually arrested by the morning edition of the *Times*, which lay perused on the floor by my side.

The first reflection it called up was personal and economic—what a cheap sixpenn'orth!—sixteen pages, with eight columns of small print to each, and all for sixpence! Think of the staff—the writers, editors, sub-editors, correctors of the press, compositors, printers'-devils, engineers, stokers, pokers, &c., in *longo ordine*, requisite to furnish daily to the world a work which a rough statistical examination will show to contain nearly as much printing as is to be found in a modern fashionable three-volume novel. Consider the mere cost of paper, stamps, inks, types, wear and tear of machinery, and per centage on outlay; and then, as a *per contra*, think (if you have a strong head, and are not afraid of being giddy) of the circulation requisite to make such a speculation pay as payeth the *Times*. What is its circulation?—good sooth I cannot say, but I feel assured that were it placed before me in figures, and I desired to declare it, I should (notwithstanding I commenced orthodoxly to tot units, tens, hundreds, thousands, &c.) break down long before arriving at the amount. No! the circulation of the *Times* is to me a type of immensity, and conveys the same set of ideas as does a statement of the number of miles between the earth and fixed stars, or some of the statistical computations of Sir Francis Bond Head.

"THE TIMES—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE!" What a comprehensive title—what a magnificent promise—what a grand fulfilment! To its great heart in Printinghouse-square flows a daily stream of information from every point of the compass—every quarter of the globe. The next pulsation sends it forth again refined, condensed, and suited to the body corporate. Ubiquitous broad-sheet! where—from the palaces of royalty to those of gin—shall we wander and find thee not? Diurnal historian of the world's events, from the overthrow of dynasties to the bankruptcy of a tripe-merchant—where is he who, on perusing thee, will not, in the stereotyped language of one of thy advertisements, "hear something to his advantage," or the contrary.

And its power—it's influence—think of that. I'll write to the *Times*, shouts indignant Brown, Jones, or Robinson, to some Barrabas of a foreign innkeeper, as touching a charge of *deux francs et demi* for a *bain aux pieds*, or an item for an unilluminated *bougie*; and Barrabas, if he believes Brown, and thinks that the *Times* will interfere, expunges the *bougie*, and makes a present of the *bain aux pieds*. Ancient unredressed public grievances shudder at the very notion that the *Times* is about to step their way. Continental governments impotently curse and growl whenever the *Times* puts a spoke in the wheel of any nice little bit of monarchical despotic villainy—gibbeting and pillorying such offenders before the eyes of civilized Europe, as only the *Times* knows how. And at home, who knows how narrowly the broad-sheet is scrutinised by the man at the helm, to gather how far he may go without awaking the thunders of Printinghouse-square.

Then, again, how dearly is it cherished, and yet how scurrilously abused by the same people. Taxed on all sides by its opponents with all the sins, moral or political, under heaven—how these same opponents would storm and grumble did any accident delay its appearance on the club-table, or in the morning post-bag. Other papers, whose very existence

depend upon their unswerving adherence to certain party doctrines, seize with delight upon an occasion when their giant antagonist thinks fit upon any matter to exhibit signs of tergiversation; but that giant laughs to scorn such a trifle: friend or foe, all is alike to him—all bring grist to his mill.

How is this? What circumstances, fortuitous or otherwise, have concurred, together to raise this literary Mont Blanc above his fellows? Is the key to this riddle to be found in the accuracy, originality, and earliness of its information, and in the undoubted ability and talent devoted to its service? Originally most certainly, and at present to a great extent; yet this alone would never suffice as an explanation. We must search deeper for the anaglyph to the hieroglyph, and, perhaps, we may find that the secret not only of its success, but of its chameleon changes, may be accounted for and divulged in two short words. The *Times* is the official organ of no party, technically speaking, because it is the organ of a party whose representatives may be found sitting alike on ministerial or opposition benches. The *Times* is the organ of *the vox populi!* Not the *vox populi* of the democrat, who narrows the term, "the people," till it admits within its pale only the scum of the nation—men who have all to win and nought to lose, and who yelp and snap at institutions which they are as anxious to destroy as unable to replace with better—not the *vox populi* of the favoured few, who are, so to speak, born to fit the soft seats of "place" (nay for whom, in some instances, the soft seats are made to order), and to whom the voice of the nation is bounded by the cordon of "society"—a barrier, through which the roar of the outer world strikes distantly, faintly, unheeded, on the ear. But the *vox populi* of which the *Times* is the representative, is the voice of the genius—the intellect—the common sense of all parties, whether Whig, Tory, or Radical; and this, we believe, is why it exercises a stupendous power, not only over our own statesmen at home, but our foreign diplomatists and governments abroad, which they feel and dare not provoke. Ambassadors or ministers may be bribed or humbugged, but there is no trifling with the people, or the people's organ. Incapables may, and (curious to say) sometimes are, placed into situations of high trust and responsibility; but whenever this seems about to become the rule instead of the exception, the discontent of the people boils over with a warning hiss in the columns of the *Times*, and seldom, indeed, is that warning disregarded.

Terrific position! Fearful responsibility! Who is the Jupiter of this literary Olympus, to whose judgment is confided the hurling of the thunderbolts in the arsenal of the *Times*? Is a Smith, a Jones, a Brown, the dread mortal who signs himself *editor*? Is he a man, the weight of whose burden has rendered him misanthropic, saturnine, care-oppressed—or has use rendered him so callous to his position, that he can meet with his fellow-men, and feel himself to be one of themselves, not a being of some higher order? I cannot tell; but this I know, that was the office, with all its emoluments (and, that *they* are not small, I can readily conceive) offered to me, and was I—literary pigmy that I am—qualified to grapple with the duties, I should still exclaim with the gentleman who repudiates popedom in the well-known song—

"I would not that I were the"—*Editor of the Times.*

Another point from which to regard the *Times* is, that from which its advertisement sheet comes in view. Some people would as soon think of sitting down to an hour's quiet study of Johnson's Dictionary, as to the perusal of the *Times* advertisement sheet—look upon it, in fact, as the husk of the cocoa-nut, a provision of nature no doubt extremely serviceable for the health of the nut, but, as far as the eating goes, rather a bore than otherwise. Not so do I regard it. Those endless columns of small print of uninviting exterior, and (it must be admitted) for the most part uninteresting matter, afford to the speculative mind food of a very rich and varied kind indeed. Each separate advertisement contains, could we but get at it, a history of its own. The struggles of a life—the dream of an enthusiast—the trickery of the dishonest—the triumphs of honest labour. Here you have, charted before your eyes in a glance, the pageant of life—the dance of death! From the bassinet, ready to receive mankind on his entrance into this busy world, to the undertaker's hearse-and-six, awaiting to carry him to his rest in the grave, when his toil shall be over, nothing is omitted. The severe and sturdy little band of the necessities of life, jostle against the vast and motley crew of luxuries and extravagances. The ships that are to carry from their native land, perhaps for ever, sore hearts but hopeful spirits, and leave behind still sorer hearts which Hope refuses to heal. Then, again, comes that mysterious column, the second, where personality intrudes, and where often the romance of life peeps out. Whose curiosity has not been awakened by the startling and laconic announcement of "No door-mat to-night;" or the incomprehensible "Xy mnoglb srgtmp plo qtso?" &c., &c. Can there be in the pseudo-paths of fiction anything that goes more directly to the heart and sympathies of a reader, than "an imploring appeal to Margaret to return to her sorrowing parents, that all will be *forgotten* and forgiven, and no allusion made to the past"? Numbers of similar advertisements are familiar to everyone that has ever given the matter a glance or a thought; yet to the casual reader they are wholly unsuggestive—mines of wealth to the student of human nature, that the careless or the ignorant walk over unsuspectingly, unheedingly, uninterestedly—chiefly, I verily believe, because the sorrows, the joys, the histories they contain are selections from the realities of life, rather than emanations from the brain of the romancer.

At this point of the mental voyage fuel failed the locomotive—the white smoke refused any longer to gush forth; that day's journey was well-nigh completed. However, so great had been the pace before, that the train of thought still continued to forge ahead, urged on by its own impetus; and this was the conclusion of its course.

Mine be the task, in the pages of THE METROPOLITAN, to raise a little the drapery that veils these pictures of life, executed from the original. The advertisement sheet of the *Times* shall be my text, upon which I will discourse—not without a moral—an end in view. If the hearts of my readers can be opened ever so little to the warm influences of charity and love to their neighbour, and the key of *self* thrown into the bottomless pit, by the recital of the joys, the sorrows, and the triumphs of those who move around and among them, then will my aim be reached, and my purpose ennobled.

Are the tales which follow truths or fictions? Let my *dramatis personæ* declare themselves as they will. As for me, I will respect their incognito, and leave it to you, oh, public! to lose yourselves in conjectures on the subject, should your curiosity demand such a sacrifice. And now the prologue is ended—the actors at their posts—the play is ready to commence, and the curtain rises upon the first act—oh, plaudite!

NO. I.—IN THE WILDERNESS.

SHE could not tell! Sitting on a little trunk, a deep bonnet almost concealing her face, her hands clasped together, her head bowed down. The ribbons in her bonnet, her cloak, her dress—black. A child—a mere child—alone in that vast Babel, helpless and bewildered! Who were her friends?—where was her home?—could she not tell?

It was a November morning, and five o'clock. A thick, chilling London fog occupied the platform of the railway station. The frosted night-train had disgorged its last passenger, the engine had sent forth its last scream; the din, the clamour, the confusion of tongues, the rattling of cabs, the echoes of horses' feet, had died away, and I, after a prolonged wrangle with a perverse porter, who *would* trundle off a portion of my luggage to the parcel-office, had rescued my property, and was about to take my departure. I passed close by the solitary child. Compassion, I trust, rather than curiosity, prompted the inquiry—

"Why are you here all alone? Everyone else has gone. Have you no one to meet you here?—where are you going to?"

"I cannot tell."

I had to bend down very low to catch her quavering reply, and could hear the beating of her heart more distinctly than her words.

"Where are your friends—your papa—mamma?"

"Mamma! oh, mamma!"

Her head fell down upon her hands, and she burst into an agony of sobs. This would never do. I took her thin, cold hand.

"Can you tell me anything about yourself, my dear child? or if you have any letter or direction with you which can give me any information as to your destination, let me see it, and I will not leave you until I place you safely with your friends."

She looked up quickly, as if I had suggested an idea to her, and for the first time I saw her face. There was gratitude in the large soft eyes, but she did not speak—she merely opened her cloak, and turned the lining towards me; and, pinned there, I saw a card on which I read these words—

"MISS HESTER MASTERTON,

" Passenger.

" To Mrs. Brinston's Academy,

" H——, near London."

This somewhat original label was quite enough for me. In less than five minutes I was rattling in a cab through the dreary streets, with the little girl's hand fast in mine; and seven o'clock had not chimed from the tower of St. Clement Danes, when I was informed by the landlady of my lodgings that she "had put the poor little dear, with her own hands, into her own bed, and that she was sleeping like a lamb."

What a mere scrap she appeared to be, when, some hours after, she entered my room!

"Nearly twelve," whispered my landlady; "but who would believe it? Why, she's not up to my Fanny's shoulder, and she's not ten yet. And," added the good woman, "when I look at such a tiny one, and think of all the sorrow she must have gone through, my heart warms to her as if she were my own child."

And who could look at her and not feel deeply interested? The infantine figure, so slight and fragile—the thin face, so pale and tear-furrowed—the expressive eyes, so full of sorrow! Hard must have been the destiny that thrust such a little one forth alone on the Wilderness of Life!

She was quite self-possessed now, and freely, and with much intelligence, told me all she knew about herself.

She came from the far West of Ireland. Papa, mamma, herself, and baby, had lived there by the side of a large lake.

"Last spring baby became very sick, and mamma and I never left him for many days and nights; but we could not cure him, and he died. Mamma fretted greatly, oh! so very much after him, and never slept at night, but kept awake, crying. And she never was very strong, but after baby died she became so weak, and thin, and pale; and then she got a hard, nasty cough, that never left her, and that pained her dreadfully. And at last she was so ill that she could scarcely walk about; but in the fine, sunny mornings she would creep to the large sycamore-tree close to the door, and sit there for hours with me, not saying anything, but stroking my hair and looking in my face. The doctor came several times to see her, and was very kind; but I know he thought her very ill, for I saw him one day shaking his head as he went down the lane from the house. And soon she was not able to sit under the big tree any longer, and was obliged to stay in bed all the day. And I don't know how it was, but all the nice things we had about the house seemed to go away one by one; and when mamma used to ask for something that she thought would do her good, papa used to say that he could not get it for her—that he had nothing; and then he used to look very cross, and go out of the house, and bang the door after him, and we would not see him again for a long while. I don't know what I could have done, but for the kind ladies at the Castle. Oh! they were so very kind! When they heard she was so ill, they came every day to see her, and brought such nice things—fruit, and wine, and jellies, and everything they thought she would like; and they would read out to her during the day, and sit up with her all night when she was very ill and could not sleep. At last she was always very ill; and one evening she made a sign to me to come close to her, and she put her arms round me, and told me she was going away from me, and said many things that will never leave my heart. And I cried so much that they took me away, and I never saw her alive again. Oh! mamma! mamma!"

Faithful little heart! How fondly it clung to that one name.

My landlady here took the child tenderly in her arms. "Poor lamb," she said, "you have had too much sorrow—you shall not speak of it any more now." And she carried her away to her own apartments.

The history of my interesting little protégé will be made more intelligible by the narration here of such additional particulars connected with it as she was able to give me, as we went together on the following morning in a cab to H——. Other circumstances, here mentioned, became known to me at a subsequent period.

Her parents were both very respectably connected. Her father was the son of a cadet of an old but decaying family in the south of Ireland, and who, on a hundred acres of highly-rented land, endeavoured to maintain the pretensions and position of the high-born gentleman. Young Masterton was, therefore, educated for the arduous profession of the gun and saddle, and with such success, that at twenty he was the best shot and the most daring rider in the county. At five-and-twenty he (much against her parents' wishes) married the only child of the Rector of the parish, and with her portion of £1,000, purchased the interest in a small house and farm, and betook himself to the congenial pursuit of breeding and rearing horses. But his success was not equal to his skill. No man was a better judge of a horse, no man knew better how to buy or sell one, and no man could have been more energetic or industrious, and yet to no man did equine propensities prove more disastrous—half his foals proved worthless weeds, and those that showed any promise either broke their backs in training, or their knees when just fit for market. Masterton abandoned horses as a means of livelihood, and devoted his energies to agriculture, but ill-luck still pursued him. He might sow good corn and sound potatoes, but he always reaped the whirlwind. Nothing could go well with him—work, toil, struggle as he might, everything he touched turned to chaff, every step he took was on the road to ruin. He was fast approaching the desperation of insolvent tenancy, when the Gordian-knot of his difficulties was at once severed by his acceptance of a bill of £800 for the head of his house, his eldest cousin, already in the maelstrom of the Incumbered Estates Court. This, of course, was decisive. The sheriff and the Insolvent Court speedily followed, and in a few months Masterton was a beggar. His father-in-law was dead, leaving his widow but poorly provided for, and but little could be expected from her; but she did all she could, and the result was, that Masterton was enabled to retire to a small farm on the shores of Loughloanan. But here, too, his evil genius followed him; twenty acres is not an extensive area on which to support a wife and family in comfort. To one born in the rank of a gentleman it was impossible; and when Hester's mother died, Masterton was again a beggar and a desperate man, and gladly availed himself of a proposal made to him by Mrs. Bramwell (wife of the proprietor of Loughloanan Castle), that the little girl should be consigned to her care.

The man had seen better days. Nor had he, perhaps, been always a brute, but disappointment and reverses had made him so; and whatever tender or even natural feelings he once might have possessed, had long since been crushed and obliterated. If separation from his only child was not to him a positive relief, it was, at least, a matter of supreme indifference. As soon as possible, therefore, after his wife's death, he converted the few effects that still remained to him into money, and took his departure for America. Nothing has ever been heard of him since.

But He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb raised up friends for

the little orphan. Mrs. Bramwell took her not only to her home but to her heart, and lavished all a mother's tenderness upon her, a sympathy which went direct to the sorrowing, loving heart of the forlorn one. But Mrs. Bramwell, who was as judicious as she was kind, and conscious that much of her little protégé's happiness and success in after-life depended upon receiving such an education as would enable her to buffet bravely and independently against the unkind waves of life, resolved to place her, as soon as the first most poignant grief had subsided, in some establishment where, under a kind and Christian discipline, she might be fitted, on emerging, to undertake the duties of a governess. For a long time her deep sense of the responsibility she had accepted caused her to slight the claims of many institutions which were brought before her notice; but when, at length, the many and great advantages which Mrs. Brinston's academy offered, recommended, as they were, by the highest testimonials, and, no doubt, the most by moderate terms, made such a favourable impression on Mrs. Bramwell, that she wrote at once on the subject, and received such a satisfactory reply, that a short month after found Hester and her little trunk in a Holyhead steamer, both carefully labelled and invoiced to a friend of Mrs. Bramwell in London, who would meet her at the station, and forward her from thence to her ultimate destination—Mrs. Brinston's academy. A slip of the pen, however, had well-nigh frustrated all her benevolent intentions. Mrs. Bramwell had named Thursday as that upon which her protégé should be met, and she arrived on Wednesday; and thus it was that I found her, bewildered and alone, sitting on her little trunk on the platform of the railway-station.

To one deafened by the roar, and stifled by the fog of London, how delightful is the quiet little village of H—, even on a November day. The trees, indeed, are leafless, and the fields bare and bleak; but the dingy pall of London smoke hangs not on them. The air is sharp and nipping, but still it is air, fresh, and untainted, and invigorating—air such as the pallid citizen has never breathed. The sun glares not sullen or jaundiced here, but, wintry though he be, sparkles with dazzling brilliancy on the gossamer hoar-frost, which glistens on every bough and spray, along that charming, quiet, out-of-the-way little lane, that we have just turned into. We pursue its serpentine course, until we reach a green-gate, opening on the smoothest of avenues leading to the neatest of Elizabethan villas.

What a picture of cheerful comfort it presented! nestling so cosily among evergreens, covered so warmly with pyroanthus, whose ruddy berries blazed upon the wall—how symmetrical, lightsome, and unpretending—how happily placed, amid smiling landscape and majestic woodland. Pity that the wall round the long, narrow garden in the rear was so *very* high—but for it, one would have wished to erase "ARBURUS GROVE" from the posts of the green gate, and paint "Happy Home" there instead.

The interior, too, was very bright. Bright blaze from the plenteous fire, bright carpet on the floor, bright lustre in the mirrors, bright paper on the walls, and the brightest of bright smiles on Mrs. Brinston's very bright, but somewhat angular features. There was no atmosphere of school about her, or in the room. No dreary globes in the corners, no monster atlases on the walls. A sleek cat purred upon the hearth-rug:

an equally sleek child, of about ten or eleven, lounged carelessly beside it. Everything was very, oh ! so very like "Happy Home."

The tenderness with which the lady fondled, and the warmth with which the child embraced poor Hester, quite won my heart. And when Mrs. Brinston, after my explanation of the circumstances that caused my appearance there, said in a gentle, feeling tone — "You have been very kind, sir, but I am quite certain that you will not require an apology for any inconvenience you may have been put to ; one who has acted as you have done, will never regret having extended Christian sympathy to a motherless child" — there was something so real, so heartfelt in her voice, I felt convinced that in Mrs. Brinston the little girl would find a second mother, and that everything would go well with her.

I rose to take my departure.

"I very much wish," said the lady, "that I could introduce you to the rest of my young people ; but to-day is a half-holiday, and I have sent them to ramble in the woods, with the exception of this little one, my daughter Emily, who *would* stay at home with mamma. But if you should again pass in the direction of Arbutus Grove, I trust that you will favour us with a call, and I will then feel great pleasure in making you acquainted with all the mysteries of our establishment. In the meantime allow me to present you with one of our prospectuses."

I read it in the cab as I drove towards town. It ran as follows :—

"Mrs. Brinston receives twelve young ladies, to be educated with her own daughters. It is her anxious hope that these tender plants, entrusted to her care, may be early led (by the grace of God) to feel the deep importance of vital religion, and that the course of instruction pursued may tend to strengthen the mind, and to form the character and manners of the future elegant and accomplished gentlewoman. Mrs. Brinston has been partly educated on the Continent. French is constantly spoken by her young friends, and professors attend to give instruction in the Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian languages. The harp, pianoforte, singing, drawing, and flower-painting are cultivated as delightful sources of pleasure and amusement, and the hours of recreation are varied by many little and instructive pursuits. Reference to parents of pupils, and many Christian friends. Terms, eighteen guineas a-year, with extras to the extent of seven guineas more."

Well, it is marvellous, I muttered, after I had perused the prospectus ; it is quite like a fairy tale. A poor woman dies ; her worthless husband runs away ; a little child is left alone in the world's great Wilderness ; a lady adopts her (that is not so wonderful, there are always kind people ready to do that sort of thing), but that a cultivated lady, a total stranger, should undertake her education, in one of the most charming of suburban villas, and surround her with every comfort, lavish all a mother's tenderness upon her, bring her up with her own children, and all for eighteen pounds a-year, is, indeed, amazing ! Ah ! happy England ! Plume yourself as you may upon your valour, wealth, and boundless sway, your proudest boast will ever be, that to all mankind you can make the confident appeal —

"When saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee ?"

And many a time and oft, in the succeeding eighteen months, had I cause to feel how England's sons, and still more England's daughters, waited not for misery to come to their doors, but with eager sympathy pursued it to its most uninviting haunts, and grappled with it there in its most loathsome forms. Sebastopol! Scutari!—sad memorials of suffering and death! still round your dreary walls will hover an eternal halo—the halo of woman's sympathy, and woman's love!

The war was at length brought to a conclusion. I cannot say that I thought the termination satisfactory, for the Turkish Contingent, in which I held a commission, was summarily disbanded, and I, in common with many others similarly circumstanced, was reduced to the unprofitable occupation of daily besieging the Horse-Guards with applications for further employment in any part of the globe, or in any capacity whatsoever. We were not left long in suspense; our cases were very speedily disposed of.

“What are your claims grounded on? Your services were only temporary, your pay most liberal, and you never were called upon to take an active part in the war. We owe you nothing.”

Yes; it was quite true. We never had been called upon to do anything. Perhaps it was intended that we never should, and that we were merely embodied in order to give a substance of reality and heartiness to a contest devoid of purpose and of vigour. Such snarling thoughts as these were mine on the morning following the rejection of my application. Sullenly did I eat my breakfast, and spitefully did I run my eye over the columns of the *Times*, in the hope that the Turkish Contingent might have found an advocate in that formidable journal; but I found no consolation there—nothing met my eye but assurances of peace and military reductions. In despair I betook myself to the study of the advertisements, and my attention was at once arrested by one headed, “EDUCATION AT H—,” and which went on to say that, “Mrs. Briston receives twelve young ladies —”

“Hallo!” I cried, “this is the prospectus turned into an advertisement. What a selfish brute I am! I had nearly forgotten my little acquaintance of the railway-station; however, I will atone for my neglect by going out to H— at once. Poor little Hester, I feel under eternal obligations to you; a visit to you will help to expel the legion of blue devils that have taken possession of me.” And so, tossing the *Times* aside, I rang for a cab, and in a few moments was on my way to Arbutus Grove.

On that sultry June day, how grateful was the cool, delicious shade of the quiet little lane, now so green and fragrant. How exquisitely home-like did the graceful villa appear, nestling luxuriously among brilliant foliage and perfumed flowers; how gloriously streamed the golden light through the open windows of that sunny apartment, where Mrs. Briston received me with a most beaming welcome!

A pensive shade crossed her brow when I inquired for little Hester.

“Poor dear child,” she replied, “she has been slightly indisposed for the last few days. A feverish cold attended by no alarming symptoms; but still I have thought it advisable to keep her in her room for a few days. I may perhaps be over cautious about her; but she is very dear to me, sir, and I feel more anxious for the welfare of this motherless child than if she were one of my own children.”

Before I could reply the door of the apartment was flung open, and a middle-aged gentleman, in a state of great excitement, burst into the room.

"Has the little girl, has Miss Masterton any friends?" he asked abruptly.

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Brinston, and she rose from her chair and drew herself up with great dignity.

"Has the poor child any friends? any *friend*?" he repeated vehemently.

"I cannot say that I am a very intimate acquaintance of Miss Masterton's," I interposed; for Mrs. Brinston seemed quite taken aback by the impetuosity of the new comer, "but I think I may call myself her friend; in fact, I have come here to-day to see her."

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, eagerly, as he seized my hand and held it tightly in his grasp, "thank God that a friend has come to her—the child is dying."

I started back. "Dying!" I repeated, "dying! it cannot be; there must be some mistake! You assured me, madam," I added, turning to Mrs. Brinston, "that she was but slightly indisposed—a trifling cold, you said."

"Slightly indisposed!—trifling cold!—she told you so? I thought as much; I see it all now Sir, I am a medical man, called in here to-day for the first time—but too late, sir, too late—the child is in a hopeless consumption, superinduced, sir, superinduced, I say, madam, by cruelty and neglect."

"Dr. Fraser," replied Mrs. Brinston, in a firm, measured voice, though her cheek was livid and her lip trembled, "I will not submit to be insulted in my own house. The child, I affirm, is not dangerously ill, and as for your unprovoked and unmanly charge against me of cruelty and neglect, my character is too well established to be in any way affected by so monstrous an accusation. I can confidently appeal to parents of pupils and many Christian friends"—(the words of the advertisement).

"Christian friends!" interrupted Dr. Fraser, with cutting contempt; "let us rather appeal to the evidence of our own senses. You came, sir, to visit this poor child; come with me and you shall see her, and form your own opinions as to the ordinary symptoms of slight indisposition."

The woman's self-possession forsook her.

"He shall not go!" she exclaimed, furiously; "this is a plot! a vile conspiracy to ruin a defenceless woman, but it shall not succeed; this is my house, and no one shall intrude here against my will."

"A house ceases to be a protection when the owner ceases to be innocent," was the stern reply. "This gentleman *shall* see the child, and you, too, shall accompany us."

She glared like a tigress at him, but offered no further opposition—his determination had cowed her. Perhaps, too, she was conscious that she had gone too far, and was anxious to remove the unfavourable impression created by her outburst of temper. So she merely said, with well assumed composure—

"Very well, sir, I am quite willing to accompany you."

The doctor led the way down a long passage, to the foot of a narrow

staircase. We ascended it, and entered a small dingy bedroom, very different from the bright drawing-room and smiling exterior of Arbutus Grove; but still part and portion of it—though the warm sunshine and perfumed breezes never penetrated here. Low, narrow, ill-lighted, bare, and comfortless, a squalid dismal garret. On a rickety bed in the corner lay the little girl. I went over to her side, but she did not appear to recognise me, or indeed to be conscious of our entry, until I bent down to her, and said—

“Don't you remember the railway-station, and Captain Romney?”

She raised herself up quickly, and looked earnestly for a moment into my face, with her large eyes (so startlingly large and lustrous now), and then, suddenly seizing my arm with both her hands, gasped with convulsive energy—

“Take me! oh! take me to mamma.”

“Hester, my dear, compose yourself,” whined a voice behind me.

The child threw a terrified glance round the room, and as her eye fell on Mrs. Briston standing in the door-way, she gave a little cry, as if she had been detected in a guilty act, and began to tremble violently. I passed my arm round her, and whispered to her that she need not fear. She looked up gratefully, but still continued to shudder and tremble, until seized by a violent and protracted spasm of coughing, which did not cease until nature was completely exhausted, and the child lay back motionless, almost lifeless, in my arms.

Suffering, misery, and pain, in every form, death in every shape, I had often seen, but never anything like this—never anything so pitiable as that poor child, as she lay within my arms. Her eyes closed, her forehead damp, and blood-tinged froth oozing from her lips, her hair matted, her cheek sunken, her whole frame perfectly fleshless, her poor hands, arms, and shoulders covered with livid blue marks, and festering sores. My indignation burst forth—

“Wretch!” I exclaimed, “is this your Christian sympathy for a motherless child?” (Her own words recurring to my mind.)

“Sympathy,” hissed the woman, audaciously—“sympathy for a beggar's brat!”

She folded her arms, and looked at me defiantly. Thus flung Mokanna the veil aside, as he boastfully displayed himself in his native deformity to the shuddering Zelika—

“Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
And that I love mankind? I do—I do—
As victims love them. As the sea-dog doats
Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;
Or, as the-Nile bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives.”

“And it is all very well!” she added, in a brazen tone that contrasted forcibly with the silky accents of half-an-hour before, “it is all very well to attribute her delicacy to my treatment of her; but it will not do, sir, you know it will not. Did not you, yourself, tell me that her mother died of consumption? And was she anything but skin and bone the first day you brought her here? Answer me that, sir?”

“Were these always skin and bone? did their mothers die of consumption?”—cried the impetuous doctor, who, unperceived by me, had

left the room a few moments previously, and now appeared dragging with him two squalid, starved-looking children. "These are favourable specimens of your motherly care! If you want any more, I can bring you a dozen such examples from the next room. There they are, sir, in a den more stifling than the hole of Calcutta. I took these two at random. Now speak up, my child; don't be afraid—no one shall hurt you. Tell me how are you treated here—what do you get to eat?"

The child addressed opened her lips, as if about to answer; but catching Mrs. Brinston's eye stopped short, and began to whimper. The other little girl was a new comer, and her spirit was not, as yet, utterly crushed, so she replied, sturdily—

"We get very little to eat—some days nothing; and if we cry when we are hungry, we are beaten."

"It is false—all false," cried the woman, clenching her hand at the little speaker. "Hah! you little minx, I will punish you well for this. And as for you, sir, and your worthy companion, I defy you both!"

"Be it so, then," said the doctor warmly—"be it so! I accept the challenge. In ten minutes I leave this house, but not alone, madam; these children" (she started) "these children shall accompany me." He drew me aside, and said in a low voice—"We will remove that poor thing, too. It will not injure but rather do her good. Her mind is even more severely affected than her body; and but for these," and he pointed to the blood-stains on her lips, "I would still hope. Escape from this Slaughter-house will, at least, relieve her. Stay here with her, and I will go and make all necessary arrangements."

These were soon made, and we left the house, taking with us little Hester and the other two children. Mrs. Brinston offered no resistance to our departure. She saw that exposure was inevitable, and that an assumption of indifference, if not of eagerness, to meet the accusation, was the best course she could adopt.

"This is all most horrible," I observed, as we drove towards town. "In this century can such things be, and almost within the sound of Bow-Bells? It is enough to shake all faith—to make one believe that everything we have been accustomed to admire as good, benevolent, or disinterested, is nothing but a swindle and a fraud."

"But it is not so, sir: it is not so; far from it; it is because this land overflows with genuine charity and good works, that monsters such as that woman exist. It is the universality of noble-heartedness that enables harpies like her to flourish undetected. If England were not deluged, sir, with benevolence, monatrous, impudent impositions, such as these, could never be attempted. Fiends, like that woman, are well acquainted with the text—'To the pure all things are pure.' It is one, sir, that they have treasured in their hearts, and turned to most profitable account; they trade upon it, flourish by it, and owe the security they enjoy to it."

"But look at their prospectuses; how about all these testimonials, which are certainly genuine?"

"Oh! as to their prospectuses and references to Christian friends, and all that sort of stuff, it is not hard, sir, to understand how that is managed. Hypocrisy, sir, never arrives at perfection until after a long

probation of simulated virtue and dissimulated vice, so skilfully practised, that it would deceive the very elect. It does deceive them, and you see the result. Think you, that but for the excess of single-minded people over knaves, an Arbutus Grove could possibly exist?"

"I can understand," I said, "people being deceived by that woman. I was taken in myself, but a person must be very simple-minded, indeed, whose eyes would not be opened by the appearance of the children."

"No one ever sees them, sir. You start, but it is a fact. They are not sent here, sir, to be seen, but to be kept out of the way. Nine out of ten of these victims have neither father, nor mother, nor any one else to care for them: these, sir, are the waifs and strays of human life—step-children of the world—spots on its brightness, poison to its domestic felicity. Thrust out into the Wilderness, relentlessly thrust out, sir; but no Hagar is with them—no angel ministers relief but the angel of death. For such as these are the 'Arbutus Groves,' where terms are low, vacations unknown, and in which, and of which, no inconvenient questions are asked. That sneaking maid-servant volunteered all sorts of disclosures when she saw that the game was up with her mistress. You saw that wall of prison-height round the garden. Outside that wall no child ever went, she said, except on Sundays, when they were taken to church, with double-brown veils on, in order, mark you! that their attention might not be distracted by the gaze of the congregation. Children like that little one, with friends who really care for them, are rarely sent here. In this case, genuine benevolence unhappily fell into the trap of designing hypocrisy; but it is owing to that very circumstance that this exposure has taken place. The child was taken seriously ill last Sunday in church. Just fancy the barbarity of bringing her there in her state! Mrs. Brinston, alarmed lest she should be called to account by the lady whom she had so long continued to hoodwink, sent for me. I suppose I was selected, because I live in an out-of-the-way part of the town, and am not known to the world. She thought I was poor, and that, therefore, I would be easily silenced; but she mistook her man, as she will find to her cost. I will bring retributive justice down upon her, sir. I will expose the whole villanous system. Sir!" added the worthy doctor with great earnestness, "we are within a few yards of my house, and I have not time to say all I think; but whenever you read or hear of a School where the terms are EIGHTEEN POUNDS per annum, and where every accomplishment is to be taught, every comfort to be provided, and which can be vouched for by Christian friends, recall to your mind the events of this day, and think of these children, and Arbutus Lodge."

We drew up at the Doctor's door, consigned the children to the tender care of Mrs. Fraser, and at once proceeded to lodge informations before a magistrate. The sequel is matter of history, and need only be glanced at here. Everyone remembers their astonishment and incredulity when the first startling rumours reached their ears—the sensation in the police-office, and the favourable impression created there by Mrs. Brinston's gentle demeanour and lady-like composure—the respectability of the bail offered for her—the troops of sympathising friends that thronged round her at the trial—the horror and indignation that was excited, as each dark secret of the slaughter-house was dragged to light—the shout of honest indignation which hailed the righteous verdict of

twelve true Englishmen, and the storm of execration which pursued the woman-fiend to the place where her richly-merited, but inadequate punishment awaited her. All these things are fresh in everyone's recollection.

But what of the victim? What of poor little Hester? Shall we for a short time—alas! for a very short time—journey along with her? it will not be for long. Under the skilful and tender care of Dr. Fraser, she made so decided a rally, that I began to entertain hopes of her permanent recovery. But the physician shook his head sadly. "It cannot be," said he, "the silver cord is loosed; it ought not to be—the young heart is broken."

And so it was. The spirit was completely crushed—the tender intellect hopelessly shattered—all interest in life, all hope had gone. But one thought filled her weakened brain, but one theme was on her lips—"Take me, oh! take me, to mamma." The constant recurrence of this one idea made her so restless and excitable, that I felt quite relieved by the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Bramwell (to whom I had written in the first instance), beseeching me to bring the child over to her, and reproaching herself (most unjustly) for not having more faithfully discharged the obligations she had undertaken.

"Take her over by all means," said Dr. Fraser; "it cannot possibly do her any harm."

And so it was arranged that we should leave London on the following Saturday, and go by long-sea to Dublin, as being the least fatiguing mode of travelling for the little invalid.

How cool are the sea-breezes that rustle through the dense forest of shipping, as we thread our way down the river, and escape from the fetid impurities of a London atmosphere! How ghostly pale in the moonlight towers the Shakspeare Cliff, as we glide rapidly by the twinkling lights of Dover! How gloriously dawns the summer morn over "that land of calm delights"—England's garden—"The Isle of Wight!" We pass close by it—so close, that even living objects are distinctly visible. Hester lies in my arms, looking towards the shore. We pass a scattered hamlet, embosomed in trees; its humble occupants, gay in Sunday attire, are trooping towards the ivy-covered church, whose mellow chimes float sweetly over the water, and speak to our hearts of peace even upon earth. They penetrate even the blighted heart—a warm flush rises to her cheek—

"Oh! lovely—lovely life!" she cries, and stretches out her arms towards that pleasant land. At that moment she would fain cling to life. Yes, poor Hester, life is there—but not for you. Golden is the sunshine—fragrant the breezes—matchless the beauty of the lovely isle! And life, glad life, is there—but you are passing away.

And thus through the summer day we skirt the southern shores of merrie England. Night finds us at Plymouth, creeping under tall shipping and bristling guns. At noon the following day we lie motionless in the quiet waters of Falmouth. At sunset we are plunging through the ever-vexed ocean, that chafes against the rugged headlands of the Land's End. On the succeeding evening the cordial accents of

an Irish greeting fall kindly on our ears. Two days more, and we enter upon the rugged scenery of the Far West. Miles of solitude are traversed, marked by many a bleak bog, russet mountain, lake, and stream; but by scarce a human habitation, or green field, or tree, until, from the summit of a toilsome hill, the grey towers of Loughlona Castle are seen rising proudly above dense masses of dark pine.

On that night all is hushed and still, and ever, through the long silent hours, a light from a window in the Castle pierces the gloom. It is from the chamber where, in an agony of tears, Mrs. Bramwell watches and prays by the orphan's pillow.

Here would I fain close the scene. Why dwell upon the reminiscences of succeeding days? In this peaceful haven, amidst those loving friends, surrounded by familiar faces, cherished by tender hearts, the way-worn wanderer rests—and I would fain let fall the curtain. But a feeble voice for a moment restrains my hand.

"I feel much stronger to-day—will you, dear Captain Romney, will you, only this once, take me to where mamma is?"

I cannot refuse. The distance is not great, and the warm breeze that fans her sunken cheek has life and healing on its wings. I place her in the little invalid carriage which had been expressly provided for her, and taking a boy to guide me, we leave the Castle.

On by the margin of the lonely lake, in which the stately pines trail their long branches—on by a sheltered cottage peeping through the foliage—

"Miss Hessie," says the boy, "look there, there is your old home."

She looks up for a moment listlessly, and then turns her head away; and waves her hand impatiently forwards—forward to a green knoll close at hand. I take her in my arms, and carry her through the crowded graveyard, and past the mouldering abbey walls. The boy points to a green grave beside the Bramwell mausoleum. I place her gently by it, and turn away—away to life, and light, and loveliness—to sunlit lake and mountain—to green, cool glades—to waving forest plumage—to the hum of insects, the trill of birds, the merry laughter from the scented hayfields.

Oh! amidst all that fair bloom must the blossom wither? Oh! festal Nature, can thy glad voice find no echo in the young heart?

A low wail falls upon my ear. I turn, and see the child pillowing her head upon the grave, and clasping her wasted arms fondly round it, as she falters, through choking sobs—

"Mamma! dear mamma! I have come home."

THE MAY-FLY.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY one has heard of the May-fly, but it has not been every one's lot to dap with it. And here, at the outset, I beg leave to remark that "dappers" are not to be put in the same boat with those who bob for eels or fish for gudgeon. Dapping is a pretty art when well executed, and those who would see it in perfection must accompany me to one of the best lakes in Westmeath, Lough Derevaragh, or, as it is called by some, "Donore."

It would have been well for any fisherman, no matter how much he may turn up his nose at dapping, to have been with me on the 26th day of May, 185—, and for other reasons than the number of rises he would have had, as he will presently see.

At eight o'clock A.M., I stepped into a long, four-oared boat belonging to my friend, J. A—, and named the "Cluricawn," an appellation she carried proudly on her bow in conspicuous red characters, and launching out from the boat-house on the River Inny, at Ballinalack, made up our minds to a pull before us of one hour against stream to Derevaragh. A glance inside the "Cluricawn" will show those who will never take a drift in her what a perfect boat floated that day on the wave. Eight-and-twenty feet long, fine in the bow, which was decked with canvas to parry the spray, wide in the beam, and fine aft. She was well appointed for the angler and the men: holes in the thwarts for the rods, cushions strapped to the seats, deer-skins on the floors, and a large sponge under the grating, in case of leakage or the lodgement of rain water. She was a swift boat to pull, and, owing to her breadth of beam, a steady one to drift.

Off I started, sitting in the bow, keen for sport and grateful for the fresh air and recreation afforded. No man but a man of business, compelled to live in a town, knows what is the pleasure of a trip to the country in the month of May. His heart beats, his soul expands, his lungs inhale all the freshness of blushing nature, and his enraptured eyes dwell on her charms. See you not, you who cared but little for the country when you lived in it, the primrose nestled deep in the bank, the hawthorn just blooming, the gorse painting yellow the hill-side, and the larch tinging the wood with delicate green? These things you cared not for when you had them, and now with what ecstasy you behold them!

"Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay."

But jump into the boat and see who is there. Allow me to introduce J. A—, he whose initials stand forth on the bow. He sits in

the stern, with the yoke-line in his hands, and at his feet lies a game-bag full of trolling-tackle, fly-books, &c., &c., and the morning paper—every Irishman knows it—the *Saunders's News-Letter*. Behind him is a large basket, which, of course, is meant for the "bread-basket." Facing him are his four men, all lusty, skilful rowers, and two of them expert dappers. The rods lie along the boat, and she cuts quickly through the gliding stream. Five miles, and an hour to do it in.

In the first part of our row we pass over fine fishing fords, better in the early spring than now. We reach Ballyharney Ford, a long, shallow part of the river, not more than three feet deep, with gravel bottom and rapid current. It is a splendid stand for trout, and at the head of the current are two weirs, through which the river passes with foaming velocity. In these large purse-nets are laid in the winter nights, and well the owner is repaid by the quantities of fine eels that are captured in their passage down stream.

As we glided up the ford, we were amused with the tricks and evolutions of a young otter, which ran down to the edge of the river with a boy who had tamed and made it a denizen of his happy family, consisting of himself, his pig, his dog, and his otter. The young otter obeyed the whistle, and was perfectly tractable and obedient. The boy sent him into the water, and he quickly disappeared. In a minute his oily skin shone some thirty yards off in the sun. Down he went again, and as soon appeared, the same distance, in a totally different direction. The young imp was fishing, but evidently without success. We did not wait to see the result of his evolutions, as a bend in the river shut out all further view. The Duke of Leinster's keeper had an otter for many years at Carton, that followed him like a dog, and acted as a landing-net; for when the trout was tired the otter fetched him out, being well trained, and not hard in the mouth.

How warm and genial was the morning! A pleasant breeze wooed the reeds and the stream, gently breathing from the West. No sound disturbed our course, save the measured plash of the oars, or the note of the cuckoo from the hawthorn bush. I lounged in the bow smoking a short pipe, which sent its aromatic perfume down the wind, and contemplated the pleasant visage of my companion.

At the expiration of fifty minutes' pull we arrived at the mouth of the river, and there lay the wide expanse of the lake, whilst from the opposite shore rose the high woodlands and demesne of Donore, the seat of Sir Percy Nugent, Bart.

The boat was put into the reeds, that all things might be adjusted and got in order, ere we put out on the lake for our day's fishing. All but two oars were taken in; the rods, three in number, tied up, *i.e.*, spliced; the blow-lines run out; the casting-lines attached, and, then, we were ready for a death. But one thing was wanting—the flies. Before I go further, I must here initiate the tyro into the mysteries of the dapping art. A large lake trout rod, the lighter the better, about sixteen feet long, is the right weapon. A free wheel; and, spliced to the end of the silk line, there should be about twenty yards of "blow-line," *i.e.*, either floss silk or sewing silk, to run out and fasten the casting-line to. The blow-lines are indispensable. When the wind is light they will carry out the fly where the heavy line would fail to do.

so; and when a stiff breeze is blowing, the latter will drown the fly with its weight, whilst the blow-line will enable the fisherman to save his fly, and fish it neatly. These lines are made on purpose, and are sold at Mr. Flint's establishment, 17, Essex-quay, Dublin. A fine stained casting-line, about three feet long, and a small hook tied on the last hair of gut, which should be very fine, completes the dapper's equipment.

Of the May-fly, called also the green-drake, some slight entomological information may not be out of place. We may, therefore, state, that it rises from the bottom of the lake, hatched from a shell by the warmth of the sun and weather, about the size and length of a bit of straw, half-an-inch long; and when it rises from the bottom to the surface, the observer may see it cast a sort of film or covering from off its body, and expand its beautiful green wings to the sun and wind. The fly varies in the period of its appearance. Though it always rises in the month of May, and is thence called the May-fly, still it may be a week earlier or later in different years, which is caused by the temperature of the season, or the change of the moon.

The dapper takes two of these flies, one at a time, and inserts the hook through the body, but under the wings, the heads of both, when thus impaled, lying the same way. And there they are, poor devils, transixed, and sent off by the force of the wind until, checked by the length of the blow-line, they fall gently on the surface of the water, the four wings dancing merrily as a bait for a greedy trout.

I have no doubt that if it were prohibited for cruelty, which is its only objection, the angler with artificial flies would have better sport; therefore, a clause might be introduced prohibiting it in the "Cruelty to Animals Act," a piece of legislation worthy of some of our "mimbers," who always contrive to botch our Fishery Acts.

The fishermen gather these flies on the shore or bushes, where they are to be found in countless numbers, blown in by the wind or drifted by the wave. Often the air will be seen literally swarming with these flies, and the bushes covered thickly with them. They are put into small close baskets, and kept in a dry part of the boat. The basket must be frequently replenished, the brace of flies being either drowned, spoiled in striking the fish, or thrown away at the end of the drift.

Now in these regions dwelt an old native named Blueman, who had two occupations—one gathering flies, and the other keeping a good fire of wood-ashes going on the shore, for culinary purposes. As, therefore, our first necessity for him was in the fly line, not many minutes had elapsed, after we had come to a halt in the reeds, before he appeared bobbing up and down in his flat-bottomed cot, and tugging away like life and death to reach "the Master."

"Well, Blueman, have you any flies?"

"But a few drakes, sir, the day is early yet for them, but I have some illegant murrroughs."

"Throw them in here, and we'll set to work at once; and do you be off, and get plenty of drakes when they rise. Take this basket, and have plenty of ashes in the hole, ready for cooking, about two o'clock. Are they rising?"

“Bedad I saw them lepping right and left, as I pulled over to your honor. I think you’ll have a fine day. Matty Blake was stuck in a big trout as I passed him. There was a great rise on the fish last night after your honour went home.”

With a tip from each of us, old Blueman pulled away on his double errand, leaving a fine basket of flies for a commencement.

“I tell you what it is, E——,” said J. A—— to me, “all fishermen are liars, and old Blueman the greatest. If I were a judge (and there is a great lawyer spoiled), I’d ask every juryman, as he came to the book, was he a fisherman; and if he said he was, I’d tell him to stand aside, as not being worthy of credit on his oath.”

The basket of flies Blueman had left contained but few green-drakes, but there were a quantity of murrroughs, by some called stone-flies. These are hatched in the bog-banks, come out in the evenings, and fly along the surface of the lake among the reeds. The trout take them greedily, and may be heard rolling and plunging after them in the dusk of a still evening. They are excellent flies to dap with, not being tender or easily drowned.

Out we put from the reeds, to take our first “fall,” or “drift,” from the mouth of the river across to Sir Percy Nugent’s shore. This drift is a distance of about a mile long. We commenced with three rods, our host in the stern, preferring to wait and see what rise was on the fish before he troubled himself with a rod. I started a murrrough, not fancying “yesterday’s drakes,” whilst the men chose what each fancied. J. A—— had an excellent plan, being anxious to keep his men hard at work, which was that of giving sixpence for the first fish, and sixpence for the last. Something on the principle of each man riding his neighbour’s donkey, and the last to win! But besides this stimulant, the men were keen after the sport for the sport’s sake, and anxious to rival one another.

Gaily we drifted on, with a smart breeze and fine curl on the water—no flies out apparently except those we were dapping with. All were intent on their respective daps, and some time had elapsed, when the silence was broken by an exclamation from Kit Duffy, usually called “Lucky-ma-haffy,” from the number of rises he got. Kit struck like a man, and a burst of laughter was the result! His line was high in the air, and the fish as deep in the water. Nothing remained but the boiling eddy where the fish had turned with that quick jerk a trout alone can give. Kit had missed his chance. Here I should mention that one of the secrets of managing a dap is, to suffer the fish when it rises to take the dap down about four inches under water, then he has his head turned against you, and you can “stick it into him.” This, however, requires a steady nerve and practice to attain.

Kit got out his dap again, and set to work as keen as ever to win the fruits of the first blood; and though he was by far the worst fisherman of the lot, almost immediately after was stuck in a three-pounder! Yes—no sooner had he his dap out than he was in him! Lucky fellow, he will surely win the money, and the fish seems well hooked! All look with jealous eyes on this successful lad, and fish in solemn silence, and with severe gaze fixed on their buoyant daps, whilst Kit has worked his trout to windward, and sitting on his cushion, plays him gently,

with well-bent rod, under the cheering looks of his kind old master. But my star was fated to be in the ascendant. A hugh roll, and the intervention of four seconds sufficed to stick a grand fish. Oh, what a bounce! What a maddening plunge! What a spirited race! Whizz went the wheel, and quick flew the line! Hurrah for old Dereveragh and its spirited tenant!

Here a nice point arises. If I kill my fish before Kit kills his, do I pocket the sixpence? I told him I should, and the idea makes poor Kit nervous. He trembles; his fish begins to jerk—a nasty sign. Chuck, chuck, chuck! jigger, jigger, jigger! The top of the rod gets spasmodic twitches. Poor Kit turns very pale, he foresees his fate. The top of his rod resumes its old position, and he looks for pity—his fish is gone; but sympathy there is none. Mine plays away fast and strong, but he has met with a steady hand and a stiff rod.

“Mind yourself!” shouts the elder Duffy to Nally, another of the boatmen; and soon that peculiar “thug” is heard when the rod is bent up in the hooking of a fish. Hurrah again! This was a fine commencement; not half-an-hour out and three fish hooked. In a few minutes I had my gentleman in the landing-net, and a good four-pounder was introduced to the “priest,” whilst Nally still continued his gentle dalliance. He killed his fish in about ten minutes, and it was a pretty fellow of three pounds. And now we had come to the end of the drift, and the lines were wound up, and the oars run out in a hurry, as we had fished in close to the very stones. Soon the boat was swept round and her bow faced against the wind, when she cut through the water with speed, propelled by the vigorous loins of four stout lads.

The scene had changed. As we ran up to windward we passed several “cots” drifting rapidly down, with their solitary tenants intent on their daps. To see one “cot” is to see them all. The same “cut” of a man in each, dressed in old frieze, and a “shocking bad hat.”

These fishermen not unfrequently find, on the lake itself, an amateur market in the unsuccessful Dublin *dilettanti*, who, in the agonies of mortified vanity, have recourse to the dernier resort of the “silver hook.” I have seen an old friend in his four-oared boat, and a first-rate fisherman too, persecuted by bad luck, as many a piscator has erst been, and will again be, lay alongside of a cot, and traffic for a basket of fine trout. This was necessary to be done on the sly, for if detected, he would never again get credit for a good day’s sport, even when he really had one.

As we ascended the drift, the cots, and occasionally an odd “long-boat,” smartly appointed, slipped to windward; at the head of the fall many more appeared, for now the day was advaucing, and the fly rising fast.

Old Blueman appeared in his cot at the head of our drift, with a basket of fresh drakes, so with these we set to work, and commenced to drift, in the company of many boats.

I will not ask the reader to go down this drift with me, for one is like another, the same thing over and over again, but of course with varied luck. Perhaps not a fish may be killed; perhaps five or six may be landed. It is a chapter of accidents. But there is no monotony, for

the fisherman is kept on the *qui vive* the whole time, and on the pinnacle of expectation, to say nothing of that natural rivalry inherent in human nature, which prompts one man to excel his neighbour. What more exciting to a fisherman than to see the trout rolling in hundreds about his boat; huge fish, lashing round and round, and taking down the flies, one after another, as quickly as they rise? Then comes intense expectation—breathless suspense, as you drop a pair of fine fresh, kicking drakes over the nose of a big trout that has just taken down a fly. Will he have them? Will he take one along side of your flies? Will he go to Lucky-ma-haffy's dap? Bang! What a splash! Your heart is in your mouth! You strike wildly with the shock! You are in him! He's gone! What is it? What the devil is all this? Ah! what a sigh comes. The blood returns again to its channels, and you look a fool all the world over, and ten eyes, from your five friends, glisten with a kind of nasty humid twinkle in your flushed face. Monotony! No fun in dapping! Ah! go and try it if you would know what excitement is.

I remember taking out a friend to fish on Lough Melvin. He had been twelve years in India. I believe he had never had a rod before in his hand. No sooner had he made a cast than he hooked a grilse of about four pounds, and the little villain went of with a spring into the air, and a run of a few yards, when I called to my friend, "Wind—wind him in!" His appearance was perfectly awful: he trembled as if his legs were augurs, and he wanted to bore a hole in the bottom of the boat. He wound off the cogs of his wheel by winding the wrong way—

"Steteruntque comæ vox faucibus hæsit."

At last, the obstetric process being applied, the poor fellow burst out with—"By Jove! I have been *stood over* by a wounded elephant, *sprung over* by a mad tiger, and *knocked over* by a bull bison; but I never knew what fright was until now!"

Our boat had a fine morning's sport, and we were pretty lucky on the whole; the breeze had been good, and the day favourable. Warm glimpses of sunshine brought up "showers" of drakes, and the fish followed them as greedily as seagulls fasten on the herring-fry.

Then came "the dead hour of the day" when, as if by one consent, the fish return to the bottom, and their persecutors to the shore.

When we came near the end of our drift, mine host made welcome inquiries as to the state of the inner man, when a voice spoke thereout, as Jonah's from the whale, "Rather peckish."

"Run in, my men, to the wall, and we will dine."

Joyful news to the hungry and successful fishermen. How quick the lines were spun up on the wheel. The dinner this day will be eaten with greater relish, for the sport has been good, and the delicacies earned. Accordingly, the men brought the boat alongside the wall, and up a snug little creek made for the "Cluricawn," within which no other boat ever trespassed save that of an invited guest, and we commenced to beguile "the dead hour of the day."

CHAPTER II.

WITH what rapture I sprang ashore, stretched my legs, and then threw my body on the verdant grass, studded with the sweet orcus, inhaling on this lovely May-day the fresh perfume by the water's side. The rush of the town and its smoke was exchanged for all the brightness and fragrance of the country; the bustle and turmoil of the city was bartered for the murmur of the gentle waves, as they broke on the pebbly shore, and the hum of the cheerful voices as they floated over the waters.

“Here gentle springs in murmurs break away,
And moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day.”

Look around with me and smile at what is going on, and learn a wrinkle in good time. I will teach you who are not proud how to cook a dinner by a lake's side, and then eat it afterwards, provided your appetite be good—and it cannot well be otherwise. All ye invalids of cities who live but for doctors—all ye late sitters, toppers, and votaries of “Major A——,” come ye, fish and dine *a la* J. A——, and I will promise you improved health, and a lease of life “renewable for ever.”

Old Blueman had kept a fire of sticks burning in a hole excavated in the shore for the last two hours, which was now full of live embers. Quickly the large basket was emptied, and its contents arranged. A snow-white cloth covered a little round table placed under a blossoming horse-chestnut, and properly laid with everything needful for two. Cold lamb, cold guinea-fowl, and cold pig's cheek smiled on the scene. Duffy now set to work and selected from out of eleven fine trout a beautiful well-fed fish of four pounds weight. Having cleaned it by the edge of the lake, he rolled it four times in a large sheet of paper, and, doubling up the ends, proceeded to steep the fish thus circumvented into the lake, until the paper was well saturated. This mummy, so prepared, he now proceeded to bury in the wooden embers, taking note of the time when it was put down. Duffy acted as cook, and most successfully, forgetting nothing—not even to cover with ashes a quantity of cold boiled potatoes. When all this was done, mine excellent host and self took our seats on two of Mr. Blueman's stout chairs, and tossing off a glass of brown sherry, prepared the way for the good things to come.

Precisely in twenty minutes from the time the fish was buried, it was exhumed, put on a large tin dish, and laid on the table. A knife was then inserted through the black and charred paper into the side of the fish, and the blade running up along the skin, laid his pink flesh, done to a turn, bare to the gaze of the hungry beholders—lastly, the whole paper and skin rolled off without injury to the fish, and there it was, firm, pink, and full of curd. Now, for a liberal help of this dainty dish, a pat of fresh butter, a roast potatoe—and “what a dainty dish to set before a queen!” Does your mouth water? Greenwich and the Trafalgar, indeed! The signal of the immortal Nelson need not here

have been displayed. England need have felt no anxiety. Every man would have done his duty on this day, had he had the chance. Let an epicure once eat a fresh trout cooked in this way, and he will confess it is the best he ever ate, and far exceeding in delicacy the little blue-looking trout of — (I forget the confounded Swiss lake) — washed down with old Rudesheimer, and that is not bad either. We ceased for a little from our labours beneath the blossoming chestnut, and made the air ring with the clink of the sparkling crystal, as we drank to our better sport, and emptied the large goblet of sparkling cider, brought from the shaded well, where it had been cooling for the last half hour. When our quantum of the fish was consumed, Miss Blueman, who attended at our sylvan board, dropped the remnants before the men, who were enjoying themselves after their own fashion, and tripped off for something which I knew not of. Vigorous as the attack of the 18th of June, but without its repulse, was our attack on the cold lamb and mint-sauce. Back came Kitty Blueman at a full trot, the strings of her smart cap flying in the breeze, and laid before my astonished gaze one hundred heads of piping hot asparagus. Shade of Isaac Walton, knew ye ever the like of this! Had you rhubarb-pies in your days, and was it the fashion to eat them with thick rich cream? That you have been in league with a neighbour's housekeeper, as you wandered along some gentle stream, 'tis possible, but I venture to say she never sent you down such a delicious cold pie, or stiff jug of cream, as now made its appearance.

And, now to bask in the sun, and assist the process of digestion. How pleasant is that satisfied recumbency on the soft verdure of a mossy bank, and beneath the power of a spring sun, which places the reposer in that delightful border-land between sleep and wakefulness! As thus I lay, and gently and contemplatively smoked, I was startled by the yaffing of a little spaniel, that chased the young rabbits among the growing fern and sprouting brier. I looked up to see whether the little intruder was poaching on his own account, or accompanying its owner, when my gaze was rivetted, and senses entranced, by a beauteous apparition. There stood beside my host's chair a damsel of surpassing loveliness—tall, very fair, and most graceful, she leaned over the old man's chair, and with a merry laugh bid him a happy day. Her rich clustering auburn ringlets fell over his shoulders as she stooped, with a winning smile, to present him with a nosegay of young Nature's choicest diamonds, the fragrant violet and the opening primrose.

"Dear sir, I hope you enjoy yourself," said she, with a pleasant laugh that made the woodlands merry, and rivalled the note of the thrush. She was evidently intimate with J. A——, and, from her appearance, was quite at home. Her smile passed on to the pleasant features of my old friend, who welcomed her as

"An angel who visited the green earth"

should be welcomed, and he gave me the benefit of his acquaintance, by an introduction both kind and frank. Our conversation became lively, joyous, and unconstrained. Seated on the same mossy bank, her beautiful figure luxuriously reclining on the velvet sward, with an ani-

mated and sparkling countenance, she conversed so pleasantly, that we "took no heed of time," and a "rosy chain" fell over my spell-bound frame. How long this pleasant state of affairs would have lasted I know not, but my happiness and complete oblivion to all that was passing three feet beyond me was cut short by the appearance of Mr. Duffy, who came most politely, though most inopportunistly, to recommend a resumption of fishing, "if we intended to do any good at all." Never did fishing appear to me to be odious before. All my bliss was now gone, dissipated like the flying cloud, as J. A—— arose from his oaken seat to call the crew to their places, and politely advanced to bid adieu to our fair Diana. The brightest scenes must pass away, and the happiest hours be pushed aside; but amid all the fitful recurrences of my life, past and to come, none ever did, or are expected to reach in pleasure, the few minutes passed beneath the spreading boughs of the old blossoming horse-chestnut. Ere I now float again on the waters that shine with the rays of the sinking sun, I draw a veil of hallowed feelings over the pure delights of nature, awakened by the angelic apparition of that merry damsel who more than beguiled the "the dead hour of the day."

CHAPTER III.—THE FLY AGAIN.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, but not on the ocean wave. I'm afloat again in the lively "Cluricawn," but the fairy has fled—

"Beware all joys, but joys that never fade."

With far less keenness, with far less animation, I watch the boat ascend for her drift; but soon life's blood began again to flow, soon other hopes and other expectations took the place of those just gone by, as we passed boat after boat, intent on the destruction of the speckled tenants of the lough. Some were successful and merry, and some were sad and unlucky. With a sweep of the rudder the boat's side was brought to the wind, and the men had each their brace of daps on in the twinkling of an eye. They were keen for the sport, and keen for lucre's sake, the last sixpenny piece being at stake, and each individual's honour personally concerned, to say nothing of the rankling wound still unhealed in the bosom of Luck-ma-haffy.

The fishing was good, and the rise on the trout enormous. As the showers of May-fly rose from the bottom, they were followed and devoured by the greedy trout that leaped and finned over the surface of the lake. And now, alas! and ere an hour had passed, the breeze began to fail, the gentle waves to grow more sluggish, and our hopes to die with the setting sun, though he had hours yet to shine. The dap was not to be "got out;" all the stretching, all the standing on the seats of the boat, all the idle whistling to the laggard winds, and all the efficacy and power of the light blow-lines, failed to get the dap sufficiently far from the boats. And what tantalization! Enormous fish—fish in quantities, and fish ravenous—lashed and floundered and sailed round and round the boats, leaving large and violent eddies ere

they sunk for a moment's rest, and then up again, and dashing among the flies, fed as if they had made their first appearance with an empty stomach. It was "no go." It was not "to be done." We were fairly beat, and that by the fickle zephyr. Now she was wooed, now she was reviled—softly courted, and violently objurgated. Knowingly, yet imploringly, was the face turned to the point "whither it cometh," yet it came not. There was nothing to do but flop oneself down on the seat, light the pipe, and smoke the calumet of peace, for peace sake, to calm the agitated nerves, and smother, singe, and utterly destroy the nasty, plaguing, irritating midges.

Yet withal, how pleasant, how enjoyable it was, to lean over the bows of the motionless "Fairy," and look around at the boats of the fishermen, some as motionless and immoveable as our's, and others gliding under the impulse of the stout oarsmen, from shore to shore, on the placid waters. The boats, and the oarsmen in their white shirts, were reflected far on the expanse of the water. The measured plash of the oars, and the hum of their cheerful voices, floated softly across the lake. The busy sounds from the neighbouring farm, and the low of the white oxen, laving his wearied side in the margin of the lake, struck the watchful ear as it turned to catch a gentle sigh from the West, indicative of a favouring gale that indexed itself on the smooth surface of the water. The eye was entranced by the glowing sunset, and the tall, regular shadows on the transparent waters, broken only by the plunge of the insatiable yet well-fed trout, or the agile twitter of swift-flying swallow, as it dipped to catch the ephemeral insects. But all these things were to have an end, and those happy, yet solemn reflections, that passed through the soul, as the body lay recumbent and motionless, were soon to terminate. In such moments as these no greedy and covetous thoughts rob the breast of its sweetness, or life of its charms. No sordid motives, or petty purposes, no worldly ends, intrude themselves; sweet freshness and virgin purity encircle and embrace the heart. Out on the placid waters, under the clear azure sky and genial sun, is not the lot of the fisherman to be envied? Ah! happy man! even when the elements are adverse and hostile, happy above all men!

And now the day was nigh spent, and the sun sinking fast, leaving a parting ray on the sides of our speckled fish, making their rich spots shine as lustrous garnets. The breeze began to snore, and the clouds to rise dark, and make a sable bed for the sinking sun. With a shout I roused mine host from his happy doze, warned him of the change, and advised a retreat, as the night looked bad, and was falling fast. The wind was in our favour home. Lucky-ma-haffy smiled, nor did we grudge him his mirth. He had killed the *last* fish.

As soon as the word was given, the men settled the boat for her run of six miles. A small square sail was run up, a slight mast having first been footed; and with the end of the rope in Duffy's hand, the little "Fairy" was put before the wind, and started like a deer from its lair, with a bound and a dash that would be kept up as long as a breath lasted.

Merrily we spun across the lake and entered the river, giving a farewell cheer to "old Blueman," as he sneaked among the reeds in his flat-bottomed cot, prowling after the "stone-fly." Soon we felt the

influence of the current, as we glided down the river, the talk of the men and the rustle of the boat, as she cut the reedy waters, scaring the snipe and the ducks from their nests.

What a change! how cold had the evening grown! A bitter, searching blast from the West made us don our "pilots." Soon the lights of the little village gleamed in the distance, twinkling a merry welcome. These I was glad to see, as, once reached, I knew the snug lodge of my excellent friend would afford a cordial welcome—and such a welcome was indeed needed; for—

"The twilight was sad and cloudy,
The wind blew wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flashed the white caps of the sea."

THE PRETTY GIRL OF BALLICKMOYLER.

The sun had sunk behind the hills,
The sheep were 'mid the trees reposing,
The evening shades fall o'er the glades,
And Nature's eyes were softly closing.
We passed the quiet graves of Arles,*
While weary birds were homeward flying;
The new-mown hay perfumed the way,
E'en where the village dead were lying.
No more I sought than passing thought,
To cheer and soothe the way-worn toiler,
Till, luckless sight, I saw that night
The pretty girl of Ballickmoyler:
The winsome girl!
The witching girl!
The rarest girl in Ballickmoyler.

Her winning ways—her roguish gaze—
Her form so alight—her smile so cheering!—
Her silken hair, and face so fair—
Was ever damsel so endearing?
Her dove-like breast—sweet bower of rest—
A balm to heal life's worst vexation!
I frankly vow, and well know how
She gave my heart a palpitation!
What Irish boy could shun such joy,
Yet would of fame and peace despoil her?
Blow, blossom, blow—grow, young rose, grow,
Safe 'mid the braes of Ballickmoyler:
The village rose—
The fair young rose
That sweetly blooms in Ballickmoyler.

S. N. E.

* Arles and Ballickmoyler are villages situated between Maryborough and Carlow.

A STORY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

CHAPTER I.

SOME years ago, towards the close of a late September evening, I found myself forming one of a motley group of natives, tourists, and pedlars, collected in the travellers' room of the Great St. Bernard Hospice. I and my companion had started in the morning from Martigny, with the intention of reaching Aosta the next day; and though the ascent to our night's resting-place had been neither very long nor very severe to us, hardened as we were by a previous six weeks' mountain training, we still felt sufficiently the comfort of fatigue to enable us thoroughly to enjoy the pleasure of rest. The season for wandering among the high Alps was still open, and the day had been bright and clear—one of those autumn days that, for a few hours at noon, make us forget the time of year, calling up so vividly the image of summer, that, were it not for the morning frost and evening mist, we might imagine as being in perspective the experience of two months which, as the calendar assures us, have already imparted all the wisdom we were capable of extracting from them. The morning frost and evening mist—the former was still glazing the water-courses as we left Martigny; the latter had draped with fantastic shadows the Mont Velan ere we reached the Hospice walls. Midway, as leaving Orsieres we skirted the precipices round whose bases the Drance works its fretting way, the thin veil of embryo ice, yielding to the warm advances of the sun, had ceased to muffle the voices of the rivulets, and amid an upper region of stunted pines and larches, summer still seemed to linger among the chalet-sprinkled pasturages through which we moved. Before, however, we had left this last cultivated tract, the presence of a winter that never wholly deserts its stronghold on the summit-pass began to make itself sensible. Vapours arising, scarce seen at first, gradually thickening to consistency, hid from view the desolation of the highest level; and right glad we were when, after stumbling up the final stair-like path, a mingled odour of mules and humanity announced the close of our day's pilgrimage. Right gratefully, too, did we welcome the savour that, steaming from an upper story, shortly recalled us to a sense of the time that had passed since breakfast; and, first ascent though this was by me of the Great St. Bernard, filled though my mind had previously been by the associations of the spot, consisting principally of picturesque monks, snow-storms, and hairy dogs, as large as wolves and tender as lambskins, administering refreshment from bottles round their necks to exhausted pilgrims, the engrossing thought of my mind at the moment was as to the refreshment about to be administered by the convent chef, from the stew-pans of his laboratory, to hardy and hungry travellers. Down we sat to supper, multifariously-garmented, Babel-tongued. German burschen, smoke-dried and be-spectacled, rolled out hissing gutturals athwart the "dolce favellar" that spoke of the land I was to look on for the first time to-morrow; demonstrative Frenchmen

gesticulated their emotions at the discovery of soup and napkins in a wilderness so far remote from the Boulevard des Italiens; and the British paterfamilias, serenely apart, like Jove, overlooking all things, felt that the eye of the "Thunderer" was upon the whole; for, were any omission perceptible of service to be rendered, or exaction made of courtesy's return, was there not the *Times* to fly to for consolation, if not redress; and should not the world be made aware of his wrongs, even from that outermost region where he was doomed to suffer them? A more sonorously-majestic tongue than that spoken by any of these might have given in its contribution to the general discord, had it not been that the solitary speaker thereof, if inclined to its utterance, must have been content with soliloquy—the one Spaniard of the party being my travelling companion. We had made each other's acquaintance on the top of the Faulhorn ten days before we both quitted Switzerland by our present route, and the intermediate time we had passed together, rambling, scrambling, and roughing it, and perhaps getting a better insight into the characters of the nations to which we respectively belonged, though the only language we possessed in common was a species of fricasseed French, than polite society's opportunities would have given us in months.

"Beautiful day, sir, for the time of year," ventured I to remark to an elderly compatriot, my neighbour, applying the barometer to its established use as a conversational divining-rod, as soon as the paramount claims of hunger allowed leisure to tap the springs of sociability.

"Time of year, sir!—September generally is the finest month of the year."

"Very true, very true—at least in England. Still, we are now nearly at its end, and there is no saying, from one day to another in late autumn, what the weather may turn to among these mountains. A tourmente, or even a thicker fog than usual up here, would have been no pleasant accompaniment to the end of our day's journey."

"Oh, dear! I think it would have been delightfully in keeping with the whole scene," remarked a young lady, who called the gentleman I had addressed "Papa," and whose blue *ugly*, in advance of us all the afternoon, had been to my Spanish friend a subject of as much perplexity as her bluer eyes now seemed to be of admiration. "Only think—to lose one's way, and then to hear the dogs barking, bells ringing, horns blowing, and at last to have a great, dear, real St. Bernard dog jumping up to you, and all the monks following, with lanterns, to carry you in procession to the Hospice. Why, it would be an adventure to talk of all the rest of one's life."

"There is a darker, and not less real side to the picture, Mademoiselle," said, in a quiet voice, a man of apparently universal mediocrity—middle-aged, middle-sized, and, as far as could be judged, middle-classed; broad-bodied, bandy in the legs, and with a face whose look of wrinkled energy seemed to be perpetually defying a north-east wind. "There is," continued he in French, the burring accent of which bespoke his Swiss nationality, "that of finding the path lost, and wandering about for hours, straining the ear to catch a human sound, and the eye to discover a track trodden by the foot of man, amid the

blinding drift of the tourmente, when heaven and earth are one white shroud, and the very air is turned to frozen points, that enter at each pore; to bear up with failing hope against the terrors that beset you; to watch for every chance of succour, knowing momentarily that the prospect of its appearing grows less and less; till, resolution sinking, the powers of endurance give way—till, tortured, cramped, and helpless, you drop to the ground, and the long-pent waters of despair pour upon your soul; then to lie, powerless for exertion, but with every nerve of feeling pricked into strange activity—to be aware of the world about you, not fading from view, but growing instinct with shadowy life—to look upon the gliding spectres around with a dim consciousness that you and they are akin to each other, and that the sensation of numbness, rising upward from the feet, is the touch of their recognition—till an arrow of ice shoots through the brain, and all is over. Mademoiselle, he who has felt this, and lives to tell of it, may indeed thank God that he has endowed some of his creatures with such fortitude of benevolence that they are willing to offer up the best years of their lives, their best energies of soul and body, to save some few like him from the fate of those whose bones are bleaching in the Hospice 'charnel-house."

"He may indeed," said the Spaniard, breaking the silence in which we all sat after the last speaker had concluded, while we looked on him with the feeling that he had rather given utterance to the expression of some personal recollection than drawn on his imagination for the details of his picture. "None but those who have been taught by their own experience can know what is undergone by these good brothers, the strongest of whom cannot long brave with impunity the incessant hardship and exposure of their calling."

"Ah!" said the Swiss, "it is not at a time of the year like this, or among such a company as the present, that they are to be appreciated. The reverend father who has just left us may appear to many who never see this place but once in their lives, as discharging the ordinary duties of the brotherhood in presiding at our supper-table, answering with good-humour the series of questions put to him as to the details of the establishment (they forgetting that the same string of questions, put night after night for four months by succeeding relays of travellers, would tax the patience of most men), and leaving us, as he has done now, to occupy the rest of the evening in religious exercises. They probably feel inclined to look upon all the stories of midnight searches, perils of avalanches, risks of being swallowed up by the snow-storm while endeavouring to rescue others, and the countless dangers of a winter passed here, as so many exaggerations, if not inventions. They would know better if they had seen this mountain as I have done, man and boy, at every season of the year, and under most aspects. It is at the time when you ladies and gentlemen have returned home, or taken up your winter quarters in Italy—when you are giving a picturesque account of your Swiss experiences, and making a graceful story out of your reminiscences of the passage of the Mont St. Bernard—it is then that the true character of these men is shown. When this room is empty of all travellers, and the bitterness of cold and storm seem to forbid any who have a roof to shelter them from venturing out, it is then that the real hour of their calling has come. With staff in hand,

and armed with store of ready cordials, forth they go, and through the frozen nights of winter, hour by hour, make perfect the martyrdom of their youth and strength."

"It would seem," said one of the Germans, "as if the austerities of such a life could be borne only by those whose hearts had been withered within them by the blight of some desolating sorrow. It appears inconceivable that any to whom life is an unread book could bear the isolation of such an existence."

"And yet," rejoined a Frenchman, "it is probably only they whose physical energy would be found equal to the calls made upon it. Youth adapts itself to most circumstances, and, if free from personal cares, need dread but little the weight of self-imposed suffering; but where, in such a scene as this, could a broken manhood look for strength?"

"So it is," said the Spaniard; "the generality of the monks enter the convent young; still there are some men in the world whose years are less than their sorrows; some who, in the vigour of manhood, feel that they and those around them can henceforth have but little in common. To such, a spot like this may offer a not unfitting retreat. Yes, it was but a few years ago that within these very walls I, myself——" he stopped short, as if he had been hurried by the train of his thoughts farther than he had intended. We all looked at him, hesitating to appear to question him, and yet anxious not to lose the chance of a story on the spot. I suppose he felt gratified by the attention his words had excited; for, after a due pause of preparation, he added—"What I was about to allude to, was not so much anything that occurred here as some events which the recollections of this place called up to my mind; for, no more with me than with you, sir," turning to the Swiss, "is the present a first acquaintance with these worthy brothers. What I have to tell," continued he, looking round on the company, "may hardly repay the attention you have been good enough to bestow on it by anticipation, but if it would gratify any one," and here he looked hard at Blue-eyes, "to hear the story, I shall esteem myself honoured in obeying their wishes."

"Pray favour us," said several in a breath.

Blue-eyes said nothing, but looked most eloquently to the same purpose as the rest.

The Spaniard bowed, and began—

"It was in a home lying at the foot of mountains that might rival those of Switzerland, and beneath a sun even brighter than that of Italy, that the man of whom I was about to speak, Juan Diaz de Los Moros, lived. To those who know Granada, whose eyes have ever dwelt upon that glorious panorama of city, plain, and mountain, crowned by the Sierra Nevada's heights, no words of mine will be required to paint its beauties—to those who never saw them, any description, approaching justice, might appear as indebted to the too fond partiality of a native, for warmth of colouring that could, at best, give but a faint reflection of the reality. Besides, as they have nothing to do with my narrative, I am spared the necessity of attempting, and failing in the task of representing them by words. Juan, at the time my story begins, was a handsome, open-hearted, fine young fellow, about five-and-twenty years of

age, possessed of a tolerable property, such as we in Spain consider a fortune; and enjoying freely, in Granada, the pleasures that society everywhere offers a man, young, rich, and unmarried. That latter recommendation, indeed, report gave out that he was destined soon to lose. He would scarce have been a Spaniard had he remained to his present age insensible to the power of those d——” My friend was going to say dark, but he looked up and changed the word, “of those bright eyes, that rule the destinies of the best and wisest among men; and Donna Maria Estornoz’s eyes were certainly brilliant and beautiful enough to make captive any number of hearts. Admirers of every age she had, too, in abundance, from infatuated gentlemen of mature years, down to sprouting youths, who could do nothing but blush and stammer in her presence, and make themselves miserable in her absence by thinking over her perfections, and wondering whether she looked upon them as *very* remarkable fools for their conduct. However, among all who sighed around her, or worshipped at a distance, none could boast of having attracted any especial regard, no more than any could complain of having their proffered service rejected. In truth, middle-aged ladies, and young men of five-and-forty, agreed that Donna Maria was a coquette; old gentlemen and boys vowed that she was an angel; and old ladies, who generally arrive at a juster conclusion upon such subjects than most people, declared that she was a charming, unaffected, good girl, fond of admiration, certainly—why not? but one whose heart and hand any man might be proud in having the good fortune to win. Such was she when Juan first made her acquaintance, six months previous to the time of which I speak. Six hours sufficed to develop, six days to mature, six weeks to make manifest to all, the growth of love in his heart. A secret feeling, too, assured him that he was not looked upon by her as a mere unit in the ranks of her adorers, though on what he founded his belief he would have been puzzled to say. Her tantalizing, winning humour of caprice allowed him nothing that he could rely upon as assuring success; but, amid every changing mood of her mind, he knew that between his soul and the unseen beauty of her nature a hidden intelligence existed. While others pretended to see in her conduct proofs of heartlessness, selfishness, indifference to the feelings of those around, he felt that he, perhaps alone, of all, rightly divined a character that, strong in the consciousness of its own womanly grace, took delight in assuming disguises the most opposite to perplex those who pretended to judge it; that, triumphing in the result of its successful impositions, despised all who allowed themselves to be so deceived, and with the treasures of its worth unshown awaited him whose estimate of their value no false pretence could affect, whose power of knowledge should prove itself superior to any skill of concealment, to the keen insight of whose love should the true heart of the woman reveal itself and yield. Gradually, between them, a mutual understanding grew, the effects of which were apparent in the withdrawal, by Donna Maria’s other admirers, of pretensions which they felt were no longer likely to be well received; as sensible men they bowed themselves out, when they found retirement inevitable, all except one, Antonio Diaz, a cousin of Juan’s, through whose introduction, indeed, the latter had made the acquaintance of the Estornoz family. Antonio was four or five years Juan’s senior, and

In point of personal advantages decidedly his superior, as he was indeed that of most men. Singularly graceful, handsome, and accomplished, his manners had that mingled charm of courteous simplicity and dignity which long familiarity with the society of a capital can, perhaps, alone give. He had only lately returned to Granada, after a residence of some years in Madrid, where he had filled the post of secretary to one of the ministers, and where he had made Donna Maria's acquaintance. Her family had come, not very long ago, to settle, strangers though they were to the place, in Granada; and shortly after, a change of ministry having altered Don Antonio's political position, he returned to Andalusia. Rumours had now and then, during his absence, been circulated of rather an equivocal character with regard to him. Some said that he had made too free use of his official information for stock-jobbing purposes; others, that he had turned the same to better account, by keeping up a communication with the envoys of certain foreign powers, to whom, it was alleged, certain state secrets had become unaccountably known at a time when it would have been most for the interest of the government that they should have remained unsuspected. Something also was said of a supposed or real attachment having existed between him and Donna Maria, which had been suddenly broken off. However, on their meeting in Granada, nothing occurred to gratify the curiosity of the gossips of that town. They met as old acquaintances, and continued their intimacy, as it appeared, on the same footing. If any feelings of passion or jealousy were alive in Antonio's heart he kept them well concealed, and none who watched him could have guessed that beneath that polished surface the fiery nature of the Moor waited but a touch to blaze into fury. He and Juan, as their name, de Los Moros, imported, traced their ancestry to a race now extinct, whose memory, however, is at times recalled among their descendants by some wild outburst of love or vengeance, startling, by its Eastern intensity; even the Spanish blood. Love for Donna Maria had, in truth, already long been recognised by Antonio as the master-passion of his existence. It had grown from small origin, slowly, surely, unperceived by others; striking root to a depth that he himself was scarce aware of, till he woke to the consciousness that with its life was bound up all for which he cared to live. The more his love grew, the more carefully did he hide it from the eyes of friends; with Oriental jealousy he avoided any allusion that could betray him, and none, save she who was its object, knew the secret of his devotion. Whether it was the mere sense of gratification at such a conquest that influenced her, or the probability of a warmer feeling that suggested itself, she gave him what he construed into sufficient encouragement to entitle him to believe his passion returned; and when, acting upon that supposition, he ventured to declare himself openly, his inward rage and mortification were unbounded at finding himself mistaken. He was too politic, nevertheless, to allow such feelings to appear, and so, throwing upon himself all the blame of his folly, he entreated Donna Maria to pardon his madness, and to allow him still to consider himself her friend. All further allusion to the subject of his love he thenceforth suppressed; and she, grateful at finding no reference ever again made to a subject on which, perhaps, her conscience told her that she was not wholly blameless, began to

look upon Antonio with a kinder feeling than she had before experienced towards him. Love, or anything like love, it certainly was not, but rather a vague, pitying interest with which her yet unoccupied heart leaned to his in sympathy. He knew that, though he had not succeeded, at least none other had engaged her affections; and, trusting to the power of time and habit, he lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself unobtrusively in her regard. So matters stood when they re-met at Granada, and he presented to her his cousin Juan, the idea of rivalry on whose part never suggested itself to him. Rivalry, however, he found before long that he must be prepared to encounter; and rivalry threatening, as he could not avoid seeing, to be but too successful. They say there is a sleeping devil in the heart of every man; it needed but a light touch to awaken the one slumbering in that of Antonio. That he should now, after having waited, plotted, persevered for years—now, by the very man for whom he had, himself, made the opportunity, be robbed of his reward. The mask of dissimulation he had so long worn in Donna Maria's presence was let fall, and the terrified girl beheld, instead of the resigned melancholy that spoke of constant, though hopeless devotion, features distorted by the fury of baffled passion turning to revenge.

“‘Yours, yours, for years you have known me to be,’ exclaimed he to her, as after an interview of stormy supplication and invective he rose to depart. ‘Yours you have bound me by all the witchery of your charms. Mine you have plighted yourself by the exercise of their fascination. Maria, Maria, could you believe that one who has known you as I have done, who once loved you truly, for you do not, you cannot, doubt the sincerity of days gone by, could ever change? Had it been my fate to have seen you but once, your image would have lived in my heart for life; loving you with permitted devotion, the hope of winning you shall cease but with life itself.’

“‘Permitted devotion!’ cried Maria. “Don Antonio, you deceive yourself. You have deceived me in harbouring such a thought. You know well that the only time this subject was before alluded to between us, I spoke to you as I do now; you feel yourself, deny it as you may, that nothing has since occurred to entitle you to believe any change on my part possible.’

“‘And was it nothing, then, to allow me to live in your presence as heretofore? Was it nothing, that I could gaze on that face for years with the assurance, at least, that none other had won from it a smile kinder than I could gain, with the knowledge that you were conscious of my love? Maria, your nature is too noble to have allowed the idea of binding me a mere slave to your service—that I was bound you knew—that I was willing to wait your own time you saw—that you could contemplate, at length, thus casting me away, I will not, cannot, do not believe.’

“‘Bound you! Wait for time! Leave me, sir, leave me! Your words, Don Antonio, are as false as they are insulting; you know their falsehood; you know that you abuse your liberty and my helplessness in speaking them.’

“‘Of any abuse of the liberty you have granted me, you shall have no cause to complain. I leave you. But, Maria, mine, mine, by every

tie that can bind woman to man, I hold you to be. Treat me as you will, spurn me, trample upon me, I will bear it all; but attempt to put between us a barrier that the world may deem impassible, and you shall find that there exists not on earth one that can avail to sever us.'

"She covered her face with her hands as he spoke; when she looked up he was gone.

"What after all had she done? Was she to blame for the infatuation with which he chose to cling to the hope of winning her! Had she not answered him so clearly as to leave no room for misinterpretation; and was she not justified in believing that he had accepted her answer as decisive? So she felt, as Juan sat beside her that evening, and with the words of his love effaced from her mind all memory of the morning's scene. He knew nothing of the existence of his cousin's passion, and Donna Maria naturally avoided any reference to it. They were alone together on the terrace of a villa-garden overlooking the Vega—the sun was setting behind the Alhambra—the purple beauty of the evening hues was on the earth; amid the closing hush of day the voices of the nightingales were heard at every interval with a thrill of deepening ecstasy. They felt the influence of the hour, but knew it not; they heeded not the scene around; in the depth of his mistress's eyes Juan sought his heaven—his arm was around her—she leant upon his heart—language had sunk to whispered sighs—thought had grown intensified to feeling. She was his own, he was hers for life. The word that bound them to each other had been breathed beneath the stars, and as Juan embraced, at parting, her who had thus consented to be his bride, he felt that all the world could offer he had won.

"He was returning home by an avenue of cypresses that skirted the banks of the Darro, when, in the depth of one of the shadows that barred the silver moonlight, he saw a figure moving; a moment more, and advancing from the foot of the tree near which he had been standing, he recognized his cousin.

"'Why, Antonio,' exclaimed he, 'what, in the name of all that's solitary, brings you here at this hour? Were you calling upon the moon to help you with a sonnet to your lady-love; or have you come to meditate, *al fresco*, like a knight of old, upon her cruelty?' And Juan laughed lightly as he looked abroad from the throne of his successful love.

"'I have waited here,' said Antonio, and his voice sounded softer and sadder in the night-air than it ever before had seemed to Juan, 'till the darkness allowed me to return unobserved to the city. I dared not trust myself——' He stopped short. 'I did not think to meet you—though—I might have known—— Juan, Juan,' and his voice sunk almost to a moan, 'what evil spirit whispered to you the thought of seeking Maria's love?'

"'He's mad,' said Juan to himself—'decidedly mad. Antonio, my dear fellow,' he replied aloud, unheeding the other's words, 'are you disposed to turn homeward.'

"'Hear me out,' cried Antonio; 'I ought to have sooner made my pride stoop to speak to you of this—it must have come at last—let it be, then, now. Juan, you have known Donna Maria but a few months. I need hardly ask what you think of her?'

“‘I may tell you that before long,’ replied Juan, ‘at present we scarce have time to discuss her perfections.’

“‘I know,’ continued Antonio rapidly, ‘you look on her with admiration; who could do otherwise? You may have indulged an imaginative sentiment so far as to allow it to fancy itself akin to devotion. You may have even construed the vagueness of excited feeling into the earnest sincerity of love. But that, it is not—it never can be. No man on earth can feel for her the deep truth of that passion but one. Yes, I—I, who had known her for years before you looked on her, I—to whom the thought of winning her has been the central point round which my life revolved; it is I alone who have the right —. No, no, that is not what I would say. Juan, Juan, leave me the hope of her love; it is the only thing I cling to in life. You are young, happy, bound to the pleasures of the world by a thousand unbroken ties. I have but one left; if that be severed I have lost all. Oh! Juan, be not your hand the one to cut it.’

“‘Astounded as Juan was by the revelation now first made to him of his having a rival in Antonio, moved as he was by the evidence of his cousin’s sincerity, the subject was not one with which he could permit remonstrance in any shape to interfere.

“‘Antonio,’ said he slowly, tenderly, laying his hand on his cousin’s arm, ‘let the subject of this conversation be forgotten between us. What you ask of me is impossible. You would hear to-morrow—forgive me, then, the pain of learning now—that Donna Maria is my affianced bride.’

“‘While I live, never!’ cried Antonio, bursting into sudden fury—‘never, though I were to die for it—though I were to strike her and you dead at the altar foot. Juan, I have spoken to you as I would to no other living man—you have answered me. Listen to me, now!’—and he seized his arm with a convulsive gripe—‘seek to make Maria your wife, and you shall learn what it is to have incurred the vengeance of a man driven to despair.’

“‘And hear me,’ answered Juan, his temper readily blazing up at the other’s provocation, ‘Do you imagine me a child, to be terrified by your threats? Attempt to carry them into execution, and you shall receive from me the swiftest punishment that ever man was dealt.’

“‘They looked in silence for a moment each on the other’s face, and turning away parted without another word.

“‘The next day it was reported through the town that orders had been received from Madrid to arrest Don Antonio, on charges brought against him by the government that had succeeded the one with which he had been connected; on searching his house, however, it was found that he had disappeared, and after some fruitless inquiries the authorities, satisfied that he was no longer in Granada, let the matter drop. Juan, meanwhile, was receiving the congratulations of his friends on the marriage that it was now known would take place in a month; and the absence of Antonio having removed from his mind the only subject that could be the cause of painful reflection, he gave himself up to the undisturbed enjoyment of his happiness. The month went quickly by, and at its end Maria and he were made one. It had been arranged that immediately after their marriage they were to pay a visit to

an aunt of his who lived in Seville ; and, tempted by the beauty of the weather, they resolved, instead of following the high road throughout, to branch off from it at Loja, and thence make their way by Antequera through Ronda. Some friends tried to dissuade them from this tour by telling of the discomforts they were sure to meet with, and the robbers they might have to encounter. However they laughed at both, and defied country *posadas* or '*ladrones*' to make them change their mind. There certainly were some stories of a band of robbers having lately made their appearance in the neighbourhood of Ronda, but nothing authentic could be brought forward in support of the rumours spread, so that they were free to accept the whole as a fiction, which they very readily did as they left Granada, on a September morning, with no other escort than their servants and muleteers.

"There is a wild sympathy with freedom from restraint that, even in the most torpid natures, sends the blood throbbing in quicker pulses of excitement through the veins at any novel exercise of liberty—a solitary instinct, perhaps, it is in all, that responds to the delight of bursting artificial trammels, and feeling that, for the time, the world of men and women beyond our immediate view is as though it had never been. The lonely traveller feels it in the desert ; the habit-worn denizen of cities rises to a higher sense of manhood as, mounting on horseback from the mid-day halt, he knows that for the day he carries with him all his daily wants require. To Juan and his bride this ecstasy of isolation came fully home, as side by side along the mountain path, amid the olive groves, beneath the shadows of the chestnut and ilex woods, they rode, while ever hung in view before them, blazoning the brightest hopes of youth, life's argent-sable shield, radiant as a summer sun in prospect, rayless as an Arctic winter to reverted eyes. That, they yet might live to learn.

"On the fourth day after leaving Granada, the road, which had led for a short time through a broken, rocky country, began to ascend what was the last spur of a miniature mountain range, on arriving at the summit of which, a cry of delight burst from their lips at the exceeding beauty of the scene suddenly outspread below. Sloping gradually down from where they stood, and extending far away on either hand, lay a broad, park-like expanse of turf, dotted in every direction with clumps of full-grown forest trees ; here opening out into glades across which the flickering shadows ran, again receding to give place to grassy circles where the golden sunlight slept. No beaten track appeared. It seemed as though they were free to follow the bent of their fancy in any direction ; so, the hour being early, and the intended length of their day's journey a short one, they wandered on, heedless where they went, so long as something like the right direction was observed.

"'One would almost expect to see the walls of a castle appearing between the trees at every turn,' said Maria, after they had proceeded thus some distance. 'I think there must be one somewhere, Juan,' continued she, laughing ; 'suppose we ride on till we find it, and then announce ourselves to the warder as strangers who claim from his master the hospitality of a home in this fairy land, like the wandering knights and ladies of the old romances.'

"'What do you say,' said Juan, 'to treating the *hidalgo* like a

modern Christian, and seeing if he would take a fair rent next year for his summer residence ?'

" 'Oh!' cried she, 'my castle in the air has tumbled to pieces at once. I don't believe that such a word as rent was ever heard of in the days of chivalry.'

" 'Very bad days they must have been for landlords, my dear. However, one point of the knightly character was, I believe, a dexterity at extracting ransom to the utmost from all captured wayfarers, and in that, at least, I dare say our host at Ronda will prove himself a lineal descendant of the robbers of old.'

" 'Don't talk of robbers, Juan,' said she, nervously; 'it was about this neighbourhood that those they spoke of in Granada were said to have been seen.'

" 'Mere idle stories, my love, depend upon it, invented by our stay-at-home friends: some people are so fond of always croaking about dangers that never happen.'

" 'Look! look! Good heavens! Juan, what is that?'

" Juan looked before him, and a sudden chill struck through his blood, as he stood for a moment arrested by the surprise of finding realized the probability of a danger hitherto despised. Three long, bright barrels projecting from a clump of brushwood within ten paces, and pointed full at his party, met his eyes; at the same time a voice from some trees in their rear, showing that retreat in that direction was cut off, was heard ordering him to dismount. Before he could do more than throw himself in front of Maria, so as to be between her and the muzzles of the guns, he was seized on either side and struck to the ground. The rest of the party, consisting but of two muleteers, a man and a woman-servant, were at the same time made prisoners, and Donna Maria, stupified by what had occurred, was able to offer but slight resistance, as her horse's bridle was laid hold of, and she found herself led by a narrow path through the thick underwood, to some distance from the scene of the attack, where, in the centre of a small clearing, stood a long, light sort of covered waggon, with mules ready harnessed to it, into which she was forced to get, being lifted off her horse and into the carriage by two men, whose faces were concealed by half-masks. Her maid-servant was at the same time brought up by others of the robber party and placed beside her. The door was then fastened, and the carriage driven rapidly away.

" Stunned by the blow he had received, Juan remained for some time insensible. When he came to himself he found that he had been carried from the spot where he had fallen into the centre of a close-wooded thicket, where with difficulty the men who bore him forced their way. His arms were pinioned so tightly as to render any struggles on his part impossible, and all his words of menace or entreaty were powerless to obtain an answer of any sort from his captors. At length they halted, at a sign from one who appeared their leader, and without further directions, as though they knew beforehand what was to be done, they began binding Juan to the trunk of one of the trees.

" 'What would you with me?' cried the unhappy bridegroom. 'Are you Spaniards, are you men? Oh, Maria, oh, my dearest, darling wife, where have they torn you to from me? Speak, men or devils if you be,

“speak, and let me know what you require. Is it ransom you look for? name your sum and set us free. You shall be paid, by the honour of my name I swear. Are you dumb, or am I to be driven mad among you?”

“Without heeding him they continued to pass the rope around his body, legs, and arms, till he was perfectly helpless, and then, being satisfied that there was no chance of his extricating himself, withdrew, leaving him alone with their leader. The latter, as soon as the others were gone, came up and placed himself in front of the prisoner, and taking off the mask, which, in common with his subordinates he had worn throughout, showed Juan the features of the man whom as his enemy he had most reason to dread—his cousin, Antonio.

“‘Go mad, if so it pleases you,’ hissed out the latter, ‘go mad, that you may learn something of what I have owed to you since last we met. Look well on me, my bridegroom cousin, for mine is the last human face your eyes shall ever behold. If you have a curse to give me, make haste to speak at once,’ continued he, as taking a thick gag from his pocket, he fastened it around Juan’s mouth so as to prevent him from uttering the least cry, but not so as to impede his breathing. ‘Now you know your fate. Here, inch by inch, your life shall slip from you; you shall hear the sound of distant travellers, but of none coming near to help you. You shall listen to their laughter, and feel that could you open your lips to cry for succour you would be saved. Your voice is henceforth dumb, and to this spot are none ever led by chance. I could make this steel do the work of cold and hunger, inch by inch, as well as they,’ continued he, in a low measured tone, drawing a dagger, and pressing its point to Juan’s breast till the blood started; ‘but I would rather feel that you are left here clinging hopelessly, hour by hour, to a life made maddened by the thought that I am, meanwhile, filling your place at Maria’s side.’

“Juan—helpless, speechless, motionless—closed his eyes, lest the sight of the man on whom they looked should, indeed, drive him mad, and opened them not again till the retiring footsteps of his enemy told him that he was alone.

“Through the burning hours of that day’s slow agony, stroke by stroke, the full peal of a life-long torture rang upon his brain. The sunny past, the blighted future, met together, linked in one by the thought of her, so loved, so lost, whose fate—oh God!—that he should have power to think of it, and be impotent to stir a finger for succour. He writhed in frenzy, till the unrelaxing cords cut him to the bone. He turned to look on death for deliverance, and the image of him who had wrought the ruin of his happiness arose, sneering in security as he stood, before the eye of his outraged honour. Not death—not yet—not till he had branded on that man’s life the mark of retribution—not till he had met him once in freedom face to face—let death come after when it would. He would be calm that life might now be preserved to him; help would come in time; he was young, strong; the fire of vengeance would keep alive his vigour that he should not sink—help would come; but the day had worn to evening, and the sun had ceased to blind him with its western rays, and the twilight was already cooling the stifling air he breathed. It must come soon. His head had dropt

upon his breast, black spots were dancing before his eyes, a heavy sound of bells was in his ears. Hark! another sound—the rustling of branches—he roused himself to look—something was moving through the brushwood—drawing nearer—help had come at last—help! Through the underwood, leisurely crunching their way, five or six swine were seen, exploring as they went, making towards him untended by any swineherd, unfollowed even by any dog whose sagacity might lead to some chance of rescue; only some stragglers from a herd, enjoying a stolen liberty. Up they came, and as they approached the tree to which he was fastened, grunts of satisfaction announced their sentiments at the discovery. It was a full-grown, richly-laden, sweet chestnut; and, standing as it did in a hitherto unvisited spot, the fallen fruit lay plentifully piled around. They were in no haste to quit such a banquet, but spread themselves about, close to Juan's feet, taking no more notice of him than if he had been part of the tree itself. What an age seemed to have passed over him! This morning—it could not be—it must have been long, long, years ago—in some life gone by, that he and Maria rode side by side among the oleanders, down the gravelled river-bed, beneath the olive trees—or had it ever been? He knew not now—he knew of nothing but a rushing sound of waters, rising, as from a river that circled his feet, and mounted upward to his heart, and flooded to his lips. He tried to drink, but its bitter saltness mocked his thirst. He seemed to hear afar off, mingled with its roar, the cry, as it were, of a human voice; he seemed to feel the touch of a human hand upon him; but the waters rose, and rose, to the level of his nostrils, when, suddenly, the bonds that bound him broke, and he fell forward in the flood.

“He was saved. The herd from whose care the swine had strayed, missing his charge, had followed them for more than two miles to the spot where they were found, close to Juan, in a part of the forest so wholly unfrequented that, but for this accident, weeks—months might have passed without any one traversing it. The man hastened to cut the cords, and finding life not extinct in the senseless body, with the assistance of his comrades, carried Juan into Ronda. Here it was found that a brain-fever had set in, and for weeks his life and reason lay trembling in the balance. At last his strength of constitution conquered—he was out of danger. His first question was for Maria. Nothing had been heard of her. Justice, too, had failed in tracking Antonio. The muleteers and man-servant, who had been carried off by his band, had returned one by one at intervals, and reported that they had been made to accompany their captors, marching by night and closely guarded by day, ignorant of the country they traversed, till, in the midst of a district of uncultivated, uninhabited deserts, which they afterwards found to be the plains of Estremadura, they were liberated, with orders to set their faces to the south, while the band continued its course northward. Of Donna Maria or Antonio they could say nothing. Juan's servant was a newly-hired one, whom he had engaged after Antonio had quitted Granada, and with the person of the latter neither he nor the muleteers were acquainted. Of Donna Maria all agreed that they had seen nothing.

“As soon as Juan could move he announced his intention of setting out alone from Ronda on a journey. All divined its object.

Many would gladly have joined him, but none would he permit to do so. 'If the time should come,' said he to his friends on taking leave, 'that I need your assistance, I will not fail to ask for what I know will be given me as readily then as now; but at present leave me to myself.' And he went his way alone.

CHAPTER II.

"THREE months after, there returned to Granada one on whose face, as of a stranger, men looked, nor knew till he addressed them that in the fierce, haggard figure before their eyes, they saw him who had ridden forth on that September morning, exulting in the glory of his youth and love. Over cheeks grown hollow the skin was tightly drawn; the black hair was streaked with grey; the thin-lined lips seemed fixed as though rivetted with steel; the brows, gathered downward, hid the full, dark eyelids burning deep and terrible in their sockets. His friends feared to speak to him on the subject of which all thought; but he himself was the first to allude to it, for he had returned not to remain, but to claim their promised assistance, and depart at once. He told his tale to those he trusted. On leaving Ronda he had followed the only clue he possessed, by tracing through Estremadura the band that had there set free his servant and the muleteers; for, though sure that neither his wife nor Antonio were of the party, he trusted to thus discovering something that might lead to the knowledge of where they were to be sought. He was not long in overtaking the party he was in pursuit of, consisting of five men, two of whom he recognized as being those who had overpowered and secured him—the other faces he could not call to mind having seen before. Disguising himself so as to be safe against any chance of recognition on their part, he mixed among them at the different ventas where they halted, and endeavoured, without exciting suspicion, to ascertain whither they were bound, and with what object; for that they were not merely travelling without a purpose was evident from their keeping together, not remaining even for a day in any town, and following a route due north by regular marches. He could, however, gain no intelligence, and was forced to content himself with keeping them in view, while he avoided attracting their notice. On they went, through Salamanca, through Valladolid, by Burgos and Vittoria, till at length they seemed to have brought their journey to an end at a village in the neighbourhood of Tolosa. Here he collected that they were to remain for the present till the receipt of further orders from some one whom they spoke of as the captain, and who, as Juan felt assured, was none other than Antonio. Their ultimate object, too, began to make itself apparent, as, from the known sentiments of the people in the province where they now were, danger was not to be apprehended from alluding to it; and Juan found that, an access of the chronic revolution afflicting Spain being then in mid-fit, these men were awaiting from their leader the signal of a rendezvous to join the insurrectionary movement. At length it came: Catalonia was the province, the neighbourhood of Barcelona the point for which they were to make. Thither Juan traced them, curbing, as best he could, his impatience at

being bound to the slow progress of their march, by the anticipation of the moment, now near, when his search should be rewarded with success, and the arm of the avenger set free to strike. His thoughts were concentrated on Antonio; on the image of Maria he dared not dwell. Vengeance on the former he had yet in store—the certainty of its accomplishment lay with cooling touch upon the fever of his hate, and calmed its outward show; upon the ashes of his happiness memory but poured the spirit of despair, and the dying embers lightened as it fell in pale and flickering bursts of agony. She was lost to him on earth—he should never see her more. Why, he knew not; so he felt it was, by more than a foreboding, by an instinct of what already must have been. Had he allowed the influence of that feeling power over him, resolution would have yielded, courage been unmanned, a broken heart have welcomed death; but the future, the future of retribution—yes—life still was dear.

“He followed the party of five into the city of Barcelona; but no sooner were they within the walls than they separated, each taking a different direction, and he found the clue, so long and perseveringly pursued, thus suddenly broken. Perplexed by this unexpected dispersion, he lost time in confused efforts to keep in view the movements of each, and ended by losing sight of all. As was afterwards ascertained, had he confined himself to the observation of any one, he would have gained his object. Having arrived in Barcelona some days before that appointed for a junction with their captain, they were free to pass the interval as they pleased, agreeing to make their way individually, when the time came, to the rendezvous. Where that was Juan had now to discover, but without any indication of which direction to pursue. He passed days and nights in traversing the streets, frequenting the public promenades, searching the cafés, but found no trace of those he had lost. They must have quitted the town, but whither had they gone? He was as powerless for action as when they had left him bound in the forest. All that he could do was to seek for information as to any bands of robbers or rebels being in the neighbourhood, and take steps according to what he heard. He was crossing the Rambla one day, when he thought he saw before him the figure of a woman that he recognized, though of whom he could not say. Quickening his pace till he came up with her, he looked her in the face, and, darting towards her, seized by the hand Caterina, his wife’s waiting-maid, who had been carried off along with her mistress, and of whom, till then, no more than of the latter, had anything been heard. At last, at last, he should learn the worst!

“‘Maria—my wife!’ was all he could gasp out, as he stood before the startled girl.

“A scream of terror was the only reply that accompanied her struggle to escape.

“‘Speak, woman!—Caterina, for the love of the Blessed Virgin, tell me all.’

“She looked up at the altered accent of his words; tears and sobs succeeded to her alarm; at length she grew composed, and told her tale.

“I need not dwell on it. A story of desolate helplessness, resisting

importunity, outraged by violence. The presentiment of Juan was fulfilled. A day's journey from where he stood, within the cemetery of Monserrat, lay entombed, with her who there reposed, the future hopes for whose accomplishment, but four months back, eternity seemed only not too brief. Of Antonio he could get but little information from Caterina; she had apparently adapted herself, without difficulty, to circumstances, having found among the followers of Juan's cousin one who had attached himself to her as her lover, and to whose fortunes her interest for the present was bound. She was therefore unwilling to say anything that might compromise the party to which he belonged. Juan, however, heard enough to ascertain that the man he sought was at the head of an independent band, raised by himself, nominally in the Carlist cause, but in reality composed of members ready to wage war against society in any shape for their own benefit; by liberal pay, he had secured the services of such of them as he required for carrying into execution his plot against Juan and Maria; and having, acting in concert with them, though travelling by a different route, rejoined the main body, he was now in the neighbouring mountains, at the head of about twenty men, who were known as 'El Chico's' band, that being the *sobriquet* assumed by their leader. This was all that Juan could collect from Caterina, but it was enough. He parted from her, not without an assurance that they should meet again, and that if he then found her to have revealed to Antonio, or any of his followers, the secret of his existence, punishment should be dealt her by his own hand. She looked him in the face, and believed his words.

"His plan was formed; before however proceeding to carry it out, one sad pilgrimage was before him — one day to be given to the past. He sought the cemetery of Monserrat—a new-made grave, a cross with the maiden name of Maria Estornoz carved upon it, showed the spot for which he looked. No human eyes were on him as he knelt; no words of mine shall profane the record of that hour. Ere he arose, he cut from off the cross a piece of wood; and on it, as upon a holy relic, casting himself down to the freshly-mounded earth, he recorded a vow, the pursuit of whose fulfilment was thenceforth to be his life.

"On returning to Barcelona, his first care was to seek an interview with the Captain-General of the province, and obtain from him permission to carry into effect his purpose. This he stated to be the destruction of the rebel band, known as 'El Chico's.' No reasons were given or asked for; assistance to the cause of government was readily welcomed, and the province being under martial law, the Captain-General granted him a guerilla licence to arm and maintain a body of twenty men, with liberty to act independently of all regular military authorities, for the special service named. The dispersion of the band effected, his commission was to expire. As, however, Juan was a stranger in Catalonia, the terms he offered were acceded to by the Governor only on condition of sufficient surety being given to the Captain-General of Andalusia for their fulfilment. To give the surety required, and to organise his troop, Juan had revisited Granada. Such was the substance of what he told his friends, when, after three months' absence, he appeared again amongst them. But little time was needed to complete his arrangements. All Granada, to a man, would have joined in

giving the needful security, and in the formation of his band the only difficulty was to select, from the crowd of candidates, the number requisite. This he chose, as much as possible, from his own family and connexions; the few uncomprised in their ranks, were men whom he could trust as his oldest and dearest friends. All made common cause. The punishment of one man they bound themselves to compass; the mode of its prosecution they left, unquestioning, to him who led them. By his desire, to avoid attracting notice, they traversed Spain in parties of two or three, and met at Barcelona on a given day.

“The memory of that Black Band of Granada, as it soon came to be called, lives among the Catalonian mountains to this day. Keeping ever in view one object; acting together, unfettered in their operations by fear of consequences, or necessity of avoiding publicity; freed by the authority of the law from all legal restraint; pursuing implacably their prey, disregarding all beside; terrible to their opponents by the might of irresponsible power; secure in their intercourse with the world by the safeguard of common citizenship, a mystery of novel terror grew around their name. The peasants, as they saw them pass, made way with superstitious reverence; each one of Antonio's followers knew that when they were met with, he had fallen into the hand of fate. One by one disappeared the band that had called ‘El Chico’ captain. Cut off in returning from forays; surprised in distant villages; roused in their mountain fastnesses from the dead slumber of exhaustion, to find their captors watching their pallet, resistance in every case was hopeless. Whenever they were attacked, it was in small detached parties, and by numbers so superior, that submission or flight was their sole alternative; and in escaping by flight, none had ever yet succeeded. The knowledge of their movements it seemed impossible to keep concealed; take what precautions they would, choose as they might the most devious routes, at the moment when they were least prepared, at the spot where foresight would have been most powerless for defence, the fatal gun-barrels were seen covering them; the voice they must obey was heard ordering surrender—their time was come. Against Antonio personally, Juan sought not yet to act. No, he would move slowly, surely, in narrowing circles round him, making the influence of his unseen presence felt, paralysing the energies of his foe, alienating from him all on whom he could depend; making men learn, that, would they value their own lives, they must, as from a plague-stricken outcast, separate themselves from him; thread by thread winding around him a closer-strangling coil, till the terror of that justice that knew no halt, yet overtook him not, should darken with its shadow his sleeping and waking hours, till the very paroxysm of fear should stimulate despairing courage, and he be driven forth to seek o'er earth a rest he ne'er should find. Then, ere too long protracted torture had deadened sensibility to pain, should the blood-hound instinct of vindictiveness be stayed, and the tiger-bound of Moorish vengeance deal his death.

“The day so waited for was near at hand. The steadfastness of enmity against one particular body had not failed to rouse inquiry as to its cause among all who heard of it, as well as among those who were the immediate objects of its pursuit. The reason began to be surmised, the name of Juan to be known, the person of Antonio to be

indicated, as of him who had provoked this persecution. The story of Maria being known to many, was by them communicated to all who spoke on the subject, and so it was speedily spread throughout the country, that in her name this terrible Black Band was enrolled, to exact atonement for her wrongs. Various embellishments of romance or superstition were added to the different accounts given, and these, joined to the prestige of constant success in all they undertook, mysterious seclusion in their lives, and the vagueness of conflicting reports as to whether Juan was or not alive and leading them, combined to make their force more and more formidable to the peasantry, combined to make the latter more and more desirous of severing connexion with one who might implicate in his doom all adherents. The remnant of his band, too, regarded their captain, before long, as a man with whose lot it were folly to allow theirs to be further identified; his destruction was inevitable: better abandon him before theirs became so likewise. Thus, in spite of Antonio's threats, entreaties, bribes, daily desertions thinned his ranks; no new adherents could be found to refill them. His utmost efforts were unavailing to postpone the moment he saw approaching, when he should be left alone. The state of watching suspense in which he was condemned to live was intolerable; he could not wait passively till the uncertain hour, destined as his last, was come; to delay longer, was to give himself, bound hand and foot, to the destroyer; he must fly, and at once — fly, but whither? Wherever chance might lead him, it mattered not, so that he did but something — so that he sat not down, and yielded unstruggling to his fate. His resolution was taken. With every precaution to ensure his design being unsuspected, he one night disappeared from the mountain haunt he had learned to call his home; but Juan had his spies at work; intelligence of Antonio's flight reached him before the latter had gained the open country beyond Barcelona. A new cause of alarm now suggested itself: should Antonio be captured by any of the regular troops occupying the province, the summary justice of martial-law would be dealt him, and Juan's victim so escape his hand. He instantly set out in apparent pursuit, and claiming the co-operation of the military quartered near, and on the road to the frontier, drew them off in different directions, so as to leave open a way of safety. This mode of escape he caused to be indicated to Antonio by one of the followers who had remained to the last seemingly true to the fortunes of 'El Chico,' but who was in reality a well-paid spy of Juan's, faithfully betraying the man from whom he had least to gain. At present, however, his agency was honestly employed in saving his former leader's life; he accompanied him, facilitating their progress by the occasional exhibition, unknown to Antonio, of a private passport from the Captain-General, given him by the intervention of Juan; his efforts were successful, the frontier of Arragon was safely passed; information to that effect was conveyed to his employer, with the assurance that the movements of Antonio should be carefully watched till further orders were received. This was all that Juan waited for. He collected his band of followers, and addressing them with sincere gratitude for their support, begged that they would now consider all the service they could render him as at an end; what remained to be done, was for him

alone. Remonstrance was useless, they were obliged to yield; some remained in Barcelona, others returned by sea to Andalusia; Juan, wearing next his heart the relic of Monserrat, crossed the frontier of Arragon.

"There is a city of Castile, enthroned in royalty of widowed queendom, still surveying from her seven hills the land that once obeyed her sway. The desolation of departed splendour hangs its mourning drapery on every mouldered wall and grass-grown court. A sadder sense of ruin, too, than aught the touch of time can cause, is here brought home. The power of time, effacing slowly, consecrates its sacrifice; the destroying hand of man but stigmatizes with defacement its desecrated victim. In traversing the silent streets, the dust of centuries makes heavy every step; in gazing on the alabaster fragments yet denoting what was once a convent cloister, some spared portion of its former imagery still attracts the eye, to plead against attributing to aught but human violence the mutilated hideousness it elsewhere looks upon. Within its stony bed, around the rock foundations of that city, runs a river as of old, but the race that turned it to account is gone; some roofless sheds, and shattered water-wheels; alone give evidence of days when as a source of fertilising blessing, was the Tagus to Toledo.

"Thither, on the track of Antonio, Juan came.

"It was a night in June; the murmurs of the distant city, faint and fainter grown, had sunk to rest; its rarely-scattered lights, extinguished one by one, had ceased to stud the blackened walls that rose against the sky. Drearily intermingling, tenantless ruin and inhabited dwelling blended together, to form one vast and ghostly edifice, whose broken outline cut the eastern moon, now rising in fulness, raying the darkness with its beams—now from higher station in the heavens, frosting with silver the 'meadows of the King,' and turning to a liquid-metal stream the glittering river-course. It traced the upward channel of the waters, till the level banks arose to cliffs, and hid within their gorge the inky tide. Midway up the face of the precipice, here rising abruptly perpendicular from a deep still pool, a patch of brightest moonlight brought to view a narrow winding path that seemed to issue from one black tunnel, appear for a moment, and be lost in another, so thickly impenetrable lay the gloom around. Impenetrable, as to mercy was the heart of him who sat there; for, covered by the thickest fold of night, with eye and ear attent to watch that moonlit path, Juan awaited the moment, now at hand, when, for the first time since their Ronda Forest parting, Antonio and he should meet. The drama there commenced was drawing to an end; that open spot of moonlight should behold its close. From a bend of the river below where he sat came, at intervals, the sound of water rushing over rocks, now dying away in the distance, now caught by the night-breeze and borne with louder swell upon his ear, then strained to the utmost, lest the growing murmur of that torrent-voice should drown the echo of an advancing footstep. Hush! In the midst of a sudden, silent pause, he hears the falling clatter of loose stones, detached from the mountain side in the direction by which the man he looks for must advance. He draws a deeper breath, rivets his burning eyes upon the black cast-iron wall beyond, and setting close his teeth, springs to his feet, as a portion of its darkness assumes a bodily

form, and, stepping forth into the moonlight, Antonio stands before him! Midway between the two black tunnels they met. No word was spoken; with an inarticulate stifled cry Juan darted forward, and ere Antonio had recovered from his first surprise he felt his cousin's fingers clutching at his throat. Taken by surprise—so it might be—what for that cared Juan. The law of retribution made that man's life his, take it when he would. No right of equal combat claimed due warning. The forfeit of all that earthly opportunity could exact from him had Antonio staked; the hour of payment was come, the forfeit to its utmost should the loser make good. Down, down to the earth he crushed the ravisher of his bride; down he fell upon him, glaring with his eyes to seek the spot where keenest-suffered agony might own the final blow. His knee was on his heart to grind him into dust—his hands were round his neck to strangle out his being. No, no—those starting eyes, those purple, swollen veins not yet should herald death. The dagger point that frayed his skin should drink the life-blood of his foe. His gripe relaxed, he drew the weapon from his belt, he raised his knee to make assured the blow. While yet his hand was high in air, descending to its aim, the body that had bowed inert beneath his frenzied strength, started into consciousness, as the pressure of his hold was loosened; animation's instinct writhed with sensitive convulsion; as the blow descended, he on whom its force was dealt beheld his peril; with one serpent struggle he attained the precipice's brink, and as the dagger quivered in its fleshy sheath, the broad bright moon now hanging over head, and turning to a silver lake the inky pool, looked down on one dark figure falling from that mountain path, and sinking plashing in the molten flood. But midway as it fell, a cry arose to heaven, one wild solitary cry—then all was silent, save afar the river chafing in its rocky shallows, while above, where two had stood, one lay alone alive.

“That cry—its sound was as a mocking demon's voice, to haunt him while he lived. Remorse—he knew it not. Come all again, his act should be the same. That act, though—had it gained its end? A Spaniard would have thought so; but the Zegri blood was boiling in his veins. That cry had ne'er been uttered had his blow struck home. It rung upon his ear in witness of his vengeance frustrated; it rose to heaven appealing to a vow yet unfulfilled, recorded on the relic next his heart. From that day forth the slow fever of uncertainty made rest intolerable. The one thought that Antonio was yet alive, was ever present; the one purpose of re-discovering him was clung to with monomaniac tenacity. Wherever a crowd met together, whether in the theatre, on the Alameda, amid the eager multitudes of the ‘Plaza de toros,’ or the devout throng of some religious ceremony, might be seen that pale, wan face, those glittering, ever-shifting eyes, hurrying from point to point, careless of what brought assembled there all others, searching amid the changing sea of faces for a spot where doubt might bring its bark to anchor. It was a fearful thing to witness the fixedness of that pursuit, implacably directed against one who might have already ceased to exist; it made even men, to whom the obligation of revenge was as a sacred duty, shudder to behold the working of an insatiate spirit that seemed to dispute with death itself the necessity of submission. His mind, too, appeared at times affected. Incoherent words,

inability to attend to any but the one subject, fits of abstracted reverie, as though the spectral shapes of his imagination had assumed consistent form, and were present to his eye, began to be observed. His energy was unimpaired, but it was evident to all that bodily strength was giving way, and that if Antonio were still indeed alive but a little time longer, and he need dread no more meeting Juan in this world.

“So stood matters, when, one day about the beginning of October, intelligence was brought to Juan, by an emissary whom he kept employed in his service, that a man answering to the description of Antonio had been heard of the month before at Marseilles. Whether it was he or not was doubtful, as, though the Spanish sailor from whom this news was derived had been acquainted formerly with the person of Antonio, he could speak to no more than a resemblance between the latter and the man he had seen on the quay of Marseilles. The likeness, however, had so struck him that he made inquiry at the time, and was told that the person in question was an Italian settled in the city, and living in retirement at an address which he had preserved. Any straw of hope, that seemed to promise certainty, was eagerly caught at by Juan, as a relief from the vague chance that had hitherto influenced the direction of his search; and no sooner was he made acquainted with the existence of this clue to discovery than he resolved to follow it up. He travelled day and night till he reached Marseilles. On arriving there, and causing inquiry to be made with caution at the house indicated, he found that its tenant, one Giuseppe Morelli, had quitted it three weeks before for Grenoble. He was unable to ascertain any particulars to confirm the supposed identity of this Morelli with Antonio; so, losing no time in researches that he saw at once would be unsatisfactory, he started in pursuit. At Grenoble he heard of the Italian as having already left *en route* to Geneva. Thither he followed him. That town he had also quitted, ten days before Juan reached it. The excitement of the chase growing more intense, as it was prolonged, without further delay than was necessary to decide on Turin as being the point for which next to make, and Martigny as the first stage on the road thither, he hurried out of Geneva. Martigny was quickly gained; and there it became necessary to choose by which route the Alps should be crossed. The most direct way was the only one Juan would hear of; so, sending round his baggage by the Simplon, he determined to cross the Mont St. Bernard on foot. It was a hazardous attempt, all said. The season of the year was far advanced, it being now the end of October, the late Autumn was setting in too with more than ordinary severity, and for the previous week so broken had been the weather, that all communication with the Italian frontier in that direction had been intercepted. However, Juan was not to be deterred; and, his liberal offers of payment overcoming all opposition, he started, in company with two guides, to make the ascent on the second morning after his arrival at Martigny, no endeavours being effectual to persuade any of the necessary escort to risk the dangers of the pass sooner.

“It was a keen, clear morning, as they left the town, and, at first, all seemed to promise well. No sooner, however, had they got above the level of the valley, than traces of the ravages caused by the late storms

began to present themselves on every side. Bridges swept away, paths broken up, trees snapt in two and thrown across the road, caused ever-recurring delays, and ere they had well entered upon the region of snow, the daylight had begun to wane. The appearance of the sky was, also, changing for the worse. A grey, misty film that had hung since noon like a veil of thin gauze betwixt the earth and heaven, was felt, as evening approached, to gather into darker density; the boundary of the path was growing less and less defined to Juan's eye, seeming almost lost. The guides had ceased to maintain any effort at conversation; they answered such questions as were put to them, but in as few words as possible; and if otherwise they spoke, it was to each other, and in a tone of voice so low, that Juan could not overhear what was said. Still they held on their way unhesitatingly; and whatever indefinite dread of danger, as possibly imminent, Juan might have felt, he took care to allow no outward signs of such to appear. So they plodded on silently, in single file, the guides, every now and then, as they mounted higher, pausing a moment, and thrusting their mountain poles right and left into the snow ere resuming their march. These halts became gradually more frequent and prolonged; still no idea beyond the necessity of extra caution in ensuring the accuracy of their guidance seemed requisite to account for their conduct; and any suspicion of their having lost the way was the last that Juan would have entertained, till, after one cast right and left, more anxiously made than any previously, and evidently more unsatisfactory in its results, they came to a dead stop, and for the first time addressing him, without allowing that any serious risk was to be apprehended, begged that he would remain stationary for a little, while they proceeded to search for the recovery of what, it needed not now their confession to show, was lost—the path. There was nothing for it but to do as they suggested. Any attempt of his to aid them would have been worse than useless; it would certainly have involved him in danger, for extrication from which their assistance would have been necessary. So, promising to remain where he was till they returned, he saw them depart, exploring cautiously as they went. As the outline of their figures faded, and grew lost in the leaden mist, the helplessness of his position struck home to Juan's heart. The forced inaction to which he was condemned; the thought that on the efforts of others depended his fate, while he was powerless to influence it; the novel loneliness of an Alpine winter, freezing into night, depressed him with unwonted awe. The stories he had heard of travellers losing their way in these solitudes, sinking in the snow, dropping softly into a sleep from which they ne'er awoke, recurred to him for the first time with a terrible attraction of personal interest in their details; a strange excitement stirred his imagination; he started up and began walking to and fro rapidly to divert his attention from these fancies, as well as to keep in circulation his chilling blood; but the thoughts he fain would banish clung pertinaciously to his mind, and filled his brain. Fantastic combinations of danger; precipices yawning under his feet, with glimpses of a world beneath, revealed and lost; fathomless snow-drifts, in the depth of whose icy embalmment were lying still, in fresh untarnished beauty, those for whom the mourners long had ceased to sorrow; avalanches falling past him

in the darkness—seen not, heard not, felt but by the air congealed around them—thronged upon him in visions, whereof, as it seemed, the illusion grew at every moment less and less remote from reality; but the time was going by—the guides would soon return—he must take care to watch for their approach. By a strong effort he shook himself free from the waking dreams that had possessed him, and looked around. This, surely, was not the spot where they had parted?—had he wandered from it? It seemed impossible—he had but walked back and forward a dozen times, and yet he sought in vain, now, to recognize it. There was, he recollected, a cluster of icy pinnacles rising near the place; he had remarked them standing out with peculiar brilliancy in the direction taken by the guides—if he could find them again, all would be well. The air had, surely, grown suddenly colder, or was it that he failed to notice it till now? Ah! he was right, yonder must be the landmark for which he looked. Yonder, looming whitely through the atmosphere — He stopped short, for the earth was quivering beneath his feet; a quick vibration filled the air; glistening, vast, and formless, an onward-gliding motion seemed pervading space; a frozen sigh was breathed upon him, and he fell insensible.

“How long he lay he knew not; when he regained consciousness he looked around with a dreamy uncertainty of thought, that in vain endeavoured to recall what had taken place. His memory was at fault, his ideas were disordered; any attempt to control either, he felt painfully impossible; he staggered to his feet mechanically, and stumbled forward. The night had now changed, the fog had cleared away, and the stars were shining down undimmed in beauty; the moon had come forth as well, and marked with motionless shadows every undulation of the snowy scenery. Onward he continued to advance, knowing, thinking not in what direction. Before his eyes a confused phantasmagoria was in motion; processions of past events moving by, disappeared, returning unexpectedly to blend with others yet in progress. Hideous faces gibbering with strange passion gradually stiffened to grotesquely rigid masks that, falling off, revealed the loveliness of well-remembered features, gone again ere gazed upon a moment. Glimpses of figures claiming recognition, were caught for a second as they started up and vanished back into the surging throng, while before him some raven-headed toad, or serpent-bodied ape took their place and answered the welcome of his friendship. By degrees the actors settled into order more consistent with the scenes in which they took part; the multitude of supernumeraries melted out of sight—the principals alone remained. And now the events of the past year shaped themselves into a shadowy fluctuating form, from which as from before a gauze-dimmed mirror was the veil withdrawn, as, one by one, assuming definite proportions, they reappeared. Again he stood upon the terrace of the villa garden of Granada, and saw Maria's eyes reflect the setting sun-light; but there was a hue of paleness such as he had never known before on everything around; and then he recollected that from that day forth the sun was to give out light alone, but never warmth again. True, that accounted for the bitterness of present cold. Why, all seemed frozen, all except Maria's lips that burned like glowing steel, but when he pressed them closer to his own they faded to a fierce, white heat, and looking up, he saw

Antonio bend from above and beckon her to come away. She rose and went. He sought to stay her, but she was already gone. The scene changed: he found himself sitting in the shadow of the mountain path above the Tagus. He must take care not to move a step into the moonlight, for it is so brilliant that the man he waits for would then recognize him, though he were a mile away, and take alarm. How strange that he should have so often before looked upon the moon, yet never seen till now that it was nothing but a ball of ice. Hush, he must keep close, Antonio is heard approaching—see, he appears—gliding, gliding forward he advances. Juan, spell-bound in the shadow, must await him there; he cannot stir; he surely does not feel afraid; yet, dare he not move. Nearer, nearer, not walking, with that strange slow motion Antonio comes. His head is bare; his eyes are fixed on vacancy; his cheeks are colourless; his lips, drawn back and upward from the teeth, are curved into a horrible writhing grin of agony. He is close at hand. If Juan would not have him now escape, he must arise and bar his way. By a desperate effort he arises, and summoning all his strength, flings himself forward. His hand is almost on Antonio's shoulder, when suddenly between the two there grows out of the darkness an iron grating; he falls, he touches—'God of heaven! what is this? There is no delusion here'—with bare head, vacant eyes, bloodless cheeks, and writhing lips convulsed in agony, Antonio, such as he had seen him in his vision—Antonio is present bodily before him.

“‘Lift him up, he is senseless.’ Four or five men were standing round the body of Juan, one of whom had spoken. They raised him up, laid him on a litter and bore him with them. When he awoke to life he was lying in a bed of this hospice where we are sitting, with one of the Martigny guides by his side. The latter, as soon as Juan's opening eyes showed signs of restored animation, commenced a voluble litany of mingled thanks and exculpations, blessing heaven for the signor's recovery, and calling all the saints to witness that he and his fellow-guide were guiltless of the danger he had incurred. It seemed that they were returning to the spot where they had left him, having succeeded in striking the path at a point that assured them of whereabouts they were when the avalanche, whose passing breath had deprived Juan of consciousness, fell between him and them. Direct advance being thus rendered impossible, they were forced to make a considerable detour; and on approaching the place, as they were obliged to do, from the opposite direction, they were horrified to perceive that the spot where the three had been last together, and where they, of course, expected to find Juan awaiting their return, was directly in the line of the track taken by the avalanche. They thereupon made for the hospice, and procuring assistance, were returning to extricate him from the snow under which he was supposed to be buried, when one of the dogs drew their attention aside, and to their astonishment they discovered him for whom they were about to seek, lying in a half-fallen posture against the bars of the hospice dead-house, grasping with both hands the iron grating, and perfectly insensible. They did not tell him, though, what all had paused to look on at the time, of the likeness, both in features and expression, between his face and another separated from it but by the

grating's breadth ; they did not tell him that as they two lay so close together, with nothing but those bars between, how it might have been supposed, to look on but their faces, that a mirror of ice had reproduced the double image of one object ; and how that it were hard to have said on which of them death had most impressed its seal. They told him, however, how that when the morning came they had examined the path he must have followed in his unconscious wandering, and that if ever man had escaped destruction by a miracle it was he. In many places a single step on either side would have been sufficient to have ensured instant death.

" Juan interrupted this recital, by requesting immediate assistance to direct him to the spot where he had been discovered. That dead-house is now a thing of the past ; but then it stood near the road by which we all have come, reminding, by the presence of its ghastly inmates, every traveller of the perils from which he had escaped.

" One look satisfied Juan. It was, in very truth, his cousin whom he there beheld. On inquiring, he was informed that a party from Martigny had attempted the ascent of the mountain ten days before, that the weather had broken in one of the fiercest storms of the season ere they could reach the summit—and that house told the rest. It told him more. It told him that the object of his life was at an end, that a higher power had come between him and his enemy, that the just accomplishment of punishment his hand had been permitted not to deal ; and with that feeling came the thought of his own miraculous deliverance from death. The similarity of their danger brought more home to his mind the difference of their fate ; the peril he had escaped caused him to reflect on what his future life must be ; the trials he had gone through made him shun the idea of mixing again with the crowd of his fellow-beings ; at six-and-twenty he found himself an old and solitary man. He grew accustomed, during his convalescence, to this spot ; on being restored to health he obtained permission to attach himself to the brotherhood. Here he remained, while life lasted, in the discharge of the duties so undertaken. Here I still saw him often, for I had been one of his oldest friends. The death he sought to welcome was not long in coming ; two years he laboured in his calling, and on the third, that weary heart and troubled spirit rested in peace."

Ere the Spaniard's tale was ended, the lamps had begun to burn low in the hall where we sat ; the hour was far advanced. When he had concluded, a few subdued words were interchanged, and all rose to retire. Soon the last footstep was hushed, the last light extinguished, and, sleeping in deep silence, midnight descended upon the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

LOVE AND PRAYER.

They pray not for themselves ! Behold them kneeling—
 Twin-sisters kneeling by the self-same bed ;—
 Each for the other to one God appealing,
 With clasped hands, and meekly-bended head.

Within that clasp each earnest face is hidden,
 Each poureth forth her secret soul alone ;
 But through the holy silence thoughts unbidden
 Rise, and unite their voice before the throne.

What lovely, nestling forms!—methinks the beating
 Of a near heart each list'ner needs must hear ;
 And yet she heareth not that heart repeating
 Unspoken prayers for her to God's own ear.

She heareth not—each suppliant impresses
 An unseen brow upon the bed beneath ;
 Nor know they that meanwhile their fallen tresses
 Unconsciously are twined in many a wreath.

Upon the snowy coverlid they mingle,
 And golden ringlets cling to ebony locks,
 Like ocean-weeds that deck the silv'ry shingle,
 Drooping in varied beauty from the rocks.

Oh ! as the fire-light, with its flickering motion,
 Upon their pure white vestments sheds a glare,
 Behold them in that halo of devotion !—
 Methinks two angels now are kneeling there.

And now they rise—with what a sweet communion
 Lip presseth lip in secret ecstasy ;—
 Oh ! in that moment—with a sublimer union,
 May not their prayers have met and kissed above.

They sleep—each lumberer still fondly holdeth
 A sister to her breast with jealous care ;
 And a yet stronger chain their hearts enfoldeth—
 The link of interwoven love and prayer.

Thus Prayer within the arms of Love reclineth,
 Beneath the answering smile of God above ;
 And holiness with doubled lustre shineth,
 When Love doth pray, and Prayer doth ever love.

U. U. P.

THE MOUNTAIN WALK.

CHAPTER I.

The Party—The Dragoon—The Dandy—Old G.—Barnes—The Author—
Le Noir Faineant—Young Willie—The Lady and the Geranium—The
Start—The Hill Side—Symptoms of Distress—The River—The Long Flat
—The Salmon Poachers—Their Fate.

“I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry ‘Tis all barren.”—STERNE.

SOME years ago, it matters not how many, I was one of a large party assembled to pass the summer vacation at a friend's house in the West of Ireland. We shot, we fished, we swam, we rowed, we organised pic-nics and boating parties; I believe also (although I am personally innocent of such things), that there was some flirting and love-making going on—at least two of the party have since been married, and as their brides were young ladies at that time staying in the house, I must, upon reflection, admit that the case appears suspicious. But this is a digression, and if I indulge in such, I shall never get into my story.

It was proposed, one day after dinner, that we should start on the following morning for a shooting and fishing lodge belonging to our host, which was situated in a distant part of the county, on the shores of the Atlantic. A young mountaineer had arrived in the morning, bringing a favourable account of the sport which might be expected: he was, therefore, detained in order that he might act as guide in our walk across the wild country which we must traverse to reach our destination. The expedition was at once determined upon, and we all agreed to start the next morning immediately after an early breakfast, as the distance, in a direct line, was said to be at least twenty miles; old G——, who never lost sight of the creature-comforts of this life, insisting that an advanced guard should start at the earliest dawn of day to carry such things as we should require during our sojourn, and above all, to give timely notice to the cook.

It struck me that two at least of our party were ill-adapted for a long walk of that description, viz., a dragoon officer and a dandy, who was, some ten years past, *sa premiere jeunesse*, and had fallen into flesh. The dragoon was very modest and humble as to his pedestrian powers, and honestly said he would have preferred going by the road, although it was a round of six miles, but he would not desert the party. The dandy, on the contrary, expressed the greatest impatience for the moment of starting, and told us the most marvellous stories of his long walks in all the countries of Europe. Indeed, if we could believe his own account of himself, there was nothing which he could not do better than any one else.

I had more than once walked the distance, and I was perfectly aware that the guide had, as all Irish peasants do when they wish to “encourage your honour,” suppressed at least five miles in his estimate; and I

knew moreover, that from the nature of the ground the mountains which we must cross, and the deep, wet valleys which lay between them, it required a really good pedestrian to reach the lodge in a day's walk.

I kept all this to myself, knowing that by the time we reached "Thone a Sheeog," a steep mountain about half way, of the name of which I cannot give a *correct* translation in English, I should be able to form a fair estimate of my friend the dandy.

The rest of our party I knew to be stout, able fellows, who would go steadily through their work ; and even old G——, though time had thinned and silvered his flowing locks, was tough, hardy, muscular, and inured to fatigue ; and provided he had plenty to eat and drink on the road, there was no danger of his failing.

Indeed we would not, on any account, have gone without old G—— ; he never spared anybody, but he was full of fun and anecdote ; and as on this occasion he was to be accompanied by his favourite butt, Barnes, it was impossible to dispense with his company. Poor Barnes, how we laughed at him. He was a man who never made and never understood a joke in his life, and who took everything *au pied de la lettre* ; you could not tickle him by a bon-mot, nor shock him by a *double entendre*. It was only necessary to look at the man to be assured that Momus had not presided over his birth or education. His head was square, his face was square, his shoulders square ; his eyes light ; his mouth large and cut straight across his face, overhanging a double chin ; his body was long, rigid, and of an even width from the shoulders to the hips ; his legs were thick, ponderous, and shapeless, without calves, and of a uniform size from the hips to the ankles. In short, they were most inexpressive and unmeaning legs, with the same sort of wooden appearance which was the character of his countenance. Now old G——, if anything happened to vex him, if his dinner was not to his mind, if the salmon was not curdy, or if the little half-glass of sherry (for of course it could be nothing else) made him feel somewhat bilious in the morning, would very often run sulky, and, as they say on the turf, refuse to give his race ; but the moment Barnes appeared, he seemed to act like the steel applied to a flint. Old G—— at once began to sparkle, to say all sorts of good things, and to tell the most impossible stories, solely for the purpose of bewildering unfortunate Barnes. His favourite method of amusing himself at Barnes's expense, was by introducing into his narrative the most daring anachronisms as to historical events and personages. Barnes, who was one of that very worthy and respectable, but deplorably dull, class of men who read almanacks, and have Hayden's dictionary of dates by heart, never could perceive that he was quizzed, and would proceed to prove, by incontestible evidence, that Hannah More could not have rebuked Lord Gough for profane swearing at the Battle of the Borodino, and that William Rufus did not head the Connaught Rangers at the passage of the Boyne.

But if I describe all the members of our party, I shall never get over "Thone a Sheeog ;" so just one word about myself. I am the most restless and impatient of mortals ; I seldom sleep, and never was known to go to bed on the same day that I got up ; and have lost half my life by punctuality, as I have always been kept waiting by others.

I have just said this much about myself, in order to form a contrast with old B. S——, *alias*, Le Noir Faineant, one of our party, who never was known to be in time for anything, and who passed his life, as the Spaniards say, in the "*Calle de despues, que va a la casa de nunca*"—"The street of by and bye, which leads to the house of never."

But I am a long way still from the mountain. Suppose us, then, all at breakfast the next morning. Old G——, who has much of the Dalgetty blood in his veins, has finished his third kidney; and having in his early youth travelled all through the wild sierras of Spain, places great faith in the muleteer's proverb, "*tripas llevan a pie*," which being translated into *lady-like* English, means, "the stomach carries the feet." He therefore puts up a substantial sandwich in the most secret pocket of his ample tweed coat. Le Noir Faineant is only beginning to stir his first cup of tea. The dandy has come down picturesquely dressed for pedestrianism, and has put his feet, of which he is not a little vain, into patent-leather boots. I, who am lineally descended from a very worthy old lady who, on the morning of a journey, was always found sitting in the carriage in the coach-house an hour before the horses had got their morning feed, was of course ready long before the others, and was endeavouring, but in vain, to stimulate Le Noir Faineant to greater expedition.

At length breakfast is over, the provident G—— and the methodical Barnes, are satisfied; even Athelstane the Unready, as we sometimes called old Bob, is on the gravel-walk, prepared to start; but young Willie, generally the most energetic of the party where sport is in question, is *non est inventus*. At length he emerges from the house with a large bunch of geranium in his button-hole, and an expression in his countenance half melancholy and half triumphant.

I have the quickest eye in the world. I can mark down a grouse at a mile's distance on the open moor, and walk up to the very tuft of heath in which he has pitched. I had no difficulty therefore (having long ago suspected the true state of affairs) in catching poor young Willie in the fact. Just as we rounded the corner of the house, I saw him take the geranium from his button-hole, kiss it, and make an almost imperceptible motion with his hand towards an upper window. I quietly looked up, under the shelter of my broad-brimmed hat, and saw, from behind a half-closed shutter, a very pretty mouth pressed to a very pretty hand. I said nothing at the time, but when, four months afterwards, Willie told me he was about to be married, and had that very day obtained the lady's consent, I advised him very quietly to write the news to his friends in India and Australia, for that I had known it for four months, and referred him back to the incident of the half-closed shutter and the geranium.

There are few things more amusing in a country-house than to watch the proceedings of a young couple in the first days of what old G——, when he is bilious, irreverently calls "Spooneyism." They think no one sees what is going on, whereas every eye is upon them. The young married women, fresh from their own experience, at once detected the symptoms of the disease; the old bachelors, who, like myself, never could persuade a woman to say "yes," and have been living all their lives in the "*Calle de desenganno*" (the street of disappointed hopes), endeavour to

revenge themselves upon fortune by pitying the poor young fools ; the old maids, who are always most Tory and Conservative as to the proprieties of their juniors, are shocked at the forwardness of the girls, and declare that the Whigs and the Polka have destroyed the morals of the age ; and the young lady herself, by the time that, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, she has lisped out—" Speak to Papa," discovers that her female friends have long since selected her *trousseau*, and decided on the circumference of her crinoline.

But we are off at last, down the avenue, and along the high road for a mile. The dandy is in high spirits, and takes a strong lead. Barnes walks along with an upright and unbending figure, and is evidently getting up a series of hard-headed dates and facts to overturn old G——'s heretical anachronisms. He, old G——, is cross and morose, and vents his ill-humour on me, because he says my restless impatience caused the party to start too soon for his digestion, and before that last kidney had found its level. Poor young Willie is silent and sad, and frequently applies the geranium to his lips. The dragoon and the *Noir Faineant* bring up the rear.

After walking about a mile, the guide springs over a fence to the right, and starts at a rapid pace up the mountain which overhangs the road. There is a bridle-path leading into the hill country, along which we proceed. The sun is hot, and the ascent steep and continuous. The path is rough and encumbered with large rocks, which have been loosened from their beds by the winter torrents ; still the wiry mountaineer pressed forward at a pace which to us, " fat and greasy citizens," was most distressing. The party, which had hitherto kept pretty well together, became a long straggling line ; the dandy gradually dropping back to the rear, and marching to slow time in company with the dragoon, the *Noir Faineant* plodding onward with a steady " *Festina Lente*" step, and the rest of the party toiling up the steep ascent, some hundred yards behind the guide, who seemed the personification of Longfellow's *Excelsior*.

In something less than two hours we reached the summit of the high ground, and halted to rest ourselves, and give time for the stragglers to close up. The ascent of the mountain side had produced its effects—Barnes had been obliged to bend his shoulders to the work, and relax the rigid muscles of his back. For the last half hour old G—— had been silent, and abstained from bon-mots and romances. The lover, who was the youngest of the party, and *Le Noir Faineant*, who would not be hurried beyond his own steady pace, appeared quite fresh ; the dragoon looked fagged and distressed, but the honour of the King's Own was at stake, and he would not give in ; but, alas ! for the poor dandy, he was already completely exhausted ; his face was purple, his whole frame quivering from exertion ; his eyes staring, and the perspiration running down in streams from his brow. I feel sure that he would at that moment have sold his birthright to be once more safe in his patent-leather boots on the flags of Merrion-square.

We halted for some twenty minutes to give him time to recover, and then prepared to enter upon the wild heath ; for on the very summit of the mountain the road, or rather track, as if convinced that nothing was to be gained by penetrating into these *Dehesas y despoblados*, " houseless wilds," stopped abruptly.

The guide here pointed out a conical mountain, at a great distance, beyond which he said lay the lodge where we were to find rest for our feet. The poor dandy looked with despair at the intervening space, but the rest of the party, who had been only temporarily distressed by the rapid pace at which the mountaineer had led them up the mountain side, put "a stout heart to a stiff brae," and proceeded cheerily on their journey. Old G——, in whose penetralia the obdurate kidney had by this time found comfortable lodging, opened fire, and as we were now going down-hill, the whole party kept well together. The lover, who, putting aside his youthful folly, was a right good fellow, had kissed the geranium to pieces, and under the influence of the mountain air, had recovered his spirits; the dragoon took close order; and even the dandy felt bound to maintain the reputation which he had given himself, and proving the truth of the Scotch adage—"A haggis, God bless her, can charge down a hill," succeeded with some exertion in keeping up with the rest of the party.

For nearly an hour we continued to descend the mountain side at a rapid pace, and then found ourselves in a deep swampy valley, through which ran a swollen mountain stream. The guide made at once for a particular spot on the bank, and, without a moment's hesitation, waded across, the water reaching nearly to his waist. "Accoutred as we were, we plunged in;" the dandy shivered as he felt the chill, and thought how the lustre of the patent-leathers was gone for ever.

After crossing the river, we entered upon the Long Flat, as it is called, by far the the most distressing part of our walk; because instead of being a flat, it is an inclined plane of deep, wet heath, through which we had to toil for five or six miles, sinking almost to the knees at every step, and constantly obliged to spring from tussock to tussock to avoid the perils of the treacherous morass.

There was nothing to break the monotony of the scene, no sign of human habitation, no vestige of animal life; nothing before us or in view at either side but the wet, swampy moor, bounded in the distance by high mountains, over which we must pass, before we could ponder refuge from our toil.

We were accompanied by two or three brace of setters and spaniels, but they were coupled together, as we had no time to beat for game, even if any could be found in this bleak region, where a wild duck would become rheumatic, and the hardiest snipe die of the influenza. We had also with us a brace of greyhounds, which were left loose, on the chance of meeting with hares when we should reach the dry ground. Occasionally we heard the sharp cry of an eagle, whose keen eye had descried us from his distant eyrie on the mountain cliff, and who soared over our heads, as if to ascertain who were *we* that ventured to "molest his ancient solitary reign."

It was on this "blasted heath" that, some six or seven months back, the bodies of two men were found, who had perished miserably in the wilderness.

In the depth of winter, during the second year of the famine, four men left their homes in a mountain village, and struck across the heath, in order to reach the Costello river, with the intention of capturing, by spear and net, the salmon and white trout which at that time of year make their way up all the small mountain streams, for the

purpose of depositing their spawn. At that season they are almost worthless as food, and are even said to be unwholesome; "but the famine was sore in the land," and food of any kind must be obtained at all hazards. The distance from the village to the river was about fourteen miles, and their track crossed the route we were following at a right angle. They purposely started at an hour of the day that would enable them to reach the river about nightfall, calculating that the severity of the weather would cause the water-bailiffs to relax their vigilance. The day was bitterly cold; the keen north wind howled across the desolate waste, and, from time to time, large flakes of snow fell around them. About eight o'clock in the evening they reached the spot where they intended to commence fishing. "Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should have stood that night against my fire." Still these starving men plunged into one of the half-frozen tributaries of the river, and constructing two rude barriers of rocks across the narrowest parts, swept the intervening space with nets, which they had brought for the purpose, and speedily captured as much fish as they could carry in the large turf-creels which were strapped across their backs. They then prepared to return home with their spoil, but while they had been fishing the snow had fallen, and it was still falling heavily. They had not tasted food all day, and had brought none with them. They were benumbed with cold; the cruel north wind drove the blinding snow into their faces, and their hearts sunk within them at the thought of the long trackless waste which lay between them and their homes. But life is dear, and the instinct of self-preservation stimulated them to extraordinary exertions. For six or seven miles the four men kept well together, then two of the party began to exhibit symptoms of weakness. They felt an irresistible drowsiness stealing over them—a fatal symptom when men are for a long time exposed to extreme cold, as it is the sure forerunner of a sleep which ends in death. Again and again they had recourse to the fatal stimulus of whiskey, which acting on their empty stomachs and exhausted frames, did but accelerate their fate. They became giddy and confused, and after staggering and reeling for some twenty yards, fell helplessly on their faces in the deep snow. Their comrades, who were brothers, strong robust men by nature, but now gaunt and famine-stricken, stood by them for some time, and endeavoured to rouse them from their fatal lethargy. It was all in vain—the angel of death had stricken them down on the wild-heath, and if the survivors would preserve their own lives they must abandon them to their fate.

On! on! they toil through the deepening snow, and now they are within a mile of shelter and safety; but here the weaker of the two begins to fail and reels and staggers from exhaustion. His brother, who has still some strength remaining, encourages and assists him to the utmost of his power, and grasping desperately at the last chance of life, the doomed man presses forward. On! on! they toil and struggle, the stronger man exhausting his strength in the vain endeavour to save his brother; and now not more than a hundred yards of steep ascent intervene between them and a friendly cabin. The weaker man leans against a rock, incapable of proceeding, and his exhausted companion, unable any longer to assist him, presses forward with the intention of

rousing the inmates of the house and procuring aid for his brother; but his overtaken energies at length give way, he also becomes giddy and confused, scrambles, he knows not how, across the rude fence which separates the cabin from the open mountain, and reeling along the narrow path-falls senseless against the door.

The noise of his fall alarms the inmates, who hastily open the door and drag in the fainting man. By applying heat to his frozen limbs, and pouring warm milk down his throat, they succeed, after some time, in restoring him to consciousness, but he is too weak to stand, and wholly unable to speak. He endeavours by signs to make them comprehend that a fellow-creature is perishing in the snow. Three men at once rush out into the black night, and commence a search. In vain! The snow has been falling all the time and has obliterated the track by which the last survivor reached the cabin. Still they do their utmost, and their loud cries ring on the midnight air.

It is horrible to think that they must have passed within a few feet of their fainting brother, and that their shouts of encouragement, to which he was unable to reply, sounded in his dying ears. After an hour of vain labour they returned to the cabin, and at the earliest light of day renewed their search, accompanied by the survivor, who leads them at once to the spot where he had left his brother. He had placed him with his back against the rock, and thrown his own coat over him, to shelter him, as far as possible, from the cold, advising him to remain there until he could return with assistance. We have seen how he himself sunk at the cabin door, and how the wretched man was inevitably left to his fate. It appears that after some time he recovered some portion of strength, and made a last effort for life. Partly by walking, partly by crawling along the snow, he had made his way to the fence, and attempted to climb over. He had almost succeeded, as his hat was found inside the fence, but he had slipped back from the top of the bank, and had fallen into a deep narrow chasm; and when his brothers discovered him the next morning, he was lying within twenty yards of his own door—a stiff and frozen corpse.

For many days the snow lay thick and deep on the wild moor, rendering all search for the lost poachers impossible. At length some twenty or thirty men, headed by the survivor of the ill-fated expedition, and accompanied by several dogs, sally forth in search of their companions. They divide themselves into parties of four or five, and traverse the heath in every direction, as you may see setters quartering the hill-side in pursuit of game. For some time all search is in vain, and the searchers fear that the bodies may be still covered with snow, which in some hollow places lay in deep drifts. The survivor, who, with three other men, had kept, as nearly as his memory could serve him in the track he had followed on that fatal night, approaches a small, shallow ravine. Suddenly, with bristling backs and angry bark, the dogs rush forward, followed by their eager and excited masters; when, horrible to relate, with sharp cry and hoarse croak, four large eagles and several ravens, whom the approach of the party had scared from their foul banquet, soar in the air, and wing their way towards the distant mountains; and there, in that ravine, still partly covered with snow, which contrasted horribly with their garments of dark frieze, lay

the wasted and mangled remains of the two men who had perished so miserably.

The searchers all collect around the fatal spot, and for several minutes gaze with silent and reverent awe on the horrid spectacle. Upon examination of the bodies, they were found to be in such a state of decomposition, and so fearfully mangled by the birds of prey, that it was quite impossible to carry them to the village. Some of the men, therefore, who, anticipating such a state of things, had brought their axes and turf-spades on their shoulders, proceeded to dig a grave deep in the swampy soil. At some distance below the surface their spades struck on one of those large pieces of bog-oak which are occasionally found in the wild morasses of Ireland. By great labour they succeeded in extricating it from the tenacious bog, and, sinking a large hole at the head of the grave, they placed the huge piece of timber upright in the very spot where, thousands of years ago, it may have flourished as the monarch of a primeval forest, and where it now stands like a solitary sentinel on the desolate heath, recording the salmon-poachers' fate, and pointing out their grave.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

PAUL FERROLL.*

It is quite possible to read a book, to admire and enjoy it, to feel sorry when it is finished, and after all to dislike it. There are novels with badly-managed plots, and of lamentably defective style, which, nevertheless, produce a feeling that is not unpleasant, and leave an impression on the mind, that it has gained at least a glimpse of a new idea worth possessing. There are others, which, with every aid that originality and genius can afford, leave behind them a feeling of dissatisfaction and uneasiness.

In a gallery crowded with paintings, you fix your attention upon one—it represents a scene of human agony, with revolting details; it is limned with exquisite but torturing skill; you are spell-bound in admiration at the painter's genius, but you have no wish to look upon the picture again.

In applying these remarks to "Paul Ferroll," let us not be misunderstood; it is not written in a style to shock the merely-delicate mind; neither are there gross details or terrible scenes to offend the physically fastidious. On the contrary, the scenes are, for the most part, those of ordinary life, and the writing is an admirable combination of delicacy and power. It is extraordinary book. A strange conception, executed with wonderful skill, is this delineation of Paul Ferroll's character. For as to the other *dramatis personæ*, and the plot of the story, all these matters are but ancillary; and for that reason, we may give a brief outline of the tale, without spoiling any reader's interest. Moreover, that which in ordinary novels would be the great secret of the story is here hardly concealed at all, and is, in fact, probable from the opening pages.

Mr. Paul Ferroll is a gentleman of independent means, living on his property in an English county. He is a man of education and refinement, gifted with no mean literary talent, and in the practical affairs of life, cool, clear-headed, and energetic. In early life, he falls deeply in love with a beautiful and true-hearted girl, who warmly returns his passion. By some unworthy artifice they are estranged, and he marries a lady, who had been in some way mixed up in the matter. The latter is a young and handsome woman, but thoroughly unamiable, and, it may be easily be conceived, in a short time a union so incongruous, becomes distasteful to both parties. It is, however, suddenly and rudely severed; for when they have been some two years married, Mrs. Ferroll is found, on a summer's morning, lying murdered in her bed.

At this point the story opens. Mr. Ferroll's gardener is arrested on suspicion, tried, and acquitted; upon which his master, who had exerted himself to the utmost in favour of the accused, enables the man, together with his wife, to emigrate to America. Mr. Ferroll then leaves home himself, and does not return for a considerable time,

* "Paul Ferroll, a Tale. By the Author of 'IX. Poems by V.'" London: Saunders and Ottley. 1856.

bringing with him, when he comes, a wife (his former love), and their little daughter, from whose age, some two or three years, it was evident that he had married very soon after the death of his first wife. While, however, the story is so constructed that the reader perceives from the very beginning, that the murderer of Paul Ferroll's first wife was no other than Paul Ferroll himself, Elinor, the second wife, is, of course, profoundly ignorant of that terrible secret. She is a sweet and innocent creature, happy in her devoted love, and in believing her idol to be superior to, and better than, the rest of mankind. We have said that the character of Paul Ferroll is a strange conception, wonderfully wrought out, and it is so. One can see the hidden workings of his mind ere yet he had completed the terrible tragedy, though the author has not told us a word on the subject. He was a man of profound passions and powerful will — a will strong enough to have ruled any passion, and to have reached any object however distant, and his will did control his passions. Paul Ferroll never acted passionately, or from impulse; but moral sense there was none. With him to do or not to do, was a mere balance, accurately adjusted for the enjoyment and happiness which the one course or the other would bring to Paul Ferroll. And so in the matter of murdering his wife. In the midst of his wedded misery, he had discovered the stratagem which had parted him from his earlier love — too late — he was tied for life to a being he hated. No! not too late — there *was* a way — but how dreadful, how repulsive. What terrible risk of discovery, and then what infamy — but a clever man may commit a murder without discovery; and, then — what happiness! what joy! every feeling of love, that he had mourned as hopeless, revived and gratified; every wish fulfilled. Oh! how blissful life would be. The scale inclined, and in cold deliberate blood, with his own unshaken hand, he murders in her sleep, that faulty, unrepentant woman, who had once passionately loved him, and from whose side he had just arisen!

After his return home with his new wife, Paul gives himself up to a life of luxurious but refined enjoyment. In the society of the woman he idolized, in the cultivation of literature, and in the active pursuits of a country gentleman, he seems to have found what he fancied happiness. The following extract, from a diary kept by him during a period when cholera was raging in the district, will give a not unfaithful picture of this loving, sensual, selfish man:—

“All day among the lanes and alleys—all day among the frightened and dying—the starving, fevered, tortured. It is a curious scene—a tragedy being acted all day long; and human nature naked and sincere as in the time of great passions. I, the well and strong man, have my stall at this opera, and see it all at my ease—the more at my ease, because I have something to do in it. At seven o'clock I got away, mounted my horse, and galloped home. What pleasure there is in galloping home—the object is before one at which to arrive quickly. The still air becomes a wind, marking the swiftness of one's pace; the fleet horse is his own master, yet my slave; the bodily employment leaves care, thought, and time behind; one feels the pleasure of danger, because there might be danger, and there is none. And I, when I get home, see the being than whom nobody in the world loves another as I love her; and after all that dirt, misery, and ugliness, I find her

in her pure, white muslin, the sleeves hanging about her fair arms, with gold chains under the muslin; her delicate hair so delicately dressed; her little feet in their silk shoes; her pure, pale complexion, and the indescribable odour of beauty breathing in the room! She kissed me twenty times to-day, as if to make sure that if I had caught the cholera, she must catch it too. And if I had, I should like to give it to her and die; but I am well—I enjoy life—we both enjoy it. We dined, and sat down in the library for the blessed evening; and here I am finishing my journal, and then I will listen to her divine voice singing; and when we have had enough of that, read our book for an hour, and go to bed.”

What a wonderful portrait of heartless humanity and selfishness delicately refined those few lines produce: how skilfully the pencil is guided in the hand of the murderer, while he sketches his own *happy* home.

In the midst of this indulgent life two fears distress him. Remorse and the fear of discovery! exclaims the reader. Nothing of the kind. From the beginning to the end of the story there is not discoverable the slightest, faintest trace of remorse in the bosom of Paul Ferroll. Here are his thoughts. We quote again from his own diary:—

“It never yet has come into my dreams how death delivered me from that woman, though it was a strange and tragical way that he took. Dame Partlett asked me one day (to ease her own doubts on the subject, I suppose), ‘Arn’t you very sorry for her?’ I sorry? No; I was *very*, *very* glad! But I told *her* I was sorry. I dreamed nothing bad last night—I dreamed nothing at all, I think. Malthus speaks prettily of married life—‘So much innocence and so much happiness,’ he says. That sentence worked in my head as I rode away from home, and seemed to keep a sort of chime to every variety of pace of my horse.”

Neither does the fear of discovery and consequent punishment appear to have shaded his enjoyment. What, then, were his fears? First, the fear that the time would come when, some innocent person being about to suffer in his stead, he must avow his guilt; secondly, the fear that, that avowal made, his wife would cease to love him. He dreaded not the public infamy and ignominious death, but the cessation of the phase of life he then enjoyed, and the loss of his wife’s adoration. The immediate consequence of these fears is, a determination to enjoy to the uttermost his blessings while it yet remained. He accordingly devotes himself to his Elinor, and expects her to be equally and exclusively devoted to him. He cares but little for their daughter, and is jealous of any show of love from the mother to the child. He takes part with his neighbours in the practical business of life, and is much looked up to and respected; but he steadily ignores their social claims, declines their hospitality, and withholds his own. He lives for Elinor, or, to speak more truly, he directs their mode of living, so that the society of the being whom he passionately adores may in the greatest degree minister to his own happiness. He has purchased his treasure at a costly price, and is determined to enjoy the possession.

This curious dream of love, secured by murder, lasts for some sixteen or seventeen years. At length the evil day arrives. Old Martha Franks, the gardener’s wife, returns from America: circumstances of

suspicion arise; she is tried for the murder of Paul's former wife, and found guilty. Then Paul Ferroll's hour has come. Quietly and calmly, but without one moment's hesitation, he bids good-bye to his wife and daughter—says farewell to the idol of his soul, whom he never sees again on earth, as if he meant to return that night. Then he drives into the town, goes to a magistrate, and denounces himself the murderer. He had always looked forward to that hour. At the time of the murder he took every precaution to avoid discovery, and, at the same time, every precaution to enable him to prove his guilt at the proper day. He had buried in the coffin of the murdered woman a record and confession of his crime. He is brought to trial, pleads guilty, and is sentenced to death. Finally, with his daughter's aid, he succeeds in effecting his escape, and, crossing to America, ends his days in Boston.

The contrast between Elinor and Paul is elaborated with consummate skill. How awfully different and distinct are these two human natures, so closely blended in undying love and trust. What a strange amalgamation of the pure and vile. Unions as anomalous are, doubtless, not uncommon in real life; but they are seldom so thoroughly bared to our vision. Very touching is the scene when, Paul being ill, Elinor, after a night of patient watching, hears in the morning their little daughter weeping at the chamber door.

"Mrs. Ferroll heard the sob, and then understood that it must be Janet who was there; and, very softly rising, undid the door, with her finger on her lip, and saw the little girl cowering outside. She got up at sight of her mother, colouring violently. 'What are you doing here, darling?' said Mrs. Ferroll, 'you'll catch cold and be ill again.'

"I wanted to hear about papa," said Janet, beginning to cry in right earnest.

"Hush," said Mrs. Ferroll, hastily, 'he's better, my Jeannie; he's asleep and will be well soon, I think. Don't be afraid of anything; if you'll be quite quiet you shall see him.' And she led the child into the room, and both stood at the foot of the bed, looking at the sleeping man. What profound admiration, love, veneration, there was in those two hearts for the man they were looking on. Kings on their thrones never get such worship as the husband and the father, from the faithful, believing, wife and daughter. The wife, *feeling* there is no such man in the world—the daughter *believing* it. The helplessness of sleep was another charm upon them; the relaxed mouth, the closed eyes, the disarranged hair, the helpless attitude, gave a feeling of protection needed by him, not yielded. It was very rare, if not unexampled, to Janet to see her father asleep, and the filial adoration she felt blazed up higher than ever. It would have been a happy hour if she might have sat down by the bed-side and watch; but her mother, fearful of the cold for her after her illness, before long kissed her softly and sent her up stairs."

To many the description of Paul's indifference to the ghastly details of his wife's murder will appear unnatural, if not impossible. But there are many traits in this man's character which may explain that fact. Excitement was the breath of his nostrils, and the more dangerous the excitement, the more Paul Ferroll was himself. Sympathy with the feelings of his fellow-creatures he appears to have had none, and the

contemplation of their physical sufferings seems to have afforded him a philosophical amusement. Witness the evident enjoyment with which he goes from scene to scene, during the frightful cholera season. How he gloats over the cases in his diary ; he is writing of a cholera patient—

“ I bade a man stay near him and ran to the hospital for a stretcher. On this we laid him, helpless as a man of rag, and carried him to the cholera-ward. Here, as we could not let him die like a more happy dog, the doctors began to torment him ; and, by wasting a good deal of flannel and brandy, succeeded in making him conscious of his agony. And I don't suppose the rack was ever worse—those artificial spasms of the rack, which put the joints in and out of their places, were here natural.”

Again—

“ I ran from lane to lane ; for the work to do was enough for twenty men, and most of the committee were frightened, and passed a vote that every thing would be best done by me. Amusement at their simple artifice, which deceived them, and made them quite happy, and the excitement of rushing about with a human spectacle everywhere, so kindled my spirits that I stopped at the end of a by-way and indulged in one quiet laugh.”

One instance more. In a riot during the assizes, Ferroll shot a man named Skenfrith, in self-defence as he believes. He is tried for his life and convicted. From the time of this occurrence up to the moment of his pardon, he never utters one expression of regret for the deed, or compassion at the wretch's fate. On the contrary, he shows his wife the pistol, and remarks—

“ ‘ I am so glad I took it with me,’ fixing his eyes on her as he took it out. She clung to his arm, shrinking back a little as he took it out, and the colour mounting into her face. ‘ The very pistol,’ said he ; ‘ the very hand, moreover,’ laying his upon her's. ‘ She instantly clasped it in both her own, hiding her head upon it, and her tears burst out.’ ”

In connexion with this trial for the murder of Skenfrith, we may notice a matter, which we were surprised to find in a book of so much cleverness, as “ Paul Ferroll.” We allude to the old and worn-out contrivance of representing lawyers as creatures who, in the pursuit of professional gain, are always ready to sacrifice their dearest friend, and violate any amount of social ties. It is a very strange thing what wild and irrational notions most writers of fiction appear to have upon all subjects connected with the law ; but, let them attempt to describe for you the proceedings at a trial in a court of justice, and it is a hundred to one that you are treated to a decoction of the most improbable nonsense that it is possible to invent. Can anything be more unlike reality, or the remotest probability, than the scene between Ferroll and Mr. Harrowby, on the eve of the trial of the former. Mr. Harrowby is a distinguished barrister on the circuit. He has been for years Paul Ferroll's bosom friend, and fellow-labourer in the fields of literature. He comes to see his friend in prison, and coolly informs him that he has been retained *against* him ; that is to say, he is to conduct the prosecution, and do his best to convict his friend of murder. They spend the night

before the trial together, *both* in the highest spirits. They laugh, and joke, and plan little clap-trap passages for Harrowby's speech to the jury; and late at night they part, after a humorous sketch by Paul of the other, vehemently urging a conviction, and wiping his exhausted brow.

All this absurdity is capped by the description of the trial itself. Mr. Harrowby having wrought might and main to convict his bosom friend of murder, winds up by a vehement speech to the jury:—

“When Mr. Harrowby sat down, excited and exhausted, it so happened that he did hastily wipe the perspiration from his brow, as Mr. Ferroll had pictured before them both that he would do; and the moment he had done it, recollecting what had passed, he looked towards his friend hastily, and caught his eye fixed on him, and a smile on his mouth, which quite banished the actor, and brought back the self in Mr. Harrowby; who, suddenly losing his assumed character, had to snatch his handkerchief again from his desk, and cross it over his face, to hide the laughter which burst out. Mr. Ferroll also laughed—a little scornfully—and the court was somewhat scandalized by this unusual act of good fellowship between the accuser and the accused.”

This extravagant nonsense does not need a comment.

Taken altogether, with its merits and its faults, “Paul Ferroll” is no ordinary novel. It combines the most striking originality with the most consummate art.

But is it, after all, anything more than an exquisitely-finished picture of a hideous deformity? Is there one elevating thought—one good moral reflection to be gathered from the beginning to the end? Not one. There never, perhaps, was a book more utterly *without* a moral. It is nothing but a wonderfully clever portrait of a human being, who, gifted beyond his fellows, and mighty in the possession of a powerful will, uses his gifts, deliberately and remorselessly, for evil.

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING SEASON, 1857.

RACING FOR MARCH AND APRIL, 1857.

SINCE our last Number the Season may be fairly said to have set in. Warwick, Northampton, Isley, Croxton Park, Epsom Spring, Newmarket, Craven, with two or three of minor importance, have followed suit so closely, that the regular habitués of the Turf have scarcely had time to turn themselves.

WARWICK,

On the 17th and 18th of March, claims our first attention; Mr. Barber, with Lord Nelson, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 6lb., winning a handicap of 10 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, beating Early Bird, 9st., and 5 others. 3 to 1 against the winner.

The TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, wt. for age, was won by Tom Parr's Fisherman, beating Gemma de Vergy, Stork, Wentworth, and Melissa. This race, from the appearance of so many "Cracks," created the greatest interest. "Gemmy," the favourite, at 5 to 4 against him, was beaten cleverly by a length, adding another laurel to Fisherman's brow. Should he and Fandago meet for the Ascot Cup it will be a sight for a sportsman well worth seeing.

The WARWICKSHIRE HANDICAP was carried off by Tame Deer, 7st. 12lb., beating Poodle, 8st. 12lb., and 3 others.

Lord Nelson, on the second day, again came out as a winner of a handicap plate, beating a lot of no great repute.

During the Meeting the two fillies, Blink Benny and Lady Hawthorne, were in request for the Derby.

NORTHAMPTON,

On the 25th and 26th of March, under the stewardship of Lord Scarborough, A. Greville, Esq., and the Hon. C. Cust, and the management of the Newmarket officials, produced two first-rate days' sport.

The TRIAL STAKES did not create anything like the same interest as at Warwick; and Flacrow, hitherto looked upon as a half-miler, had no trouble in disposing of Huntingdon, Wentworth, Odd Trick, and Lord Nelson.

Fisherman put her Majesty's guineas into his owner's pocket without an effort.

For the NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES the winner, Skirmisher, Sir Colin, and Codrington, had all been backed; and for the subsequent running of Adamas for the "Metrop." and Suburban, it may be reasonably surmised that had a jockey been up that could have made better use of him he would have been near, if not quite winning. The finish between the winner, with 6st. 4lb., and Skirmisher, 6st. 8lb., was a most exciting one. 14 others started.

The WHITTLEBURY STAKES for 2 and 3 yr. olds, was a mere exercise canter for Gemmy.

For the CUP STAKES 6 started, and were all placed—Amati, by Womersley, the winner; the 2nd and 3rd by the same sire.

The ALTHORPE PARK STAKES, for 2 yr. olds, was considered such a certainty for Happy Lead, although penalised 5lbs., that 5 to 2 was currently

laid on him. Eurydice, by Orlanda, the winner by a neck; the favourite second.

No less than 18 started for LORD SPENCER'S PLATE of £100, and Peter Flat, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb., and Cumberland, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb., made a dead heat of it.

Saraband carried off the ST. LIZ HANDICAP, beating Hospitality and 10 others.

Gemmy de Vergy made another score, by winning the RACING STAKES of 20 sovs. for 3 yr. olds, carrying 9st. 11lb., beating St. Giles, Sir Colin, Glede Hawk, and John Peel.

CROXTON PARK MEETING—MARCH 31 AND APRIL 1.

Stewards :

The Duke of Rutland, Earl of Wilton, and Lord Forester.

The BELVOIR CASTLE STAKES, for 3 yr. olds., 8st. 7lb. each, was "picked up" by Glede Hawk, beating Sir Colin, Logie o' Buchan, and Hunting Horn. 6 to 4 on Sir Colin.

Sluggard, carrying 10st. 11lb., won the GRANBY HANDICAP, beating Peter Flat and three others.

Foxhunter won easily the BILLISDON CROFT STAKES. 12st. each.

Lord Chesterfield's Peter Flat, carrying 7st. 6lb., won the CROXTON PARK PLATE of 70 sovs., beating Tyde and Hospitality.

Prince of Orange, with the "Little Captain" up, beat Firmament and "Mr. Clarke" on Shoreham.

ISLEY SPRING—MARCH 30.

The only race of note was the BLEWBURY STAKES, for 2 yr. olds, won by Greenwich Fair, with 5lbs. extra, beating 7 other youngsters.

EPSOM SPRING,

Claims our next attention. The high scale of weights adopted at this Meeting deserves following, and we wish Mr. Topham, and other handicappers, would take a leaf out of the same book.

The race for the CITY and SUBURBAN was one of the most exciting description, and won by Adamas, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb., admirably rode by that prince of light weights, Forsham, beating Admiral Harcourt's Wardermarke, 6st. 2lb., Bubble, 6st. 6lb., St. Giles, 7st., and 9 others not placed.

The Ring got a great pull in the "Metrop.;" old Poodle, a complete outsider, and scarcely backed for a shilling, pulling through by a-head; Adamas, 6st. 8lb., including 5lbs. extra for winning the previous race second; Pantomime, 7st. 13lb., third. 11 others not placed.

The TWO-YEAR OLD STAKES of 10 sovs. each; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Barber won with his smart filly, Polly Peachum, beating 8 others, with the odds of 6 to 5 on her against the lot.

THE CRAVEN MEETING,

At head quarters, was an interesting one in many respects, although the results have thrown but little light on the Derby.

Lord Londesborough's Kent, who has been backed for heaps of money, won his race with plenty to spare. He is a magnificent animal, 16 hands 2 inches; his action, when extended, very fine; how far it may suit the hill at Epsom, remains to be proved.

Glenmason, another Derby candidate, likewise won his engagement easy, and Ayacanora, a daughter of Pocahontas, the dam of Rataplan and Stock-

well, came out in splendid form; Blink Bonny will have enough to do to beat her in the 1,000 gs.

Flacrow opened the ball, by winning the **GRAVEN STAKES**, wt. for age, beating Huntingdon, Flyaway, and Tester.

Uzella, a handicap of 15 sovs. each, 8st. 7lb.; Tam O'Shanter second, and Newton le Willows, third.

Mr. Gully's Hurdle disposed of the Fleece filly, Queen of the East, and Belle Oiscan, in the **BENNINGTON STAKES** of 50 sovs., and Woodmite won a £50 plate for 2yr. olds, beating half-a-dozen others.

The **RIDDLESWORTH**, of 200 sovs., was walked over for by Sir C. Monck's Vanity.

Glenmasson beat Claude Lorraine for the 50 sovs. **SALE STAKES**.

Flacrow, in his new jacket (Lord Londesborough's), picked up a £50 plate, wt. for age, T.Y.C., with the odds of 6 to 1 on him; and "Gemmy," stalled-off Lord Nelson a-neck for a sweepstakes of 50 sovs.

The twenty-fourth Tuesday's Riddlesworth was scored to Sir C. Monck's account, with Vanity beating Hurdle and Beechnut.

For the **NEWMARKET HANDICAP**, Poodle, carrying 9st. 2lb., including 7lb. extra, came in an easy winner by 5 lengths; Pantomime 8st. 7lb., second; Eloquence, 7st. 1lb., third. Four others not placed. 7 to 1 agst. the winner.

A **HANDICAP PLATE** of 50 sovs., A. F., was won by Claude Lorraine, 5st. 9lb., beating 11 others of all ages and weights.

General Peel's Derby colt, Messenger, broke down whilst running for a 50 sovs. sweepstakes; D. M. won easily by Bel Esperanza.

Stormsail, 4 yrs. old, won a Subscription Plate of £50, wt. for age, D. M. beating Beechnut and 4 more.

The **COLUMN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., R. M., 18 subs.

Lord Portsmouth's Ayacanora.....	(A. Day)	1
King of the Forest.....		2
Special Licence.....		3
Church Langton.....		4
Dundas.....		5

[7 to 4 on the winner. By a length, easy.]

Wentworth beat Manganese in a canter for the **CLARET** of 200 sovs., with the odds of 2 to 1 on him.

Rosa Bonheur, evidently out of all form, succumbed to Alliance, in their match for 300 sovs.

Indulgence and Flyaway made a dead heat of it for a Handicap Plate of 50 sovs.; and my Lord Glasgow, for once, won a 100 sovs. sweepstakes with his Physalis colt.

Indulgence came out a second time for a plate of 70 sovs., which she won by two lengths, beating 10 others.

"Gemmy" again beat my Lord Nelson, the Criterion Course.

The last day of the Meeting will long be remembered on the Heath for its sport, and debut of Kent. "Fazz," when stripped, appeared light, but fit to run for his life; he was backed at evens against the Field, and pulled his friends through by a length; Vandermeulin second, and Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing third. There was a bye-bet of a thousand on this event between my Lords Derby and Glasgow.

A **SWEEPSTAKES** of 100 sovs. each, Ab.M., for 3 yr. olds, 8st. 7lb. each.

Lord Londesborough's Kent.....	(J. Mann)	1
Mr. Howard's Schedam.....		2
Mr. Alexander's Humbug.....		3

[4 to 1 on the winner. Won easily by 2 lengths.]

The **QUEEN'S PLATE**, R.C. Poodle again a winner, beating 3 others, with 6 to 4 on him.

COVENTRY—APRIL 13.

Stewards:

Lord Leigh, C. R. Newdegate, Esq., Count Bathyny, and Captain Duff.

The Course was in a dreadful heavy state from the late rains. Odd Trick won the Trial Stakes. The same stable with Van Dunck, the Coventry Handicap, 7st. 6lb. Mr. Copeland, with Salmon, the Members' Plate of £50; and the Peeping Tom Handicap was carried off by Lady Florence, carrying 8st. 3lb., beating 3 others.

CATTERICK BRIDGE—APRIL 15.

The CRAVEN HANDICAP, Admiral Lyons, with 5 to 4 agst. him, won by a neck, beating 8 others.

The TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES, of 10 sovs. for 3 yr. olds, was taken by Sir Colin, beating 5 others; 6 to 4 on the winner.

The PRODUCE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds., 32 subs.; Meta, by Flatcatcher, first; Night Ranger, second; half-a-dozen youngsters followed; and the Seventh Annual Produce Stakes for 4 yr. olds, 17 subs., Alma first, beating 5 others.

Old Bourgeois ran away with the HORNEY HANDICAP and the ORAN Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, Mr. J. Osborne's Lady Alice, by Chanticleer, won.

CURRAGH MEETING—APRIL 21.

The first short-grass gathering of the Season commenced this day; the Course was attended by a long list of fashionables; unfortunately the weather, the three last days, was most unpropitious. All the races the first day were badly contested throughout. Mr. Verner's Lance, a winner of some races in England last Season, made a sad example of the Curragh nags for her Majesty's Guineas. After the race his owner refused the tempting offer of a 1,000 gs. for him.

The first-class Madrids, for 3 yr. olds, was carried off by Mr. Quin's Agitation, 5st. 3lb., beating Lord Howth's Pinwire, 8st. 12lb., Ribbonman, Caroline colt, Altro, and Queen Margaret colt.

Seven started for the KILDARE HANDICAP, which Dunboyne, with 7st. 7lb., won cleverly by a-length.

The HURDLE RACE excited considerable interest, although only 4 came to the post. From her performances last week at Punchestown, The Arab Maid, 10st. 7lb., was the favourite; and she justified the selection by winning a capital race by a-length, beating the Marquis of Waterford's Meigh Dair, 12st., Patrick, 9st. 10lb., and the Old Screw, 9st. 3lb.

The STEWARDS' PLATE of 100 sovs., Waterford post—

Mr. Maxwell's Fireblast, by Simoom, 8st. 4lb.....	1
Mr. Newcomen's Gamekeeper, 8st. 7lb.....	2

[Seven others started, but were not placed. Won after a very severe set-to by half a-length.]

Ribbonman, with 6st. 5lb., carried off the Wellingtons, beating 5 others, and Mr. Davies' Lanky Bet, the Selling Stakes.

Mr. William Kennedy, in his usual artistic style, won the Corinthians, on Simpleton, beating Captain Barclay, on the Marquis of Waterford's Ironmould colt, and Mr. Quin, jun., on Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Mr. J. G. Murphy's Mountain Sylph beat Sir Percy Nugent's Tyfarnham and Mr. O'Reilly's b.g. by Crozier, for the Miltown Stakes of 10 sovs. each.

Lance came out on Thursday, and won her Majesty's Guineas in a trot. Either he must be a flyer, or the Curragh horses not worth their keep.

The **CHESTER CUP**, in which he will have to carry 8st. 6lb., will solve the problem.

Mr. Quin carried off the second-class **MADRIDS** with his smart filly, *Agitation*, by *Corunna*, out of *Attraction*, thus getting the lion's share of the spoils for the week.

Lanky Bet, by *Cossack*, purchased by Mr. Davies, at the Liverpool Spring Meeting, for £25, won the **PLATE** for Mares by a-neck, beating *Queen Cake* and half-a-dozen others. This was by far the best contested race of the Meeting. Nothing could be more unfavourable than the weather, raining without ceasing the whole week.

Steeple-Chases for March and April.

THE usual number of cross-country events have come off during these months, and with a less number of casualties, in the shape of broken backs, and jockies rendered *hors de combat*, than have been recorded at other Seasons.

WARWICK,

On the 19th of March, after two days flat-racing, came out with the **GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLE-CHASE** of 20 sovs. each, with £100 added, which Mr. Lane's *Weathercock*, 6 yrs., 10st. 9lb., under the able pilotage of Mr. Edwards, won in a canter, by a dozen lengths; *Minerva* 2nd, *Sting* 3rd, and half-a-dozen others not placed. 5 to 2 against the winner.

The **HUNT CUP**, with gentlemen riders up, *Maley* won, rode by Mr. W. Beville.

The **HURDLE RACE** our Allies carried off, *Baron le Mottés Jean du Quesne*, with *Lampluigh* up, winning all the way, with odds on him.

THE BIRMINGHAM,

On the 24th gave another pull to *la Belle France*, Viscount Talon's *Sting*, by *Tallyho*, beating a baker's-dozen, including *Forest Queen*, *Hopeless Star*, and other nags of steeple-chasing celebrity.

Maley carried a second **HUNT CUP** off, steered by Mr. F. Gordon.

BALLYMORE, CO. WESTMEATH—MARCH 28.

THE revival of this Meeting, after an interval of seven years, brought together nearly all the resident gentlemen of Westmeath; the Chases took place over the old course, and came off as follows:—

A **FREE HANDICAP STAKES**, of 6 sovs. each, with 60 sovs. added.

Mr. Irwin's <i>Dunmurry</i>	(D. Meaney)	1
Sir E. S. Hutchinson's <i>Chance</i>		2

Restless and *Blind Harper* also started; the latter came in collision with *Restless*, and put his chance out. Won, after a slashing race, by a neck.

Mr. M'Auley's *Louth* won a **HANDICAP** of 4 sovs. each, with 40 added, beating 5 others.

WINDSOR—MILITARY—APRIL 3.

Stewards:

The Earl of Sefton, Lord Charles, Captain Bulkeley, W. Craven, H. Lyon, H. Wilkins, and H. Seymour, Esqrs.

THERE was a great gathering to witness these events, and it is satisfactory

to find that the military, since the war, have returned with greater avidity than ever to their favourite sport.

The 1st Life Guards had the honour of winning the **GRAND MILITARY** of 10 sovs. each, with £100 added.

Mr. W. Craven's (1st Life Guards) Xanthus, 12st.....(Mr. George)	1
Mr. C. A. Talbot's (Rifle Brigade) The Painter, 12st. 7lb.....	2
Mr. T. Coster's (7th Hussars) Massa Mungo.....(Owner)	3
Viscount Talon's (Chasseurs d'Afrique) Windsor.....(Owner)	0

[Aquamarine and Sir Napier likewise started.]

[The Painter (the favourite), 2 to 1 against him; 8 to 1 against Xanthus. Won easily by 8 lengths. Windsor fell at the brook.]

Mr. Standish (7th Hussars), on Gentle, won a **SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with £25 added, beating 4 others.

The Life Guards, a second time, came out as winners, Mr. Craven's Johnny Raw, 11st. 7lb. (Captain Morgan), beating Mr. Blundell's (Rifle Brigade) Hornblow (owner) for the **GRAND MILITARY WELTER STAKES**.

The second day's sport wound up with the **SCURREYS** of 2 sovs. and £25 added, which Himalaya, 12st., won, beating 8 others; and the **GRAND STEEPLE-CHASE** of 20 sovs. each, with £100 added; 4 miles—

Mr. B. Land's Odiham, 11st. 1lb.....(Owner)	1
Mr. Reynold's Janus, 10st. 8lb.....(Green)	2

[5 others started. Odiham won in a canter, by half-a-dozen lengths.]

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—APRIL 8.

The 100 sov. Handicap, Mr. Charlton's Ingomar, 10st. 9lb., won easily by half-a-dozen lengths, beating 9 others; and the Welter and Selling stakes were respectively carried off by Cahirmee, at 11st., and Old Garrick 10st. 7lb.

Steeple-chasing has of late become quite the rage with our French neighbours; and owners and breeders of this stamp of cattle, have realised large sums by the sale. Case Con, Torrent, Sting, Jean du Quesne, Kilkenny Boy, and other jumpers, have crossed the water, and met with no little success. The second of the Steeple-chase re-unions at La Marche, took place on the 5th.

The **GRAND ANNUAL** of 6,000f., added to a Sweepstakes of 300f., being the chief prize to be run for, and came off as follows:—

Mr. Manby's The Dean, aged, 8st. 10lb.....	1
Count de Namur's Jean du Quesne, 9st. 9lb.....	2

[Sting, Kilkenny Boy, and Lady Arthur also started; sundry were the tumbles during the run; Sting, Kilkenny Boy, and Jean du Quesne, having all "come to grief." The betting was very animated, every horse in the race being more or less backed.]

From France we turn to the Emerald Isle. The Kildare-Hunt Meeting produced two such days' sport as seldom witnessed either in England or in Ireland. Six cross-country events all admirably contested the first day, and four the second. The attendance was numerous and fashionable. The first event on the cards, the Kildare-Hunt Cup of 50l., was won by Captain Bernard, on Lord St. Lawrence's Lobster, beating Sir Wm. Gordon, on Ballyver, and five others.

The **FARMERS' PLATE** of 40l., by Annie Laurie, beating a large field.

The **CORINTHIAN CUP** of 100l.—

Major Forester's Ringleader, 5 yrs.....(Captain Severn)	1
Sir John Power's Fox, 5 yrs.....(Captain Townley)	2
Captain C. Warburton's Heiress, aged.....(Owner)	3

The following started and were not placed—Brilliant, Hollymount, Sir Thomas, Andy, Restless, Joe Miller, and Returner. The race throughout lay entirely between the winner and Fox, and ended in favour of the former by a-neck.

For the KILDARE-HUNT Plate of 200*l.*, no less than fourteen were telegraphed; and, after a severe struggle, was won by Black Bess, carrying 9*st.*, (D. Wynne), by a-neck, Cusack on Huntsman, second. The best contested race of the Meeting was between Sir Percy Nugent's Varna and Captain Nugent's (33rd) ch. m. Crystal, which, after a most exciting struggle, was won on the post, by Mr. P. Nugent, beating the Captain by half-a-head.

The NAAS Plate of 100*l.*, weight for age, was taken by Mr. Hoysted's The Arab Maid, beating eight others; and the Walter Plate of 100*l.*, 13*st.* 7*lb.* each, was won by Mr. Burton Perse's Hollymount, cleverly ridden by Captain Bernard, beating Captain Warburton, on Primrose, and seven others. Only two came to the post for the Visitors' Plate of 40*l.*, won by Heiress (Captain Severne) beating Marquis of Waterford's Sir Thomas; and the Scurry Plate of 25*l.* Mr. Byrne's Violet won.

Coursing for March and April.

CALEDONIAN, 12th, 13th, and 14th of March.—The Meet was at Hyndford-bridge. There was a large attendance of members of the Club and spectators. Barring the weather, everything concurred in making the Meeting an agreeable one. The hares not so numerous as usual. The English dogs have to boast of carrying off both shares of the Cup for all-aged Greyhounds; entrance 5*l.* 10*s.*, divided between Mr. G. A. Thompson's Titmouse, and Mr. Burrell's Busybody. The Carmichael Stakes for Dog Puppies of 1855, entrance 3*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. G. A. Thompson's Tearaway, by Telemachus, won; Mr. J. L. Ewing's Invermay, running-up. The Wexham Stakes for Bitch Puppies of 1855, Mr. Gavin Steels' Stoarie and Mr. Sharp's Lady Clare, divided. The Selling Stakes of 2*l.* 10*s.* each, between Mr. Gibson's Pasha and Mr. Graham's Panmure. The Stakes were appropriated as follows:—Caledonian Cup, winner 70*l.*, runner-up 20*l.*; Carmichael Stakes, winner 30*l.*, runner-up 15*l.*; Wexham Stakes, winner 20*l.*, runner-up 7*l.*; Selling Stakes, winner 15*l.*, runner-up 7*l.*

The ALTCAR Club Meeting, on the 18th and 19th March, under the patronage of the Earl of Sefton.—Captain Spencer's Seagull won the Members' Cup, Mr. Peacock's Protest running-up. Croxteth's Stakes, Mr. Jefferson's Jeu d'Esprit the first, Mr. Borron's Bedazzling running up. Mr. Brundreth's Asylum won the Sefton Stakes, and Mr. Spinks' Switcher the Altcar Stakes, Mr. Jones' Japonica running-up. Mr. Graham's Welcome carried off the Molyneux Stakes, and Mr. Borron's Bright Ensign the West Derby.

BIGGAR Champion Meeting, March 24th and 25th.—A large muster of the friends of the leash from Newmarket, Norwich, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North of England, assembled to witness the contest for the Biggar Open Cup, value 416*l.*, and after running off five ties, Mr. Borron's Blackness was declared the winner, Mr. Steel's Stephano second. The Champion Club Collar was won, after five ties, by Mr. Ewing's Look-out, Mr. Dunlop's Maid of Lincoln second. The Baronet Purse Mr. Dunlop's Dundonald carried off, Mr. Borron's Bright Impression second.

BELLEEK Meeting, 11th and 12th March.—Judge, Mr. William Owens. Mr. Kirk's Mount Dobbin won the Sapling Stakes of 3*l.* 10*s.* each, and Mr. Winder, with Legar Hill, the Belleek Stakes of 3*l.* 10*s.* each. Mr. Anderson's Alma, and Mr. Kirk's Rienzi, divided the Castlecaldwell Stakes.

HERBERTSTOWN Meeting, 13th March.—Bective Cup. Lord Bective's Bosio beat Mr. Bayly's Busy, and won the Cup.

NORTH UNION, (County Antrim), 25th and 26th March.—Judge, Mr. Owens. The Sapling Stakes, with the Cup presented by Lord Lurgan, won by Mr. Gage's Gemma de Vergy, Lord Lurgan's Lady Victoria running up, and Lord Lurgan's Master Mat won the Cup given by H. H. Wall, Esq., Mr. Cramsie's Hawk running up.

County WEXFORD Club, 26th March.—The all-aged Open Stakes of 2l. 10s. each, won by Mr. Rainor's Fair Alice, Mr. O'Farrell's Fawn declared to run up, dividing the balance of Stakes with Albert. This Meeting came off over the far-famed mountain ground belonging to W. M. Glascott, Esq. The hares very stout, and the hill steep; the Courses were very severe.

University Foot-Races.

We have the greatest pleasure in recording the first celebration of the above athletic sports, which came off on the 28th of March. The College Park presented a scene of excitement and animation seldom observable within those classic precincts. The many colours of the competitors, and gay dresses of the "bright and fair," offering a pleasing contrast to the old, grey masses of buildings behind.

The events of the day came off in the following order:—

Dropping the foot-ball; won by J. A. Donnelly, Esq.; distance, 55 yds.

Throwing the cricket-ball; won by William Power, Esq.; distance, 89 yds.

Flat-race of 150 yds.; first prize, C. Irvine, Esq.; second prize, J. A. Donnelly, Esq.; time, sixteen and a-half seconds. Twelve ran.

"Putting" the 43lb. weight; J. Fleming, Esq.; distance, 20 ft. 9 in.

Throwing 43lbs. weight backwards; J. Dopping, Esq.; distance, 19 ft. 11 in.

Flat-race, 480 yds.; first prize, C. Farren, Esq.; second prize, J. J. D. La Touche; time, 1 min. 7 secs. Ten ran.

High jump, won by J. Bristowe; height, 4 ft. 10 in.

Long jump, won by S. Madden; distance, 19 ft. 2 in.

Hurdle-race of 650 yds., over 25 flights of hurdles, for a Silver Cup (presented by the University Rowing-Club, value 10 sovs.); won by F. Moore, Esq.; C. Irvine, second; time, 1 min. 55 secs. Five ran.

Hop, step, and jump; won by S. Madden, Esq.; distance, 40 ft. 8 in.

Cigar-race of 300 yds.; won by J. A. Donnelly, Esq. Seven ran.

Hurdle-race of 440 yds., over 15 flights of hurdles; first prize, F. Moore, Esq.; second prize, J. J. D. La Touche, Esq.; time, 6 min. 19 secs. Ten ran.

Flat-race of 3 miles; first prize, G. Farren, Esq., second prize, A. Fuller, Esq.; time, 16 min. 52 secs. Five ran.

His Excellency appeared on the ground towards the close of the proceedings, and testified his interest and approval, by offering a prize of 2 sovs. for the best high jump (open to the field). It was won by Mr. Webb, of the University Rowing Club; the height cleared being 5 ft. 2 in.

Great praise is due to the Managing Committee for the excellent style in which everything was organised and conducted. If we were to make a suggestion, we should advise that, on future occasions, a longer notice of the day be given to the public.

We understand that the next celebration will take place some time in October,

YACHTING.

THE racing fixtures for the ensuing Season are in course of early arrangement. The Royal Thames Yacht Club take the initiative; their first prize of £100, with a second prize of £50, will be sailed for on Whitsun-Tuesday, the 2nd of June, by first and second-class yachts, over the usual course, viz., from the pretty bay of Erith to the Nore light-ship, and back. It will be high water at London-bridge on that day at 10.10 a.m., and 10.40 p.m., so that the competing yachts will take the ebb-tide down with them, and the flood-tide up. It will be high water at the Nore at 8.30 p.m. Apropos of this match, yachtsmen attending it will have a treat indeed in the inspection of Scott Russell's giant-ship, now so nearly approaching completion at Milwall, and to which, in comparison, all Noah's Arks, Great Gallies, Grace de Dieux, Great Harrys, Marlboroughs, Merrimacs, Great Republics, &c., sink into utter insignificance—*ad multos annos* Great Eastern, may thy flag long brave the tempest and the tide—"To India or Australia in a month!" is now the cry. Return tickets to Bombay or Calcutta, Melbourne or Canton, San Francisco or Honolulu, with permission to remain for fourteen days, will shortly be thought as little of as a run to Greenwich, or a "Trip to the Dargle!"

Next we have the Royal London Yacht Club Match, for first and second-class yachts, over the same course, on Thursday, the 18th of June. High water at 10.15 a.m., and 10.50 p.m.

On Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th of June, our old friends of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club purpose holding a grand Regatta, open to all comers, at Rockferry, where we have no doubt there will be a jolly gathering of the right men in the right place.

On Saturday, the 20th of June, the Royal Thames Yacht Club hold their celebrated Schooner Match over the course from Gravesend round the Mouse-Light and back. First-class schooner prize, £100; second class £50. The entries to close on Thursday, the 11th of June, at 10 p.m., at the Club-house, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. Secretary—Captain Stuart Grant.

On Tuesday, the 30th of June, and Wednesday, the 1st of July, the Royal Irish Yacht Club will hold the Annual Regatta in Dublin Bay, and from the great popularity of Kingstown as a yachting station, a large attendance of yachtsmen may, as usual, be anticipated. The Corinthian Matches of the Royal Western Yacht Club will not be held at Kingstown this year, in consequence of the Regattas in Bantry and Galway bays being under the auspices and management of this Club; their club yacht will, as in former years, be stationed in Kingstown harbour.

On Thursday, the 2nd of July, and the first of the dog-days, the Royal London Yacht Club hold a Sailing Match for third-class yachts, over a course from Erith Bay to Coalhouse Point, and back to Greenwich. The entries to close on Thursday, the 23rd of June. Club-house, Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi-terrace. Secretary—T. Gregory, Esq.

The 15th of July is probably the day that will be fixed upon to hold the Bantry Bay Regatta, but it will depend finally upon the dates named by the Royal Cork Yacht Club, for holding their Regatta at Queenstown, so that the fleet of yachts may take each Regatta in easy succession.

On Saturday, the 18th of July, the Royal Thames Yacht Club give their prizes for third and fourth-class cutter yachts. Third-class prize, £40; fourth-class—first boat £30, second £10. Entries for same to close on Thursday, July the 9th, at 10 p.m. Course, from Erith Bay to the Chapman and back.

The last week in July is at present named for the Galway Bay Regatta, but it, too, will depend upon the days named by the Royal Cork Club, so that Cork, Bantry, and Galway Regattas may occur in succession. This will bring yachtsmen in good time for the grouse-shooting.

The Royal Southern Yacht Club will hold their Annual Aquatic Festival on Wednesday, the 5th, and Thursday, the 6th of August, when the picturesque waters of the Anton will reflect the brilliant hues of flags innumerable, and worthy Jack Nicholls will give the natives a treat of yachtsman-craft, perhaps in company, or rivalry, with his former mate and present equal, William Penny.

The Royal Northern Yacht Club is in course of arrangement, and will be shortly announced, as also Isle of Man, Holyhead, and Carnarvon.

The *Constance*, schooner, 255 tons, R. C. Naylor, Esq., sailed on the 23rd of March for the Mediterranean.

We trust that Yacht Club Committees will turn their attention this Season to that oft-mooted question, viz., the "Prizes." How soon, or are we ever, to get rid of absurd tea-kettles, dropsical urns, dyspeptic-looking vases, octogenarian tazzas?—to say nothing at all of being asked sometimes to win them twice in succession. We hear of such-and-such a magnificent cup, and our imagination cheats us into the belief, so often expressed by young mothers, "that it is the most beautiful ever eyes were laid upon!"—*Institut, cur-rente rotâ cur urceus exit?* And so it is; the large jar often turns out to be a very insignificant pitober. We have often, on the quarter-deck at the presentation of such abominations, compared their smiling recipients to that interesting specimen of marine birds, 'yclept *larus ridibundis*. Let us have instead of any of these, the real shiny, honest purse of sovereigns at once; or, if any locality is tainted with that remarkably squeamish sentiment, that "money is vulgar!" why, let the vulgarity be glossed over in the shape of an order on a silversmith or jeweller, and then something useful, as well as ornamental, will reward the lucky winner. But at present, in many instances, these urns and vases, these tazzas and tea-kettles, are the destitute pieces of plate that cannot find any other refuge than in the taste of a Regatta Committee. Perhaps, too, the *auri sacra fames* may have some influence in their selection. Good taste very often implies a large price for a Lilliputian article; but bad taste more frequently rejoices in leviathan ugliness at a small figure; and this latter is an article in which the world does a good deal.

What could be a handsomer or more valuable prize than a gold or silver moderate lamp, made in the shape of a light-house? or one of those beautiful bronze or ormolu mantel-piece clocks? or a "chronometer watch?" £100 would provide an heir-loom, or, in fact, a thousand and one other articles, which would be found of more service than lying in a plate-chest.

Another matter demands the attention of the Officers and Stewards of Regattas, and that is, punctuality in starting the different races. No excuse should be taken for yachts not being at their starting-buoys up to time. They have plenty of notice, and should be prepared; and if two, or even only one came to the buoys, start them to the hour named, and very soon the evil would be cured.

It would likewise be most desirable if the "numbers" of winning yachts could be put up on the flag-ships at Regattas, in a similar manner as at Horse Races; square boards, painted white, having figures in black, corresponding with the numbers opposite each yacht in the racing-card—might be run up to the cross-tree arms, and thus enlighten the many who are often puzzled to make out the winner, particularly at a very crowded station.

We perceive the following for sale:—

Eagle, schooner, 65 tons, O.M., 44 N.M., coppered and copper-fastened, abundantly found and fitted in the best style. Application to George Dun-

can, 147, Leadenhall-street, London, or Mr. Smith, Dock Warehouse Company, Leith.

Guerilla, cutter, 45 tons. Application to Secretary, Royal Thames Yacht Club, Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden.

Avenger, cutter, 42 tons, O.M., built by Hansen of Cowes. Application to Secretary, Royal Thames Yacht Club, as above.

Genevra, schooner, 142 tons, O.M.; Sybil, schooner, 121 tons, O.M.; Maritana, cutter, 57 tons, O.M. Application to the Secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

Napoleon, an iron cutter-yacht of 49 tons, lying in the East India Import Dock, and well adapted for racing or cruising. Application to Secretary, Royal Thames Yacht Club, as before.

Comet, cutter, 28 tons, built of oak and copper-fastened. Apply to J. Wright, Northfleet, Kent.

On Tuesday, 5th of May, by Auction, at Halls, Aberdeen, the Fox, 320 tons, fitted with auxiliary steam-power screw, 16 horse engines. Apply to Alexander Hall and Co., Aberdeen.

The clipper Flirt, 8 tons. Application to C. F. Chubb, Esq., 14, South-square, Gray's Inn, London.

That celebrated clipper cutter, the Cyma, 53 tons, built by Fyfe of Fairlie in 1854, coppered and copper-fastened, lead and metal ballast, beautifully fitted and found in every respect.

The Nimrod, cutter, 40 tons. A splendid sea-boat, coppered and copper-fastened. New sails by Laphorne.

The Eva, cutter, 20 tons, new and beautifully found and fitted, built by Wanhill of Poole last year.

A very handsome screw steam yacht of 70 tons, just launched, 85 feet between perpendiculars, 13 feet moulded beam, 7 ft. 6 in. depth, 30 horse-power engines, iron built, all complete with mahogany fittings. Average speed 12 to 14 knots an hour.

Firefly, schooner, 37 tons, O.M., built by Wheeler of Cork, coppered and copper-fastened. A remarkably fast and able vessel.

Odalique, schooner, 50 tons, O.M. A beautiful little clipper, built in 1850 by Marshall of Ringsend; sails by Laphorne; a very able sea boat, and reckoned to be the fastest schooner of her tonnage afloat.

Application relative to the above six vessels to be made to the Secretary, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, 113, Grafton-street, Dublin.

On the Irish stations the vessels are fitting out rapidly; the Osprey, yawl, 25, Colonel Lord Burghley, M.P., Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, is on the station at Kingstown, as also the Heroine—the famous old Heroine—looking as well and fresh as ever, Rev. R. Corbett Singleton, Royal Thames Yacht Club. The Truant, Robert Barklie, Esq., Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. The Ione, schooner, N. H. Lowe, Esq., Royal St. George's Yacht Club.

There are fitting out—the Coquette, 44 tons, N. Hone, Esq., Royal St. George's Yacht Club; the Petrel, 25 tons, J. H. Townsend, Esq., Royal Irish Yacht Club; the Irish Lily, 80 tons, R. W. Hillas, Esq., Royal Western Yacht Club, and Royal Irish Club, goes into the hands of the riggers immediately; this splendid vessel is for sale.

LIFE'S FORESHADOWINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES."

CHAPTER VI.

"I SAY, Brandon, have you not some influence at — College; you're a subscriber, ain't you, or something of the kind?" inquired Mr. Henderson of his companion, as they rode slowly up the long back avenue, after a hard day's hunt. "I want you to get in a young chap as boarder, about whom I take a great interest."

"Yes, I can get him in for you on subscriber's terms — something about twenty pounds a-year. I'll do that for you."

"Just what I want," said Mr. Henderson. "Oh, a monstrous clever, promising lad, and the nephew of your own priest. In point of fact, I've been raising a small subscription; French is down, and Connor — you must give me a ten-pound note."

"Not a d——d shilling," said Mr. Brandon, briefly.

"Oh, don't say that," said Mr. Henderson, as if he were coaxing a child; "we're all down, you see, and a nice ten-pound from you will just square us. By Jove, you're down already, old fellow, so you may set your mind at ease."

"Then you've got one respectable name among all you fellows; but not a fraction you'll get by it."

Mr. Henderson laughed sceptically, for he knew his friend to be generous to a fault.

"I've no belief in *your* benevolence, Henderson; you've hunted that poor mare twice in the last three days, and killing runs both of them. Do you think I'd meddle with your subscription-list after that?"

Mr. Henderson knew the ten pounds were safe, so he was still silent. Meantime they had come within a short distance of a four-foot iron gate, which crossed the avenue, and Mr. Henderson called to a labourer, who was plodding through a neighbouring field, to run on and open it.

"Come now, Henderson," cried Mr. Brandon, "instead of a beggarly ten-pound note, I'll give you a chance of your six thousand on my life. I'll lift the Orphan over that gate;" as he spoke, he gathered up his reins, and touched his horse with the spur.

Mr. Henderson's hand was on his bridle, and he remonstrated in earnest tones.

"Let go the horse," cried Brandon, with a curse.

"Brandon, your horse is jaded and stiff; those open bars will frighten him; don't be a madman."

Possibly Mr. Brandon was half in jest when he first proposed the venture, but when he found himself opposed, his reckless obstinacy was aroused, and roughly shaking off the opposing hand, he went at the gate with a few wild strides, and cleared it safely at a fly.

Six thousand pounds hung on that leap; for that amount had Mr. Pierce insured the life of his friend, and Mr. Brandon was a delicate man, whose frame had been shaken by many a dangerous fall.

If a wish, a thought, a strong will of Mr. Henderson's could have catapulted the rider on his neck, would that will have sped? we do not say that it would, though it might have lurked in the heart of many a better man than Mr. Pierce Henderson.

During dinner that evening it was observable to Mrs. Henderson that the old man was not himself; that his bearing towards her had something unusual in it, something unnatural in its gaiety, and something unnatural in its silence. He sat stiffly at table, and eat but little. Pierce addressed him once in a half conciliatory tone, as he sipped his glass of sherry after soup, ever a most amiable moment with him by the way, but the old gentleman repelled his advance with reserve; and when Pierce sparred playfully at his guest with quip and jest, who replied with less subtle if severer rejoinder, old Mr. Henderson was further offended by this noisy mirth, for in his isolation he construed it into intentional slight to him. After dinner, when he was always wont to brighten up, this abstracted mood hung over him still. He let the wine go by him, and not a word in praise of his prime old port. The Regency port, so often vaunted to his guest, was in the coaster, its rich crimson focus fell across his thiou hand, as he pushed it on abstractedly towards his son's guest. He had not a word to say for it now.

It was never his habit to rise so early from table. The evening is still young, and the window is still imaged in sunshine on the opposite wall. The gentlemen are talking of the day's sporting which they have had. We could warrant them many a criticism, many a parallel adventure across that same country from the old master, if he would but stay and shake off this dull, unsocial mood; but he leaves the room unquestioned and unnoticed.

Hester was on the avenue with little Annie at her side, and when the old man appeared at the hall-door, she beckoned to him, and invited him to take a walk down to the front gate, a favourite stroll of the old gentleman's. As he offered her his arm, she gazed questioningly in his face, to see if he looked sad; he smiled and replied to her gaze so briskly and gaily that she took comfort, and concluded there could be nothing wrong.

"Hester," said he, by-and-bye, as they sauntered off together in the sun, "I am about to leave home for a week. I've immediate business—nothing unpleasant, you know—nothing unpleasant; but a troublesome matter I must manage in person. I've sent on my luggage to the gate. So, come now, you must look up all your commissions to town immediately, and don't spare me, Hester—don't insult me, ma'am, by sparing me trouble; I'm an active young fellow yet."

It was not usual for old Mr. Henderson to leave home for more than a day, and his daughter-in-law was somewhat startled by the sudden announcement; but he spoke of it so gaily, that although she expressed surprise, her suspicions were not awakened.

"Indeed I won't trouble you, my dear sir; you don't know what a lady's commissions are like when you make such a rash offer. How could you get boots for baby, and match worsteds for me, or put bundles of plants, or grapes, or wild fowl into your carpet-bag, to distribute among my friends. You had better say no more about it, or I might take you at your word. What do you think, sir?"

"Eh? about what, Hester?" he said hurriedly, for his thoughts were dreary miles away; "the car passes the gate at eight, don't it?"

Presently he was vastly pleasant again, laughed merrily, but somewhat too abruptly, at Hester's placid jokes, and fell into sudden thought in the midst of an animated tale.

"Do you know what, Aunt Henderson?" said Annie, [the term was one of endearment and custom, for there was no relationship] "I won three shillings from Mr. Henderson at billiards, and I played with the butt of my cue."

"Begad she did, Hester; she beat me shamefully," said the old man, struggling up into smiles again.

"I broke him fairly; didn't I, Mr. Henderson?"

"Broke me? indeed you did, little woman; it's not hard to do that—ha! ha! Oh begad she beat me at short odds—short odds."

"Could you have made that last cannon?" said the little girl, improving on her triumph.

"Eh? quite true, quite true—Hester, I'll write to you; it's quite a temporary absence, but I'll—I'll *never forget your kindness to me.*" His lip was quivering and his eye brimming, but he subdued himself. When Mrs. Henderson looked quickly round at his strange address and broken words, the smile that met her and deceived her was more tragic than a sob.

There was a heroism in that poor old gentleman's fitful mirth that goes to our heart more touchingly than the saddest eloquence. That laugh—that poor thin laugh, like a chill sun-ripple on a turbid stream, it hides the rankle and the wayward care within; it refuses the sympathy that must be bought by pain to the gentle heart beside him.

So he wended on with his kind companion, leaving the ancestral woods and lands. Behind him were the aged elms, proud in their bulk of limb; around him dipped the swallows gaily hither and thither, as he went, and beyond his dim gaze, the sun poured over the meadows a cornucopia of plenteous gold. Before that splendour had quite died from the uplands the good old landlord was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

A STORY we believe must be like the day's journey of a butterfly. Off flits the wavering tourist, pulsating on his big bright wing, flickering over dusty highways and dreary wastes, but alighting only on the verdured spots, be they of the garden or churchyard. So must our history traverse some uneventful years, and set down the readers again in a new scene, where they may recover, if they list, the clue of a capricious tale.

In the corner of the extensive playground surrounding — College stood an old round tower, one of those most debateable edifices, which afford such a special dog's-bone for antiquaries to growl over. The portal steps were broken and uncertain, o'er which the woodlouse ran or rolled; the ivy quivered in through the loopholes, and olden slacked lime strewed the roofless little chamber. It was night, and you could see the seven kingly stars of the Wain through that grey turret-top.

Whether in ancient times this lone tower was the abode of a great

bell—whether the arch-druid lit his sacred fire on its summit, an anchorite famished here, or here a Phœnician astrologer lifted his grey beard to the stars, its present tenants little care, though if its origin related to the heavens, a battered telescope, poked out feebly from the loop-hole, seems in a measure to restore its antique calling.

The scene presented within, however, would chase away all historic associations at a glance. The waiving rushlight flares upon four youthful faces, stolid and pale as might be, with four long pipes in their mouths. In the midst of the boys is a large joint stool, on which stands a pint bottle of suspicious odour, and two chipped egg-cups. It is especially painful to observe that little curly-headed fellow struggling with his dignity like many an incapable official of older growth; a wry face precludes every puff, but still he feebly nauseates on.

In the largest boy, a lad of about seventeen, we can recognise at a second examination the red hair and uncomely features of Christie; but, instead of the soft unformed countenance of our friend, this face is set in a strong and forcible cast; the temples have arched forward, the nose has risen, and the shoulders spread out bulkily. If the character be altered and remodelled thus, the individual is changed indeed. Many a gradation has there been since the "gypsum" state of childhood.

At present, however, Intellect by no means predominates on Christie's brow; and if she be there at all, she is like the moon wading through the clouds. Pigtail tobacco is heavy on our hero's soul; his eyes blink slowly at his companions, who all return the same vacuous stare, converting this old turret into a very nest of owlets.

Suddenly there are a few quick steps and a totter heard below—the boys start from their apathy—the long pipes fall from their mouths—Christie seizes the bottle, but ere he can conceal it, a young man in spectacles dives in half his lean figure, and scans the culprits round.

"Ha! Roach, Kendrick, Bagge, and Prim—very good, lads; I've caught you at last—smoking and drinking—ha! well done Roach, the model-boy."

"Oh! Mr. Black, don't tell this time," cried one.

"This *one* time," echoed another.

"Roach made me come up here, Mr. Black," whimpered little curly-head, with childish treachery.

"I'll be even with you, Mr. Black, if you betray us," said Christie; then, in a deprecating tone, "It was I who got Mr. Morgan to allow you porter, Mr. Black."

Black's thin features crimsoned and grew pinched; he seemed about to say something violent; but, after a pause, he contented himself with a bitter taunt—

"Ha! Mr. Morgan's model-boy!"

Instantly he withdrew his lank person, and went coughing down stairs, whereupon Christie's party broke up in consternation, leaving their host to star-gaze if he pleased; and he did not please, though even now great Jupiter stands at gaze, with his four diamond satellites dancing around him.

The next morning Christie, hitherto Mr. Morgan's prime favourite, was in disgrace. His three companions were flogged, and he was for-

bidden to frequent his old observatory—a far sorer punishment to him than if he had been put on one meal a-day. From that time forth he hated Mr. Black with a bitter and unrelenting hatred. A strong and evil passion surely was that for our soft young hero to entertain. Let us here touch sketchily upon his school-life up to this point, that we may come at the source of such an altered temper.

He was, as we implied in a passing manner, sent to a large public school, owing to the arrangements of his worthy patron, Mr. Henderson, and there he had his red pow well pulled for him, and his eyes closed up, and the symmetry of his hooky nose temporarily destroyed, but not without many a venomous rejoinder in kind. For the first year he was very backward in learning, but after that time began to evince the most extraordinary quickness in science, having mastered the elements of algebra and astronomy with an eagerness which indicated pretty plainly the bent of his future powers. It is wonderful and worth both observation and thought, how Queen Nature invariably seems to mark out her workmen and pioneers, from the earliest age, with the badge of their ultimate calling. From the world's young hives you could point out the future workers and the future drones. You could select with confidence the soldier in his bib, as he cuts down the tall poppies without quarter, brandishing a wooden sword; the sailor panting for the strand, and rigging his bit of plank with a simple lateen sail; the backwoodsman restless, adventurous, and rough; the professional, staid, studious, and demure.

Christie's industry and promise had won him the especial favour of the head-master, Mr. Morgan, a grave man, wooden in his address, and impervious to the utility of aught else than Euclid, algebra, and the dead languages. In this good automaton Christie found a calm support; by him he was presented, on various occasions of merit, with a handsome Bonnycastle, a large slate for diagrams, an imaginary portrait of Tycho Brahe, and a battered telescope, to which we have lately alluded.

It may be easily believed that Christie's grand conceptions of the heavenly Chimæeræ were quickly dispelled, perhaps with disappointment and regret. So fade all our childhood's visions; and those things which we learned by symbols to think beautiful, and rainbowed with wonder, turn out to be cold, bald facts, after all.

A boy of Christie's decided cast of character, in whom there were no negative qualities, so to speak, but elements, hard and rough-hewn, of both good and bad, could not long escape the gradual taint of a large school, and it soon began its inevitable work upon his mind; and this same taint is a startling consideration, when you come to realise it, though its danger is generally made light of, if its existence be recognised at all.

The boy at the age of ten or twelve is actually required to go through a more trying ordeal than the man of five-and-twenty; and yet, by many a token from Nature, such as the facility in acquiring a language or an instrument, never after enjoyed—the imitative uncertainty of character—the decisive formation of accent—it is clearly proveable, that the period is critical even as during the cooling process of the molten bell, when the flaw may spring at any second, which will jangle ever after through the chimes.

He is sent forth into a smaller world it is true, but one of livelier and more subtle vice, which is painlessly inoculated into his mind by many an idle word around him—idle words that drift about his ears, at the morning's game or evening's task, like the seeds of thistle-down lighting gently on the hot-bed of imagination, and springing up silently into infesting weeds. We go so far as to say, that in a large public school it is scarcely possible at this particular age that those early seeds of principle and honour sown by careful parents can escape the blight; and how often, in their second and later growth, though fair and green to the eye, are they found to contain nothing but blind grain.

There is always to be found in such abodes of youth some master-scamp who, like the tainted sheep, infects the rest, and departing, drops his mantle on some worthy disciple; and so the poison is ever renewed. Christie had notions of the dignity of dissipation, by no means confined to boyhood; he was loyal to his play-fellows, and, as a consequence, traitorous to his master; he had a strong influence over his companions, and used it recklessly, giving his angry passions their full fling: so the gradual crystalization continued, and shade after shade "the gypsum" had insensibly lapsed into the rough, hard mineral.

Christie, then, was embittered by his punishment, which he took very much to heart, was rancorous with hatred against its cause, and vowed retaliation against the usher with all his heart and soul. We shall now set Mr. Black before our readers, and in doing so must, as it were, place him on the pillory for their scorn.

We all have floating reminiscences of the various ushers who successively have forwarded our education. The isolated position of a grown man among boys with whom he has no sympathy, or can claim none, has often the tendency to throw a certain mist of interest around our recollections of the individual which the same man, under other circumstances, could never have retained. We have met with the meek and retiring usher, who is snubbed by both master and boys—a common and effective character in fiction; we have the handsome and dressy usher distinctly before us, who used to patronize the head master himself behind his back; we are all familiar with the active and practical usher who was born to the business, and used to identify himself with the school; still clearer is our recollection of that hybrid of the species—half master, half playfellow—who had no difficulty in finding his level among the jackets; nay, used to be so condescending as to win all the halfpence and marbles from the reckless little capitalists of ten years old. Such are the common types of ushers whom we have met with in life or in romance, not to mention, in reference to this latter department, the gloomy, high-souled usher, with the crime of blood upon his head.

But Mr. Black was widely distinct from all these common models, and a type, perhaps, of a less interesting class of men.

Our usher was tall and very lank, thatched well with sandy hair, his voice a girlish treble. You can see him behind the big desk, book in hand and watchful of the forms, his fishy eyes varnished as it were by their steel spectacles. Those eyes had a watery uncertainty about them; and when he fell into thought, had a look as if he were haunted by a death's-head. His mouth puckered feebly when he was vexed, and in

such a mood he was shrewish and petulant, approaching his lean face to yours till the heavy, clayey breath would be upon your cheek. At night he used to sit in the dormitory rocking himself over the crabbed Greek text, and murmuring under his breath in the unknown tongue. Nobody liked him in the whole school. Mr. Morgan feared the porcupine address of his assistant; there was deadly animosity between him and the servant-man. The boys mocked at him, so that he often heard them—they mocked at his threadbare clothes—at his hard cough—at his odd voice, and above all at his gross appetite, which made nothing of mouthfuls of fat; and, moreover, their jests were scarcely cruel, for he seemed to have no dignity to support, and no pride to wound. He was despised, yet feared; for if they thought him mean they knew him to be spiteful. In fact, he was an object of general aversion, and depend upon it those who are disliked by all are either very mean or very honest.

Mr. Morgan could have told you that Black had been a student in the Dublin University, where he had nearly qualified himself for the Church, but having been seized with a disease which was thought to be mortal, he was obliged to abandon his efforts. Since then the malady had in great measure abated, but, meantime, his father, a poor curate, had died. Through Mr. Morgan's kind influence, however, the son was enabled to earn his livelihood by teaching the classics in his school, at the usual salary for such services.

He was closely reserved about himself, who he was, or what were his prospects; but Prim found out that he was the son of a low baker outside Cork; and Benson held that he was nephew to the hangman; and Conway ascertained to a certainty that his sister sold oranges in her youth—all which reports, we need scarcely say, were lively but malicious creations of the hour. A fragment of a letter found by Conway contained the words, "My dear sister." "The orange-woman!" quoth Conway in delight. But at least the fact that spiteful Black had a sister was established by the circumstance.

We shall go further to state, on our own testimony, that the hard savings of this man, wrung out of slavery, humiliation, and disease, went quarterly to support a poor maiden sister whose only friend he was! There is a fact concerning this loathed usher, which no one knew but three—himself, that sister, and their God!

Regularly in the dusk summer evenings this man used to walk up and down the brow of the grassy slope thinking of home. The boys have seen him in the distance, cutting the sky with his dark figure, with the grey-plumed clouds behind him, and sometimes a faint gold streak like a memory of Day.

Some weeks passed, and, as Christie crept most assiduously into favour with Mr. Morgan, he displayed a cunning in attracting the stately automaton that was apparently inconsistent with the higher traits of his character. Sometimes he would sidle up to him with a pretty cut in Euclid; sometimes he would make a judicious quotation from Horace or Juvenal, when straightway the old pedant would cock his ears, smile broadly, and rumble forth the next ten lines with zest. It was obvious that his pupil's dexterous influence was strong upon him even still; but on the subject of the turret, once most feelingly mooted by Christie, he was inexorable and stiff as the old birchen tree at the gate.

Constant in his enmity, Christie watched Mr. Black jealously to catch him in some unwary negligence that might further his revenge. He cherished his hatred, and easily infected the boys with it; but his tactics were without effect upon Mr. Morgan himself. The slovenliness of the ungainly usher, his very hasty ablutions, his worn stockings, his occasional irregularity in hours, were lightly mentioned, and artfully kept before the attention of the head-master, but all in vain. Would that Mr. Black were once caught tripping, for the eyes of Argus are upon him.

But it seemed as if Black were conscious of this ungenerous espial of his conduct, and was resolved to stand on his defence, for he reformed those little irregularities which an enfeebled constitution had occasionally reduced him to. He was down most punctually every morning; his petulant falsetto could be heard, ere the lesson-bell rung, rising above the murmurs of the boys, as he called over the names of his class—even his attire appeared to Christie's malicious scrutiny to be neater than its wont, and his rebellious hair was sleeked down with water. Black was invulnerable, and his enemy began to despond.

One night, after preparation, Christie and a select circle sat at the glimmering fire, which feebly strove with the blackness of the long room, and their talk fell on Mr. Black, a favourite topic of late.

"I say," said one of the boys, "did you see Black pitching into the stew to-day? Old Morgan should cut down his salary, if he chooses to stuff so—the beast."

"Listen, Roach," cried little curly-head, eagerly, "you just tell old Morgan that Mr. Black brought me out of bounds to-day."

"What for?" inquired Christie, turning on him.

"I—I—I wanted to buy taffy at Mrs. Dunne's," said the boy.

"Then you're an ungrateful brat," said Christie, briefly, and curly-head looked down in confusion.

"No; but I say, Roach," said a fat boy, with a Limerick whine, "he borrowed a shilling from the matron, I saw him, and he never returned it."

"How do you know?" said Christie.

"Is it Black paying his debts!—catch Black paying!" cried the full chorus.

"It won't do," said Christie; "I know worse than that myself."

"What do you know, Roach—what do you know?" cried the chorus.

"No matter," said Christie, coldly, "not enough to give him the sack."

"Masther Roach," said a bass voice from the darkness behind, that thrilled round the circle as if it were a row of Leyden jars.

"Who's there?" cried Christie sharply, and springing to his feet.

"Me, sir, John Clew—I'm come to take down the fire."

The boys rose, whispering, and John began to rake the bars.

"You were talkin' of Black, Masther Roach; maybe I know some-thin' of the schamer, if I chose to tell." The boys pressed round him with outstretched necks.

"What do you know?" said Christie, with affected carelessness.

"Well, sir, I owe him a spite this many a day, and I don't see why

I should wrong my conscience by keepin' his secrets, if it was a thing that I knew any one bould enough to spake up to Misther Morgan."

"Never you fear for that."

"You want him to be parted wid?" said John, withdrawing the poker and looking up.

"I do," said Christie, with a zeal which startled the man; he looked keenly at his companion, by the uncertain light, and then beckoned him aside.

"Mr. Black is used to walkin' out late of an evenin'."

"We all know that," cried Christie, impatiently.

"Whisper," said the man, squeezing his companion's arm very hard * * *

"Is that true?" said Christie; "will you stand to that?"

"I will," replied the man; "and what's more, the cook's a witness."

"That'll do, then—I'll tell Mr. Morgan to-morrow," cried Christie in triumph; and darting away from the hands of his gaping playmates, he sat down, up stairs, to ponder over his revenge alone.

Next morning was a soft, summer day, and Christie hastened out to the playground ere the other boys had done breakfast, that he might have a chance of seeing Mr. Morgan alone. To reach the playground of — College you must pass through a paved courtyard, from which you ascend a flight of steps to the elevation of the grounds. A wall surrounds this yard of about twenty feet on its inner side, and not more than three feet on its outer.

Upon this wall sat Christie, to watch for the master, and he had not been there many minutes when out strode Mr. Black, with an open letter in his hand, against which he thrust his face that he might decipher it. As he read, his lank cheeks twitched into smiles, presently he emitted a cackle of pleasure, put up the letter, and began to rub his thin, blue hands.

"My poor sister," he mutters, with a smile up to the very guma, "so she couldn't guess for long whom the ham came from; she wants me home to nurse me. Ha, poor girl, she has fun in her yet."

What gaunt fun was it that was tickling the uncouth usher? Whatever it was, this ghastly happiness somehow touched Christie's heart with a moment's undefinable pity; but as he stole away from his station, and came within view of his dear old tower, from which he had been banished, all his vindictive passions awoke again, and he hugged himself on his approaching revenge.

Here stands the tower before him, soaring up into happy sunshine. Most delightful hours had he passed within it; and at night, when ascending to that ruined chamber, he used to feel himself nearing the stars.

It was beautiful in the light—sunshine was splashed among the polished ivy leaves. The shadows of wheeling rooks chequered its stones each instant as they passed. And see! is that a fleck of cloud that stands sentinel above it? Gazing down through the hooded ivy floats the moon, a pale Day-Ghost.

How often had Christie, poising his glass through the loophole, studied her map of silver when it shone as it had been the face of an angel, almost too bright to look upon. How he wondered breathlessly

at her dead volcanoes, or fancied himself traversing her hoary mountains and shining table-lands, never dimmed by a cloud. Let him gaze up earnestly at her placid face, though it be very faint, and, as it were expiring, like Faith in this garish world of ours; and let evil passion subside beneath her purity and nightly calmness.

He was looking at her yearningly when a shadow fell on the grass beside him, and a hand was abruptly sprawled upon his shoulder.

"Roach, my lad, don't fret—I'll get leave for you again," said a treble voice behind him. He turned and confronted the usher, with that unwonted happiness still upon his gaunt cheek.

An obligation at the hands of his contemptible enemy! Christie's pride rose coldly and sullenly to his face at the thought. He was angry, too, that the pleasure of his revenge should be weakened by such an unsolicited advance. Shaking off the conciliating hand, he said bitterly—

"You had better keep your influence with Mr. Morgan to save yourself, for I warn you you'll want it."

Then in the heat of pride and anger he hastened off to the garden gate, where he saw Mr. Morgan pass, to speak those words, in an evil hour, which he would regret for many a year.

There are others who, like Christie, would fain blot out some one evil hour from their memory, and if they could, would efface it utterly from the recording past.

No preparation-bell rang that evening, Mr. Black did not appear, and mysterious reports were whispered through the schoolroom. Let us hastily winnow from these rumours the substance of this accusation which may happen to affect the honest name of Mr. Black.

There had been, for a long time previous, various articles of value missing from the house, and nothing that went was ever traced or recovered. Clothes and silver spoons occasionally vanished thus; but more unaccountably had several very valuable books disappeared from Mr. Morgan's library, while no clue could be found which could remotely direct suspicion, till at length it was accidentally ascertained that a pedlar was in the habit of making nightly visits to the neighbouring village, a ready purchaser of every article that he was offered, and that with him had been seen a book which answered to the description of a missing folio.

Mr. Morgan was very near, indeed, committing the flagrant injustice of turning away his man-servant, and was only prevented by learning from his pupil the startling and but too probable explanation of the mystery. What could John Clew know about the relative value of books so as to be able to select those which would realize the most? This pedlar was probably in communication with some bookseller in town, who gave the itinerant particular directions as to the class of books to accept and the price to give. Mr. Black had often been seen devouring those very books which were not to be found, and regarding them with the utmost affection. How aptly those late evening walks connected themselves with his apparent guilt, though in explanation of the habit he had artfully asserted it was to freshen his brain for night-work. In fact, the subsequent evidence of John Clew and his affianced cook was conclusive, especially as it was drawn out unwillingly from

the man by Mr. Morgan—John affirming pathetically that he only told it to Master Roach so as to relieve his conscience, but that he never intended to get Mr. Black or any poor man into trouble. John was reproved for this liberality of feeling, and other evidence was demanded. The pedlar was traced, and his evidence accorded with the butler's—that a young man in spectacles had sold him many articles which he would not have purchased from a servant; that but for the respectability of the party he should have suspected and refused to deal—a most ingenious plea for the pedlar. Some articles, moreover, in the pedlar's possession were produced and clearly shown to have belonged to Mr. Black, proving that he had dealings with the man. Then Mr. Black was summoned to obtain a fair hearing, prefaced however by a natural and temperate request that he would take his leave at his earliest convenience. The boys thronged the passage to hear that interview. They listened to the usher's shrill voice rising passionately in indignant remonstrance or self-defence; but old Morgan was firm as a rock. What a fierce argument it was—John's voice and the cook's mingled in it, too, but the clamour of that hated usher rose sharply over all.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY wished to see him suffer, his triumphant young enemies; they heard him shuffling across the hall, and shutting himself into the empty schoolroom, and they knew he would be violent, so they followed him cautiously to the door, peeping in with greedy eyes, and fighting for the keyhole in whispers.

Ay, they can see him now; it is their turn to triumph; they had hit him sore at last. He moved up and down the long room with wild strides, and pressed his hand across his eyes, from which the big tears were springing; then, with a silly, dreaming expression, he took a letter from his pocket, stared at it, and instantly crumpled it up with a groan. It was rich to hear that strange, querulous groan; the boys held their breath lest the laugh should break out, till one, more mischievous than the rest, in his mad mirth gave Christie a sudden push; the door opened, and in he went running into the presence of the afflicted usher.

Mr. Black looked round at him vacantly at first, then with a sudden impulse he addressed the intruder.

"Tell me, Roach—speak out lad—is this your doing?"

Christie feigned to misunderstand him.

"You have done this, and you have power to undo it; I'll forgive all—I'll never think of it again if you tell the truth for me to Mr. Morgan."

"I have done so already, Mr. Black," replied Christie, with forced irony, for he quailed before his enemy's earnest look. A sudden energy seized the usher; his face flushed—he grasped Christie's arm as a suppliant—as an humble suppliant.

"Lad, dear lad, don't rob me of my honest name: you are thought-

less and angry, but you are not cruel—not cruel; you don't know what a crime you are committing—you are taking the bread from the poor and helpless—you are blackening an honest name, and I have nothing more. Lad, *dear lad*, think of what you are doing."

Christie's lip quivered, but with an effort he steeled himself against compassion, for it was now useless; the effort carried him further than he intended, and he said in a low and slightly faltering voice—

"Don't blame me, Mr. Black, for what you know you have brought upon yourself."

Of a sudden the blood left the usher's cheek, his dull eye sparkled, and he struck the slanderer across the face with a shrill cry of indignation. A penknife lay on the desk, beside some new pens, with a long, open blade. Christie snatched it up, and stabbed at his enemy fiercely; the steel snapped off on some hard object, and the knife fell from his relaxed hand.

And now a change came over the usher during the frozen pause that ensued. He rose out of insignificance, sorrow, and slander. A dignity came, and a higher feeling came with it, as he stooped and picked up the knife.

"You have escaped lad, not I. You could not have shortened my life more than a few sickly months; but had your blow struck an inch aside, you could never have lived down your remorse. I care for you, boy—I wish you well; thank God I can say I forgive you. It is not I who am your enemy, but your own bad passions. Curb them!" he cried, with uplifted voice, "Struggle with them when you think of this day, and of the friendless man you have undone!"

Was it the hated and feeble usher who strode away past the boys, with the dignity of sorrow in his mien, leaving them huddling together and whispering with awe?

Christie sat alone on the parapet, where he had been sitting that morning, with the power, nay, the inducement to leave undone what had overwhelmed him now with shame and sorrow. His thoughts were so miserable that he could have thrown himself prostrate on the ground.

It was a dark night, but the stars glimmered like diamond-dust through breaks in the clouds; and Sirius was among them, a large, piteous star, quivering in his violet flashes ever and anon. The moon, so ghostlike in the morning, had not yet risen, but a sad exhalation of light went up in the east, a faint presage of her coming. All was very still, but for the suppressed sobs of Christie, in his sorrow and shame.

The violent act into which he had been hurried terrified his imagination, now that passion and hatred blinded him no more. Many regrets came fitfully upon him: that uncouth happiness of the poor usher, which he had so cruelly dashed, smote him painfully now; that uncouth kindness, so insolently repelled by him, was a stinging recollection; those words of high and noble reproof were ringing fearfully in his ears, so that he could not shut them out. The reflections of this lonely half-hour were burned, as it were, into his mind by a misery which might never be forgotten.

He thought of his loving uncle, too, and the pledge he had given him as a child that he would be an honest boy, and make the old man proud of him before he died. In these moments he was able to estimate, with startled repentance, the full degradation of his character since the guiltless days of childhood. His eye wandered sorrowfully to the usher's window, where the candle was shining, and he could see a thin, crouched shadow motionless within.

"He is innocent," he cried; "poor Mr. Black is innocent!"—then he continued doubtfully, "I must try to clear him—I may do it yet."

"I'm listnin' to you, Master Roach," said the deep voice of John Clew from the yard below.

"And what matter?" said Christie violently; "I say it again, and make what you can of it; it was *not* Mr. Black who committed the robberies."

"And who would you suspect, my chap? If Mr. Morgan would jist have all the boxes sarched in the school, maybe all his young gentlemen mightn't come off so clear in respect of eggs, and copy-books, and new canes. I'm up to your thricks, my lad," said John Clew, with suspicious anger.

"And was *your* box searched, John Clew?" said Christie, with quick significancy.

The man said nothing, it was too dark to see his face, and he made a hasty retreat, closing the back door behind him; but a sudden suspicion shot through Christie's mind—what he had said as an angry taunt seemed to have struck home.

"Black is innocent," he cried, with confident emphasis, "and I'll clear him yet."

The boys were all gone to bed except two of the elder lads, one of whom was Christie, who were allowed by Mr. Morgan to sit up for an hour each night to read in the quiet of the deserted schoolroom. He had been restless and scattered all the evening. For more than an hour had the same dog-eared page of Demosthenes been open before him; it struck eleven, and making some excuse for his leaving the room he went stealthily out, and taking off his shoes descended the stairs that led to the kitchen; then traversing a long dark passage, he stopped at a door and listened cautiously; he raised the latch and listened again; there was no one within, and he hastily entered with suspended breath. The moon had now risen, and across the patch-quilt of an unoccupied bed fell a strip of moonlight, like a sheeted white figure laid along it. Christie went to work with nervous haste; he doubled up the mattress, searched and felt all along the laths; there was nothing there but dust and down-feathers; he darted to the window, drew out the shutters, and thrust his hand into the hole for the bars. There was nothing there but the pully-ropes, and a tissue of cobwebs, gluey to the touch; he stept quickly to a chest in the far corner; the hasp was loose, and the lid gave with him at once. "I shall surely find them here," whispered he, and proceeded to examine the contents. It certainly appeared a most questionable proceeding altogether, and unless the end justified the means, it would not be easy to exculpate such eccentric conduct. What an exceedingly equivocal position he would be in, for

instance, if he were caught in the act! If John Clew was cool enough not to strangle him on the spot, an impulse by no means unjustifiable under such audacious provocation, at least he could direct an overwhelming weight of suspicion upon his dangerous young ally. Those rats, coursing, jostling, and squeaking behind the surbase, kept Christie's heart going at an almost audible stroke.

Within the box was an old livery suit, and some mouldy Sunday clothes; there were two black pipes, and a ginger-beer bottle half full of whiskey; there were several old newspapers, and two very greasy books without their covers; through all was imperceptibly scattered a due quantity of moths and dormant fleas, amid the malaria of mould and tobacco; but there was nothing suspicious to be found; everything there was peculiar to John Clew—even the smell.

The young detective was about to close the lid in disappointment, when the door creaked open, candle-light poured into the room, and Christie's heart stopped beating!

In came John Clew, the yellow rays hovering over his face, and whether it was owing to the deep shadows on it, or to a temporary expression that was there, never was there a more villainous face than John Clew's at that moment. The short nose with its coarse nostril, the thick bristling lip, the stare of his ugly eye, arising from the conviction that he was alone, and giving him the appearance of a frightful somnambulist, made the man look dangerous. There was a slight stagger in his stout frame as he came on, and the effluvia of whiskey went before him.

The earnest anxiety to shun observation makes one feel as if this very anxiety would act as a loadstone to draw the dangerous eye upon us. It seemed as if every breath that Christie subdued must be distinctly audible to the man's quickened ear, and he could only breathe in smothered pants.

Clew proceeded to the other corner of the room with unsteady gait, and stooping, put his hand on a piece of plank which patched the boards with fresh wood. Lifting this, and laying it aside, he stretched in his arm with a grunt, and drew forth a silver candlestick, a bundle of spoons, and three books; placing them within his coat he rose, and was returning to the door, when Christie's hand gave a slight involuntary tremble, and the lid rattled on its hinges. Clew made a quick step back, raised the light, and glared into the dim corner. Christie was so convinced at that fearful moment that he was seen, that he was just about to spring forward in desperation, and attempt to escape, when, to his astonishment, the gaze he feared, taking a lower range, passed over his figure, and the fellow seemed satisfied there was no one there. He then left the room with his booty, and, opening the back door, went out.

Christie's first breath was like that drawn by one just lifted above the water. Noiselessly he sprang to the door, and darting upstairs, joined his young companion, to whom he hastily explained the matter, and induced him to accompany him out to the play-ground.

Like a brace of young greyhounds they raced across the grass, looking warily on all sides, till at length they observed a dusky figure speeding along the brow of the hill, and presently stopping at a mound where rose a large fly-pole many years before—the hole in which the tree stood

being only partially filled. Here the figure bent down and lifted out several stones, then the boys could hear distinctly the clink of the metal as the articles were laid below and carefully covered. They did not wait to see more; but, satisfied with the evidence they had obtained, ran breathlessly back, and were seated quietly by the schoolroom fire, as they heard the bolts of the back-door drawn below.

The next morning Mr. Morgan sat in his parlour, large, phlegmatic, and kind; beside him was Christie, with the blood in his cheek and a brightness in his quick, grey eye.

Presently a knock came to the room door, and John Clew entered, face of brass and step of confidence, passing his fingers across his thick lips now and then to make ready for speech.

Immediately after him came another, spare, gaunt, and red-eyed from night-watching, but proud at last; there was no meanness in Black's bearing now. He would not look towards Christie; he had spoken the last words he ever wished to speak to the slanderer, and they were full of noble charity—that jewel whose lustre is often hidden in the rough pebble-crust.

"John Clew," said Mr. Morgan, "here is a young gentleman who questions the truth of your evidence against Mr. Black."

The usher lifted his eyebrows, and glanced curiously at Christie, whilst Clew threw him a stare of contemptuous innocence, intended to strike him dumb.

"Perhaps, sir, I could tell you, if you axed me, some of Master Roach's pranks, which ——"

"Never mind my pranks, John Clew," said the youth, in a voice which rung, "you have charged that gentleman falsely, and you know it!"

Black's watery eyes were now rivetted incredulously upon his late enemy.

"Mr. Morgan," said the man with bluster, this young gentleman seems to know more than he ought, and I'd have him jist taken at his word. He has been trying to get Mr. Black turned off this many a day, because he was complained of by him; and now, because I threatened to complain of him last night he *darrs* to insinuate ——"

"I insinuate nothing," cried Christie, with raised voice. "I say, John Clew, that you are the THIEF!"

Clew stepped back and gaped, then rolling his eyes upon Mr. Morgan, and putting out his hand, the lips began to form sentences before any words came. When they arrived they were, of course, the words of outraged innocence, and indignant threatenings that Christie should be prosecuted without mercy for his libellous charge, unless Mr. Morgan himself should request him to spare the audacious young villain.

But Mr. Morgan's request was of a widely different nature, it being simply required of Mr. Clew that, waited upon by two policemen, he should attend his master to a certain hole in the playground, where he had been seen last night, and give satisfactory explanation for the presence of certain valuable articles concealed therein.

Then Clew's effrontery went out like the foul wick of a lamp, and, with a faltering tongue, he confessed his guilt, and entreated for mercy.

Again a sprawling hand fell on Christie's shoulder, and a treble voice,

not ludicrous now, but rife with deep feeling to the ear of the boy, spoke the thanks of a full and open heart.

And now we have dwelt upon a few scenes of childhood and school life with a distinctness varying in proportion to their influence on the character or fortunes of our hero. We must now shift the scene.

Christie left school one grey morning, bidding farewell for ever to scenes and faces that were henceforth to mingle confusedly and be lost in the past, unless he may catch a grotesque glimpse of them sometimes in the mirrored chambers of Sleep.

How few of that little world we lived and laughed with do we ever meet again. Bill Hurtle, who linked with us in the walk, and shared his brandy-balls with us like a man, now a big, whiskered "swell," would stare at us if we ventured to smile a recognition. Jack Loons, whom we bullied to semi-idiotcy, would smoke his cigar in our pale face, if chance-travel placed us side by side, nor dream of saying, "by your leave." Jolly Rushton, if, with school-boy impulse, we claimed the "auld acquaintance," might give us a cordial hand indeed, but we should greet as men greet in the great Sandy Desert ere they pass on and become utter strangers again. Pentland, who patronised us, and Burton, who loved us, are curtained by the daisies long ago——. It was a long good-bye to them all, on that morning we left school.

THE LAST DAYS OF SEBASTOPOL.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE ASSAULT.

I HAD been alone in my tent for some time, my thoughts wandering far from the pages of the book which lay open before me. It was now nearly midnight. Before lying down, I drew aside the curtain of my tent to look out.

The night was still; the waning moon shining with a pale cold light. A white vapoury mist was stealing upwards from the ground, wrapping everything below as in a shroud, and lending strange fantastic outlines to the objects seen through it. Above the mist appeared the tops of the white tents, as if floating in air. The silence of the camp was broken only by the measured steps of the sentries, pacing slowly on their beat. Picketted behind a low wall, a few yards distant, were the horses of the encampment, standing dreamily in the spectral moonlight, and dozing as they stood. A solitary light still lingered on into the night. I looked and recognized the tent of one of the officers named for duty in the morning.

There was something unreal and ghostly in the scene. The Angel of Death was abroad, and with noiseless wing was sweeping through the air!

I retired to bed—but not to rest.

From the present, with all its solemn thoughts, my mind insensibly reverted to England—to its many hearths which, ere another sun had set, would be desolate. How little can time alone be taken as a measure of life. How much of existence may events, feelings, thoughts compress into the compass of a few days or hours! But eighteen days back I was in England, knowing of war or scenes of war only in description, and now three thousand miles from its shores, I was lying on these grim heights, ere many hours should pass about to witness the last agony of this mighty struggle.

From a restless slumber I was aroused at six o'clock by the parading of the Sappers detailed for the assault.

The men were drawn up in open order. The adjutant and serjeant-major were inspecting the ranks, performing the ordinary routine duties. All was calm, unexcited, commonplace. Dress, arms, and accoutrements were minutely examined. Heathcote, Jones, Wilson, Briggs were called from the roll, and in various tones answered to their names. And these were the men who were now to herald the assault!—to stand face to face with death! I gazed at them curiously; puzzled myself in the attempt to divine their thoughts and feelings; for Heathcote, Jones, Wilson and Briggs fought not with hope of honours or rewards. If they fell, who should record their deeds?—if they survived, what badge would mark their glory?

The morning was intensely cold. A fierce north-westerly gale blew in from the sea, sweeping before it, and into our camp, volumes of blinding dust. Ragged clouds hurried wildly across the sky. Everything

looked blurred and disconsolate. The very elements appeared to have aroused themselves to do battle on behalf of the beleaguered city, in these moments of its mortal agony.

I shook hands with the officer who was to accompany the forlorn hope, and spoke a few cheerful words at parting, hoping before long to congratulate him; but my tongue belied my heart, and I felt painfully how few were the chances that we should again meet.

One by one, we parted with our other friends as they left for the trenches, and by ten o'clock our camp had become still and deserted.

From an early hour videttes and sentries had been posted along the entire front of our position, with orders to stop all persons attempting to pass through the line. The officers and men, not actually on duty, were by general orders confined to camp. E—— having obtained from the commanding engineer a special pass for himself and for me, we proceeded through the line of sentries to an eminence in advance of Cathcart's Hill, and about two hundred yards behind the first parallel of our left attack, in which General Simpson and the head-quarter staff had taken up their position. Here General Dupuis, Admiral Freemantle and several staff officers were assembled.

It wanted still some minutes to the appointed time. The bombardment had been suffered gradually to die out, as had been usual at this hour on the preceding days; with the view probably of lulling the enemy into security. With a similar object the French had sprung a mine on the previous night at the head of their sap, as if intending to push their approaches still nearer.

The scene was desolate beyond expression. Over the dreary steppe on which we stood, the wind howled and swept with searching bitterness. Sea and sky were confused into one dull leaden hue. The broken rack scudded low and rapidly by, whilst whirlwinds of dust and sand rioted in all directions, blinding us as we strained our eyes eagerly to the front.

There, crowning the low hill, stood the stolid mound, which had braved us for so many months, looking still defiantly down, and wearing a certain air of grandeur in its stern simplicity. No colour floated from its stunted flag-staff. With the glass the effects of our fire were visible in its jagged outline and disfigured embrasures. Within, no stir or note of preparation could be marked. Calm and self-reliant, it appeared to await and to defy us.

It was now noon—every watch was in hand, and minutes seemed to lengthen into hours, as we listened for the first sounds to break that terrible silence.

A few minutes more and the rattle of distant musketry rings through the air from the right, louder now and more sustained; and the smoke wraps the whole scene closely, blotting out everything from our view. But we are not kept long in suspense. In an incredibly short time four rockets, with startling rush, flame up into the air from the battery immediately in our front—the signal that the Malakoff has fallen.

The time chosen for the assault was the ordinary dinner-hour of the Russians. The greater part of the garrison were at their meal in the underground casemates. Before the alarm could be given, the French

had traversed the few yards of ground lying between their trenches and the Malakoff, had laid their flying-bridges across the ditch, and swarmed over the crest of the parapet. It was a surprise—complete and successful. Large supports were at once thrown in. The work being an enclosed one, all that once constituted its strength in the hands of the Russians, was now to tell in favour of the captors. They had but to hold that which they had so well won.

And now over the hill of the Redan is heard the pattering fire of our skirmishers, under whose cover the stormers are to advance. Dark scattered figures dot the open space, white puffs of smoke curl upward from the ground, and in a few seconds the red columns are seen to issue from the trenches, opening out at once, and covering the whole face of the hill. The dropping shots of the rifles swell into a deep sustained roll of musketry. Clouds of smoke and dust draw a veil over the whole scene. We can only catch momentary glimpses to the front, but the sound of the firing flickers over that terrible ground, now high up the hill, now lower, and now again ascending.

Once only, and for a few moments, we see the face of the Redan, partially cleared of the smoke—can there be a doubt? There are the red figures pressing up the slope of the parapet, and some of them high up, and on its very crest.

A few minutes more, and a mounted staff officer gallops towards us from the trenches, along the track crossing the hill to the left of our position. Some of our party hurry to the road to ask tidings from him—but he pushes on at full speed.

Still the firing continues, becoming at each moment heavier. All this time, puffs of white smoke in the air mark the shells exploding above our heads—there is no time to think of such things. Two shots have struck the ground not far from us—one immediately in our front, dashing up the earth, and rolling onward with a gentle and caressing movement almost to our feet, causing a momentary commotion amongst the party—but no damage is done, and matters more exciting demand our attention.

Another quarter of an hour, and a litter is seen approaching with a wounded officer. He stops to speak to us. It is Major Chapman of the 20th. He was acting as Assistant-Engineer, and though not on duty, had gone down to the trenches as a volunteer. A fragment of a shell had struck him on the knee. He reports that our people are certainly in the Redan—talks calmly and hopefully—says he is but slightly wounded, and hopes to be about again in a week, and is borne on. Before that week is over he is dead!

A soldier straggles up and is immediately surrounded. We learn but little from him. He is making his way cheerfully to the rear, happy to escape from the slaughter with the loss only of a finger, which he quietly extricates from his pouch, and exhibits as an interesting relic.

And now from the wounded men, some limping singly by, others supported by their comrades, begin the contradictory statements. At one time we are in the Redan—then again have been in, and are beaten out, but are advancing anew. The sharp sound of the musketry is no longer heard—lost in the deeper roar of the artillery. Shot and shell cross and explode above and around us.

All this time two divisions of the army are drawn up on either side, and within a quarter of a mile of the hill on which we stand. On the left the third division—on the right, near the Woronzoff road, the Guards. There they have remained immovable—no order to advance. Surely this is a good sign. If assistance were needed, would they not be brought up as a support? But the firing becomes still heavier—and heard now from all points. Even at the captured Malakoff a tremendous struggle is again going on.

An age seems to have passed since first we heard the rattle of musketry up the hill. Our watches tell us that it is but two o'clock.

In larger numbers come the wounded and the stragglers—litters and ambulances continue to pass, and the report gains ground that we are repulsed—that the game of the 18th of June has been again played out, and again lost!

Once more must all resume the old accustomed course. Again the weary trench work—again the advancing sap!

“—— Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there
In proud and vigorous health, of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there
How few survive, how few are beating now!”

The party on the hill was now rapidly dispersing in different directions.

Approaching Cathcart's Hill, on our homeward way, we passed through the line of videttes drawn up in front of our camp. Behind this line were assembled the greater number of the officers not on duty, and the numerous amateurs “unattached,” arrayed in all the eccentricities of costume peculiar to the Anglo-Oriental voyager.

The hope of seeing anything from here had been long abandoned. Dense columns of dust and sand extinguished every object in front. Straggling parties of pedestrians wandered restlessly over the face of the hill, and excited horsemen galloped to and fro, seeking for a vulnerable point by which the line might be turned—the whole scene not differing very widely in its general features from that presented by an English race-course, viewed beneath the discouraging canopy of a February sky.

Riding leisurely up and down the hill, attended by a train of cavalry officers in waiting, was a lady familiar to us all by name, as one of the Crimean celebrities.

The eye rested lovingly on the graceful figure, the faultless costume, the long fair ringlets fluttering in the gale, worthy of a daughter of England; but in the pleasant words and merry laughter of that procession, as it swept gaily by upon its course, there was little in unison with the sad struggle in front, and but little of sympathy apparent for the sufferers in that struggle, now being so rapidly borne onwards to the camp.

One other, and a very different representation of the fairer sex, was present on the hill that day, lacking not her own train of admirers. On a diminutive shaggy pony, bearing a family resemblance to a Newfoundland dog, her pleasant mulatto visage encased in a brown beaver bonnet, with a cloak doing duty for a riding-skirt, and in hand an um-

brella of supernatural proportions, sat Mrs. Seacole of world-wide fame ; if not a ministering angel, at least entitled to the more lowly praise of being the kindest and most charitable of women. From her side depended a small keg—in her front was strapped a bundle of necessaries for the wounded soldier. She had come up from her store on this, as on all similar occasions when danger was present, and when her succours might be needed—and for her, the “Figlia del Reggimento,” every officer had his kindly word and greeting.

Advancing still, we pause before a hut where even sympathy may scarcely venture now to enter.

Two days before, a lady of singularly attractive appearance, whom we had met riding in the course of one of our excursions, was pointed out to me by my companion, as Mrs. —, the wife of Colonel H—, of the —th regiment.

Alone within this hut, she now awaits her husband's return.

He had marched down to the trenches in the morning, in command of his regiment, ordered for the storming party. Who may enter into the feelings of that parting moment, whether of him who was to leave, or of her thus left to keep her lonely watch ? But a short time before she had landed in the Crimea, having come out from England to meet her husband—and in the moment of parting, perhaps only, and for the first time, was fully realised to their minds the extent of the price paid for that happiness of meeting. He led the way to victory, even though victory was not fated to be won. On the very crest of the Redan, foremost amongst the brave, he fell mortally wounded, and later in the evening was brought back to his hut speechless and dying. The morning dawn broke upon a solitary mourner !

Within the next few days, the attention of the army was again directed to this most distressing case, by the appearance of a memorandum in the General Orders, authorising Captain —, a near relative of the family, to proceed to England in charge of Mrs. H—.

Our attack, and the causes of its failure, naturally formed the one subject of discussion in the camp circles on that evening. Of the party with whom I dined on that day, some had but just returned from the trenches. Actors themselves in the affair, they could hardly be mistaken as to the details of a conflict, narrowed within an area of a few hundred yards ; in this respect differing from the more extended operations, where the individual officer can see or know little beyond his own immediate vicinity.

Never was there a subject on which a more entire agreement of opinion prevailed.

The storming party advanced with great gallantry, encountering no formidable obstacle on their way. The abattis had been nearly destroyed by our fire. The exterior slope of the Redan was much injured, and the ditch, originally deep, had been greatly filled by the falling in of the earth works. Six of the ladders arrived at the ditch, and were placed against its slope. The extent of the difficulties presented by the work itself may be estimated by the fact, which is undisputed, that the greater number of the men who made their way in, did so by leaping into the ditch, and scaling the parapet, independently of the ladders.

The assaulting column was in the Redan; but weak in the first instance, consisting of only 1,000 men, its numbers had been thinned in its advance, by the flanking fires directed on it. The Russians, who were within the works, had now retired behind the traverses, and from their cover commenced a dropping fire on our troops, who were unfortunately induced to follow the example thus set them. Slowly came those supports which, if then brought up in masses, would have secured that which, for the moment, we had won. No body of troops in formation was ever sent forth from the trenches. The men inside the lines were crowded and confused, the regiments intermixed; even the assaulting party was composed of detachments from different corps. Officers sought for their men—the men in turn had lost their own officers. The soldiers issued from the trenches in small straggling parties. One of the general officers within the trenches became greatly excited; venting his excitement in unmistakeably strong expletives. Some of the men unquestionably hesitated; others dribbled up slowly over the ground, and when they reached the work, hung on and peered over the crest of the parapet, continuing to fire, and load, and fire again, until even their ammunition failed. The tiger-spring of the Zouaves was wanting.

In vain did Colonel Wyndham and the officers generally, with a gallantry and devotion but too clearly evidenced by the list of casualties, endeavour to form and lead the men on with the bayonet; the only chance for clearing and holding the place. The confidence which numbers and formation ever give was not felt. The soldiers, as they looked around, beheld only isolated groups. The enemy now poured in in masses, and, after a series of conflicts, succeeded in thrusting our miserable remnant of men over the parapet, and back into the ditch; and in the ditch and on the glacis and over the open ground leading to our trenches, numbers fell.

The time for supports had gone by; they would now have only increased the disaster. A great part of the slaughter occurred within the trenches where the men, crowded and cooped in, presented a fearful mark to the missiles of all descriptions—grape, case, and canister, which were poured upon them during the entire of the struggle.

That all the officers on that fatal day behaved with a heroism unsurpassed, has never been doubted;—let that honour be freely accorded to them which they poured forth their blood so lavishly to win. That large numbers of the soldiers fought with equal gallantry is indisputable; but all were not heroes! Long duty in the trenches, youth, and want of experience, had their effect. Nor does the amount of our loss necessarily prove, as has been assumed, that no imputation could attach to our men. The post of danger is not always in the van.

But on the other hand let us be just to our troops. In this, as in most other cases, it was no single cause that led to the disastrous result. If some of our men did hesitate, waver, and refuse to be led on to the charge, where was the judgment that should have selected at this crisis those veterans whom neither disease nor the sword had thinned?—where the energy and conduct, that in the commencement of the actual struggle should have sent forth, or if need were have led on, the supports in masses? When it had been decided to assault for the second time,

must it not have been felt, that on that die our all was cast. In the event of failure, what would have been our prospects? Could we hope to have held our trenches through the horrors of another winter, in the face of an enemy rendered confident by success?—must not the inevitable losses of that second winter have largely outnumbered all that the most fearful slaughter of an assault vigorously planned, and vigorously pressed, would have entailed? Was there not humanity, as well as judgment, in the conception which massed thirty thousand French soldiers against the Malakoff alone? and is there nothing suggestive to us in the fact that the post of the French general officers was at the head of their assaulting columns, and that eleven of those general officers were struck down on that day?

CHAPTER IX.—THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

It was E——'s turn of duty for the trenches that night. At five o'clock he proceeded there in the usual course, to relieve the officers who had been actually engaged in the assault.

Major Sedley, with whom I had parted in the morning, I found in his tent on my return. He had been wounded within our own lines. A musket ball had passed across the back of his head, making an incision in the skull, half-an-inch deep, and nearly three inches long. In the forage cap which he wore were visible the two holes, marking the spots at which the ball had entered and passed out.

Major Campbell had had an equally wonderful escape but a short time before. Employed with a working party in the advanced sap, he saw the flash of a gun fired in the Redan. By an involuntary impulse he stooped down, and on the instant, a grape shot tore along his back from the neck downwards, cutting off the jacket and shirt, and actually raising the skin along its course. Severely bruised, but not injured seriously, he was able to resume his duty within a few days.

Great anxiety had been felt during the day as to the fate of the officer attached to the ladder party. Some of the wounded men who had been brought into camp reported, that they had seen him in the ditch of the Redan whilst the struggle was at its height, engaged in his duties. But evening wore on, and no further accounts were received. Great was the delight with which his appearance was hailed on his return about seven o'clock, accompanied by the other officers who had been relieved from the trenches.

Advancing among the first, he had succeeded in gaining the ditch unscathed—there he had remained for the entire of the two hours during which the contest lasted, employed in facilitating the passage of the troops.

In that choked and bloody ditch he had witnessed the ebb and flow of the varying fight; the waves surging in succession over the crest of the work, to be again and again beaten back. And now all was over—around him were only the dead and the dying—before him the last remnant of the troops hurriedly retiring over the open ground. He was still untouched—but the last and worst ordeal was to be encountered. He had to run the terrible gauntlet back to the trenches, over those 250 yards, exposed at every step to the deliberate aim of the Russian rifle-

men then crowded on the parapet of the Redan. There was no time to be lost. He started, as was described by some of those who witnessed the run, more at the pace of a deer than that of a man, and amidst the hailstorm of bullets, bounded safe and uninjured into the trenches, to receive the congratulations of his friends, and the honours due to the leader of the forlorn hope.*

I slept soundly on that night, undisturbed by the tremendous explosions which occurred, from time to time, in the town, and the different Russian works. So violent were these concussions that one of my fellow-travellers, who was then sleeping in a hut in the camp of the 39th, was startled from his slumbers by a medicated shower-bath of a novel description, composed of the contents of a number of anti-choleraic and other medicine bottles hurled on him from the shelf immediately over his bed. In a tent these shocks may possibly not have been so much felt.

Shortly after five in the morning I was awoke by E—— on his return from the trenches. During the early part of the night he had resumed the old labours, with a detachment of the Highlanders as a working party, repairing the damages done to the trenches during the day, and pushing on the sap in the ordinary course. For some hours a desultory fire of grape had been directed on them from the Redan, which gradually slackened as the night wore on. This, and other circumstances, induced the belief that the Russians were abandoning the work.

E—— determined to ascertain the fact, and, accompanied by a corporal and a sapper who volunteered for the service, quitted the advanced parallel and crept silently up the face of the hill. Meeting no obstacle to their progress, they reached the crest of the glacis and descended into the ditch. All was quiet there. The moanings of the wounded were the only sounds heard. The bottom of the ditch was crowded with the wounded and the dead. An anxious pause of some minutes followed; they listened eagerly for any noise from within the work, but all was still silent, and they proceeded to scale the parapet and entered the interior. It was deserted; tenanted only by the dead lying in numbers near the salient. They advanced a few paces and, their object being effected, commenced to retrace their steps.

Passing again through the ditch, E——'s attention was attracted by two medals on the breast of an officer lying dead. Anxious to preserve

* There is a sad note to be appended to this statement. The officer was Lieutenant Ranken of the Engineers. He was at the time the senior lieutenant of the corps, and being immediately afterwards promoted in the ordinary course to be captain, received his brevet majority for this service on the 2nd of November, 1855. But he was not destined to enjoy the honours he had won. He escaped the dangers of the Redan, reserved for a far more horrible fate than death there. Employed afterwards in the demolition of the Russian barracks in the Karabelnaia suburb, he was killed by an explosion which, blowing up one of the walls, buried him alive under the ruined mass of masonry. The mine had not exploded as quickly as was anticipated, and he had advanced alone to ascertain the cause when the catastrophe suddenly occurred. His body was with some difficulty recovered, and buried in the Engineer cemetery—the last English officer killed in the Crimea.

these relics from plunder, he unfastened them and gave them to the corporal, with orders to have them delivered to the adjutant of the regiment to which the deceased officer belonged. Here also he picked up an English revolver, marked with the initials of its owner, to which a melancholy interest attached, from the circumstances under which it was found.

They had traversed about half the open space on their return, when a tremendous explosion occurred behind them near the Barrack batteries. Showers of earth and stones, scattered pieces of timber and fragments of all descriptions were hurled in air, and descending, fell around in every direction, without injuring them.

The information thus obtained, not the less welcome to all parties from the fact that the assault was to have been renewed at daylight, was immediately communicated by E—— to Sir Colin Campbell, who commanded in the trenches on that night, and was telegraphed to head quarters. The fear of further explosions in the Redan prevented any attempt being made to occupy it during the night.*

As may be imagined, I was thoroughly roused by this intelligence, and by the intimation, that if I mounted the horse standing saddled outside my tent, and rode to the front, I should still be in time to see the passage of the Russians over the harbour to the north shore.

Condensing my toilette, on this occasion, within the narrowest limits, and leaving my companion engaged in writing his report of the events of the night, I issued forth, and bestriding the trusty barb, which for the last six months had done such good service to his master in bearing him to and from the trenches, pricked him rapidly forward over the well beaten track. On my way I was overtaken by an officer from our camp.

At the first battery we consigned our horses to a soldier, and proceeded to scramble over the trenches—I say over, for no longer oppressed by the terrors of the Minié and the grape, and disdainng the friendly shelter of our devious parallels, we tumbled over parapets, and crashed through gabions, making our way onwards with straightforward pertinacity. If the race is not always to the swift, still less often is it to the ponderous, and I am bound to admit that this my first steeple-chase was not accomplished without many lapses and backslidings.

We were soon standing on the top of one of our advanced parallels, overlooking the town and the harbour. The last act of the drama was indeed being played out!

“ For to the North I saw the town on fire,
 And its red light made morning pallid now
 Which burst over wide Asia—louder, higher
 The yells of victory and the screams of woe
 I heard approach, and saw the throng below
 Stream through the gates like foam-wrought waterfalls
 Fed from a thousand streams.”

* It is gratifying to add that for this service Corporal John Ross has within the present year (1857) been awarded the Cross of the Order of Valour. The record of the service in the Gazette of the 24th of February, 1857, is in these words: “ Royal Engineers—Corporal John Ross—Intrepid and devoted conduct, in creeping to the Redan in the night of the 8th of September and reporting its evacuation, on which its occupation by the English took place.” The leader of the party was then beyond the reach of rewards.

The morning had not long broken. The grey hazy atmosphere was as yet untinged by the rays of the sun, just beginning to struggle upwards in the Eastern sky. Around us in groups, stretched on the parapets, were the guards of the trenches, gazing down on the scene before them, in the indolent enjoyment of the first hours of entire security. From different points mounted officers were hurrying down over paths which had already been improvised through the trenches.

Above, in our immediate front, mutilated and ragged in outline, was our old enemy the Redan—a Sampson, shorn of his strength! The ditch, the counterscarp, and the glacis were dotted with fatigue parties and litter bearers removing the wounded and the dead. Below us on the left lay the city. Dense clouds of smoke rising lazily from its different quarters hung in a heavy canopy overhead, baffling the faint morning air. No flames were as yet to be seen in the town. The fires appeared rather to be smouldering, as if willing still to spare what had been the pride and boast of one nation, and the desire of so many others. Still, at short intervals, fresh columns of smoke stole upwards from new quarters, showing that the destroyers were yet at work, without let or hindrance.

Spanning the great inlet beneath us from Fort Nicholas to the northern shore, was the bridge of rafts, over which now thronged a vast continuous horde. From end to end of the bridge was neither gap nor break in that living stream, still flowing onwards, and still always full. Without hurry or confusion, the Russians were traversing the gulf as securely as if its waters had, as of old, divided to open to them a passage.

As we look, we miss from their accustomed place the vessels of the Russian fleet. The harbour begins to light up in the rays of the rising sun, and a line of spars and tangled rigging is seen stretching across from shore to shore peering above the surface of the waters. The huge lower masts of the "Twelve Apostles" tower high over those of the other ships, and heeling heavily over, convey an almost painful impression of utter and helpless prostration.

And now, with a tremendous crash, the Quarantine Fort was blown into the air, and to our gaze the whole seaward end of the town appeared to swell slowly upwards in one vast volume of upheaved earth. Hardly had the first burst of this explosion died away when, as if from the very crater of the volcano, numbers of live shells leaped into the air, exploding high above the dense column of smoke which clung heavily down upon the mouth of the harbour.

Two hours had passed and still we watched with eager gaze, and still as we looked that mighty stream continued to press and struggle onwards.

It was now nearly eight o'clock. At this moment, and for the first time, there were signs of haste upon the bridge. On the side nearest to the town no stragglers remained. The crowd near the northern shore commenced to run hurriedly. A slight shiver seemed to pass over that line, till then so firm and rigid. A minute more and the bridge collapsed—it was the work but of an instant. The last man had passed over. It had done its work, and no longer had existence. Severed in the centre, the two portions were swung over safely to the north side; and all this time the hosts upon the hill were gazing, as if in a trance, upon the spectacle.

During the preceding night, a Lancaster gun had, with much difficulty, been placed in position in the sailor's five-gun battery. An attempt was made in the morning to open fire with this gun on the bridge, when it was discovered that the bore was too small for the shells. Six or seven rounds of shot were discharged from it, but they fell wide of the mark.* A few shells were thrown from the mortar battery, No. 18, and with no better success. With these exceptions not a shot was fired, not an effort made, to annoy or to molest the enemy in his flight—if flight that could be fitly termed, which was conducted with such order, regularity, and foresight in the presence, and under the eye of the victors!

Sebastopol was indeed ours—sad heritage of blood and bitter memories! With outbreaks of defiant fury, the smouldering city appeared sullenly to await the arrival of its new masters. Not even yet did those masters dare to grasp their blood-stained trophy!

* This information was communicated to me by the naval officer in charge of the five-gun battery on that morning.

"THUS WOULD I DIE."

THE EPICUREAN.

I'd die when Love's entrancing spell
O'er soul and sense resistless fell;
I'd gaze on woman's winning sweetness,
I'd strain the Arab courser's fleetness;
And in that moment's fond delight,
Or in that wild delirious flight,
At once I'd vanish into night!

THE FEMALE EPICUREAN.

I'd die with my mind and my intellect bright,
With my lip breathing love, and my eye flashing light;
When excitement's wild fever rose burning and high
In the blaze that it kindled, I'd fearlessly die.
I'd die in the morning of youth's glorious day,
Nor wait for the evening of age's decay;
I'd fall in the flush of my womanhood's bloom,
In the pride of my freshness descend to the tomb.

THE STOIC.

I'd die in some sequestered dell,
Where no intruder stood to tell
The anguish of the parting strife,
Or mark the cry of vanquished life.
The lip of woman should not press
My chilly brow with fond caress;
Her gentle beauty hov'ring near
Might rob my manhood of a tear.

THE WARRIOR.

Oh! let me fall where gallant foemen die,
Where the wild war-shout rends the vaulted sky;
There, on the field of battle proudly lying,
War's savage joy absorbs the sense of dying.
Yes! 'midst the strife of thousands let me perish,
Far from the home my heart's affections cherish—
Far from the loved. Let not a woman's tear
Dim the bright lustre of the warrior's bier.
Thus would I die, in manhood's generous day,
In health and strength, untouched by slow decay,
With hand, and sword, and heart uplifted high—
In one aspiring moment bravely die.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Thy will be done! the Christian soldier cries—
In peace or war to God my spirit flies;
And at his throne, from earthly passions free,
Claims the blest palm of immortality.

A. S. M.

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

A PLEASANT halting-place is Milan. Such I fully felt it to be, as I sat in the garden of the Cova restaurant, one September evening, blandly conscious of a well-spent day, and awaiting, with the calm of tranquil virtue, the Italian hour of half-past one (that is to say, an hour and a-half after sunset), when I purposed regaling my soul with the strains of the "Trovatore," as advertised to be then performed by his Imperial and Royal Majesty's servants in the vocal department, at the Imperial and Royal Theatre of "The Staircase." Now, I am naturally of a sociable turn; it gives me no pleasure—quite the reverse—to sit, grim and silent, glowering at a stranger as if, there being "a strong smell of thieves" about the place, I feared lest the communication of speech should deliver over my watch and purse to the ready fingers of him from whom emanated the odour of pickpocketry. An Englishman is generally so nervously alive to the dread of consequences, that he double-locks the door of his acquaintanceship, puts up the chain, and takes a look through the keyhole ere he answers any chance summons of the bell. He feels that, once he sets the door ajar, there is nothing further to prevent his visitor walking in and taking possession of the house. A Frenchman, German, or Italian, on the contrary, will throw wide open the entrance-door of his secret thoughts, and, standing on the threshold, talk freely to the passers-by as they present themselves; but when either party is tired they separate, without imagining that any title to a nearer intimacy has been established. Such a course I, as a citizen of the world, have upheld and practised to the best of my ability. Difficulties, it is true, would often present themselves; among others the necessity of overcoming a certain amount of bashful diffidence inherent in the constitution of an Irishman. Victims of a superiorly susceptible organization, the world has been little disposed to give me or my fellow-countrymen credit for our sensitiveness to the dread of being ridiculous or importunate; and, in my early life, I blush to think how often such considerations exercised a preposterous influence over my conduct. The wisdom of riper years, however, and a diligent amount of self-training have, I am happy to say, so far conquered natural obstacles as to enable me to take a friendly interest in what goes on about me, and to recollect that, as it is the duty of every man to help his neighbour at a pinch, and impossible to know by intuition where the shoe pinches, it must clearly be incumbent on a right-minded man to invite confidence by smoothing away any little impediments; and, if necessary, by exercising a small amount of gentle pressure, merely to find out how his assistance can be made most useful. Some people, I am aware, have ugly names ready to apply to this, as they have to every meritorious course of action—intrusiveness—officious pumping. I certainly have heard the pump alluded to occasionally in connexion with the friendly efforts of my sympathy. Well—well—perhaps there may be another way of finding out where the shoe pinches, by treading

watchfully all round on your neighbours' corns—it is, at any rate, a quicker process.

But to proceed. As I sat smoking my cigar after dinner, it naturally occurred to me to look round and take a mental inventory of the apparent capabilities presented by any of the people about for making themselves agreeable, or enabling me to do so. The table next to mine was occupied by a short, stout individual, an Italian; and, as it seemed, a stranger, for he had dined alone, and appeared to know nobody. I felt already the bond of a common position beginning to draw us together. I had watched the dishes he ordered as they succeeded each other; and really, if he had been my own twin brother, a greater unanimity of sentiment on the subject of polentas and beccafichi couldn't have been shown. I felt my heart gradually warming towards him; there was, besides, a subdued melancholy in the way in which he peeled the figs, as if they had been illusions of his youth, and with every strip of skin he dropped was one disenchantment more made manifest. When, at last, having reduced all the fruit before him to the condition of skin and stalk, he looked at the *debris* as a philosopher might at the vanity of human expectations, and, drawing out a cigar-case, started at the bitterness of deception brought home on perceiving its unexpected emptiness—I was ready to embrace him as a friend.

Among the numerous blessings of tobacco, there is none more gratefully acknowledged by me than that of its being, in every shape, an established medium of social communication. With an instinctive eye I caught the opening presented, and, accrediting myself by the introduction of an offered "Havanna," I soon found myself sitting side by side with my new-made friend in the easy interchange of light conversation. I could see that there was something the matter with him; his words didn't run smoothly—he'd stop short in the middle of his sentences, as if he hadn't thought of what he was saying, and altogether his air was that of a man too much pre-occupied by one subject to pay attention to indifferent topics. What that subject was, of course I felt an anxiety to discover, and accordingly began, by touching on various matters, throwing out suggestive allusions and watching their effect, to angle for his secret.

"Charming country yours, in many ways," observed I (I had ascertained that he was a Neapolitan); "a little rigorous perhaps the paternal discipline of its government may appear to a stranger; but, no doubt, your countrymen don't see it in the same light."

"There are discontented people everywhere, signore," replied he. "Even in your own happy country, I daresay, there are some who think political improvement possible. A wise man had better live quietly under whatever he finds the established order of things, without getting himself into trouble by trying the part of reformer."

Really, very much my own sentiments. He didn't seem to have the enthusiasm of a Red Republican carbonaro. I tried another tack.

"Whatever inconveniences may be attached to an absolute rule like that of the 'adored Ferdinand,'" I remarked, "there is this at least to be said in its praise, that it can exercise a watchful care over the interests of its subjects, in these days when speculation and robbery seem to have struck up an alliance on every stock exchange; it is some-

thing, that the temptation of shares in British Banks or Diddlesex Junctions is withheld from the capitalists of your happy land."

"There is a saying among us," he remarked, "as to the value of the oil you are likely to get from olive stones; and I never heard that buying the wool on a shorn sheep's back seemed to anyone a profitable investment. Perhaps it is as much to these considerations as to the care of our excellent Government, that we may attribute our ignorance of the benefits you have alluded to."

Well, his tone didn't appear to imply any financial reason for his melancholy, unless it might be of a nature so private as to make my delicacy recoil from attempting to investigate it. If I couldn't achieve success, I was resolved at any rate to deserve it.

"Whatever," I cried, "may be the misfortunes of Italy, her sons have always to solace them the beauties of the land, the climate, the splendour of her cities, the fascinations of her art, and, above all, the charms of her daughters; the soil they tread on is the very Paradise of Love."

"Not if Love and Constancy be akin to each other," curtly remarked my *vis-a-vis*.

Poor fellow! was this his secret? Ah! if there be one thing more than another on which I am qualified to sympathize with an afflicted spirit, I may say that it is the laceration of heart caused by the inconstancy of woman. Yes, Arabella Julia, too well I recollect the lesson you taught me. Dear me, I can look back on it quietly enough now, but I was terribly in earnest at the time. Those blue eyes! how their fire laid my heart in ashes. Those cherry lips! how the words that fell from them seemed to me sweeter than ever opera music has sounded since. And then, after protestations of the purest devotion—after vows of eternal fidelity—after the solemn interchange of the broken halves of that crooked sixpence;—when I think of the fatal day that the army marched into Ballyragget—when I think of the manner in which, with total indifference to my feelings, you allowed yourself to be made happy for life, as Mrs. Major M'Craw—I feel disposed to turn general disbeliever, and renounce my faith in woman. But no, Arabella Julia, there is something prevents me from judging you as harshly as you deserve: so, looking back upon the past, "*miseris succurrere disco*," I teach my afflicted friend, that it is his natural destiny to be made a fool of like the rest of us, by your sex.

"It's a remarkable thing enough," I replied to his last observation, "what a peculiarly feminine accomplishment in all countries inconstancy seems to be."

"Accomplishment!" cried he; "it's an instinct with them all; love of change, never knowing when they're well off—vanity, ambition. *Che so?* I believe they were born to plague us."

"Ah! I can enter readily into the feelings arising from disappointed hope, or an unsuccessful attachment!"

"Attachment, my dear sir! I'm speaking of worse; of an engagement—a sacred and solemn engagement—one that every consideration ought to have prompted her to hold inviolate. Oh, Marietta! what could have made you act as you did? To throw me aside like an old shoe, and disappear without a word of explanation."

"Very thoughtless of her, indeed. Why, that's worse than Arabella.

She, at least, sent me an invitation to the wedding-breakfast, and that beast, M^cCraw, had the audacity to call on me to return thanks when they drank the health of the bachelors."

"And then, figure to yourself, signore; here am I, after tracking her through the length of Italy, not knowing but that I might find my detested rival in every town, yet ignorant of where I was to look for him; seeking an opportunity of pouring out my prayers and expostulations into her ears in vain. No sooner did I hear of her being in one place, than on my arrival there she was gone. Now at last in the city, where I have every reason to believe her to be, in Milan, a misfortune, such as only happens to me, prevents me from seeking her out. If she saw me she would take alarm, and be gone before I could attempt to stop her; and how will it end—*Dio mio!*—how will it end! If she refuses to return I am a miserable, ruined wretch."

"Without exactly understanding the nature of the misfortune you allude to, sympathy, I know, is sweet; and if the services of a friend can in any way be made of use, let me place my time and abilities at your disposal."

"Generous Englishman!" he exclaimed, fervently seizing both my hands, "I accept your frankness as the pledge of your sincerity; accept, in return, the undying gratitude of the wretched Razzi;" and he pulled out, and presented to me a card, engraved with his name, "Pietro Razzi." I read it—"Peter Ratsay." It was the name of my first-cousin's foster-brother. I knew there was something more than a feeling of mere common acquaintance between Pietro and me from the first; there was a sort of would-be blood connexion striving to establish itself between us before I so much as heard his name. "Razzi," and I looked at him with the interest of a newly-discovered relative, "regard me as one of your family; open your heart as you would to a brother; make me happy by telling me how I can promote your views."

I am bound to say that he did not reciprocate the warmth of my expressions with a corresponding expansion of soul; indeed he rather seemed, it appeared to me, to look suspiciously on my demonstrations of friendship. There is, however, a tone about the sincerity of truth that makes its way in spite of all difficulties; and if any injurious thoughts had arisen in Pietro's mind of me, in connexion with the Imperial and Royal Police, they were quickly quieted by their own evident absurdity. I made him feel that I deserved his confidence, and he prepared to bestow it on me.

Sorrow being by nature dry, and apt to beget in its society a congenial thirst, I thought it wouldn't be amiss, before entering on the office of confidant and comforter, to propose a glass of champagne, by way of cementing our alliance, and providing against the depressing influences of Razzi's narrative. The first bottle was emptied, a second called for, and reduced to the same condition, before his story was told. Now, I don't boast of being anything very wonderful as a linguist, and if the successor (whoever he may be) of Cardinal Mezzofanti were on the lookout for foreign correspondents, I don't suppose that he'd make any unusual exertions to enlist me as one; but still, in most companies, I am able to get on sufficiently well for my own satisfaction; and what can a reasonable man want more? I dare say nice critics might be able to

pick holes in my sentences, but, for all that, I find myself master of a good, stout, serviceable, Continental language, warranted to wear well in France and Italy. In Spain its success has been but middling, and in Germany the natural stupidity of the natives has prevented me from making it as effective as I could have wished, but, with these slight drawbacks, I have always had reason to be satisfied with its efficiency. In the same way, though my ear may not be very quick at the intricacies of idiom or accent, I can manage to understand accurately enough the meaning of what I hear, provided the language be one of recognized Christian usage. There are, however, some forms of speech that I owe my inability to follow confidently, and among these the elliptical gabble of an excited Neapolitan, in the full swing of his native *patois*, I have always regarded as about the most hopeless. This, after the first few sentences, was the dialect chosen by Pietro for his communication. As he warmed with his subject, too, there was a character of elevated gesticulation about his discourse that rather helped to confuse my ideas; and when, after a brilliant declamatory burst, he wound up with a pathetic peroration, and threw himself on the support of my friendship, I owe I was a little puzzled to make out exactly what it was he had told me, or what the nature of the assistance was that he appealed to me to give him. It wouldn't do though, I felt, to hesitate; and I couldn't ask him to tell his story over again. It would be an insult to the genius of his narrative to imply that its pathos had been wasted, and its sentiment misunderstood; so, entering ardently into the nature of the situation, I pledged myself to treat his interests as my own, and bid him know me as his friend. The sum of what I had collected from his story amounted to about this. That there had lived some short time ago in Palermo a beautiful, highly-accomplished, and altogether fascinating creature, called Marietta, between whom and Pietro an engagement of a very strong and binding character had been formed. That some how or other (I couldn't make this part out very clearly) a rival had appeared upon the scene; and that, faithless to her obligations, Marietta had listened to his offers, without bidding good-bye to the poor fellow before me had accepted them, and disappeared from Palermo, to go the Lord knew where. Pietro gave me a very animated account of the manner in which he had traced her from town to town, without coming up with her, till he reached Milan, when, as he had already informed me, one of those misfortunes that never fail to happen to some men, had occurred to arrest him on the threshold of success. What the real nature of the misfortune was still remained to me a mystery, but I gathered from his lamentations that it was connected with the loss of a portmanteau containing certain documents necessary to be recovered before he could venture to stir a step, he meanwhile being obliged to guard against the sickle fair one hearing of his presence.

Whether the missing papers referred to his certificate of vaccination, without which he was afraid to appear in public, lest the police should arrest him as a dangerous subject, or the registry of his birth, in default of which he might be considered as guilty of an irregular, unlicensed act in living at all, I couldn't say; but after detailing the facts of his case, and impressing on me the strong proof of regard manifested by his confiding to me a secret that he dared not intrust to any one but a

stranger in the place, as he found me to be, he adjured me, by the tenderest ties of friendship to show myself worthy of the trust, by ascertaining and communicating to him the next day, whether the charming Marietta really was in Milan, and, if possible, by procuring an interview with her, and finding out whether she had any suspicion of his being in the neighbourhood. He gave me the direction of two or three hotels where I might be likely to hear of her, begged me to make particular inquiries of the waiters and hangers-on about the place, as to whether any one had been seen answering the description of his rival, and telling me what his own address was, he bid me good-night with the true warmth of southern feeling. There was a slight tendency to eccentricity in his movements as he prepared to depart. It would be absurd to suppose that the modest amount of refreshment we had indulged in could have been the cause; it must have been owing to the excitement of mind consequent on the narration of his wrongs, that he proceeded to treat the last champagne-flask we had emptied as his cigar-case, by bottling the remainder of my cigars that lay on the table, and thrusting them, so stowed away, into his pocket, with a muttered remark, that their unusual size was the only drawback to their excellence; and then, with a renewed injunction to take care of myself in going home, and be sure to report progress next day, embraced me vehemently, and turned to descend the cellar-stairs, as if they were the direct road to his bed.

Being brought up and set going in the right direction, he was about to renew in the street his demonstrations of aggressive affection when I beat an abrupt retreat, and, the hour being too far advanced to think further of the opera, set my face homewards. "Let me see," thought I, as I stumbled along over the uneven pavement, "what's this he said the name of his charmer was besides Marietta? Bolbi—that's it—la Bolbi—Bolbi la bella—Bolbi the beautiful." The syllables melted in my mouth like ripe peaches. I turned into bed and dreamt all night of Peter Ratsey, my first cousin's foster-brother, planting peach trees in Ballyragget, and finding them grow up to bear nothing but potato blossoms. When I awoke next morning, and called to mind the events of the night before, I felt, I am free to confess, as if my conduct was open to the criticism of having been more generous than judicious. The more I thought of my engagements, the less did they appear to me provocative of self-congratulation; and before I had done dressing, I was ready to curse the impulsiveness of disposition that had betrayed me into making them. What on earth had tempted me to do it? I never had seen the man till twelve hours ago, and here I now found myself suddenly handed over as a polite spy, attached without even benefit of pay to the service of this Razzi. Confound the rascal! I wish he'd been hanged before I'd set eyes on him; but the story he told me!—the bewitching Bolbi. Well, the mischief was done, and I might as well make the best of it. It could do me no harm to stroll down to the places he spoke of, and try to find out whether she had arrived or not. If I could but hear of her, some excuse or other would turn up to introduce myself. What a pity it wasn't carnival time. I'd have had nothing to do but invest in a pasteboard nose and a pair of green spectacles, and I could have gone up and knocked

at her door, or accosted her with bon-bons and a bouquet in the street. I put the finishing touch to my whiskers, and, determining to give Fate fair play that it might have no excuse for not treating me handsomely, set out to breakfast at the "Albergo di San Martino," one of the houses of call indicated, as well as I could recollect, in the previous evening's conversation.

It was a large, dingy, not over clean caravansera, frequented by Italians, and neither in accommodation nor scale of prices adapted to the reception of "Milors," but withal, not destitute of merits of its own. Its front, towards the little square, had certainly a character of fortified severity, particularly about the ground-floor windows, behind the iron gratings of which you naturally expected to see the faces of imprisoned debtors looming. Standing in the court yard, and looking up at the sky, you began to believe the story of seeing the stars at mid-day from the bottom of a dry well to be a fable. There was an awful looking "salle-a-manger," that I didn't enter, from whose bare and cavernous interior a morning flavour of residuary garlic and vapid grease seemed lazily attempting to emerge as I passed by; but continuing on to the end of the passage, an open door and two steps downwards ushered me into the garden at the ree, with its half-awning overhead, its fountain plashing in the centre, and its bright frescoed walls glowing in the sunshine, as patches of their colours peeped out between the leaves and blossoms of the fig tree and flowering magnolia, that well nigh hid them from the south.

"Oh dear!" thought I, as I sat down at one of the little napkin-covered marble tables, ready laid with fresh figs and sausage slices to suggest the existence of an appetite, "what cheap enjoyments a climate like this affords. The mere varieties of heat and shade; the alternate pleasures of basking and cooling—very paltry but very pleasant. It would be long enough before the tea and muffins of a London coffee-room seemed as inviting to my taste as this sort of thing, about as long as it would be before the solemn man in black who oppresses you with the weight of respectability as he uncovers your chop came to be as nimbly useful as the many-fingered Pippo who, scorning the assistance of trays, is now about to deal out the preliminary dishes of my breakfast."

Deeming this an eligible opportunity of commencing enquiries, I threw out a remark as to the travelling prospects of the season, and the present visitors at the hotel. The business doing was not, by Pippo's account, particularly brisk, and the visitors were of the usual class. There was the Marchese Coriandoli, on his way to Como; the Contessa Boschioso, returning to Florence; Maestro Trompetini, bound for Brescia to superintend the bringing out of his new opera, "The Battle of Prague;" Professore Lunetti for Turin, from Bologna. These, with the Signorina Salero and her mother from the south—most likely Sicilians, Pippo said—he was from Sicily himself, and their accent had struck him—were all that he seemed disposed to enumerate. I have contracted a habit of paying attention to trifles, sometimes, 'tis true, to be deceived by them, but more often to be led, through their small agency, to mark and track home the clue of a secret that appeared unattainable, so long as I considered my dignity involved in neglecting foot-prints to look for sign-posts. The Signorina Salero and her mother

—why not the Signora Salero and her daughter? It was evident that the Signorina was the important member of the party—from Sicily too. I thought of Razzi and smelt a rat.

"Been long here, the Signorina, Pippo?" I enquired casually.

"No, Signore, only came yesterday; seemed to be tired with travelling—went to bed early—not breakfasted yet."

"And the Signora, her mother," I continued. "I used to know a family once of that name, if I'm not mistaken; I wonder whether it's the same that they belong to—tall, thin, middle-aged lady, eh?"

"Not exactly, Signore; rather short, stout, and snuffy; wears a yellow wig, and takes burnt brandy in her coffee."

"In fact, bordering on the *madre di teatro*," I said, looking knowingly at Pippo, who, without a word in reply, winked down the forefinger of his left hand laid along his nose, and rapidly shook the index of the right with a horizontal movement to and fro. Suddenly starting back, "*Ecco la Signorina*," he cried, as a voice from the second story, like that of a full-lunged lark, showered out a cadenza of intricate brilliancy, and winging up the scale, poised on the topmost note in a shake of perfect, firm vibration, then instantly, with folded wings, dropped to earth in silence.

"Stop a moment," I called after him, as he was hurrying away.

"Does the Signorina seem to be a stranger here?"

"Quite so, 'cellenza—a stranger to every one except a gentleman whom she expects to call, but whose name she didn't mention; described him, though, as something like your excellency—tall, graceful, commanding figure."

"Ah! very well, Pippo—that will do." He vanished. "A very smart, intelligent lad that waiter," thought I, as I sat and ruminated on what I had heard. Could it be possible that the syren Salero and the bewitching Bolbi were one? Was it in the nature of things that I should allow the question to remain in doubt? Yet how was it to be solved? What excuse had I for presenting myself? An idea struck me—she expects some one to call—perhaps a stranger—at least she did not mention his name,—like me in appearance! Why shouldn't I go in the character of her expected friend? If I find the position a false one, it's only to beat a retreat under pretence of having entered the wrong room: at any rate it's worth trying. I made up my mind, and summoned Pippo.

A carefully-constructed message, composed by myself and rehearsed, with the artificial aid to memory of a five-franc piece in his palm, by Pippo, conveyed to the signorina the desire of a strange gentleman—name unknown—to pay his respects to her. An answer, speedily returned, brought her invitation to ascend, and, strong in the consciousness of a noble assurance, up I went.

A half-opened door on the second story augured well for the curiosity my ambassador had excited; and when, reaching it, I confronted the flaxen-headed "dame de compagnie," as I at once set her down to be, there ready to usher me in, I felt that I must, for mere credit's sake, do something to show myself worthy of the occasion.

No sooner had I entered the sitting-room than a door on the opposite side was thrown open, and out flew as sweet a little figure as ever set

the heart of a susceptible gentleman fluttering; small, elastic, rounded arms; neck like moulded ivory; eyes of polished jet; skin transparent as alabaster; hair that hardly seemed to find room for its rich profusion on the pretty childish head.

"Ah, welcome, signor mio—you have come at last. Good heavens! Am I deceived?"—and she stopped short in the middle of the room with a start of surprise—"Yes—no—it isn't he."

"Clearly not," thought I. "I wonder whether *he* is likely to make his appearance soon. Never mind—it's worth risking being kicked down stairs occasionally. "Pardon a stranger, signora," I continued aloud, "for having taken the liberty of requesting permission to disturb you—pardon, a thousand times, if a misdirection has caused me to intrude in a manner unauthorized; but the anxiety inspired in me by hearing a voice just now that I thought I recognized as that of one in whom I cannot but take a deep interest, induced me to address myself to the apartment from which, I was informed, it was supposed to proceed. Accept, I beg again, the sincerity of apology with which I retire from the apparent intrusion of having sought here the presence of the Signora Marietta Bolbi."

Oh! it was worth suffering all consequences to see the look she gave me—half alarm, half recognition.

"You know me then—you are his friend—you have come from him. Why isn't the Signor Sacchi here himself?—speak—tell me all—in perfect confidence—you may."

I was prepared to speak with any desired amount of confidence, if I could only get a hint of who Sacchi was, and what I ought to say. On the subject of his absence I might have indulged in a great many beautiful sentiments as to the different way I'd have acted in his place; but those large black eyes kept looking at me with a steady expression that made me feel I had better keep to something more definite.

"Why, as to his absence," I replied, "I don't know that I'm empowered to speak so fully as I could wish. I rather think he was to explain the reason himself by letter; but the post is so uncertain in these parts. Dear, dear, what a pity—gone astray, no doubt; and I, trusting to it, never thought of asking Razzi—I should say Sacchi; but perhaps I'd better inquire at the post-office;" and I was bowing myself to the door when she sprang forward and laid her hand upon my arm.

"Razzi, you said, Pietro Razzi—Razzi of Palermo—and you *his* friend—I am betrayed—ruined—lost!" And clasping her little hands upon her forehead, she dropped into a chair in an attitude of grief that would have touched with repentance the hypocrisy of a crocodile. I couldn't stand it. "The friend of Razzi! No, signora;" and I threw myself on my knees.—"Behold at your feet the slave of Bolbi! Yes, divine creature," I continued, "if from the lips of Razzi I have learned any details of your story, wrong me not by thinking that I could regard his interests in your presence. Say that you forgive the innocent deception of one who sympathizes with your distress, and only prays to prove his truth by being instrumental in relieving it. Am I the man to lend myself to the base machinations of a disappointed adorer? Never, never; to dry the tears of beauty be my task—to win a smile of acknowledgment my reward," and a smile like an April sunbeam peeped out between her fingers at the flow of my eloquence.

At that moment a knock at the door was heard, and jumping on my feet at what I concluded must be the announcement of *his* arrival, I began to consider what construction *he* might put upon my presence. My curiosity on that point, however, wasn't destined to be gratified—it was merely the servant bringing in a letter that had just been left for the Signorina Salero. Marietta tore it open and devoured its contents, while I stood by mentally cursing the interruption that had brought me up with a jerk when getting on so beautifully.

"It is from himself; he has arrived; he has written to say that all will be ready; he is coming to assure me in person; he knows not yet that Razzi is before him. I dare not send him word without incurring suspicion. Pietro will be sure to have bribed the waiters, and set spies on Giulietta (this was the middle-aged female, addicted to snuff and burnt brandy); and yet he must be informed. What am I to do?"

It was precisely the occasion for me to prove the sincerity of my protestations. "If," said I, "in offering the humble assistance of one, whose zeal may atone for want of ability, I should be able to contribute to the making happy two fond hearts, oh, deny me not the gratification, adorable Marietta, of so meriting a place in your regard."

"The kind consideration of a noble nature makes itself felt in your words," she replied. "Giulietta, the Signor Inglese has undertaken to see to the settling of everything. We shall owe our future—our deliverance from the persecution of Razzi to his magnanimity."

"Generous young man," exclaimed she of the flaxen wig, "receive our thanks;" and she made preparations for bestowing on me a maternal hug, which I dexterously avoided by turning to Marietta for further instructions.

"This letter," she continued, giving me one she had just written, "will explain all to the Signor Sacchi. He will not fail to appreciate your motives with gratitude; he will thank you in both our names. In the letter he wrote me, he appointed an hour at which he was to call here, but you will meet him before it arrives, and warn him of the risk of being seen by any spy of Razzi's." Spy!—I rather winced at the word. "Should any preparations be requisite for our departure, I trust to your loyalty to assist him in carrying them out; and when hereafter we meet, as I hope before long we may, I shall have the pleasure of renewing the thanks with which I accept the welcome offer of your assistance." She gave me, like a queen, her little hand to kiss; and in a state of bewildered emotion I found the door closed behind me as I bowed backward toward the staircase. While descending it I heard peal upon peal of laughter proceeding from the room I had just left; and I could distinguish the silver ring of Marietta's treble mingled with the cracked tinkle of Giulietta's bass. What on earth were they laughing at? What on earth was the use of my trying to guess? The natural levity of the sex—the pleasure of having found a friend in need—any reason or none. La Bolbi was beautiful enough to do as she liked without accounting for her conduct. I reached the street, and began to think of what I had undertaken.

Really it had hardly occurred to me before, but on reflection I could not deny that I might have acted more consistently. If I met my friend of the night before, now, Razzi, what was I to say to him? and would he be likely to consider my account of the visit I had just paid satisfac-

tory? But what right had he to count on me originally? and if, not knowing the nature of the risk, he chose to expose my obliging disposition to the battery of Bolbi's eyes, serve him right in the result for being so ignorant of the combustible character of an Irishman. Besides, even assuming for a moment that I had trifled with his confidence, was that any reason for proving myself such a deep-dyed villain as to forfeit the good opinion of that tender creature whom I had left fainting in the chair, and pinning her faith on the execution of my promises? No, Marietta, superior to temptation you shall find me; not all the sophistry of Razzi, were he here present, should avail to make me deny myself the gratification of deserving a smile such as you can bestow on the upholder of devoted constancy.

Meanwhile, it was two o'clock, and the hour that Sacchi in his note had appointed for calling being four, I had no time to lose in making him out, and performing the part of Marietta's *chargé d'affaires*. The address she had given me was a sort of general refreshment establishment, half *estaminet*, half *restaurant*, near the Piazzì d'Armi, whither I proceeded, keeping a sharp look out round the corners, ready to make play laterally in case Razzi came in view. Fortune, however, favoured me, and reaching the door I dived unobserved into the interior of the—by courtesy christened—café.

The national places of public resort, in every country, may be taken as typical of the characteristics of their frequenters. In France, the looking-glasses, gilding, crimson velvet, and glowing *dame de comptoir*, epitomising the light and pleasant brilliancy of that outward life that all join in so readily, and beyond which so few strangers succeed in penetrating. In Germany, the heavy, homely air of the fittings, the solid style of adornment, and the consistent tobacco-clouds, uniform in their density, peculiar to "Vaterland," embodying the slow-moving, substantial, ponderous genius of those who there seek relief from revolutionary rumours and æsthetic tribulations; while in England we need only contrast the club-palaces and beer-houses of insular growth, to be made aware of the great gulf placed between the patrons of such polarly opposite attractions. The irregular, picturesque, individualised community of Italian manners was accurately enough represented by the thoroughly make-yourself-at-home air, the jumbled nature of the refreshments served, and the utter disregard to uniformity of demeanour in its occupants, characterising the "Caffè Nazionale," with the interior of which I now first became acquainted.

Arresting a waiter who was flying back from delivering a pyramid of tin-topped dishes to the addresses of early diners, to lay in a stock of ices, absinthe, and cigars, for consumption at the adjoining tables, I ordered a "granita," and told him to find out for me, without attracting attention from the people about, if one certain Sacchi was then benefitting the house by his custom. With an air of elaborate mystery, that before two minutes had fixed the eyes of every one in the room on his movements, the fellow proceeded to open a whispering negotiation with all the most unlikely people present. I had told him, on the strength of Pippo's remark in the morning, that the person I sought was something like myself in appearance; and he immediately began, as if bent on proving the nullity of his observing faculties, to address the

most sinister-looking, black-bearded, conically-hat-crowned individuals of the company; breaking in upon the groups where they sat, like fathers of the Red Republic met in council, to eat ices with the children of their insurgent family. At length, when I was on the point of despairingly beating a retreat, as I watched the continued rebuffs of my missionary, there started up from behind a pillar near which the waiter was at the moment standing, a man who had overheard the question addressed to a party sitting at the table next him.

"Where is the gentleman who wishes to see the Signor Sacchi?" I could not distinguish the words, but I felt they were to that effect, as the waiter turned round and indicated me to the person in question, whose retiring disposition wouldn't allow him to approach till he had inspected me carefully from behind the pillar where he again ensconced himself. The result being, I presume, satisfactory, he came up and accosted me with a bowing remark, that he was happy in having the opportunity of learning what the Signor Sacchi could do for my service. I was delighted to have found my man; though certainly Pippo's mode of interpreting Marietta's description of the gentleman's appearance didn't say much for his discrimination, nor did the reality before me bear any very high testimony to the taste of the charming Marietta herself. Muddy-yellow cheeks, with close-cropped whiskers fringing them, like a skin of parchment in a mourning border; evident economy in the articles of soap and linen; manners that oscillated from suspicious reserve to swaggering familiarity—surely these were not the impressions of my appearance that an observer would carry away with him; surely these were not the seductions that should have made the capricious Bolbi drive Razzi to despair. The less attractive however the man, the more meritorious my conduct. I took him aside, and, delivering the letter Marietta had charged me with, informed him of the risk of encountering his rival (which seemed, by common consent, accepted as a thing to be avoided under any circumstances), should he visit the Albergo di san Martino, and offered my services, as I had promised, to assist him in expediting the departure of himself and the beautiful creature who was waiting to fly with him from Milan. He read the letter attentively twice through with a puzzled air, as if he found some difficulty in understanding it, and with a business-like want of enthusiasm that made me feel ready to quarrel with him on the spot. At last he seemed to have satisfied himself, and turning to me, expressed copiously his acknowledgments. In the case of a friend such as I had shown myself, he said, it would be an injurious insult on his part to allow any further mystery to remain between us; he would, therefore, freely acknowledge that there were reasons which made it desirable for him to avoid the risk of recognition by the aforesaid Razzi; nay, if possible, to avoid showing himself abroad at all during the short time he purposed remaining in the town; and if I would undertake the trouble of visiting the police-office, for the procuring of the necessary passport signatures, and the diligence-office to take places for Turin in his name, his gratitude no less than that of Marietta's should be mine till death.

I wasn't much moved by the accession to my reward implied in the prospect of his favourable consideration; but La Bolbi's eyes arose before

my mind, and forth I went to seek the passport and diligence departments.

As a test of human patience, I don't know of any process more un-failing than that of doing antechamber in the precincts of an Italian police-office, especially if the object in view be the procuring of something which interests yourself personally, more than any of the authorities you have to apply to. In general, the foreign tourist or even resident is exempt from the personal infliction of these ceremonies; they are undergone vicariously by a race of commissionaires and *valets-de-place*, between whom and the authorities an understanding no doubt exists as to the charges made, and their respective shares of the plunder so obtained from travellers. My own belief is, that the commissionaire puts your passport in his pocket, keeps it there two days, and then returns it with a sanded scrawl of his own manufacture added to the previous hieroglyphics on its back. You pay him a certain sum, which he and the police divide, and the agents of the latter throughout the kingdom, recognising the stamp of official unintelligibility, acknowledge your claim to go unmolested. I was now, however, violating one of the privileges of an established class, by attempting to do in person what its members were entitled to do for me by deputy, and I was, consequently, to be exposed to the full rigour of official formality, exercised in my case partly to show the sense entertained by the clerks of my poor spirit in consenting to do myself anything that I could have got done by another, and partly to mark their indignation at being obliged to perform something themselves for the money they were about to make me pay. So up and down I went, by staircases and passages, from room to room, the localities of which seemed to have been selected with a view to their utmost possible remoteness from each other; inasmuch as the work to be done necessitating thus visiting them all, it was desirable to make the task as unpleasant as possible to any one who should be rash enough to explore the mysteries of the place for himself. At last, however, I got everything settled by dint of constant pay, and copious assertions of the intimate terms on which I and Sacchi might be considered as living, which entitled me to act as his *alter ego*, his friend; he being prevented by pressing indisposition from operating in person.

To the diligence-office I went next, and was fortunate enough to secure three places for Turin, the diligence being to start at nine o'clock that night. Hot and hurried, back I rushed to Sacchi, told him what I had done, left him in the middle of a speech of gratitude, composed principally, it struck me, of extracts from classical poets, and off I flew to impress upon the seductive Bolbi, for whose sole sake I had exerted myself throughout, how that the consolation of acting in her service alone mitigated the despair with which I found myself furthering her departures.

"Once across the frontier we are safe, and safe through your exertions: how shall I ever thank you?" she exclaimed, as I announced the preparations completed for leaving Milan that night. The hope of continuing to hold a place in her memory, I assured her, was ample recompense. The afternoon went quickly by, evening found me at her side, and at a quarter to nine we stood together in the yard of the diligence-office. The meeting between her and Sacchi I preferred

omitting to witness ; so, turning aside, I appeared to be engrossed in the contemplation of a dusty, rickety vehicle labelled "Florence," standing in the opposite direction from that in which I saw him advancing towards her, and did not join them till the hand of the clock was on the stroke of nine. As Marietta was getting into the carriage, she stopped short, turned back, and, running up to me, caught one of my hands pressingly between her two soft little palms, while, looking into my face with eyes moistened with emotion, in hurried, trembling tones, very different from the lark-like warble I had heard in the morning, she said, "Believe me, I am sincerely grateful. Even when you know all, don't blame me too much. I couldn't thank you better, perhaps not so well, had you acted as you have done under any other circumstances. Farewell!"

The carriage-door was closed, a grin from Sacchi wasted on me, and the diligence round the corner, before I had recovered the effect of her parting words. "Know all—blame her!" What should I blame her for? Blame myself, very likely, for being a fool, when I came to look calmly on what I had done, or blame Razzi for wanting to shoot me, as he probably would ; but *her*—oh ! she was a privileged being. I walked home in a melancholy mood that evening, avoided the opera, eschewed society, and went early to bed.

The next morning, having got up at a correspondingly early hour, I was slowly dressing, and meditating whether I hadn't better sever, for the present, the connexion between myself and Milan, when a noise of unusual chattering in the court-yard below attracting my attention, I looked out and saw the Milanese servant attached to my person in hot altercation with one of a semi-military body who appeared to be occupying the premises.

"But I tell you," protested Luigi, "his excellency isn't up yet."

"We'll prevail upon him, I've no doubt, to get out of bed," answered the leader of the police party, for such I recognised them to be ; and taking no further heed of Luigi's remonstrances, up he came direct to my door. On my opening it, he started back, and looked at me suspiciously, pausing before he advanced, but probably seeing nothing particularly formidable in the shaving-brush with which I was armed, he stepped in, and laying his hand on my shoulder, desired me to consider myself his prisoner.

That I was astonished, I needn't say—a prisoner—I, an Englishman—and what for ?

"Hold your tongue, finish your dressing in five minutes, or come as you are," was all the answer vouchsafed to my inquiries. The tone was offensive, but peremptory. To-day for submission, tomorrow for vengeance ! I dressed and bade him lead on. His myrmidons, one on each side, the remainder following, escorted me through the streets, nearly empty at that hour, he in advance leading the party, till we arrived at a large building that I knew to be attached to the Council of War, within the walls of which, as I had been informed only two days before, in consequence of the state of siege imposed upon the city, was a permanent court-martial established, to the jurisdiction of which tribunal were referred all cases of state offences, conspiracies, political crimes, &c., in fact those grave matters, a conviction of participation

in which was equivalent to a notice that the State undertook to superintend the arrangement of all details connected with your funeral.

I was ushered into a bare, window-barred apartment, where, after undergoing the indignity of a search, and being informed that in two hours I should be brought up for what they called "preliminary examination," I was left locked up alone.

Pleasant, certainly! and not even allowed to learn what it was all about. Two hours before the preliminary examination was to come off, and yet not a word said to explain the atrocity of their conduct, not even a hint thrown out as to any intention of providing breakfast for a starving prisoner, cut off from his own resources. Was it their policy to reduce me to a state of unresisting weakness before encountering the discipline of military law? or, good Lord! was this the place where they fed people on bread and water? Ugh! I shuddered at the thought, and looked nervously at the door, almost expecting to see a wicket opened for the admission of a loaf of bread and jug of water, as my ration for the day. Nothing, however, occurred to disturb the monotony of the hours that must have elapsed, till the clank of arms in the passage, and the creaking of bolts at my door, prepared me for the sight of two Croats and a corporal, inviting me to accompany them.

Judging from the turns and twists, the circular passages and vaulted corridors, the stairs I went up and those I went down, my conductors must have treated me to a tour of the prison, for the purpose of striking me with a salutary awe before ushering me into the presence of the presiding genius of the place. When they had travelled about long enough, they stopped at a door where there was another ugly, flat-nosed villain like themselves on guard, and motioning me to enter, in I went, to find myself in a room not much larger or more cheerful than the one I had been taken from, but more liberally furnished, at least in the articles of office-stools and writing-desks. In general arrangements it bore a strong family-likeness to the orderly-room of the Killaneatem Fencibles, such as I remembered having seen it in Ballyragget, when presided over by that swaggering imposter M'Craw; and in the chair of dignity facing me, sat a semi-military looking hero, forcibly reminding me of the gallant major. The same grand parade about nothing; the same severe assumption of martial state in addressing his clerks, as if he was dictating a dispatch; the same petrifying austerity of manner to me, as that with which I recollected hearing M'Craw strike terror into the soul of a newly-enlisted bog-trotter, for having been seen a mile from barracks, escorting barefoot a young lady of his acquaintance in a country walk, his ammunition-boots swinging at his back, instead of decorously corning his toes; "disgracing the service and scandalizing public decency," as the major remarked. In a composite tongue that scorned to be German, and failed to be French, the dignitary, who seemed to correspond to our police magistrate at home, informed me that he was about to take the informations upon which I was to be brought to trial the next day, and that I had better listen to the charges, in order to be prepared with my defence. If I wished to make any remarks when the evidence was concluded, I was at liberty to do so, or I might hold my tongue till the following day, whichever I pleased. Indeed, his tone implied that I might as well save all parties trouble by economising my observations, unless I was disposed to anticipate the

natural result of the trial, by making a full confession of my guilt at once.

I thanked him for his politeness, and intimating that I should be glad, for curiosity's sake, to hear what I had done, he ordered the case to proceed.

The first thing was to read a deposition purporting to be a narrative of all my doings and sayings since the hour of my first setting foot in Milan. It bore the sort of resemblance to them that a nightmare copy of a Lord Mayor's dinner bears to the original; the facts were represented, but the details so distorted as to make it hard for me to recognize them. In this document was set forth at length, how that, being an Englishman, and afflicted with the curse of locomotion like the rest of my countrymen, I had first aroused the suspicion of the authorities by lingering and loitering about the town without any apparent object, instead of booking myself the day but one after my arrival for Florence or Venice, as was customary and to be expected. The second count of the indictment ran, that whereas, being bound to frequent the hotels adapted to the tastes of rightly-organized Britons, I had perversely chosen to seek out for my patronage those of an Italian and national reputation, a closer surveillance of my conduct was deemed necessary. The specification of my offences went on to relate that on one occasion I had been observed holding a long conversation with a Savoyard boy, professionally connected with monkeys and white mice. That on another day of given date I had addressed with an air of warm interest a damsel whose ostensible pursuit was collecting coppers in a tambourine attached to the partnership of a barrel-organ. That on a third occasion I had made myself conspicuous in a place of public resort—to wit, the café of the Cova—by accosting and talking confidentially to a native, the colours of whose necktie indicated a revolutionary disposition. All these, however, were mere preambles leading up to the climax of the crime with which I was charged. The public prosecutor's deputy, who conducted the present part of the case, paused at this point and looked at me, as if to ask, was I obdurate enough to resist the accumulative evidence of guilt already brought home? but seeing me impenitent, he rustled his brief angrily, and entered on the main matter of accusation.

It was well known, he said, what efforts were continually made by demagogues and agitators to tamper with the natural loyalty of his Imperial Majesty's Italian subjects. It was no secret whence issued these propagandists of rebellion, or in what asylum they found refuge when resting from their labours. A country that he blushed to call Italian, a monarch who had compromised his position in the angust federation of sovereigns, would occur to all. From the city of Turin emanated those pestilential influences that crept forth periodically to blight and poison the purity of Italy's political atmosphere.

A groan of assent, and a general look in my direction to see if I was beginning to be sensible of what a desperate villain I was, testified to the effect of this appeal. The orator wiped his brow and proceeded—

"But if our horror and reprobation be excited by hearing of such proceedings in neighbouring states, what words shall express our abhorrence of those who, introducing themselves under the guise of a friendly nationality, abuse the confidence of their unsuspecting hosts,

perverting the very sources of kindness to the sustenance of a venomous vitality? Let the conscience of the accused bear witness to the truth of what I say; let the conviction of his having been unmasked strike home to him when the name of 'Sacchi' is heard. Yes, in the Cafè Nazionale, at the hour of half-past two yesterday—ah, he starts—he winces—see—the effort to conceal his guilt no longer avails; he little thought such speedy discovery to be at hand. In that spot—at that hour—what took place? I will tell you.

"A stranger enters—he believes himself unknown. With assumed indifference he calls for refreshment, and inquires of the waiter as to the presence of one Sacchi. His demeanour betrays an anxiety to escape notice; but already the ubiquitous eye of justice is upon him; his movements are watched. He and his accomplices meet—letters are interchanged—they converse long and earnestly. On separating, the man I speak of hastens to the proper offices, with a passport drawn up in the name of Sacchi, ready signed for Turin, and only wanting the last visé of the police to make it valid. The danger of seeking this in person his confederate is aware of, and avoids. From the Cafè Nazionale to the passport-office, from the passport to the diligence-office, where places are secured for Turin; back again, and occupying himself during the rest of the day in the interests of his friend—that the sacred name of friendship should be profaned by such wretches!—and finally, at nine o'clock at night, wishing him a successful journey. Such are the proceedings of this man.

"I omit noticing the part played by two female partners in the conspiracy. They, with the so-called Sacchi, were already beyond the reach of justice before the truth was discovered. It was not till an early hour this morning that a paper, forgotten in his lodgings by Sacchi, being brought to the attention of the authorities, a clue was afforded to the guilt of the prisoner—for, that he was the stranger whose acts I have been detailing, I scarce need say. But the man whom he met by appointment—the man whose passport was signed, and place secured, by his intervention—the man whom he acted for till the moment of seeing him safe out of Milan—who was he? This paper answers—part of a letter, torn up, but signed with his real signature. It shows that the man who, under the name of Sacchi, has escaped, was none other than he of whose probable presence in Milan the police were well aware—the notorious, the infamous, the incendiary—Mazzini! Mazzini!—I say no more. The arch-conspirator is safe; there stands his accomplice."

A murmur of applause greeted his conclusion as the speaker set down; and the paper he produced, being handed from one to another of the officials, was inspected with cautious curiosity. As a matter of favour they allowed me to look at it, exhibiting the damning evidence of my guilt in the shape of a scrap of note-paper, containing a line or two of unimportant matter, in a nearly illegible hand, concluding with a flourishy paraphé purporting to be a signature which, by the experts of the office, was pronounced unequivocally Mazzini; but which, by an unbiassed examiner, might have been held good as equally available for anything from Marathon to Mexico.

"Has the accused anything to say?" inquired the chief officer. "It is now optional with him to do so or not."

"Which means, I presume," replied I, "that anything I say, if against myself, will be taken down, and, if favourable, taken no notice of. Thank you; that being the case, I shall reserve my defence for to-morrow."

"Remove the prisoner; and let him be prepared to appear before the Council of War to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

I was escorted out by my Croat guardians, and marched back to my cell.

What on earth was it all about? Had I been engaged in a love plot or a conspiracy? Was Sacchi Mazzini, and Marietta his creature? What of Razzi, too? Was he a partner in the firm, and had I been made a cat's-paw of? Was Mazzini bound, by his compact with the powers of darkness, to ensure safety for himself by periodically producing an innocent victim as a substitute, and had the lot fallen on me?

Woman—woman!—many's the scrape I've got into for the sake of you, but this promises to be the last and worst. She couldn't have known it, or she'd never have taken leave of me so tenderly. Yet, Marietta, let me think—what were your parting words? "Even when you know all, don't blame me too much." Is it possible? Was she aware of the risk that I was ignorant of; and did she intend to convey that she was very sorry, but really couldn't help it? To be deceived in one whom I so trusted—I felt quite sorry for the good opinion of her I'd lost. Yes, she must have done it designedly. As to Sacchi, or Mazzini, or whoever he was, if ever I caught sight of his yellow skin again I'd break every bone in his body. Much chance I had of meeting him, though, if the course of justice ran as smoothly in my case as I'd been given to understand it generally did in these parts—tried at twelve—sentenced at one—shot at two—that was the regulation programme.

What was I to say in my defence? That I'd smoked a cigar the previous evening with a stranger named Razzi; that out of regard for him, I'd made the acquaintance next day of a young lady whom I'd never seen before, called Bolbi; and that from a tender affection for her, I'd sought out and attached myself to the interests of a third person, wholly unknown, but whose name, I was informed, was Sacchi. A likely story, indeed! Perfectly true, to be sure, but that didn't make it the least more credible. If Razzi was to be found, certainly he might confirm the accuracy of part of it; but after the way I'd behaved to him I felt indisposed to seek his assistance. No, it would be a shabby thing to do—if I was to be shot, I'd die like a gentleman.

A meagre allowance of food supplied in the course of the day, a bed of sacking furnished at night, and a wretched breakfast administered the following morning, were the only incidents that broke the horrible sameness of the long period of suspense, till twelve o'clock of the day after my arrest. I was then warned to get ready, as the hour of my trial was come.

How I scrutinised the faces of my judges, as they sat, three in number, behind their table of office! There was a more strictly military air about everything to-day than had been apparent yesterday—a more unmistakeably business-like look in the appearance of the performers. It was the play, after the dress-rehearsal.

In the middle seat, as president of the tribunal, sat a spare, sharp-

featured, smooth-shaved general officer, flanked on either side by a younger member of the court, yellow-moustached and deferential. I saw at once that these latter were mere dummies, and that with the old gentleman in the centre alone rested my fate. On him alone, therefore, I continued to look with interest.

His close-cut, grizzled hair and moustache, his grey uniform and smooth skin, on neither of which was a wrinkle visible, gave him much the appearance of a clipped badger; and as he ordered me with a quick, hoarse grunt, to stand forward, I felt my hopes of impartial justice sink to zero.

The charge against me was stated more concisely than on the previous day, but to the same purpose. Evidence was given of the different statements made—the hieroglyphic signature produced—and there was the case for the prosecution, for me to meet if I could, if not, to take the consequences.

"Had I anything to say?" To be sure I had—everything to say. Did they suppose I was not going to protest against their tyranny? Did they imagine an Irishman was to acquiesce tacitly in their interpretation of law? I began—

"In the cause of international justice—in the name of all the rights inherited by a free-born Briton——"

"Keep to the charge, and disprove it, if you can," snapped out the hero of the badgery clip.

"The charge!" I cried warmly, exasperated at having my eloquence cut short. "What is it?—an absurdity. What evidence is there to support it? None."

"That's for us to decide—not you."

"What evidence has been brought forward to prove the identity of Sacchi with Mazzini? The latter has been described over and over again, in your own journals, as a totally different person in appearance from the man you now say he is."

"His disguises are infinite, his ingenuity diabolic," was all the notice taken of my objection, with the calm superiority of an old hand silencing a young practitioner's triumph at the discovery of a mare's-nest.

"Then, granting Sacchi to be Mazzini, or any one you please, what is there to show that I knew anything of his aliases? It was simply in the execution of a friendly promise, made to a lady, that I became acquainted with him at all, and I never heard him spoken of except by the one name."

"Your pertinacious assertions of innocence are worthless. Have you any evidence to produce? Say yes or no, and don't waste the time of the Court."

What a hurry the old tyrant was in! "Evidence!—there's not a man except Razzi knows anything about the facts, and he not much."

"Who's Razzi?" inquired he sharply.

In order to answer him, I was obliged to tell the whole story as it occurred, from my meeting Razzi in the Cova garden, to my seeing Sacchi off in the Turin diligence, and a very confused jumble it must have appeared to the heavy intellects of the warriors who heard me. Indeed, by this time, I was myself heartily ashamed of the whole affair.

"Is this Razzi to be found?" inquired the chief inquisitor, turning to one of the orderly clerks.

"Search was made for him, your Excellency, as soon as he was known to be implicated in the case, but it was found that he had suddenly left his lodgings yesterday, on hearing the cause of the prisoner's arrest, and he has not since been heard of."

"I thought as much," replied my judge. "Prisoner, your attempted defence only aggravates the guilt of which no one can entertain a doubt. It is evident that this Razzi, of whom you speak as a possible witness in your behalf, is himself a partner in your criminal proceedings, and that, taking alarm at your apprehension, he has sought safety in flight. The ridiculous account of your conduct, moreover, that you have given, is unworthy of serious attention. We can look at it in no other light than that of an insult to the dignity of this Court: It will be much better for you to throw aside all these false pretences at once, and take the only course that yet remains to offer a chance of safety. By a prompt and full confession of all details connected with the conspiracy of which you are, no doubt, a member, your life may possibly be spared. It will entirely depend on the value of the information you give whether such shall be the case or not; but should you prove the sincerity of your repentance in the way we have a right to expect, I may, perhaps, hold out the prospect of mere imprisonment for life; or even, in the event of your being able to bring the accomplices of your crimes to justice, the mitigated penalty of fifteen years in a fortress."

Imprisonment for life, if I perjured myself—fifteen years in a fortress, if I thereby contributed to getting somebody else shot—in default of either, myself and a firing-party to stand *vis-a-vis* in an hour. Very good; so be it. I'll let them see that an Irish gentleman can look death in the face without flinching. I stood up and fixed my eye on the badgerer.

"If," said I, "I knew anything you wanted to find out, and was contemptible enough to be now frightened into telling it you, I couldn't feel myself more degraded as a gentleman than I should if, sitting in your place, I had condescended to tempt a prisoner standing in mine, through the prospect of pardon, to the infamy of turning informer."

I declare the grey eyes winked, and a faint blush endeavoured to tinge the old gentleman's cheek.

"The Court have felt it their duty to point out to you," he hastened to explain, "the only mode left of saving your life; they by no means wish to press on you its acceptance. Indeed, since you have definitively rejected it, they are free to declare, as men of honour, that your conduct merits their approval. It however now becomes their duty to proceed to the conclusion of the case. You will retire till the finding of the Court is ready to be made known to you."

I was preparing to obey, when a sudden clamour was heard in the passage, a confused wrangle of voices interrupted the proceedings, and, the door of the room being thrown violently open, in rushed—Razzi, by all that's fortunate, Razzi!—but in what a plight—pale, trembling, unwashed, unshorn, streaming with perspiration, breathless with haste.

His eye caught mine. "Thank God, I am in time!" was all he could gasp out, as he sank upon a bench.

"Who's this man? What does he want?" shouted out the President of the Council.

"To Turin and back in twenty-four hours," muttered Razzi, with a fatuous air, as he looked slowly round,

The weather was certainly unusually hot, and hydrophobia imminent. The President allowed him to be tested with a glass of water.

"Who is he? does anybody know?" he exclaimed anew.

"With your Excellency's permission," answered one of the official underlings, "it's Razzi."

"Put him to the bar. Does the villain expect his audacity to go unpunished?"

"A moment, your Excellency," cried Razzi, sufficiently revived to speak, "a moment to allow me to explain—these documents will prove the truth of what I say. The agony of mind that I have suffered lest I should arrive too late. Never did man or horse make better speed. No sooner did I hear of the prisoner's arrest, and the cause of it, than its explanation, and the mode of proving his innocence, flashed across my mind. Not a moment was to be lost. Night and day, as fast as horses could travel, did I hasten to Turin, behold with my own eyes the proof of what I had suspected, collect evidence that will satisfy this honourable Court, and return, to arrive, thank God, not too late. Your Excellencies will not fail to perceive that the miscreant who styled himself Sacchi was, indeed, travelling under a false name; but his real one—not Mazzini—no, no, *oimé!*—it is to the unscrupulous, the infamous Manzoni of Turin that I owe the loss of the now to be for ever regarded as gone Marietta Bolbi. These further papers, the want of which had paralysed my exertions for the last week, and which were only restored to me as I was on the point of setting out yesterday, will sufficiently account for the interest I have taken in this affair. I beg to hand them in for the consideration of the honourable Court."

The President took the papers, and, glancing over them, began to examine their contents.

Razzi's property had been restored to him. I was delighted, sincerely delighted, to hear it. I couldn't well condole with him on the loss of the lady, but I longed to congratulate him on the recovery of his portmanteau. When I looked at that man, and thought of the way he and I had behaved to each other, I felt humiliated for myself, but proud of human nature. Who says there's no such thing as disinterested benevolence in the world? Here was this high-principled fellow, after my having deserted his interests, joined his enemy, destroyed his happiness, ready, with Christian charity, to forget all, and see in me only a brother whose life was in danger, and whom his exertions could save.

"Noble-minded creature!" I exclaimed, in a transport of admiration, "magnanimous Razzi—give me your hand. I've treated you shabbily, I own; but, as soon as I'm free, I'm ready, first to offer you the satisfaction of a gentleman, and then to pledge you my friendship for life."

"Satisfaction be hanged!" he roared, "it's damages I look for."

The mercenary spirit of his words lowered him at once in my esteem. "Damages—I didn't know that 'breach of promise' was an institution of this favoured country; but, under any circumstances, I don't see what fiction, legal or military, can force me to take the place of defendant in an action of 'Razzi v. Bolbi.'"

"Prisoner," broke in the General, who had finished reading the documents handed in, "your levity is unbecoming and highly reprehensible. The evidence of these papers, however, has satisfied the Court that in the present instance the charge against you cannot be supported; it being

hereby proved that the Signor Razzi, now present, had, as manager of the Royal Opera at Palermo, secured the services of the Signora Marietta Bolbi as 'prima-donna;' that she, tempted and seduced from her allegiance by the superior promises of one Manzoni, director of the opera at Turin, deserted her post at Palermo, and, under a fictitious name, travelled to Milan, where Manzoni had appointed to meet her, he assuming the pseudonym of Sacchi, to avoid the discovery and frustration of his plans by the lawful proprietor of the Signora Bolbi's voice—Pietro Razzi. You appear to have been guilty of nothing worse than the inconceivable stupidity of mistaking the connexion of manager and actress for the relationship of lovers; and, indeed, were it not for the character of combined eccentricity and dullness natural to one of your nation, it would be impossible to imagine that any one could have been so blind as to accept this theatrical imbroglio for a love-plot."

And, thought I, it would require all the pig-headed perversity of an Austrian intellect to distort the little stratagems of a stage-manceuvre to the incidents of a political conspiracy.¹

"But," answered I aloud to the President, "whatever be the nature of the transaction, my debt of gratitude to Pietro Razzi remains the same. To his noble and disinterested exertions I still owe my life."

"Not exactly," drily replied the President, scratching his nose with a pen; "this paper, only lately recovered by the Signor Razzi, is an agreement between him and Marietta Bolbi, by which she binds herself to sing at his theatre for three years, or, in default, to forfeit the sum of five thousand dollars. Through your assistance she has succeeded in breaking her engagement; for, had its existence been proved before our judges while she was yet in Milan, the execution of its provisions would have been insisted on by the international law of Austria and Naples. At Turin she is now beyond our reach, but you, as her aider and abettor, remain liable to the penalty incurred. Had you been shot, Razzi would have lost his only security for payment. The civil judges will decide this part of the matter. The case before us is dismissed. Clear the court."

Five thousand dollars damages—the romance of love turned to a squabble between two managers and a singer striking for pay—the story sure to be all over the place before morning. Timbuctoo or Thomastown would have seemed pleasant cities of refuge at the moment. I compounded with Razzi for a sum I don't like to think of, packed my baggage, and started for Florence, under the obligation of a vow never in future to pervert to purposes of residence that pleasant halting-place—Milan.

THE MOUNTAIN WALK.

(CONCLUDED).

The Bivouac.—The Fresh Start.—The Halt in the Desert.—The Sketch-book.—The Guadalquivir.—The Hare.—Reflections.—The Judge.—The Bishop.—The Private Still.—The Watcher on the Rock.—Conclusion.

"I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'Tis all barren."—STERNE.

THE advanced guard of our party, consisting of old G——, Barnes, Willie, and myself, remained for some time at the scene of the poachers' grave, listening to the details of their melancholy fate from our guide, who had been present at their wild burial. This delay afforded time for the stragglers to come up. The first to join the party was Le Noir Faincant, who approached us with a strong and steady step. Some fifteen minutes after him came the dandy and the dragoon, both showing symptoms of fatigue and exhaustion. The dragoon, who had never been accustomed to long foot-marches, and whose campaigns had somewhat impaired his constitution, lamented that he had not gone round by the road with the baggage, and repeated his old Peninsular proverb, "No hay atajo sin trabajo"—there is no short cut without hard labour; but the poor dandy was a pitiable object, his face had lost the deep flush which it had assumed in the early part of the walk, and was now of a sickly whiteness, the perspiration which still streamed from his forehead was not such as proceeds from strong, manly exertion, but cold and clammy, giving proof of complete exhaustion. There was, moreover, on his countenance an expression of deep mortification—his promises had been magnificent and his performance miserable; he looked so thoroughly wretched, that our good nature would not allow us to make any observation on his state, and even old G—— forbore to snarl or give utterance to any of his pithy proverbs. It was absolutely necessary to allow some short time to him and the dragoon to rest. We had now been about six hours walking; the sun had already declined considerably towards the west; there were still some two miles of the Long Flat between us and "Thone a Sheeog," and even when we should have passed that mountain I knew that we had at least three hours work before us; therefore, after some ten minutes' rest at the foot of the huge blackened piece of timber which marked the site of the poacher's grave we again proceeded on our way. Our guide, who seemed insensible of fatigue, and who, from walking barefoot, had a great advantage over us, whose heavy shoes sunk deep into the bog, and slipped in the wet heath, proceeded at a merciless pace; we being frequently obliged to call to him to slacken his speed in order to allow the dandy and dragoon to close up. The desolate nature of the country all around, the impression made on our minds by the fate of the poachers, at whose grave we had bivouacked, the sultry state of the weather, and the fatiguing nature of

the ground, all combined to produce a depressing effect upon our spirits, as we plodded on silently, sinking knee-deep at every step, and oppressed by that feeling of loneliness which is experienced even by large bodies of men in travelling through the desert.

At last the weary dismal swamp was passed, and we stood on the steep ascent of "Thone a Sheeog." It was quite a luxury to walk on dry ground, after toiling for six miles through what old G— called the "abomination of desolation;" we therefore cheerfully ascended, and having reached the summit, descended, at a rapid pace, into a narrow, heathery valley, through which ran a clear mountain stream. Here we halted, and having planted in the heath a long pole, to which we made fast sundry handkerchiefs to point out to our weary companions the site of our "halt in the desert," we threw ourselves down by the side of the stream, in order, as old G— said, to *entire* ourselves, Barnes loudly protesting against the use of a word which he declared was not to be found in "Johnson's Dictionary." Old G— grunted out something between his teeth, I could not clearly make it out, but it sounded very like, d—n Johnson, did he ever walk across "Thone a Sheeog?" What more he thought I know not, for by this time the spirit of Dalgetty was strong upon him; so diving into his ample pocket for the sandwiches so carefully stowed away in the morning, and producing from some other secret depository a small flask, he proceeded to comfort his inner man; after which he drew forth a well-smoked meerschaum, and an ornamented tobacco-bag, about which he was accustomed, when in his confidential moods, to insinuate that they were given to him by a Donna Ines, or Donna somebody, whose life he had saved when travelling over the Sierra Nevada, in Spain. I always thought this story of an apocryphal nature, and I know that Barnes did not believe a word of it; as I have heard him say that any one who wished could purchase a pipe and tobacco-bag of the very same pattern at Mitchell's or Madden's—in confirmation whereof he produced his own, which he smoked with great tranquillity, without troubling his very *stay-at-home* imagination to go to Spain and rescue visionary Donnas from phantom muleteers, in order to account for its possession. Following his example, we all lighted the calumet of peace.

As young Willie sat down, I observed that a small sketch-book fell from his pocket, which I dexterously abstracted. As he was an excellent artist, I expected to find some landscapes or sketches of the fine scenery amidst which we had for some days been living, but on every page there was a drawing of a young and beautiful girl; he had given them all different names, and robed them in the most fanciful and varied costumes, but the features were all the same. "The Maid of Athens," "The Maid of Saragossa," "Medora," "The Bride of Abydos," "Joan of Arc," "Judith," "Cleopatra," and many other historical and poetical heroines were there, but they were all copied from the same model—"Our Lady of the Geraniums." "Ah!" said I to myself, with that low peculiar whistle with which a man announces that he has discovered "how the land lies," "I shall soon hear of the Reverend Thomas Somebody, assisted by the Reverend Peter Otherbody, uniting you in holy matrimony to ——" Don't be alarmed, I am not going to mention names; but will any man explain to me why, in these modern times,

the reverend gentleman who occasionally makes us very happy, but often (as people say, for I know nothing on the subject) extremely miserable, thinks it necessary to call in assistance. Our grandmothers were satisfied with the old gouty parson of their own parish, with his port-wine nose and his square-toed shoes. And on they jogged merrily through their married life, rearing large families, making puddings, and leaving to their grandchildren infallible receipts for curing all the diseases that flesh is heir to. But the young dandy parsons of the present day, who wear such accurately-tied white cravats, are afraid to undertake so responsible a business without calling in the assistance of the "Poese Ecclesiazæ." When I read an announcement of this kind in the newspaper, it always suggests to my mind the ludicrous idea of a vicious filly in a blacksmith's forge, whose reputation for kicking is so well established, that Vulcan summons half a parish to his aid, in order to fasten on her first set of shoes. It is an absurd custom, and future ages will put it down in the same page of ancestral follies with the cockle-shell bonnets and balloon petticoats of the present day.

I quietly replaced the sketchbook in Willie's pocket, as he lay half asleep on the heath, and throwing myself down by his side with a fragrant Havannah in my mouth, was soon lost in a reverie, to use a *new* simile, "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." After a delay of about fifteen minutes, our repose was interrupted by the approach of the dandy and the dragoon. They were both very much exhausted, and entreated us to proceed without them, as they found it impossible to keep up. We agreed to this, for though the distance we had to walk was still very considerable, it was now impossible for them to lose their way; so leaving them in possession of our resting-place in the valley, and of a small basket of provisions which the guide had carried on his shoulders, we started afresh. We were now in quite a different kind of country—heath and rock, with firm dry ground under our feet, and we went on quickly and cheerily. The Noir Faineant, who, under his quiet manner, possessed a great deal of humour, began to draw out old G—. I had known Le Noir Faineant all my life, and was therefore quite familiar with his habit of rubbing his chin when the fit was upon him, and I saw that he was now quietly throwing a fly over old G—, to get him to talk of his early love-passages in Spain. We all have our weaknesses, and this adventure, real or imaginary, with Donna Ines on the Sierra Nevada was G—'s "cheval de bataille." I was greatly amused by the scene, the Noir Faineant rubbing his chin, and betraying by a latent twinkle in his eye, his enjoyment at the success of his manœuvre in getting G— on the old story; and young Willie, who, from the state of his own feelings, was interested in all tales of true love, listening with rapt attention, quite unconscious of the sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, in rewarding the services of a knight-errant who had preserved the life of a distressed damsel, with a meerschau-mpipe and a tobacco-bag. Old G— had become quite sentimental, but never losing sight of his anxiety to mystify poor Barnes, after descanting on the charms of Donna Ines, he declared that, in the words of Pope—

"With her he'd dauntless cross the Guadalquivir,
The Nile, or any other Irish river."

This "damnable heresy" at once roused Barnes, who vehemently denied that Pope had ever written a line of the kind, and swore stoutly that the Nile did not run close to the old Castle of Ballycockshusy, in the County Leitrim, but near the ruins of Thebes and Karnac in Egypt. He had just got so far, when a hare sprung up some distance before us. This at once cut short poor Barnes' geographical remonstrances; all the "savage soul of game was up at once;" the greyhounds rushed forward, followed by the whole party, including even Le Noir Faincant and Barnes; young Willie, who, I think, had been composing poetry, and had almost succeeded in finding a rhyme for love—which was not done—took the lead, and for a moment forgot the lady, the geranium, and the half-closed shutter.

Man is beyond all doubt a hunting animal. Centuries of an enforced civilization within the walls of crowded cities, gas-lights, India-rubber shoes, railroads, and electric telegraphs, the new police, and even those dreadful consolidated taxes, have failed to eradicate this instinct. Even old age bears witness to its strength. Listen to that venerable judge, as he walks to court leaning on the arm of some learned serjeant, who aspires to take his place on the bench at some future day. A young Nimrod canters by in eager haste to join the Ward Union Stag Hounds at the "Fairy House," or the Kildares at "Rathsallagh." The old man's heart warms as he sees the red coat flashing by him, and mentally execrating the bill of exceptions to be argued that morning, he tells his learned brother how, when he was a young man at the bar, he used to go into court and move "my Lords" to postpone some cause which stood in the list for the next day, on the alleged ground of the absence of a material witness, but in reality because the old "Dunboynes" of his day were to meet at a favourite cover; and how, if "my Lords" were obdurate, and refused to postpone the public business, he would hand over his brief to some brother-barrister too old or too rheumatic to ride, or it may be whose horse was lame, and slipping out of town by the circular-road, ride in the front rank all through a desperate run; and the next day appearing in court, would assure their lordships, with grave decorum, that in consequence of a sudden attack of sore throat he had not been able on behalf of the plaintiff to address them on that most interesting though somewhat obscure point of law, "*Utrum averia carucæ capta in withernam sunt irplegibilia.*" Just as the venerable judge has come to this part of his story he reaches the courts, where his tipstaff informs him that the counsel are assembled, and the parties waiting, in *Fennel v. Lord Waterpark*, or *Mulvaney v. M'Gillicuddy*. Hastily donning his wig and robes he goes into court where he hears the crier calling out, "*John Magennis, gentleman-attorney.*" With a somewhat melancholy sigh he contrasts his seat on the bench with the saddle of his favourite old hunter—the close atmosphere of the court with the free and joyous breezes of the cover-side—the crier's harsh voice with the music of old Jack Egan's view halloo, and then, turning to the task before him, is once more the judge.

Mark that right-reverend prelate presiding at his well-spread board, for he is, as all bishops ought to be, "given to hospitality," as he calls on the sleek curate at the foot of the table (who has an eye to his

lordship's second daughter, and that snug parish where the trout-streams are so good) to carve the grouse. The word brings back the old associations to his mind, and turning to the rosy archdeacon at his right hand he tells him how, *before he was ordained* (for in the presence of his curates he always assigns that date to his sporting exploits), he occupied for a week a rude cabin in the Gap of Glandin in the Slieve Bloom Mountains; and how, on one particular morning, with a single-barrelled gun of the old flint-lock construction, he shot seventeen brace of grouse. Then he tells the story of the famous chesnut mare which he bought for three hundred pounds from Lord Norbury, and sold to the Duke of Rutland for seven hundred, after riding her over two park-walls and the Loch of the Bay in the same run. Then, as his eye falls on his own episcopal apron extended gracefully over his right reverend stomach, the remembrances of the old times fade away, he is once more the bishop, and telling the archdeacon to pass the wine, he turns courteously to the tall and portly secretary of the ecclesiastical commissioners, and with decorous gravity inquires from him the amount of funds applicable to the repairs of churches in the wilds of Erris and Connemara.

In spite of all my good resolutions, I have been again led into an unwarrantable digression, and must return as quickly as possible to the mountain and the hare, which having had considerable law at starting, ran over a small hill covered with heath and furze, followed by the greyhounds and all the party; but as at the moment it started I was considerably behind the rest, on reaching the summit of the hill over which it had passed I found myself alone. The ground before me undulated considerably, and thinking that the hare, dogs, and men, were concealed by some ravine in front, I continued to press forward, until, after ascending several rugged eminences, and crossing various narrow valleys, I reached a wide expanse of level heath, and began to think that I had lost my way; but as I was still facing the setting sun, I knew that I was not very far out of the right track, and continued walking in the same direction until I was arrested by an appearance for which I could not account. About one hundred and fifty yards in front of me I perceived a thin column of smoke rising out of the heath; long and steadily I gazed, but could see nothing to account for it. I knew well that there was no house within many miles of the spot whereon I stood, and to all appearance the heath extended in an unbroken line to the verge of the horizon. Still *there* was the smoke curling up to heaven between me and the setting sun, solitude and silence were around me, as, with a feeling almost of awe, I walked forward, expecting at each step to find the weird sisters circling round their seething cauldron, and to be saluted with "All hail Macbeth!" I walked on close up to the pillar of smoke, when I suddenly started at finding myself within two feet of a woman squatting in the heath, which had hitherto concealed her from my view. She was in extreme old age; the parish-register which recorded her birth was illegible many years ago; all her children, and many of her grandchildren, had gone down grey-headed to their graves; yet there she sat, bleared and wrinkled, with that glazed expression on her face which we observe in extreme old age, when the mind ceases to receive impressions from the external world. What her age might be no one could tell; those who

had been born at the same time, who had played with her as children, and had been her lovers or rivals at fair or market, were long since dead, and years ago the moss was strong and matted over their graves. After the first moment of surprise, I observed her with more particular attention. She wore a man's blue coat over her chest and shoulders; on her head was tied the black handkerchief usually worn by elderly women in the West, from beneath which fell masses of long, grizzled hair, still retaining somewhat of their original hue of raven black; round her body and limbs she wore the red flannel petticoat universal among the female peasants in that part of the country; her feet and ankles, which were bare, looked like pieces of wrinkled parchment; in her mouth she held a short black pipe, which, as it appeared to me, she smoked more from habit than from any appreciation of its flavour. I could not decide to my own satisfaction whether she was blind or not, but her eyes seemed to have lost all sensibility to light; for she continued to gaze steadily and without winking towards the setting sun, from which I was forced to shade my face with my broad-leafed hat. She took no notice whatever of my approach, but continued to smoke as if wholly unconscious of my presence. After my first surprise, I endeavoured to realise my position, and found that I was standing on the edge of a ravine, about forty feet deep, which from the nature of the ground had been concealed from my view; beneath me was a small circular space, about fifteen yards in diameter, on looking down into which, the first object that attracted my eye was a woman of about thirty years of age, sitting on a rock, and holding in her arms an infant, apparently about a month old. There was something strange and startling in her appearance in this wild glen, as she rocked herself to and fro, and endeavoured by a low monotonous chaunt to soothe her querulous offspring to rest. All behind her was in deep shadow, while on her face and the masses of dark hair which fell round her forehead, as she leaned over her babe, was thrown a strong ruddy light from a huge turf fire, which had been built against the face of the cliff on the summit of which I stood. As I looked from the child, just entering upon life, with all its varied scenes of joy and woe, to the withered beldame, who had seen at least a hundred and ten summers, my mind carried me rapidly back to the time when *she* too had sat an infant on her mother's knee. Within that period what varied events had taken place; what mighty empires had been raised up, and what dynasties overthrown; what changes also in her own state. The child, the young girl, the lovely maiden, the comely matron rejoicing in her strong sons and blooming daughters, all of whom have long since preceded her to the tomb; then the aged grandmother, withering up day by day and year by year into the old crone who sat gibbering and muttering in the heath. As I gazed on her, I marvelled at the mysterious dispensation of Providence, which had preserved her to this extreme old age, through the long years of famine and fever, before which the young and strong had gone down, even as on the hill-side the ripe grain falls before the reaper's sickle. At some distance from the woman and child stood two men, so much absorbed in watching the process at work in a private still for illicit whiskey which they had set up in the glen, that they appeared not to be aware of my presence. This gave me an opportunity of observing them closely. The

man who was nearest to me, was, as I was afterwards informed, about forty years of age, and the youngest of the numerous grandchildren of the old woman on the heath; he looked, however, seven or eight years younger than he was. From the heat of the weather, and the occupation in which he was engaged, he had thrown off his coat and waistcoat; and as he stood at the bottom of the ravine, bare-headed, and with bare feet and legs, I thought I had never seen such a model of manly strength. A strap, drawn somewhat tightly around his body, supported a pair of loose linen breeches, open at the knees; his shirt was partly open in front, displaying his broad chest, scorched nearly black by constant exposure to the sun and wind; his arms, which were bare to the elbow, and his broad square shoulders, indicated an amount of bodily vigour with which few men would wish to contend, the more so, as you felt by instinct that this great strength was combined with unusual activity. His hair, which was black, was cut close round his head, and a dark beard and moustache of a week's growth contrasted well with a set of teeth white and fine as those of a young greyhound. On the whole, the expression of his face was good; there was something in the shape of his nostrils, and the manner in which his short upper lip receded from the gum, which told you that his wrath might be terrible, but the prevailing expression was that of joyous, reckless daring. He looked like a man who would not only set danger at defiance, but bid it welcome; who would have led a forlorn-hope as an amusement; who, despising wounds, and daring death, would be the first to stand on the blood-stained rampart or the conquered deck. There was also an expression about the corners of his eyes and the angles of his mouth, which told plainly that he possessed that keen relish for wit and humour which so eminently distinguishes the Irish peasant from his less mercurial Saxon brother. Surely, Scott must have had some such model before his mind when he wrote these lines:—

“ Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee.”

His companion, who had been hired to superintend the process of distillation, was a being of a totally different stamp. He was low-browed, thin, and mean-looking; dressed in an entire suit of drab clothes, in unison with the colourless and soddened appearance of his face, which was lean and angular, terminating in a long, narrow chin; his hair was thin and perfectly straight, as if it did not possess sufficient force of character to curl; there was no appearance of beard or whisker to relieve the bloodless cheek; the eyes were small and set close together, inclining inwards towards the nose; the whole expression of his face was that of low cunning, and of a man accustomed, by wile and stratagem, to avoid the dangers of his trade, while his comrade met them with open arms and bold defiance. As I gazed down on this strange group, the man whom I have first described raised his eyes and, seeing me standing on the cliff, said, with ready courtesy, “Your honour is welcome to the mountain, and here's to your honour's health,” draining off a glass of the fresh-run spirit. I well knew what was expected of me; and contriving to descend

to the bottom of the ravine by a rude path which he pointed out to me, I accepted a glass of the *singlings*, and returned his pledge. I soon fell into conversation with the larger of the two men, for towards the other I felt an instinctive antipathy; and on my observing on the possibility of his being surprised by the police while engaged in his unlawful occupation, and remarking on the fact of my having discovered the still by the appearance of the smoke rising above the heath, he laughed outright, as he said "Your honours would be poor policemen coming across the heath with your jokes and your laughing. We heard you shouting after the hare long ago; and besides that," said he, as he turned and pointed to the rock, "there was a good watch upon you, and that colleen on the rock saw you a long hour ago as ye came down the side of Thone a Sheeog." I followed the direction of his eyes, and for the first time became aware of the presence of a young girl, about seventeen years of age, who stood on the summit of a large granite rock some twenty feet in height. She was perfectly motionless, and her appearance on the rock, with her back to the setting sun, formed a strange contrast with the figure of the old hag crouching in the heath at the opposite side of the glen. She wore nothing on her head; her face, which was shaded by her long black hair, was singularly beautiful; and her form the perfection of grace. She had unconsciously assumed an attitude such as a skilful sculptor would have chosen. Her arms were folded across her breast, while the fore-finger of her right hand was lightly pressed against her chin. The weight of her body was chiefly supported on her left leg, the right foot being thrown somewhat in advance, and appearing barely to touch the rock; her jacket, of deep-red flannel, sat closely to her well-rounded form, and a petticoat of the same material descended about half-way below the knee, exhibiting ankles and feet of the most perfect formation. Long and steadfastly I gazed at the different members of the strange group, into which I had found my way by so extraordinary a chance; but suddenly becoming aware that the sun was about to set, I looked at my watch and found that it was high time to tear myself away from a scene which for me possessed a strange kind of fascination, and which has for years remained firmly impressed upon my memory.

After leaving the still, I hastened towards the lodge with a rapid step, as I began strongly to feel the "unexempt condition by which all mortal frailty must subsist." "Refreshment after toil, ease after pain." I had not proceeded far when I heard a whistle, "wild as the scream of the curlew," and looking in the direction from whence it came, perceived "Jack Mulloy" standing on a high rock, and holding up the dead hare. He had been detached in search of me by old G—, who did not like to be kept waiting for his dinner. While dressing, I related the story of the still to Willie, and requested him to make a drawing of the scene; with *malice prepense*, I was most particular in my description of the young girl on the rock. He gave me his sketch the next morning beautifully executed; everything was there—the old hag crouching in the heath; the woman in the glen with the light of the fire falling on her figure; but the watcher on the rock was the lady of his love, dressed in red flannel instead of the gorgeous robes of Cleopatra, as I had last seen her in the sketch-book. How he blushed when *Le Noir Faincant*

rubbed his chin, and commented upon the extraordinary likeness to Miss —; and how *she* blushed, when upon our return her female friends made the same observation. They have long since been married—the beautiful maiden is now the handsome married woman. I often pay them a visit; but if I venture to allude to old times, the half-closed shutter, and the geraniums, she laughs in my face, calls me a useless old bachelor, and asks me to be godfather to her next child. But I have lingered so long by the lonely still, that I must bring the Mountain Walk to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, with a few last words about those who shared it.

The dragoon, who rode in the foremost rank in the bloody charge of Balaklava, now sleeps on “Cathcart’s Hill.” The dandy resides somewhere in Holland, where doubtless he recounts to the broad-footed natives of that flat country marvellous stories of his pedestrianism in the West of Ireland; how he took the lead across the Long Flat, and outstripped young Willie in the ascent of Thone a Sheeog. Of the *Noir Faineant*, I find it recorded in my memoranda, that he actually was one morning at a railway station ten minutes before the arrival of the train; but the same faithful chronicle goes on to state that the train was half-an-hour behind its time. Barnes still lives to read the *Almanack*, and learn *Hayden’s Dictionary of Dates* by heart, and probably his methodical and unexcitable pulse will continue to beat for fifty years to come; and old G——, glorious old G——, still flourishes. He and I live much together; to me alone he is never cross; I know his humours and study his comforts; I take care that his salmon is curdy, and his salad well dressed; I listen attentively to, and almost believe the story of *Donna Ines* and the muleteer, the *meerschaum* pipe, and the *tobaccobag*. He now somewhat stoops in the shoulders, and occasionally talks of *lumbago*; his hair is white as snow, but it is the snow of *Etna*, which cannot extinguish the fire within; and even now, with the excitement of Barnes to lead him on, he would leave many a younger man far behind him in a “Mountain Walk.”

DIED ON BOARD SHIP.

I.

"Died on board ship!" with nought but the wail
Of the storm-bird's scream, or the angry gale,
As it wildly swept thro' the crowded sail—

'Twere better to be
At rest with the noble and gallant slain,
Who lie on the battle-field's gory plain,
Than worn, and weary, and racked with pain,
To die on the sea.

II.

"Died on board ship!" and the bark speeds o'er
The bounding wave to the far-off shore ;
The wind is stilled, and the ocean's roar

Is hushed in peace ;
The stars shine out on the trackless deep,
While darkening shadows around him creep,
As he lies in the long and dreamless sleep,
Where tempests cease.

III.

'Twas at the hour of fading day,
The twilight gently passed away,
And the moonbeam came and cast its ray

On the gleaming wave ;
Its light hath touched the vessel's prow,
And it falls on the cold and pallid brow
Of him whom strangers are bearing now
To his chilling grave

IV.

In the fathomless deep, 'mid its thousand dead,
Far down in the ocean's caverned bed,
With the surging waves above his head,

Till angel-lip
The trumpet sound, and the sea restore
Those who have perished amid its roar,
And him who, when the storm was o'er,
Died on board ship.

ROOMA.

TEMPORA—NO. II.

“JTHTWUJNHSBKVYTHOWAVRDVKVR.”

It was Christmas-eve—a more disagreeable one never heralded in mankind's greatest festival. From the moment the dawn appeared (if so cheering a name could be justly applied to the reluctant gruelly grey, that at a late hour of the morning superseded the black gusty night), it seemed as if the arch enemy had got possession of the elements, and was determined that the world's rejoicing should get no encouragement from outward circumstances, and that any light that should gladden the earth, on this 24th of December, should emanate from the sunshine of the heart, over which he had no control.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun, wearied with fruitless attempts to penetrate the dismal gloom of the atmosphere, had retired early from the struggle. The night-winds swooped wildly over the sea of slush that constituted the marshy road leading to the town of X—, in Derbyshire; and as the little pony-gig (in which I had the misfortune to be seated at the time at which this tale commences) jolted wearily along it at the unchangeable pace of some four miles per hour, a steady, drizzling, cold rain, with an analogy to snow and hail, pitilessly accompanied me, and perfectly completed its work of saturation long before the outermost lamp sent its watery, cheerless ray streaming to meet me over the sodden moorland.

That morning a letter had appeared on my breakfast-table, summoning me to meet (upon business of considerable importance) a legal gentleman, who would pass through X— by the night-coach, which here allowed to the passengers some twenty minutes for refreshment and leg-stretching. Greatly against my inclination I obeyed the call, but having deferred my departure hour after hour, hoping against hope for an amelioration in the weather, I was at last driven forth, at the eleventh hour, from my comfortable home, in an open gig, to traverse a bleak fifteen miles in the most execrable weather, with the pleasing prospect before me of enjoying my Christmas-eve, as best I might, surrounded by the dubious comforts of a third-class provincial hotel, in a small manufacturing town.

Happily, however, “time and the hour run through the longest day;” so that at length, some time after patience and daylight had both expired, I drew up at the door of the Golden Dragon, and flinging the reins to the hostler, divested myself as speedily as possible of my dripping garments, and hurrying down to the coffee-room, hoped before a good fire to expel the cold which invaded my very bones. Alas! my cup was not yet full. The fire had only just been lighted, and a few moist sticks were feebly endeavouring to ignite a pile of damp, slacky coal, that seemed hopelessly opposed to combustion. The extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers was not a more absurd requirement than heat from such a source, and I gazed upon it with dismay. An attempt

to poke it produced only a gush of black smoke, which burst forth upon me with such resistless fury that I retreated precipitately, leaving the field to a party of noisy agriculturists who, diffusing around them a savour of mingled beer, tobacco, and damp clothes, rendered the atmosphere unbearable. I rang the bell, ordered dinner, recommended a remodelling of the fire, and sought the covered porch at the doorway, hoping to restore my caloric by stamping up and down until such time as the coach might arrive. Happily I was not long kept waiting. In a few minutes the notes of the horn came echoing up the street (the only cheerful sound I had heard since leaving home), a measured clatter of horses' feet, rumbling of wheels, and jingling of harness succeeded, and the night-coach pulled up, enveloped in the steam which was given out by every pore of the reeking horses.

Only one passenger, and he the wrong one! My expected friend was short, pudgy, and fussy. This was tall, slight, gentlemanly, and quiet.

"Any gent here by name of Smith?" inquired the guard of the porter, who was busying himself with the luggage of the new arrival.

"Yes," replied I, stepping forward; "my name is Smith, and I was expecting a gentleman by the coach. Have you brought me any message?"

"All right, sir," replied the guard, producing a letter from the penetralia of his wrappings, and handing it to me — "Here you are, sir."

There was no denying the truth of his last assertion — here I was, with a vengeance — as to being "all right," that was quite another matter. I opened the document.

"Hum — a thousand regrets — unavoidably detained — hopes that I have not been inconvenienced — will be in X — this day week. Here was a pretty story to tell a man who had undergone so much for a meeting. No inconvenience, indeed! Confound him, I wish he had half — no, double the miseries I have been enduring on his account this livelong, miserable day." So saying, I crushed up the cool epistle, and now thoroughly disgusted, sought the coffee-room, determined to bolt my dinner, and rush to my bed at once, therein to seek the relief of forgetfulness.

My enemies, the agriculturists, had withdrawn, leaving however their aroma behind them. The fire, at least so much of it as I could see from the intervening figure of the tall gentleman, who was endeavouring thereat to toast the toe of his boot, was some slight shade better than when I had left it. In the humour I was then in, I had no idea of allowing any one person to monopolise the whole of it, bad as it was, and therefore walked up towards it noisily, and with a warlike "ahem!" The gentleman turned —

"Hallo! Is it possible? Can it be? My dear Frank! John, old fellow! what on earth brings you? How are you? Who'd have thought? Well, this is pleasant." These, and sundry other disjointed exclamations, were jerked out of us, as we shook each other strenuously with both hands. But as the most ingenious reader may find a difficulty in unravelling any meaning from so incoherent and spasmodic a

dialogue, it may be as well to state, that the gentleman whom I then hailed with such enthusiasm was one of that class that we reckon here below by units—in short, an old and tried friend. Brought together in our days of youth by community of tastes and congenial temperaments, we had cemented in manhood the union so well begun; and though the business of life had separated us from constant intercourse, we still hailed the happy chances that brought us across each other's orbits, as in the present instance. Let us know him (in these pages at least) as Frank Western, late captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, and now married and settled down in the country, with the care of a fine large property and a fine small family on his hands, both of which cares he superintended conscientiously, to the manifest increase of both.

"My business here?" said he, repeating my question. "Well, there is a history connected with that, which I must tell you some other time, just now it would be rather too long a yarn to spin. In the meantime, how about dinner? Don't say you've dined. I should never forgive it."

Relieving his mind of this anxiety, and agreeing further with him as to the impossibility of anything like comfort in that dreary apartment, we ordered ourselves to be shown to a private room, where, with the aid of an asthmatic bellows, and the more effectual lungs of the maid of the inn, we had the satisfaction of soon seeing the fireplace glow with a ruddy light and penetrating warmth that enabled us to forget the wild, stormy night without, and the cheerless reception below.

Dinner, too, materially assisted in restoring equanimity, and softening down the asperities of our situation. Considering everything, it really was not so bad either. The table-cloth had not that caked dab of mustard, or the ancient smear of egg, that I know we should have met with had we dined in the coffee-room. The soup, for we had soup, did not bear upon its surface the quantity of natant grease that we expected, and was hot. The boiled beef was unexceptionable. The potatoes, *à l'Irlandaise*, laughed a flowery invitation to us from the rents in their russet jackets; and, to crown all, as the town of X— is not very remote from the land of "Bass," there was no mistake whatever about THE BEER! Once, and once only, had we a misgiving, and that was on the head of the port wine, which certainly was a highly astrigent beverage. A saucepan, the spice-box, and the sugar-bowl, however, soon reassured us, and the satisfied smack of our lips, as we withdrew from them the steaming beverage, betokened that even on this head we were not much to be pitied.

"Come Frank," I said, illuminating a prime 'regalia,' which my friend threw across the table to me—"Let us ring the bell and see if the Golden Dragon is sufficiently civilized to possess a pack of cards: we'll have a game of écarté for the sake of old times."

Many and many a slow evening at Alma Mater had we beguiled, in undergraduate days, by sixpenny écarté, until somehow or other we began to regard it as a game of particular sanctity to us, and often in our after-meetings did we indulge in a few hands, for an hour or so in the evening, more as a recollection of past happy days than from any intrinsic love of the game in either of us. Laying my hand, therefore

on the bell-rope, I was preparing to summon the waiter, when I was surprised by seeing my friend rise hastily from his chair and arrest my hand, saying—

“No, no, John—no more *écarté* for me; cards and I have fallen out, and are not upon speaking terms any more. How astonished you look! Don't be afraid—I haven't been gambling and lost my property. Sit down and fill yourself another glass of the mull, and if you like I will tell you how it came about.”

I relinquished the bell-rope, and, considerably amazed, obeyed my friend's injunctions—and then putting myself into a comfortable position for listening, signified my attention and endurance, and begged him to proceed, which he did as follows:—

FRANK WESTERN'S STORY.

“Do you remember little Billy Grant, who came to old Stapleford's, our last ‘half?’—what a queer little fellow he was; always ready to fight boys twice as big as himself; always in trouble, but liked by everybody because he was so thoroughly good-natured. So honest and straight was he himself that it was difficult to persuade him that rogues existed at all; and so well was this understood by the sharper and less scrupulous among his schoolmates, that ‘to do’ Billy Grant was not only considered fair game, but was often a safe and profitable speculation. More or less the same characteristic honesty and simplicity have marked his career ever since; and it is only very lately that his senses have begun to take in the fact, that there is a constant warfare going on in the world between the upright and the dishonest, and that it is equally necessary for good men to be wise as serpents as to be harmless as doves.

“I say that it is only of late that this truth has begun to dawn in his otherwise clear understanding; and as the startling method in which this has been effected bears largely on the reason why I play *écarté* no more, I must let you into two or three of our family secrets, so that you may clearly follow me in the progress of my story.

“It is now two years since poor Billy, with sinking heart and quavering accents, adventured himself within the precincts of my poor father's sanctum-sanctorum, and proposed himself as a fit and proper person to aspire to the hand of my sister Marian. The moment was inauspicious. The recent elections had stirred up all the bile and truculence of party warfare; and my father who had, as was his wont on such occasions, taken an active part on the committee of the Tory candidate, was at the moment sputtering with rage over a leader in the opposition journal, wherein he found himself reviled as ‘a bloated aristocrat,’ a grinder of the poor, a tyrant, and sundry other like complimentary epithets; added to this, his exertions in the cause of “Crump and Constitution,” had superinduced an attack of his natural tormentor—the gout; and the acidity of the stomach communicating itself to the temper, as is usual in persons so afflicted, marked him dangerous as long as the fit lasted.

“The prospect of the interview was a nervous one; but love, like liquor, maketh a man valiant; and Grant having screwed his courage

to the sticking point, led off bravely with a little speech which he had prepared for the occasion.

"My father heard him out with a most polite and disconcerting silence. The lover well knew that when blindest he was most dangerous. At last he said—

"'Very good, Mr. Grant—very good. You ask me to give you my daughter Marian, and you on your part promise to love her, and so forth.' Here my father disposed of the remainder of the lover's oratorical flourishes by an expressive one with his only sound hand. 'Now all this is vastly well—vastly well, indeed. You say that you flatter yourself you have secured her affection, which, under all the circumstances, is not quite so well; and that you wish to obtain my consent to your mutual happiness: that was the phrase, I think?'

"Grant bowed a rueful assent; and my father, whose steam was now well up, continued, selecting his words, as children do strawberries, for their size—

"'It may, perhaps, be an indiscretion for me to acknowledge that personally I have no reasonable objection to offer to such an alliance. Community of tastes, equality in the social scale, and the very reputable character which I must do you the justice to say is accorded to you by society, are all excellent items towards happiness in the married state; but as you must be aware that all these are but secondary to one paramount consideration, you must excuse me if I defer granting my consent until it is made clear that my daughter's interests, in a pecuniary point of view, are such as—in short, such as she has a right to expect.'

"'I was coming to that, sir,' said Grant, with trepidation, for he felt that he was approaching the weakest part of his attack; 'and I only hope that your expectations are not equal to your daughter's deserts, otherwise I should never have dared to ask her from you. It is quite right you should know everything connected with my present circumstances, and also of my expectations. I will conceal nothing. When I say that I am the eldest son of eight children, you will not be surprised when I tell you that the allowance that my father is able to make me is so small that upon it I could never hope to marry. I have, however, had a good education, and am able and anxious to gain my own and my wife's independence. You are aware, sir, that Lord M——, who is one of the Lords of the Treasury, is my grand-uncle. Here is a letter from him in answer to one I sent him asking for employment, from which you will see that, as far as promises go from one high in office, I have every chance of obtaining a situation which would enable me to keep a wife comfortably for the present; and as my father's estate is entailed, there need be no fears for the future.'

"My father took the letter, read it twice through deliberately, and handed it back to its owner: then, with a preliminary cough which bespoke the importance of what was to follow, he delivered his ultimatum:—

"'I should be sorry, Mr. Grant, to say anything that might have the effect of inflicting pain upon you, and, of course, upon my daughter; but where I have a duty to do I will not shrink from its performance. I think it a great pity, then, that you should have sought this interview until such time as the promises of assistance conveyed in Lord

M——'s letter have been realised : until that takes place, I regret that I must withhold my consent ; and in the meantime you will agree with me that all intercourse between you and my daughter should cease—or, at any rate,' added my father, whose really tender heart was moved when he saw the worthy young fellow's eyes overflow with the tears, which would well-up, though he struggled manfully against the weakness—'At any rate such meetings should take place as seldom as possible, of which occasions I must be the judge.'

"The oracle ceased, and neither the daughter's tears nor Grant's entreaties availed a whit in mitigation of sentence. I contrived that he should get a few words with Marian after this interview, and acted sentry for two mortal hours at the garden gate while they were being said. That they were sad ones I can well believe ; for the poor lad, in his extremity of feeling and desire to conceal it, brushed past me with his head down, without stopping to thank me for my watchful care ; and as to Marian, for two whole days the house never saw her ; and when at last she emerged, it was in such an eye-swollen state that her sympathizing old nurse cried shame upon her papa for his cruelty.

"As for my stern parent, forced as I am to acknowledge, against my wishes, his decision just, I very much question whether, for the first week at all events, he himself felt quite satisfied with the course he had taken ; for Marian was his pet, and under his pompous exterior he had a real regard for Grant ; but when ten days later the news of the fall of the ministry came, and with it the death to all Billy's hopes, he congratulated himself on his prudence, and extolled his own firmness in not giving way to the tears and entreaties of a pair of foolish children, who would soon get over what he tried to persuade himself was but a transient fancy.

"I'm afraid it was hardly dutiful conduct of me ; but, for the life of me, I could not see these two poor faithful hearts suffer so severely without doing whatever in me lay to alleviate their distress. The post-office people must have wondered at the diurnal regularity with which I received communications, all bearing the same bold, erratic handwriting, of which correspondence, however, the envelope was my sole and only share ; and my duty, as sentry upon the garden-gate, came round more frequently, and lasted for longer periods of time, than was exactly compatible with filial conduct. When, however, the fatal intelligence came that poor Grant could no longer look to Lord M—— for an appointment, all this pleasing pain was put a stop to.

"One very long final meeting took place, to which I was admitted as a co-conspirator, in which Billy declared that now that his hopes from his uncle were over, he would go away and never return until he had earned himself a position that would give him a right to enter that dreadful study with a firm foot, and demand his wife, with an unquavering voice, at the hands of her father.

"I assure you, Quixotic and hopeless as such a course appeared to my more mature experience, I felt an enthusiasm that carried me away in spite of my misgivings, when I saw his honest face glow with determination to achieve this, his fixed purpose. At any rate it was better they should part thus, with hope to cheer their separate paths, than be left with the companionship of a broken-hearted despair—the only alternative. And though I felt how faint, how unlikely to be realised such a

hope was, I could not find it in my heart to dash it by any of the dispiriting doubts that would arise in my own breast.

"Then came the parting scene, upon which I felt I had no right to intrude. Feigning, therefore, to hear some sound indicative of danger, I hurried from the place, and as I turned a corner, an involuntary glance along a little glade which opened upon the spot where the lovers were standing, showed me that my little ruse was understood, and that the sad couple were availing themselves of the opportunity I afforded them with a fervour that told how well each understood that this embrace might be the last they would ever receive from each other.

"A few minutes after Marian brushed past me towards the house without a word, and I felt my hands grasped by Grant, who, with one intense look of gratitude, love, determination, hope, and wretchedness, muttered an incoherent 'God bless you, Frank,' and disappeared in the opposite direction.

"Eighteen months came and passed away, bringing with them, every now and then, a letter from poor Billy, written in no very hopeful strain. He wandered about half Europe in search of the will-o'-the-wisp, Fortune, until he began to discover, from sad experience, that he had commenced a more difficult quest than he had imagined. At times he got employment in some office or another, but he never kept it long. He felt he would be grey before he could achieve independence in this manner, and he required it at once. Of money, as a means of existence, he had enough, and cared little to increase it, save as a means of gaining his Marian.

"At last he ceased to write, and I lost all clue to his whereabouts, which was the more unfortunate, as it appeared by my poor father's will, who died about this time, that Marian's fortune, together with Grant's, was quite sufficient for a prudent couple to begin the world with.

"I advertised for him in the papers, but without success. I made inquiries in the neighbourhood from which his last letter had been sent, and got a short clue which I lost immediately after. It was very provoking. I lost my temper on the subject, and spoke harshly of him, until I saw the pained expression that I called up to Marian's truthful, undoubting face. I formed all sort of wild conjectures as to his fate, without approximating the truth; and, in short, I was getting perfectly miserable on the subject of his unexplained disappearance, when, about two months ago, having some business in London, I was walking up the Haymarket, thinking, as usual, on the one subject that engrossed me, and, on coming to a crossing where two streets met, I suddenly found myself face to face with the very man who had caused me such speculation and anxiety.

"It would be hard to say which of our faces betrayed the greatest amount of astonishment at this rencontre; but, startled as I was, I could not avoid seeing a very perceptible look of dismay pass across his features.

"Grant, I exclaimed, 'in Heaven's name where have you been? What have you been doing? Did you not see my advertisements? Why did you cease corresponding?'

"Rather a lengthy catechism to be answered all at once, Western, answered a fashionable voice by his side, which brought to my notice, for the first time, that my friend had a companion. 'How d'y'e do,' he

continued, holding out his hand to be shaken in a listless manner, which obliged me to turn to the speaker, and recognise the handsome but decidedly *roué* face of the Hon. Charles Netterly, whose expensive tastes and gambling habits, supported by a purse not over well stocked, had necessitated his retirement from the corps in which I had originally served.

"I was never very fond of him as a brother-officer, and his present appearance, as the companion of Grant, was far from reassuring; nevertheless, as his mother and mine were the dear friends of a lifetime, I had a sort of interest in the son; and as, in addition, common courtesy demanded an answer to his salute, I returned it as politely as the perturbed state of my mind would allow, and looked back to Grant for an answer to my questions.

"He had none, however, ready on the moment.

"Don't judge me too harshly," he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "You can never tell all I have gone through—all I have suffered. I—I—I have ——"

"Just crossed over from the Continent," interrupted Netterly, "where he has been sojourning for the last six weeks, in the disreputable society of one Charles Netterly, and is now dwelling at the Blindon Hotel, where you can find him and spin yarns to each other as long as you please; at present I admit that I feel horribly *de trop* while you two are discussing family matters, independent of the bore of such a proceeding; so postpone your respective histories, like good fellows, and do you, Western, come and dine with us to-night, which will give you an opportunity of asking all you wish to know. I would leave you together this moment, only unfortunately Grant and I have an engagement at half-past four this afternoon, which we must attend to; and by Jove," he concluded, consulting his watch, "'tis past that already! we must take a Hansom. Come along, Grant; don't forget, Western, seven o'clock at Blindon's." So saying, he seized his companion by the arm, pushed him into a cab which was on its stand close by, and, jumping into it after him, with a waved adieu, disappeared from my astonished gaze.

"Ah," murmured I, as the corner house of Piccadilly shut them out from my view, "has it, then, come to this? I understand it all now. Poor Marian! The poison-spider, Play, has got him fast in her web, enticed thither by his own impetuous despair, and has even now nearly staked her victim dry. I see it in his haggard face, his wild, unsettled eye. Marian, or ruin and the coroner's inquest, such are the desperate stakes for which he plays—He must be saved. Heaven send it be not already too late!" I turned from the spot, and feeling quite unfit for the business for which I had originally left my lodgings, returned with an anxious and sad heart to ponder over the matter in quiet.

"Seven o'clock was pealing from an adjoining church tower as I entered the hotel wherein dwelt the object of my solicitude and his victimizer. The more I thought over it, the more convinced was I that Grant and Netterly held the relative positions of *Pigeon* and *Rook*, and that the process of plucking had been some time in operation. Still, there was considerable difficulty, in the absence of all positive knowledge as to the state of affairs, to fix upon any decided course of action. All that I could do on the present occasion was to reconnoitre the ground cautiously as to Netterly's doings, and attack Grant vigorously as to his prospects

and position as soon as I could gain an uninterrupted private conversation with him, which I saw was hopeless as long as Netterly was present. Chasing away, therefore, as well as I could, all traces of the disquietude which I really felt, and assuming a look of careless *bon-homme*, I entered the room in which Netterly and Grant were awaiting my arrival. The door was half open as I entered, and Netterly, who was on his knees before a wine sarcophagus, which he was endeavouring to unlock, neither saw or heard my approach for the first few moments. The lock was restive and the operator testy; and, at the moment of my entry, the Honorable Charles was dividing his discourse between maledictions on the head of the unconscious locksmith and sage advice to Billy Grant (who was sitting, or rather lying back in an arm-chair, with a face of settled melancholy), the last sentence of which alone reached me, 'As long as we stick together, you needn't fear, so for Heaven's sake get rid of that Newgate expression off your face!—'

"Here my entrance was discovered, and Netterly, springing to his feet with a conscious look on his face, and in rather a flurried manner, continued, 'Ah! here you are, Western—didn't hear you come in—I was so busy taking the bark off my knuckles with that confounded key. Just look at our friend, Billy? Looks exactly as if he had done it and couldn't help it. I know he's in love, but that's no reason he shouldn't cheer up a little now and then. I daresay his lady-love won't think the worse of him for it—eh? Reminds one of Bongaltier'—

"It is the greatest bore of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart—a short time ago."

'Ah! Olivier, how are you?' continued he, turning from me to a new arrival. 'Last, as usual. If the joint is in rags it's your fault. Only five minutes late? Then Dent and I will fall out—my watch, warranted to whip chronometers, is full half-an-hour too fast. Allow me to introduce Colonel Western—Count Olivier de Santal.'

"We bowed, and subjected each other to a searching scrutiny, which appeared to satisfy neither of us; but, whatever his gaze conveyed to him on the subject of my character is immaterial, my reflections upon him were of greater moment, and certainly unfavourable to him. His complexion was swarthy, and his face, which was furrowed by the plough of dissipation (not time, for he could not be more than forty years of age), had a sinister, sensual expression, very unpleasant to look upon. A pair of gleaming eyes darted their baleful fires in uneasy motion from under a well-shaped, but rather heavy black eyebrow. A nose of the true Mephistophelian type, kept watch and ward over a cold, thin, cruel mouth, set in a handsome, curly black beard and moustache; and a shadow of habitual distrust darkened the already sombre portrait, and betokened the Arab of society, whose hand was against every man—who regarded society only as the vulture does its prey—and whose chosen path through life was one in which the gratification of *self* was the only goal worth aspiring to, and to the attainment of which any means, however unworthy, would be relentlessly and unscrupulously employed.

"Such was the pleasing impression conveyed to me by my rapid inspection of this new acquaintance; for the rest he was unexceptionable—

faultless in dress and manner, speaking English fluently, excepting under circumstances of excitement, when a French oath would be indulged in in preference to an English one; and well supplied with all the town scandal and gossip, which rendered his conversation entertaining, if not brilliant. The odds in favour of poor Billy, when pitted against two such worthies as these, were small indeed!

"The dinner, though Netterly affected to find fault with it, was worthy of Verrey, and the wine of a quality that would have made one glass more than usual, a venial sin. Eating and drinking, however, was not, I well knew, the principal business of the night. The sarcophagus received back the decanters at an early hour, and a very slight and transparent excuse introduced the card-table, around which we speedily found ourselves engaged in all the mysteries of shuffling, cutting, and dealing; the game being whist, and the points something more than 'an old song'.

"I affected an intense love for the game, and displayed an eagerness and excitement at its various vicissitudes, for which I give myself no small credit as an actor, and which certainly quite deceived those for whom it was performed. As I anticipated, I was allowed, in accordance with a time-honoured device amongst card-sharpers, to rise from the table a small winner, and readily promised a revenge upon the ensuing night. It was getting late, and I had a considerable distance to go in order to reach my lodgings in Cecil-street, Strand; so taking a spill from the chimney-piece, and lighting a cigar, I took leave of my *honourable* friends and sought my bed, where, however, it was long before the excitement of the day would suffer me to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

"I SLEPT, but 'Nature's soft nurse' came not to me in friendly guise, 'steeping my senses in forgetfulness'—horrid nightmares robbed my slumbers of their rest,

'And wicked dreams abused the curtained sleep.'

Netterly, Grant, Marian, and De Santal, mixed themselves up in my visions of the night in inexplicable confusion, and changed themselves into one another in a bewildering phantasm. Everything went wrong, and though fully aware of what ought to be, I felt myself powerless to remedy the evil. At length my dreams assumed a more tangible form—Marian and Grant were about to be married; I saw them at the altar; the bridesmaids surrounded the happy blooming bride, and Grant, with his old, frank, happy face, stood lovingly beside her. Suddenly, with a crash, the oaken doors of the church burst open, and Netterly and De Santal, laughing loudly and contemptuously, advanced up the aisle to the rail of the communion-table, and seizing the bride, carried her out of the church, heedless of her piteous cries for aid. What surprised and enraged me most was the apparent apathy of all except myself who were witnesses to this outrage. Grant looked on in careless, and even smiling indifference, and no one seemed to consider the matter worth the trouble of interfering. As for myself, though frantic with rage, and burning to arrest the progress of the abductors, an unaccountable spell seemed to paralyse my efforts, and I could only hurl forth defiance and imprecations as, with a mocking adieu, they bore her away.

"Grant, Grant," I cried, springing from my bed in a supreme anguish of mind, 'Save her — save Marian. Are you a man?'

"'A miserable one,' groaned a low voice, which even in my half-waking, half-sleeping state, struck familiarly on my ear, and roused me thoroughly from the incubus that oppressed me. The curtains were still drawn, and through them oozed with difficulty a few beams of that yellow compound that, in a London November, is called daylight, so that it was still a few moments before my eyes were sufficiently clear and accustomed to the gloom, to descry the figure of a man sitting at the table, with his elbows upon it, and his face buried in his hands; nor was it until I had sprung from my bed and pulled asunder the curtains, that I recognised in my visitor the hero of my dreams—the unlucky Grant.

"His haggard, unshaven face, and his dress, which was the same that he had worn at the dinner of the previous evening, testified to his having passed the night out of his bed, and his attitude of despair, while it excited my deepest pity, filled me with a grave alarm as to the nature of the communication which he had evidently come to make. Anxious, however, to know the worst, I broached the subject at once.

"'So 'tis you, Grant,' I said. 'From the hour you have chosen, from your present appearance, and from the forebodings that have filled my heart ever since I met you yesterday, I am prepared to hear much that will grieve and pain me. Let me hear it all — for Marian's sake keep nothing from me. 'Tis the only chance, if there be a chance, of saving you — of saving us all. Say, then, the word at once, you are a ruined gambler!'

"He sat where he was, his face still buried in his hands, and his lips endeavouring to frame the words to which his voice refused to give sound. For a few minutes this strife of feeling continued, until at last, with a great effort, he sprung from his seat, and in a wild, hurried voice, said—

"'Yes, Frank, yes, 'tis all true, perhaps worse. You spoke of a hope still remaining — there is none — none! It is long since hope came here' (striking his breast); 'I may as well say it out plainly, soon as late. I have lost her, Frank, lost her irrevocably. She would never look at me again. You shake your head. When you know all, you will say so yourself. Better she should think me dead — better she should never think of me without loathing, than become the wife of such a wretch as — Oh! play, play, play! Look you, Frank, you know how I love her. Well, I love her too much ever to wish to see her the wife of a gambler — a dishonoured gambler. Rather tell her all, and let me die.'

"I started back aghast. I was prepared to hear of follies, but the word dishonoured warned me of a crime to be divulged.

"'Dishonoured!' I cried, in a trembling voice. 'Madman, what have you done? Tell Marian, and let you die? Do you not know that it is not your life alone that you have at stake, but Marian's, gentle, trustful Marian's? Who shall tell her that he upon whom she has bestowed her dear love is unworthy of her — a swindler? You, who think you understand that heart of hearts, tell me, will it be able to banish love so easily, and substitute contempt? No, Grant, never. Can you not see what must follow? When at last the truth has forced

itself upon her, she will droop like a crushed flower, and die. Yes, die. The world and the doctors will talk of consumption, delicacy of lungs, recommend sunny lands and change of scene and air; but you, how will you feel, with remorse gnawing your heart, and accusing you for ever? Ah! Grant, what sun could ever warm that poor chilled heart—what scenery, but heaven's, could banish the sorrow planted by your hand in her breast?

“‘Stay, Western, stay,’ interrupted Grant, deprecatingly. ‘No one can accuse me more bitterly for my weakness, my criminality, than does my own conscience. Still, dishonoured as I am, dishonest I am not, at least intentionally. Hear me out, I beseech you, and have pity on me, for I am very, very miserable, and—and——’ He tried hard to continue, but the words wrestled in his throat with his feelings, and were overcome. With a shaking hand he seized the water caraffe from the dressing-table, and gulped down several mouthfuls. I came to his assistance.

“‘Grant,’ I said, ‘forgive me if I have judged you too hastily. It is the thought that your’s and Marian’s happiness are at stake that unnerves me. Continue your story, I will interrupt you no more.

“Somewhat reassured, he complied, and while I was dressing, told me the following circumstances, which plainly showed me that our poor friend was as *green* as ever, and that it might require some nice manoeuvring to draw him with credit out of the difficulties of his situation.

“It was in the Cursaal of Baden, whither he had strolled to dissipate the *ennui* that was becoming insupportable, that he first met Netterly and De Santal. Utterly inexperienced, and, as usual, viewing everybody through a rose-coloured medium, he at once fell an easy victim to the assaults of pretended friendship. But why recapitulate the steps so well known to every man of the world? A very short apprenticeship at the green-table to a man whose object was not the attainment of his indentures as a swindler, were sufficient to absorb all his ready money, and, to some extent, his prospective income; and thus it went on, until one night, in the rooms of his two false friends, maddened by his losses and champagne, which was liberally supplied, he signed a bill for £500, payable at three months, which was readily cashed by the conspirators.

“The events of that unlucky night were but dimly remembered by the poor dupe on awaking next morning from his short and fevered sleep. Not so by Netterly, who appeared at his breakfast-table with a face of pretended sympathy to recall to his remembrance all his losses and liabilities. That the £500 had gone the way of all the rest was unfortunately but too fresh in his memory; for this he was prepared, and had even then recorded a fixed determination to give up, late as it was, the fatal fascination of the dice-box, but when a pointed allusion was made to ‘that other £500,’ he was utterly bewildered, and denied all knowledge of the matter. Then it was that Netterly, without a word, drew from his pocket-book another bill in the same handwriting, and with a meaning look pointed with his finger to the signature at the foot of the document—FRANCIS WESTERN—and then turning it, showed to the horrified victim written across it the words—‘Accepted payable at Messrs. ———. WILLIAM GRANT.’

"Then followed a scene that I can but inadequately describe. For a time Grant utterly denied having given the bill, pronounced the whole affair a fraud, and determined to fight the matter out to the last. Netterly allowed him to rave on until he was exhausted, and then pointed out to him the difficulties of his position. There was the bill in his own handwriting—that was undeniable—his signature was also his own; he must remember having lost all the first £500, how then came that bundle of notes amounting to some £50 which were lying beside his watch and the contents of his pocket on his dressing-table. It was De Santal who had, at Grant's earnest request, and greatly against his (Netterly's) advice, furnished him with the stamps upon which the bills were written, at the card-table itself. In the excitement of the evening no great attention was paid to the signatures, and it was with the most unfeigned surprise that they had only just observed that one was—excuse the word—a forgery. With any one else it would have been their duty to have immediately submitted the whole affair to a public investigation—a course that they were quite ready even now to adopt should Grant prefer it. They had no object for secrecy; but he thought that under all the circumstances Grant would see that it would be far better to meet the bill at once, and have done with it.

"'Pray jog your memory,' he concluded, 'because this continued forgetfulness casts a slur over us that must be removed. Really we do not wish to be hard upon you, but as you received the money it would be too much to expect that we should be losers by it. Really you ought to meet this bill when due; your honour, nay your safety, demands it.'

"I suspected that Netterly well knew that this was easier said than done. He had gauged his man to a nicety, and knew that the cleaning-out process was complete; but he also knew that could he but talk Grant into the idea that under the influence of excitement and intoxication he had committed a forgery, not only would every effort be made to meet the bill, so as to avoid the exposé, but that he might also become a most useful tool in their hands as a lure to victims—the world having of late become rather shy of the respectable firm of Netterly and De Santal. That he would ever make up his mind to confess to me, seemed wildly improbable; and, perhaps, had it not been for the apparent facility with which I seemed to fall into the trap the scheme might have succeeded. But in one respect they mistook Grant. He might indeed have borne in agonised silence the shame that threatened him—the razor or the bullet could at any moment close his eyes to the finger of scorn. But to see the friend of his boyhood—the brother of her he loved—lapse quietly into the abyss which he himself had bottomed, without a warning word to save him, was a depth of ignominy which no personal considerations could reconcile to his generous heart.

"You must not, however, suppose that Grant, with all his belief in the goodness of man, was quite taken in by the stern array of damning evidence brought against him. He felt that it was just possible that things might have taken place as Netterly had stated; but he also felt that he was the victim of a deep laid conspiracy, and that a crime was laid to his charge, which, however innocent he might be, he was not able to disprove. With his own handwriting staring him in the face he could arrive at no solution of the mystery but that, when drunk, he

had been persuaded to do that which his sober judgment repudiated. He therefore came to the conclusion, on reflection, that it would be rash to drive these desperate men, who had all to gain and nothing to lose, to extremities ; and that for the present he had better trust to chance and time to enable him to unravel the mystery.

“ ‘Netterly,’ replied the unfortunate fellow, examining the fatal document which his tormentor held before him, but would not give into his hand, ‘If I ever wrote that bill—and I cannot deny my own handwriting, though I remember nothing of the circumstance—it must have been when, maddened by losing the last farthing I possessed in the world, I sought forgetfulness in intoxication. Give it to me, I entreat you ; and if I have to work at the lowest occupations I will pay it. Let me, now that I am myself, give you a bill of my own, and destroy this. Oh, Netterly, you have got all my money—leave me my honour.’ ”

“ ‘Pon my word, Grant,’ said Netterly, with a sneering laugh, ‘you are quite melo-dramatic and affecting, but I’m sorry that I can’t accept you as my slave. Really you are too absurd. Who wants to take away your honour, as you call it? It will be quite time enough to talk about this bill when it becomes due, which it will not for three months. Keep friends with us, and depend upon it we will not be hard upon you. You see, my dear fellow, you have been wrong all through. You play high with men who lost fortunes of their own before they learnt how to play well enough barely to live by the cards. There’s no use in not calling things by their names. I do live by my play—quite honestly, too ; but superior play always tells in the long run. Now, there are people who cannot understand this simple problem, and call good play and players hard names, and this injures my profession as a gamester ; so say no more on this subject. Your good reputation may be of more service to me, for a time at least, than your £300. Your secret is safe with us as long as you are prudent and friendly.’ ”

“ Thus it was, then, that the conspirators had succeeded in working, successfully, upon the *green*, unsuspecting nature of Grant, so far as the first part of their scheme was concerned ; and thus it was, that from overlooking the stronger and better parts of his character, from their own long association with everything that was vile, a danger of detection threatened them from the quarter least expected.

“ ‘Grant,’ I said, as I dismissed him for a time, ‘take courage. I believe that you have been guilty of a folly, but not a crime. You must return at once, and keep this interview a dead secret. Our enemies are crafty, but I am determined to go to the bottom of this affair, though I confess that just at present I do not see my way very clearly. Look as miserable as you please, but comfort yourself about the bill ; it shall be paid when due, *if necessary*. Now leave me, for I must think the whole affair over in all its bearings.’ ”

“ He left me considerably, though not altogether, relieved ; and for some time I remained seated on my bed side, buried in fruitless conjecture as to what might be the clue to this exceedingly ingenious piece of villainy. At length the increased light, and louder roar of the London streets, now wide awake and active, reminded me of the advance of time, and I hurried over my dressing, and descended to my sitting-room, where the tea-urn in full song, the toast on the hob, and the well-regulated paraphernalia of a breakfast-table, seemed somehow to be in marked contrast to the exciting irregular events of the past day and night. Fil-

ling up the tea-pot, and leaving it awhile to draw, I lifted the broad-sheet of the *Times* from the back of the chair, where my careful landlady had placed it to air, and running my eye listlessly over the first page of advertisements, I was about to turn to the leading articles, when my eye was caught by a paragraph which caused me to spring from my seat, upset my unoffending egg, and rush back to my dressing-room, and bring thence a scrap of paper, on which were the suds of my recent shaving, which I carefully wiped away, and thereon I could read, in plain caligraphy, the following enigmatical sentence:—

‘ Jthtwujnhsbkvyhowavbdvkv.’

The advertisement in the *Times*, which was couched in an apparently similar cypher, had suddenly reminded me that my attention had been momentarily attracted to the characters upon the scrap of paper on which I had wiped my razor; and now I recollected that that same fragment was the spill with which I had lighted my cigar the night before on leaving the whist party, and which I had unconsciously brought away with me. ‘Behold,’ I thought, as I bent over it in close examination, ‘the first step in my voyage of discovery—the first clue to the labyrinth of mystery and fraud which now, more than ever, I am determined to fathom.’”

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

TO C. W.

Hark! in the stillness of the night
 What sound arrests the sleeper's ear?
 The whispering of a child of light—
 “Brother! dear brother! I am near!

“I come from out the quiet tomb,
 The twin-born heart of boyhood's years
 To ask if, still my early doom
 Be sorrowed for with faithful tears.

“Or has the world's enticing spell
 Taught thy young spirit to forget
 The dear companion loved so well,
 So deeply mourned? Oh! say, ‘Not yet.’

“Turn, then, lov'd brother, at this hour—
 Turn from earth's fleeting dreams aside;
 Let Mem'ry wield her former power,
 And bring the lost one to thy side.

“By all our love, by all the grief,
 That told of what was rest from thee,
 The life of manhood's hope, too brief
 For earth to perfect, think of me.

“Till, when thy spirit takes its flight,
 And angels guide thee hence to soar,
 This voice thou'lt hear from realms of light—
 ‘Dear brother! now we part no more!’”

THE SEALS OF BIRTERBUI.

THE morning was hot and sultry, not a breath disturbed the meadow or the passive waters that lay stretched before the windows of my lodge. It was a glorious morning in the month of August. The sun shone brightly, vivifying the wild scenery around, as he raised his golden orb over the distant moorland, true to the third challenge of a restless bantam which, to the infinite disgust of myself and my friend, strutted and crowed domineeringly on the window-stool. And yet he was to be pardoned. He told that the sun was up, and summoned laggards to their various pursuits of labour or amusement. My friend, irritated by the incessant clamour of the noisy chanticleer, forbidding sleep, proposed immediate execution with a pea-rifle. But the voice of nature was not to be thus stifled, and cruelty would have been of no avail; for, as I turned on my elbow to listen to the sounds that announced and welcomed day, the challenge of the cock grouse, the bleat of the sheep, and other symptoms of awakened Nature, mingled and proclaimed that all the tenants of my wild locality were up and astir.

Our lodge was situated in the wildest and most remote part of Connemara, nestling under the shadow of the bluff and lofty hill of Cashel, which rises like a grim sentinel, keeping watch and ward over the coast and islands of Birterbui Bay. This quiet little retreat was attached to, and rented with, an excellent salmon and white trout fishery, part of the Ballinahinch estate, once held by the family of Martin—a territory greater in extent than many German principalities. It was the proud lot of one of the Martins, lord over the greatest dominion held by any subject in this island, when inviting George IV., in 1821, to visit him at his Castle in the West, to inform his gracious Majesty that he had a drive of twenty-two miles up the avenue to his hall-door! But, alas! like so many others of the untitled nobility of our soil, that family have passed from their homes. The relentless call of the creditor, and the hammer of the Incumbered Estates Court, have subdivided their soil, and their homes shall no more know them. Peace to the manes of the departed! Though their vices were those of a past age, their virtues were all their own. Generous, noble, and beloved, none amongst that now antediluvian race ever left amongst a vast tenantry a more abiding name, or one that will live longer in tradition, than Old Dick Martin, for forty years Member for Galway, and author of "The Cruelty to Animals Act." Were he alive, and to visit again this wild country, what a change would present itself! No great improvements, perhaps greater signs of decay, would greet his eye; but his once wild tenantry, numerous and powerful factions in their own localities, and their leaders, famous as Homeric heroes of old—where are they? With the years beyond the flood. Their homesteads ruined and desolate. Living in a remote district, far removed from the sphere of wealth and from the eye of charitable benevolence, these poor people sank by thousands, cut off by the devastating famine that stalked

through the length and breadth of Ireland in 1846, and swept with poisoned breath over their county. And it has not been death—cruel, lingering death from starvation—alone that has depopulated this region; not alone those graves that are piled in hundreds about the by-ways, that have thinned the land; but the gradual wasting of the population, produced by checks on marriage, by sickness, poverty, and debility of body and mind—the relics of that terrible period. How many idiots the traveller met in those days! How many poor, attenuated victims, just saved from death, but without a ray of intellect left, blocked the mountain paths and impeded the step of the pedestrian! How well do I remember one poor lad, with mind enfeebled by his sufferings, and who was to return next day to the Union Workhouse, being led up to bid me adieu. I presented him with a little tobacco and a shilling, and asked him—

“Shauneen, when do you leave me?”

“When to-morrow *dies*!” was his mournful and poetic answer.

Before the bantam crew again, we sluggards arose, and rushed and ducked in the mountain water, like geese expecting a storm, or like the capering grunter, frisking wildly in anticipation of rain. One glance satisfied me that there would not be a breath of wind or a cloud in the sky, and that the weapon to wield on that day would be the rifle and not the rod. This opinion was immediately communicated to my Lincolnshire companion, with an offer of introducing him to the seals of Birterbui. He caught eagerly at the proffered introduction, being anxious for an alterative from the slaughter of white trout and salmon. He called Mr. Hock, his English valet, to prepare his double-barrelled Lancaster for the fray, whilst I, shouting to my more humble major-domo, Mither Corneely to prepare the breakfast, issued my orders for the day.

We were soon seated before a comfortable repast, and, like old soldiers, laid in a plentiful stock for the coming campaign. As we paused at the various stages afforded by the transit from fish to meat, meat to eggs, and so forth, I unfolded the day's programme to my companion. The tide would not be low until one o'clock, so that it would be useless to get to the sea before eleven o'clock, by which time the rocks would be getting bare, and the seals be enabled to lie up, their habit being to rest on those disconnected with the land, and which appeared only at low-water. We were to be provided with a plentiful supply of ammunition and guns for sea-birds, so that when the tide flowed strong, we might be enabled to offer delicate attentions to the plover, curlew, and the other similar varieties which abounded among the islands in the bay. We were also to bring trolling-tackle for the mackerel and pollock, in the event of a breeze springing up; and, had there been an *r* in the month, an oyster-knife would have been added to the kit, to effect a forcible entry into a few of the Birterbui beardlings.

“Don't forget your cornopean, R——,” said I, “for seals are amateurs in the musical line; and with ‘Mary Blane,’ ‘The Rose of Annandale,’ or ‘Bold Rory O'More,’ you shall see how these dilettanti will surround our orchestra.”

“Nonsense!—you don't mean to tell me these wild tenants of the vasty deep care for music? 'Twill but scare them.”

"*Au contraire*, they have a passionate love for it: you will draw them from the 'old ocean' into the bay, and they will follow a boat for miles that has music on board. They love harmony; and I will wager you some trifle they prefer 'Molly Bawn' to any other air, and approach closer to hear it. You will make a greater impression on these sagacious animals than you did on the buxom girls behind the counter of the Peterboro' refreshment-rooms, when you serenaded them from the mail-train last winter. It is certainly singular, but not the less true, as you shall this day see exemplified, that if there be not a seal in sight between you and the horizon, and you play an air on the cornopean, an appearance (to use a legal phrase) will soon be entered."

I spoke the truth, and earnestly, as my friend believed; and even the incredulous Mr. Hock consented at length to put up the cornopean with the rifle. Our banquet concluded, and the car being packed, we started for the mouth of the river, where the boat was lying in readiness. Half an hour brought us to our destination.

"Corneely, out with that gaff; I never have luck when you come with such portentous preparations."

And the gaff straightway made its exit from the boat. The rifles were loaded, but without caps, for safety. My friend sat beside me with his cornopean, which Mr. Hock handed him with a ghastly grin of dubious credulity. We paddled out with the ebbing tide, and sought our fortunes as merchants embarked in the seal trade, calculating (perhaps somewhat too sanguinely, if Mrs. Glasse's advice as to the hare-soup had been remembered) the number of gallons of oil our men would have for their winter stock to light them through the darkness of the coming season. I swept the shores and islands with my Dolland, but as yet could discover no trace of seals; nothing was to be seen beyond a dyspeptic crane perched listlessly on one leg, economising the supports which nature had given her; or a cormorant working in his vocation among the floating sea-rack.

The day was beautiful, balmy, and cloudless. The fragrant perfume of the sea-weed was snuffed up with intense pleasure, seeming to impart fresh vigour to our exhausted urban frames: it was, as Mr. Hock, an acute observer of nature, truly remarked, "A hairey situation, and most henjoyable."

"Come R——, an air—something sweet and plaintive to pass the time, for there are no signs of seals yet, and I do remember me there is an echo here."

And he took the cornopean and played, softly and sweetly, "Molly Bawn;" and the sounds swept over the still waters, and ran up the shore, and echo answered from out the rocks and caverns of Cashel; and the notes jostled wildly on, faintly and still more faint, among the Twelve Pins of Connemara. We listened entranced, forgetful alike of seals and curlew. Not a whisper broke the last lingering sounds that floated dreamily around us.

"Aroon, aroon!" shouted the men in Irish, in excited accents. The spell was rudely broken. Turning quickly to answer this call, behold! there was the seal all attention, drinking in the soft air of "Sweet Molly Bawn, dear Molly Bawn." There rested this singular

tenant of the deep, not more than fifty yards from the boat, looking with rapt attention towards us—his soft eye speaking kindness and affection. The head, large as that of a calf, glistened brightly in the sun. All romance, all the ideal vanished at the call of "Aroon, aroon" (*Anglice*, seal, seal). The cornopean was dashed on the seat, the double-barrelled Lancaster substituted, and a point blank pot shot was taken at the head of the too-confiding amateur. Quick as lightning was the rifle brought to bear on the seal's head, and with the flash from the muzzle rose the splash on the water where the head was when the trigger was pulled, but where the head no longer was when the act of firing was over.

"Bang through his head!" shouted I in ecstasy. "A splendid shot. You killed him, by Jove. Well done, old boy—I congratulate you: you made an excellent shot from this unsteady boat."

"But where is he?" cried R—. "If I sent the ball through his head—which I am sure I did—where is he? If I hit him, I must have killed him."

"It him sir," bawled the excited Mr. Hock: "You gave it him right in the hie!"

"Connalayhee, Connalayhee," shouted I in Irish to the men; "row, row like mad for the place; see, see the blood! I see it—he is shot, he is shot!"

And as they pulled up to the place no trace of blood appeared—it was a mere optical delusion—the cheat of an over anxious eye. But our friend rose again about fifty yards from where he had been shot at, and his benevolent eye watched our approach as if he had never felt alarm.

It was a miss—so R— tried again, but was over him, the ball hopping and bounding away along the surface to the shore; whilst the seal disappeared for some time, not protruding his glistening head again above the water until he was some quarter of a mile to leeward of the boat, and out towards the "old sea" (*Shonorigre*), as the natives term the Atlantic.

The tide was now fast receding from the bays and inlets. Those who have stood on a bluff headland and obtained a bird's-eye view of Birterbui bay would fancy they gazed on a large lake studded with innumerable islands. The waters of the bay gush in from the Atlantic through a narrow inlet, where an odd merchantman now and then drops her anchor before the secluded little town of Roundstone, not so much for the purpose of trade as for refuge from the driving tempest and the horrors of a lee-shore. As the tide swept out, so appeared the rocks on the shore, and sunken islands reared their heads, crowned with sea-rack and studded with the mussel; and yet the water was not sufficiently low for the seals to lie up and bask in the sun. They like to perch themselves some three feet above water, and will there lie, even though the tide recedes and gives them greater elevation—for it costs them but one wriggle of their singular body, or one flap of their powerful tail-like legs, to precipitate them into the water beneath, with a report loud as if the rock itself had tumbled in.

The Dolland was kept assiduously at work on the look out for the

phoca that might be brought within its *focus*, and we paddled on from island to island, taking an accurate survey of every rock and nook likely to show a seal.

"Play, my friend, play," said I, "we are still early, be not impatient; there are plenty hereabouts. Give the 'Rose of Annandale,' and I'll think of my love—"

"And I will waft her a sigh o'er the light sea breeze,
And she'll breathe a prayer to heaven for me."

And thus we gaily floated on the peaceful sunlit tide, and the strain of sweet music accompanied us as we roamed from island to island.

"Here he is," said R——, taking his lip from the mouthpiece, and pointing his finger along the external line of dazzling light that flickered on the sunlit waters. There, indeed, was the bright polished head of a noble seal moving easily and gracefully down upon the boat.

"Your time now," said he, "and make a better hand of it than I did." And he played; and on, and onwards still moved the seal, and soon he was gazing confidingly on us, within twenty-five yards of the boats, drinking in the "Rose of Annandale." My Rigby, a long single-barrelled rifle, and the best I ever saw, was resting loaded on my arm, I felt a tenderness for this seal which I can scarcely describe. He looked so kindly and shook his head deprecatingly, as if he knew I was brewing some mischief, and seemed to say it was unjust, that he never eat my salmon, or touched my white trout. No, not he!

R—— ceased to play; he had played out his piece, and then the seal snorted, and he snorted again; and I fancied, much to the disgust of the excited Mr. Hock and the amusement of my friend, that he demanded an *encore*, and an *encore* he should have. So I begged R—— to play another air, and he played "Rory O'More," and this the seal also approved; and as he rested calmly, I remembered his peculiar idiosyncrasy, that his brain was of greater proportionate magnitude and his intelligence far greater than that of any other animal, and that his disposition was to become familiar and domestic with man. I raised my rifle, brought the sight so as to catch the lower part of his head, and as the hair-trigger was touched an ounce ball passed through the poor fellow's brain and a murder was committed.

Before I describe what next took place, let me justify this seemingly cruel act.

Seals are most destructive, almost ruinous to some rivers. They devastate the salmon and trout, following them with the tide, fishing among the shoals of running fish, and often ascending the rivers in pursuit, until stopped by the salmon boxes. Salmon and white trout when they are running from the sea come in with the flood, particularly in spring tides, in large bodies, and in hot pursuit follow the seals. I have witnessed as many as twenty-one seals at the same time fishing at the mouth of the river to which I have brought the reader. Nothing can equal their dexterity and agility, and they require it, for by it they get their living. They are formed to do much damage, having six large cutting teeth in the upper jaw and four in the lower. Their hind feet

are placed at the extremity of the body, in the same direction, and serve the purpose of a fin and rudder; the fore feet are adapted for swimming, are furnished each with five long claws, and they are not unlike in shape to the hand and fingers of a man. From their resemblance and from their sagacity it is believed by the most ignorant of the peasantry in these parts, who have faith in the doctrine of metempsychosis, that the souls of the departed Corneelys, a numerous faction, pass into these seals, whilst the souls of the Manions, another numerous but troublesome family, pass into the bodies of the midges, the tormentors of man. But to return to the seal—with his claws he can hold a large salmon, a fish of twenty pounds, and tuck him under the fore arm, as if the fish was an umbrella, and stick his sharp tusks into the flesh, which becomes crimped instantly. The destruction they do among the salmon and trout is incredible. Poor fish, which, while making for their breeding-grounds have to run the gauntlet of these daring marauders, as likewise the nets, the boxes, the Isaac Waltons, the midnight poachers and the cunning little otter, who is always catching, but seldom caught himself.

The seal was slain. We rowed quickly to where it floated, a huge mass on the water, which was discoloured all around by the blubber and blood floating on the surface. He was quite dead, and a magnificent fellow—as large as a calf, but far heavier. He was dragged into the boat by a couple of men and thrown at Mr. Hock's feet, who retreated in disgust from the intruder, placing a cambric handkerchief soaked in bad lavender-water to his nose. They do smell strongly, and the rocks on which they repose retain a heavy odour before they are purified by the returning tide. So we pulled to shore, and landed the corpse on a small island, while R—— played a requiem over his remains, which we arranged to call for on our homeward route.

Now I steered the boat for the narrow inlet of a bay that led up towards the mouth of one of the finest salmon fisheries in the world—the Ballynahinch fishery. I knew this to be a favoured haunt of the seal, being studded with small islands and rocks at low water. On opening the bay I took an accurate survey, and soon satisfied myself that they were "at home." On one small cluster of rocks, some distance up the bay, and about 120 yards from the main land, under the lee of a promontory, I could distinguish nine of these amphibious brutes, dozing and basking in the sun, which shone on their polished skin. They were of all ages, sizes, and colours—some brown, some spotted, and some hoary from age. Familiar with the line of country I stopped the boat, and landed with R—— and the rifles. I now suggested to my friend that we should stalk them. He gladly acquiesced, and we eagerly set forth on our adventure. Some distance was to be traversed over ground, rocky and rushy.

By this time we had descended into a hollow, within a hundred yards of the shore. Cautioning my companion to silence, we crept quietly onwards. By raising my body and peering through the rushes, I was enabled to shape our course until we emerged on the very shore, and we worked through the rocks, keeping a huge reef of them between us and the little island on which the seals were basking. When our

advance was pushed to its furthest limit we halted; and through the tiny fissures of a huge rock, festooned with dripping seaweed, took an eager view of the scene in our front. There lay the identical nine seals, with one additional recumbent member, and two well-polished heads of others, swimming about and looking for a snug resting-place among this group.

See that old grey gentleman on the near rock, how wise and venerable he looks. He is the patriarch of the bay and monarch of his herd. I know him well, and have taken a shot before now at his head, which has seen the snow of many winters. See how sleepily—how indolently he moves his sagacious front, deigning but a glance now and then at his subjects, who rest beside him, or a frown at those new-comers who would occupy a place in the conclave.

“Now R——, rest yourself well—keep quiet, and do not disclose an inch of your body. When you are cool and free from nervous excitement, your Lancaster may be advanced through this fissure and hanging sea-rack, and your elbow be placed on this little stone, and thus you may sight the old gentleman to perfection. Be cautious, however, and do not rest the rifle on the rock itself, for then the recoil will throw the ball over the seal’s head.”

We rested a few minutes, breathing gently, lest even a suppressed sigh might alarm the herd. Now I saw R—— getting into position, and watched his movements with intense interest. Half sitting, half lying, he advanced the rifle through the indicated spot, and taking a satisfied squint down the weighty barrel, turned with a smile and said—

“I think I will settle this old gentleman at last.”

From this forth I never took my eye off the venerable seal that lay wrapt in dreamy security, his head presenting a beautiful side shot. Nor had I long to gaze, for through the thin smoke that wreathed from the muzzle I could see that he never moved one single inch, but was nailed to the rock by the plug of the ball; whilst in terror and alarm the rest scrambled and dropped into the water, gazing about in astonishment. Up we sprang, and fired at the seals in the water, but no shot told. The men in the boat appeared pulling up the creek, and we were satisfied all was right. Hardly were my congratulations over when to our astonishment what appeared to be the corpse of the seal disappeared with one convulsive movement. The boatmen responding to the call, urged the little skiff through the water, and soon came to our relief. We went straight to the rock where the seal had been transfixed by the leaden messenger, and found the place deluged with blood, and emitting a rancorous odour. Fortunately our object was espied lying dead on the bottom, close to the rock, but in ten feet of water. How to fish it up was the question—no gaff. The proposition was made to Mr. Hock to dive, but he recoiled in horror from tackling the “hamphibious hanimal hin ’is hown helement.” One of the men soon solved the difficulty by throwing off his coat and shoes, and taking a header. Down he went, and with ease buoyed up the seal to the surface, which was then grasped, and hauled in hand over hand. A fine specimen it was. The cry was now—not to arms—but to luncheon; and by the time our meal was dis-

patched, and justice done to all, the tide was found to be flowing, and a move was made homewards. We fired at the different sea-birds, as they flew from island to island, until we reached the temporary tomb of the dead phoca. With the two seals in the boat, now deep in the water, we steered for the mouth of the river, and on landing dispatched a man for a cart, upon which were laid the prizes. We proceeded in triumph to the lodge, where the village stick-pig operated on them, cunningly and artistically denuding them of their glossy, velvety hides, and relieving their bodies of the thick coat of blubber that surrounds them between the skin and flesh. This was sent immediately to the pots, to be reduced to oil. One nuisance was suffered. All the dogs of the country came down to root up the buried remains of these wretched seals, and howled most piteously through the night—the smell of “stick-pig’s” work being borne down the wind for miles. Thus ended our trip, on a bad fishing day, in quest of the Seals of Birterbui.

EXPERIENCES OF THE TURF.

Who of the present generation has not, at some time or other, attended one of the great annual race-meetings of England? Nearly every one has been at races of this description, but casual lookers are very little aware of what really takes place on such occasions, and imagine that the vast concourse of anxious spectators is mainly drawn together by love of racing, by a desire to see the noblest animals in the creation contend for the prize of swiftness and endurance. Such little know the real feelings animating a large proportion of that agitated crowd; and great would be their astonishment to learn, that many of those men who, book in hand, vociferate the odds against this and that horse, never even look at a race, do not know the colour of the animal upon or against which they are betting such large sums, and not unfrequently continue to proffer their wagers until the horses have actually passed the winning-post, without once turning their eyes in the direction of the course.

Perhaps this is less the case at Newmarket, the head-quarters of the British turf, than at other great meetings, and for this reason—at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, &c., all the races terminate at the same winning-post. At Newmarket the case is different: each course has its own winning-post, and consequently the spectators and betting ring move, from time to time, to different places upon the Heath. Moreover, from this and other causes, the attendance at Newmarket is more exclusively composed of real patrons of the turf, mere spectators and amateurs being kept away by the absence of stands, and the constant change of position required by the different courses. It is impossible, therefore, to view the various races comfortably except on horseback; and on Newmarket Heath the owners of horses, and the regular turfmen, are all to be seen mounted on hacks, from the duke upon his neat, safe-actioned thorough-bred, to the cavalry captain, who has, at the last moment, procured from the innkeeper a dirty, shaggy, dingly-caparisoned, shuffling pony, which he belabours with his umbrella, as he urges him from the saddling-stables, whither he has proceeded to see Nat and Alfred Day mount their favourites, to the knot of men on the flat where the judge's little sentry-box upon wheels proclaims the spot at which the approaching race is to terminate. Nor can the "legs," the purely betting-men, continue their trade up to the last moment at Newmarket as at other places; for as dog does not habitually eat dog, when the owners of horses and amateur betters (generally the takers of odds) move off to examine their favourites, or to take up a position near the ropes, the ring breaks up for want of materials to trade upon, and the "legs" betake themselves, some to their flies, some to their feet, and look on at the race until business once more commences.

They're off, they've passed the Bushes—Lord Exeter wins—no he's beat—Payne wins—the Duke, the Duke—Mr. Gully, by Jove!—as Alfred Day, with a tremendous rush, lands his horse by a neck, Sam Rogers and Nat close together behind him, and immediately the ring

hurries away to the betting-post in the neighbourhood of the point where the next race is to terminate.

The Derby, undoubtedly, is the greatest race in England, and the betting upon it is proportionately heavier than on any other; but, perhaps, the Houghton Meeting, at Newmarket, affords more opportunities for observing the habits and demeanours of Turfites. The Houghton is considered to be the close of the regular racing season; it has been called the "Hay and Corn Meeting," because it is supposed that at it a great struggle is made by owners of horses of all degrees to win what will supply forage for their racers during the winter.

To the Houghton Meeting, therefore, come all those who have speculated during the past season—the winners to increase their gains, the losers, by a last desperate effort, to retrieve their losses, and it may be to save themselves from utter ruin, from incarceration, or exile. Many a man, in that month of October, seeks Newmarket Heath oppressed with debt in every shape—bets at Doncaster unpaid, and allowed to be held over until after the Houghton; bills for money borrowed to pay bets at Goodwood, which fall due after the Houghton; trainers' bills, upon which a small instalment has been paid, to be finally settled after the Houghton. He may not see his way; has, perhaps, no particular race upon which he expects to win back his money, no especial horse to whose success he looks to retrieve his shattered fortunes and to save him from poverty, and, what is worse, disgrace, loss of position, and expatriation. But he knows that something must be done—that he cannot wind up his affairs unless he makes some coup—that if he loses, it is but another thousand or two added to those which he at present owes and cannot pay—that he must do or die;—and, accordingly, he comes to the Houghton in search of the panacea which is once more to save him; but he is well aware that it is his last chance. Betting creditors will not allow his bets to remain unpaid until the spring; Jews will not renew with no prospect of even a chance of his winning enough to pay them until the Epsom Spring; trainers must have money to feed the horses in the winter. How many anxious, almost despairing faces may, at this time, be seen at Newmarket; how greedily such a one listens to the mysterious statements of the tout who has seen the trial, and who describes how "the young one beat the old one, and must win the Cambridgeshire," and urges his patron to "go for a stoater." Observe, too, the veteran and solvent better; he knows who is shaky and who is not, and treats them accordingly. See that dissipated-looking young man with the patent-leather boots, small moustache, new hat, and race-glasses slung across his shoulders; see him, slowly puffing the smoke from an enormous cigar, accost that middle-sized, stout, and somewhat greasy-looking man, with the black tail-coat and trowsers, and satin waistcoat, with "What are the awdds againt Diomed?" Mark how the satin waistcoat slowly opens his large betting-book, and with a curious twinkle of his eye, says, "Quite full againt Diomed, Captain;" and how, on the contrary, as patent-boots turns listlessly away, he replies to the same question asked by a tall, burly-looking man, "6 to 1, Admiral, in hundreds if you like." Mark this, and you will draw your own conclusion, that the shabbily-dressed man, one of the richest and heaviest betters on the turf, believes the smart dandy to be uncommonly shaky in his finances.

That dandy has come down to make a last effort to extricate himself from the fearful mass of debt in which Epsom, Goodwood, and Doncaster have involved him. His tout has told him that Diomed will win the Cambridgeshire, and so he is anxious to back him; but he is too late: the owners and stable have backed him long ago, and any money that he will now get against him on the morning of the race will be hedging-money.

After the race for the Cæsarewitch, in 185—, the following conversation might have been heard between two gentlemen and a trainer, as they left the winning-post where Trickstress had just won:—

“Well, William, what do you think of Diomed’s chance for the Cambridgeshire now?”

“I think he’s good enough to beat anything but that Noble, who ran a right good horse just now; but, remember, we haven’t tried him properly yet, and, what’s more, we haven’t got the tackle at home to do it.”

“Well, we must buy a trial-horse at once. The chance is too good a one to be thrown away.”

Accordingly a good trial-horse was purchased at considerable expense, and also a second animal, who, although much inferior, had shown some running, and was of sufficient form to give a tolerably correct line, as is the term in racing *parlance*, for Diomed. The uninitiated may not be aware that only one week intervenes between the second October and Houghton Meetings, the Cambridgeshire taking place exactly a fortnight after the Cæsarewitch.

A few days after the conversation above mentioned, the same parties might have been seen on a training-ground in the South of England: there also was Diomed, the candidate for the Cambridgeshire, about to be put through the mill, as the trainers call it, or, in other words, to have his powers tested with Frederick and Paulina, the two recently purchased trial-horses. The trial was, of course, to be over the same distance as the Cambridgeshire. Diomed was to give 10lbs. to Frederick, and 28lbs. to Paulina. The trainer proceeds to the starting-point, one of the employers stations himself half-way, to see that there is no humbug, and that the boys do their best and really ride to win throughout, and the other places himself at the winning-post. The passer-by, slowly wending his way over those bleak downs, would perceive nothing to excite his curiosity; he would merely imagine that three race-horses were about to take their ordinary exercising gallop, but the racing man would observe in the men posted at suspicious intervals, the horses stripped of their clothing, and, above all, the weighted saddle-cloths, certain indications of a trial. So difficult is it for one to come off without the undesirable presence of touts, who would immediately telegraph the result to their employers in London, and thus forestall the owners or the stable in the market, that frequently trials are postponed from day to day, and sometimes abandoned altogether, rather than run the risk of such keen-eyed inspection. Sometimes the trial takes place by moonlight, when the tout is supposed to be enjoying his pipe over the tap-fire; at others the legs of the horses are painted white and black respectively, so as to deceive the spectators, and occasionally it is necessary to introduce into the trial a superior horse, or one with so light a weight on his back that he is sure to come

in first, although the real trial is going on behind him. In this way touts have frequently been deceived, and led to inform their masters that the young-un was beaten; whereas, although he was not absolutely first past the post, yet he defeated those who were put to try him. The employer of the tout, of course acting upon this information, bets heavily against the young-un, and, in a few hours, or perhaps days, finds out his mistake to his cost, and has either to run the chance of the horse winning, or to get out of his scrape by backing him at half the odds which he laid against him, necessarily at a heavy loss. To return to our trial. The horses are duly started, run the race fairly throughout, and, considerably to the disgust of the parties, Frederick comes in first by half a length, Diomed second, Paulina several lengths last. It is then determined to run the trial over again in the evening, Diomed to give 5lbs. instead of 10. At these weights Diomed wins by half a length. Opinions are now divided as to Diomed's chance of winning the Cambridgeshire, and eventually it is decided that no step shall be taken towards backing the horse outright until Frederick and Paulina have run on the first day of the Houghton, the Cambridgeshire being always run on the second. In the meantime in London speculation is of course very brisk on the race, and a well-known bookman offers to bet 50 to 1 to a large sum on fifty for it. The few who are in the secret about Diomed, and think his chance a good one, take this to a considerable amount, and, as Diomed is never one of the fifty selected, they thereby secure 50 to 1 against the horse they fancy without naming him. On the first day of the Houghton Meeting Paulina runs a dead heat for a small stake, and afterwards Frederick wins a race very easily—so easily that the stable at once decide to start Diomed for the Cambridgeshire, and think so highly of his chance of success that they determine to back him heavily. Diomed at this time had not arrived at Newmarket. A message is sent by telegraph to London to desire a person, previously warned, to commence to back the horse at ten o'clock. At that hour one of the party also saunters into the betting-rooms at Newmarket, and carelessly inquires—

“What are the odds against Diomed?”

He is barely listened to, so little is the horse thought of, and so attentively are the betting-men canvassing the merits of the various favourites. At last, the question being repeated, a leg answers—

“I don't think he'll start; and so, if you'll give me a sovereign, I'll bet you 1000 to 3.”

“Done,” replies the backer, and, chucking a sovereign to the leg, quietly books the bet.

“I'll bet you 1000 to 5,” says another.

“And I'll bet you 1000 to 10,” say several others.

“Done with you all,” cries the backer, beginning to get a little excited. 1000 to 15, to 20, 25, 30, are now rapidly booked.

The betting-men, quickly seeing that some move is taking place, begin to crowd round the spot, and, as the backer takes every bet he can get, Diomed quickly rises in price, and shortly reaches 20 to 1.

There is now a lull for a short time, as the backer, saying he has got enough, puts his book in his pocket and walks away; but if he were followed it would be found that he is still picking up a stray bet here

and there, very quietly. Another half hour passes away, and as it has in the mean time been ascertained that the horse is not in the town, and as the secret is well kept, the backer for the stable, on his return to the rooms, finds that the horse has gone down again in the betting; whereupon, he recommences operations, and soon has backed the horse to win a large amount. The plot now thickens; it becomes known that the horse has reached Newmarket by the last train, and the telegraph announces that "all the London money has been taken about Diomed." The betting becomes fast and furious; the backer mounts on the table and takes all the offers he can get, of 10 to 1, against his horse, until at last, a stentorian voice offers to take 7 monkeys to 1 against Diomed, and the horse who, at ten o'clock, was at 1000 to 5, stands, at twelve, first favourite at 7 to 1.

The busy throng now begins to separate for the night, some declaring that the whole affair is a trap, others, that the horse is sure to win; and the wiser determined to be out early on the heath, to catch a glimpse of this reputed flyer, Diomed. Apparently the horse gives satisfaction to those who are up early enough to see him canter, and in the morning he is still at 7 to 1; and then sufficiently firm in the betting to enable the stable to hedge their money without driving him out of the market. Now listen to another of the ins and outs of racing. One of Diomed's party, after leaving the betting-room, states to a friend that he feels sure Diomed will beat everything except Noble. "Oh," says the friend, "Noble's party haven't backed him for a shilling, and I am sure they will consent not to start him if you put them well on Diomed." Whereupon he proceeds in quest of the owner of Noble, in order to endeavour to effect such an arrangement, but shortly returns and says, "That confounded fellow and his trainer are both so drunk that it is useless to speak to them about any such matter, and so we must run our chance; for, depend upon it, they will neither of them be out of bed to-morrow, until just time for the race."

The hour for the Cambridgeshire approaches; Diomed's party have hedged their money, and stand to net an immense stake if he wins, and not to lose if he is beaten. This operation has of course lowered the horse in the betting; but he is still a good favourite, for all the flats who arrive, per train, from London, rush in to back the horse about which they have before heard nothing. And amongst this number is our friend of the patent-leather boots, who has persuaded himself that the horse must win, and accordingly has invested a thousand upon him at a short price. A couple of races, in which no one takes much interest, come off—and now for the great event. The horses begin to assemble at the starting post, surrounded by their anxious admirers—some give satisfaction, some do not. Here you see a man galloping back to the ring, as fast as his pony can carry him, to lay off some of the money for which he has backed a horse, that on inspection he doesn't like—there another hastening to take the odds against a horse he has potted, and that now looks formidable—others there are, with compressed lip and careworn brow, who have hazarded all on the result of the race, and know that it is now useless or too late to make any change. The Diomed party are there; they are comparatively in clover, &c., cannot lose, but the stake they stand to win is enormous, and their

anxiety proportionate. Their horse looks well, perhaps a little too well, another gallop or two might have improved him. The last orders are whispered to the tiny jock who has just been thrown upon him like a ball—"Get a good start—lie well up with the leading horses, but don't come till the distance; and above all, don't use your whip." All now hurry off towards the winning-post; some station themselves at "the turn of the lands," but the majority are near the Duke's stand, about a quarter of a mile from the finish. What feverish impatience! what agonising suspense! will they never start? All eyes are straining towards the spot where a confused group of horses and bright jackets are moving restlessly about. Many a one says to himself, as for a moment he thinks over his bets, "If I get out of this scrape I will never bet again." Alas! how few keep the promise—if they win, all the past care is forgotten in the joy of the moment—in the sudden acquisition of money—in the triumphant sense of their own cleverness, which enabled them to pick out the winner. If they lose, and are not utterly ruined, they plunge still more madly into the vortex of gambling, in the vain hope of recovering what they have lost; they throw good money after bad, until none is left to throw. Such reflections are suddenly interrupted by a loud shout of "They are off!"—a mixture of horses and colours is seen approaching, but as yet, no particular horse can be distinguished—they reach the "turn of the lands"—the front rank becomes select—they thunder on towards the Duke's stand—Diomed is in front—"Diomed wins!" shouts one of his party, "sit still, boy, sit still." Diomed leads; Noble is at his girths—he draws on to his neck—the boy raises his whip; once more the warning cry of "sit still," rings loudly through the Babel of voices, but in vain; the whip descends, Diomed swerves across the course, and Noble defeats him by a head. Shouts of exultation follow from some, deep execrations from others, whilst on the countenances of a few is depicted sullen, stupefying despair. In this last category is our friend of the patent-boots; he hears nothing that is said; a confused noise rings in his ears; he can't even tell you what has won; but he *feels* that Diomed has lost, and that he is utterly ruined. No more will he frequent the scenes he so dearly loved—the hunting-field, the race-course, and the ball-room—no more brilliant society for him—he must away before the bailiff lays his hand upon his shoulder; and at Boulogne or a German watering-place, drag on a dreary existence amongst companions whom he has hitherto utterly despised.

Let it not for a moment be supposed, that there is any intention in the above remarks to depreciate horse-racing, or to unduly criticise those connected with it. It is essentially a national sport, and has, in great measure, tended to promote and maintain the superiority of the horses of these Islands. Some of the noblest in the land are its patrons, and names against whom even the whisper of calumny never has been raised appear as the most fortunate in the Racing Calendar; it is the abuse, not the use, of horse-racing that is objectionable.

Independently of the many frauds to which the unwary or inexperienced Turfite is exposed, how absurd it is for a young man to imagine that he who occasionally bets on races as an amateur, can expect, except by accident, to win from the professional betting-man, who has no other

occupation, and never misses a race-meeting, or a Tattersall's; but unfortunately so it is in too many instances. The youth, just launched from Eton, wins his few pounds upon the Derby, perhaps the next year he wins as many tens, soon the tens swell to hundreds, and he then considers himself a match for those who have toiled during their whole life at the game, and who pursue it as a profession, whilst he merely looks upon it as a pastime, to be cultivated in conjunction with hunting, dancing, military duties, &c. This is simply impossible, for success in racing requires constant and unremitting attention like any other trade; for trade it is. Well, having won his hundreds, and beginning to pride himself upon his skill in selecting winners, he soon thinks that he can make his fortune rapidly, and ventures all, or the greater part of his winnings, upon one race; he loses—is convinced that it was an accidental error—doubles his stakes to retrieve himself—is flattered by those who are preying upon him; and, persuaded that he cannot lose this time—loses again—again increases his stake—and but too often eventually concludes his career, like the luckless backer of Diomed, at short odds. But if it is difficult for a tyro, or indeed for any one, to select a winner when the race is run on the square, how much more difficult must it be when the contrary is the case?

The juvenile racing-man prides himself upon his observation of public running, calculation of weights, &c. A beat B at Chester, B beat C at Newmarket, and therefore A must beat C at Epsom; but what if B was not meant, i.e. was not intended to win at Chester, or if C was not meant at Newmarket. How then about A beating C? Such things, or others perhaps worse, are not unusual.

A gentleman had a two year-old which he did not like; at the end of the year, when squaring accounts with his trainer, he proposed that the colt should be sold for what it would fetch; but the trainer, thinking better of him than the owner, offered to take him at a certain price, provided the gentleman consented to let him run in his name, and to manage him, which was agreed to. The colt verified the trainer's opinion and improved. In the course of the next summer he was favourably weighted for a large handicap; he was tried with a horse in the same handicap, receiving less weight from him than he would in the race, and won so easily that his success was deemed a certainty—the former owner, who according to agreement had the management of the horse, immediately backed him for a considerable sum, and he rapidly became a prominent favourite. As the day for the race drew near, it became apparent that the horse was not firm in the market, and rumours began to be circulated to the effect that there was a mistake as to the real ownership of the colt, and that there were *doubts as to his starting*.

The gentleman who had the management of him, becoming alarmed, proceeded in company with a friend to the place where the trainer had arrived with the horse, in the neighbourhood of the race-course, and in answer to their pressing questions, the trainer solemnly declared that the horse was his, and that he had no other intention but to start him, and to win if possible, which he thought nearly a certainty, since the horse was so well. The friends returned to London, and backed the horse for some more hundreds; but still the betting indicated a screw loose; the opposition to him became more determined,

and on the day before the race it was universally believed that the horse was not to win. The ex-owner having the assurance of his trainer that the horse was his property, was well, and should run to win, could not believe this report, and once more sought his trainer, who at last reluctantly confessed that he had deceived him, and that the public rumour was correct. It appeared that he owed a large sum to a betting-man, who took the colt in question in lieu of his money, upon the stipulation that he should not in any way interfere with the management of the horse, and that the fact of the animal having changed hands should be kept secret. Acting upon this agreement, the trainer, not wishing to divulge the sale of the horse, persisted in assuring his employer that it was all right; but, at the last moment, discovered that the real owner had been laying against the horse throughout, and was determined not to start him. The colt was accordingly scratched on the morning of the race, and of course all the money for which he had been backed was irretrievably lost, and moreover, the trial horse won the race, thereby proving how easily the colt, who beat him in the trial, carrying more weight than he would have done in the handicap, could have won.

Now, who could guard against such a proceeding as this? The stable, acting upon the trial in which several horses were engaged, backed the trial-horse, and so saved their money. But what could the amateur better, who had backed the colt from public running and report, know of this? He of course lost heavily.

The inference to be drawn from these facts is, that whilst betting on a race in moderation, as an amusement, or for the purpose of testing the judgment as to the capabilities of a horse, may be harmlessly indulged in, the amateur who thinks he can habitually pay his bills by the large sums he is to win on great races, will sooner or later be woefully undeceived. For there can be no doubt that no gentleman ever has made, or ever will make, a fortune by racing, unless he devotes, what he never will, his whole time, energies, and attention exclusively to the Turf.

THE BEECH-NUT.

I.

I passed a beech-tree in the spring,
 The May-spring of the year,
 When primrose-eyes are opening,
 When violets appear ;
 When mossy tufts in forest-glade
 With sorrel-blossoms are inlaid.

II.

When twinkling birch-leaves glance and quiver,
 Like beads against the sky,
 When larches hang o'er many a river,
 Their tress-like tracery ;
 When grassy banks in shady dells
 Are velvety with purple bells.

III.

When butterflies begin their straying
 Among the flowerets young,
 When children through the fields are playing,
 When daisy-chains are strung ;
 When everything is new and gay—
 The happy, hopeful month of May.

IV.

I saw from that old beech-tree springing
 A young and tender shoot ;
 I saw upon the same branch clinging
 The shell of Autumn's fruit—
 A sere old husk, whence, long ago,
 The nut unseen had fall'n below.

V.

How strange to see them side by side—
 That leaf of tender green,
 And that old shell, so brown and dried,
 That wreck of what hath been ;
 A relic of a sunnier time,
 Mocking the hopes of youthful prime.

VI.

I saw a dewdrop on the leaf
 Tremble, and fall away,
 It seemed to me a tear of grief
 For early life's decay ;
 A tear of one that sorroweth
 Beside the soulless form of death.

VII.

It fell—but lo! an opening sheath
 Of leaflets on one stem,
 Like eager hands outstretched beneath,
 Received the liquid gem ;
 And as it dropt and glistened there,
 It seemed a tear of joy—not care.

VIII.

Yes! the same nut that long ago
 Forsook its withered cup,
 And all forgotten lay below—
 See how it springeth up ;
 There from its cradle in the earth
 The future beech-tree hath its birth.

IX.

Behold it peeping o'er the soft
 And fairy-foliaged moss,
 Rearing its little leaves aloft,
 So green with new-born gloss.
 Why think, then, of the sapless shell ?
 Its life was in the seed that fell.

X.

O trample not those infant leaves
 Beneath a careless tread,
 But think, if e'er thy spirit grieves
 Beside the soulless dead,
 Of those twin leaflets on one stem,
 And weep not when you think of them.

U. U. P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

NO. I.—ENGAGING A GOVERNESS.

ONE morning, during my undergraduate course in dear old Trinity, I arose, intent upon atoning for past indolence by a hard day's reading. All things seemed to favour my purpose; the weather being damp and gloomy, there was little risk of interruption from a visitor, and my wild fellow-student, Burrowes, who used so often to break in upon my studies, having just taken rooms outside College, there was, I concluded, no fear of disturbance from him. Throwing myself back in my chair, and placing my slippers upon the fender in a state of delightful ease, I had just got fairly under weigh, when, much to my annoyance, the withered old crone who attended me entered and placed a letter in my hand. The address was in the handwriting of the young gentleman I have just alluded to. And now a misgiving that my good intentions were about to be frustrated gradually possessed me. My anticipations were correct. I opened it rather testily, and found it to be an urgent summons to attend immediately at his lodgings, where he had made arrangements for affording myself and some others an entertainment of the rarest possible kind. Again I read his note; and as I thought of the merry hours we had spent together, my better resolutions, like Bob Acres' courage, began to ooze through my fingers' ends.

"What piece of folly can the mad scamp have on hands?" thought I, as I read the letter through a third time. An insidious gleam of sunshine at this critical moment stole in through the dusky window.

"I must go and see." And throwing aside my books, I prepared to equip myself for the walk.

Jack Burrowes was, in the cant phrase of the day, a "fast" young fellow, just emerged from his teens, with plenty of money but with very little brains, who lived extravagantly, gave champagne-suppers, and had, in consequence, a numerous circle of acquaintances. His chief companion was a young man some seven years his senior, who had been at Oxford, a seat of learning which, according to his own statement, he had voluntarily relinquished for the more quiet haunts of the Irish University. Rumour however had it, that he had been expelled from Oxford, and that, too, for offences of no venial character. There was something disagreeable, and even sinister, about him, which, despite his studied efforts to please, rendered him an object of very general dislike. His name was Whitby, and this was all that was really known of him; for, though making frequent allusions to his Oxford acquaintances, his tone was vague and obscure, and he studiously evaded all attempts to draw from him any particulars as to his past life. He was the companion and abettor of young Burrowes in all his wild and extravagant courses; and such was the influence he had acquired over his pupil, as I may term him, that the latter had become a mere puppet in his hands.

On arriving at Burrowes' lodgings, I met several other young fellows, invited, no doubt, for the same object as myself, but all as yet ignorant of the nature of the promised amusement. To our requests for enlightenment Burrowes opposed a steady resistance until the whole party should have arrived.

"No," said he, in reply to our entreaties, "Frank Mahon is still due; when he comes, I'll make a clean breast of it."

And now all had assembled, and the mighty secret was revealed. Whitby, as I had suspected, had planned it; and it was worthy of its author.

"We are going to treat you," said Burrowes, looking slyly at his tutor, "to a lark with the Governesses;" and he burst into a roar of boyish laughter.

"How? What can you mean?" we demanded.

"Listen," said Whitby. "You know that every day there are scores of Governesses—old and young, plain and pretty, strong-minded and simple—seeking for employment. We have made a selection from the newspapers, and written to a dozen of them, and sent off answers to them through the post. All our 'elegant extracts' will call here to-day, at the different hours named. We will meet them in turns; and if we don't strike fun out of them, I will only say that we are not good for much."

The ungentlemanly character of the scheme was so apparent, that, young and thoughtless as we were, it was received with coldness. Some, including myself, even strongly condemned it; but Whitby having persuaded us that it was a harmless freak which would be productive of the utmost gaiety and amusement, it was decided at length that the joke, as he termed it, should be played out. I had been the first to condemn it, and was the last to yield; and, as a punishment for my obstinacy, it was voted that I should give the first reception, or, as Burrowes termed it, "open the ball."

We had not long to wait; for before many minutes had passed, little Tom Hatchell, who was smoking a cigar in the balcony, announced an arrival.

"By George! she's magnificent," said he. "Six feet high at the least, with clogs."

The valet, who had been purposely placed on the watch, conducted her up stairs; while I, timid and nervous, feeling very like a fool, and very unlike a gentleman, repaired alone to the adjoining room to hold my reception. Making due allowance for the clogs, she was very tall, not young, and decidedly the worse for wear. Bowing very stiffly, she surveyed me from head to foot, evidently waiting for me to speak. Not well knowing what to say, I bowed her to a seat, an unaccountable fascination compelling me to keep my eyes steadily fixed on her's, which, in their turn, were fastened upon me, appearing to read into my very soul. There was a cool self-possession about her which threw me fairly out of the saddle. After some time she broke silence—

"I have received an answer," said she, "in reply to an advertisement of mine. Do you know anything of it?" and she fixed her large, stony eyes upon mine.

"Oh! yes, I do," returned I, feeling like a culprit beneath the scowling eye of Justice.

"My name is Magawly," continued the lady. "I believe I am true to the time named."

"Oh! quite punctual—remarkably so."

"Punctuality, sir," she added, "has been the guiding principle of my life."

"That fact, ma'am," I observed, "does you much honour; it is a letter of recommendation in your favour." I was going to add more, but the faint sounds of suppressed laughter in the adjoining room banished it from my head, and threw me once more into a state of embarrassment.

"I am happy to find you concur with me on so important a point," said the lady.

"Finishing governess, ma'am?" I asked, not knowing well what to say, yet anxious to exhibit *aplomb* to my critical companions.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "a finishing governess in the most extended sense of the term. My studies, sir, have not been confined to the narrow limits which fashion has hitherto prescribed for the female mind. The wide range of the mathematics, English in all its ramifications, the dead and modern languages——"

"Irish, of course?" I timidly suggested. My chance shot seemed to take the lady aback.

"Why—no," said she, after a moment's pause, "not Irish; it's not customary, nor is it in fact genteel."

"Ah! there, you see, is fashion," I remarked.

Here, with a view of reassuring me as to her capabilities, she entered into a minute detail of her acquirements, overwhelming me, as it were, beneath a torrent of words, and producing, as she did so, a voluminous roll of papers in verification of her statements, whilst I, smiling, smirking, and yawning by turns, submitted to my fate like a martyr. Heartily wishing for an opportunity of bidding her good morning, yet not knowing how to do so, a mode of terminating our interview suddenly occurred to me.

"Before we proceed further, ma'am," said I, "may I ask you one question?"

"Sir, a dozen—a hundred," was the reply.

"Well, then, madam, will you inform me are you a married or a single lady?"

The question seemed to disconcert her, and she appeared for a moment to doubt my seriousness; then, satisfied that I was in earnest, she answered—

"I am single, sir; yet, still hardly so. Nay, I may even say that I am wedded."

"Oh! you are engaged," said I, rather puzzled at her statement.

"I will explain," she continued. "Possibly you think I have uttered a paradox; but you shall see. You must know, then, that I was born a literary character. My parents were literary people. The one was the Bacon of his time, the other was the De Stael of her day. From my father I inherited the love of abstruse knowledge. I drank in the classic flame of ancient Greece with my mother's—ahem!—that is, I

imbibed it. My life, sir, has been a laborious one. I have been a devout worshipper at Minerva's shrine, and have not wooed the goddess in vain. Thus absorbed, I have not found time for thoughts of matrimony in its actual sense. You see before you one who, in common *parlance*, is unmarried, but who can yet lay claim to be the spouse of literature.

Here, to my dismay, boisterous roars of laughter pealed and echoed again from the adjoining room, which I vainly strove to smother by a feigned fit of coughing.

"Madam," I replied, on regaining my composure, "I regret to hear your statement, for it deprives me of the power of engaging so accomplished a lady."

"How so?" she asked, with evident disappointment.

"The fact is, ma'am," said I, breaking into a perspiration at this crisis of my fate, and speaking spasmodically, "the lady who requires the governess has sons—three young men of my own age—my cousins. She has the terror, inherent in all mothers, of their forming unhappy attachments and marrying. She will not permit an unmarried lady to reside in the house (here the laughter again became audible), and her instructions were to select a married lady, and an elderly one. Could I possibly depart so far from my orders as to select so gifted and accomplished a lady as I have the honour of addressing——"

"Ho!—ho!—ho!"—to my inexpressible misery roared the voices within, all effort to check their laughter having apparently been abandoned. And now the "spouse of literature" rose with dignity and looked defiantly around, while I, not knowing how to act, stood before her like a statue. The cold perspiration burst upon my forehead—my tongue became dry and thick, and seemed paralysed; I could have wished the floor to have given way and buried me beneath. The thought of throwing myself on my knees and imploring pardon had occurred to me, when, as if to add the climax to my embarrassment, the valet, a boy of fifteen, a greater scamp than his master, entered and presented the lady with refreshment in the shape of a bumper of champagne, a renewed peal of laughter from within hailing the feat as one of exquisite drollery. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so is there but a narrow line dividing the grave from the gay; and, as I surveyed the scene before me, my state of feeling underwent a thorough revolution, and, regardless of consequences, I joined in the hilarity with a zest surpassing even that of my companions.

"Eh! What is the meaning of this?" demanded the lady, looking ferociously around.

"The fact is, ma'am," said I, attempting an explanation, but failing, and again breaking into uproarious laughter.

"Hut, tut—impudent!—audacious puppy!" she exclaimed, dealing me a blow upon the cheek with her hard, fleshless hand, that brought me to my knee, and rang like a trumpet through my ears; then tossing the tray out of the servant's hand, and dashing the wine in his face, while the glass fell in fragments around, she strode majestically from the room, making a fearful clatter with her clogs as she descended.

My friends now gathered round me with congratulations on the creditable manner with which I had acquitted myself; while, smarting

with pain, for my cheek burned as if it had been recently blistered, I endeavoured to appear cheerful and to share in their mirth.

"That was a remarkable old monster," said Sheridan, one of our party. "I wonder what kind of a divinity will mine be."

"I hope she won't have as hard a hand as my friend," I exclaimed, pressing my hand to my cheek.

"My turn next," said Whitby, rubbing his hands gleefully together, "and I think I can promise you a little variety;" and producing a newspaper from his pocket, he read—"A young lady from the country who has been educated on the Continent." "My tastes are exotic," said he, folding up the paper. "Two is the hour named, so I suppose we shall have her here directly; people in want of employment are usually punctual," and he ended with a short, disagreeable laugh. Ere long the second arrival was announced. We took our places in the front drawing-room, and "the young lady from the Continent" was shewn into the adjoining room, one of the folding doors being left partially open to enable us to witness the interview. A glance convinced us that she was not the denizen of a city. Glowing with health, pretty and piquante, and, above all, possessed of that charm of youth to which the French have applied the phrase "*beauté de diable*," she impressed us at once with admiration, and (such is the power of beauty) with a full sense of our dishonourable and unmanly conduct.

"What a lovely girl!" remarked one in a whisper. "Is she not beautiful?" exclaimed another. "By Jove! we are acting a shabby part." As for me I spoke not, but vowed internally that if Whitby attempted to insult her I would fell him to the floor; for I felt for the time endowed with treble strength. For a few moments she stood irresolute, expecting doubtless to see the lady who, as she supposed, had written to her, while Whitby, wearing an impudent air, yet looking rather sheepish withal, stood silent before her. There was that peculiar dignity about the young girl which ever attends purity and innocence when accompanied with good sense. The bold man felt awed—his tactics were deranged.

Finding that no lady appeared, and that Whitby still remained silent, she asked, in a slightly foreign accent, to see the lady who wished to engage a governess.

"Oh yes—your advertisement—ya—s," returned Whitby, smiling as he no doubt thought with a most fascinating expression. "Please—ah—my dear—to take a seat."

Astounded at this familiar address, she looked at him haughtily and in silence.

"Why—ah"—continued Whitby, running his hand through his hair—"it is not exactly a lady—it is I who require a governess."

"You!" she returned, in a tone of cutting satire—"I thought you were the footman."

Here, no doubt, to Whitby's discomfiture, we opened with a most provoking titter.

"No, my child, you mistake," continued he—"I am a gentleman—a sad and lonely one—who wishes for some rose-bud like yourself to breathe on him her fragrance—to lead his wayward heart to virtue—to be his guide—his mentor—his governess."

This insolent speech so astonished the young lady that for some time she stood perfectly still, then hearing our voices in the next apartment, she indignantly demanded an explanation.

"My dear young lady, will you be seated and hear me," returned Whitby.

"Dear young lady!" she repeated, contemptuously, while proudly tossing her head, and looking, as I thought, more beautiful than ever, in the indignant scorn with which she regarded Whitby.

"Yes, dearest!" he continued, inwardly enraged with her. "Only listen to me, and suffer me to explain;" then approaching her he seized her hand and attempted to press it to his lips.

I could resist no longer. "This is outrageous!" I cried, and darting forward I tore him from her side, and hurled him to a distant part of the room. Recovering himself in a minute, he became deadly pale, and scowling at me with an expression of anger and malignity I shall never forget, he followed the lady into the room we had just occupied. If his object was to prevent her from raising an alarm, he was too late; for rushing to the open window, she screamed at the height of her voice—"Ho! Richard, come up here;" and in a moment afterwards a noise was heard like the bursting open of the hall-door, and the person summoned dashed into the room. He was a tall, fresh-coloured lad, about nineteen, his likeness at once proclaiming him as the brother of the young girl to whose assistance he had come.

"What's wrong, Nelly?" he asked impatiently, in a tone redolent of the far West.

His sister, clinging to his arm, rapidly detailed what had occurred, while the young man, seeming to swell with rage, glared around him like a panther determined to attack, but uncertain upon whom to make the first spring.

"Who has dared to insult you thus?" he at length asked.

"That man," she replied, pointing to Whitby. Then, overcome with excitement and with the sense of the outrage offered to her, she burst into passionate tears.

Roused at her grief, the brother disengaged her from his arm, then with quivering lip and dilated nostrils, his eyes seeming to flash fire, he advanced towards the offender, who, though evidently ill at ease, endeavoured to appear calm and collected.

"So you are in want of a governess," said the youth, advancing towards Whitby, and grasping with his left hand the lappels of his coat.

"Hands off, rascal! or you shall repent it," roared Whitby.

"Rascal!" exclaimed the youth indignantly; then raising the stout cane which he carried in his right hand, he applied it across the shoulders of the other with a force that must have cut to the bone.

Uttering a yell of mingled rage and agony the latter dashed his clenched hand into his opponent's face—they grappled and rolled together on the carpet. The young lady, who had now recovered her composure, to our great surprise contemplating the scene before her with the utmost satisfaction, and appearing only anxious that her brother should prove the victor. Her tears, like an April shower, soon dried and gave place to sunshine.

In a few moments we separated them, but found it impossible to keep them asunder. Their blood was up, and they were madly anxious to rush at each other. Whitby stormed and raged like an angry tiger; the other acted like a young panther that had just tasted blood and was sure of his prey. Whitby, who was a strong, well-grown man, was wont to boast of his strength, and prided himself on being a patron of the ring. He was something of an amateur too, and handled "the gloves" with some dexterity. Exasperated at the audacity of the youth who had thus dared him, he determined to visit him with con-dign chastisement; probably, too, he felt that his reputation was at stake, and that his influence over Burrowes depended upon his successful termination of the contest.

"I'll give the lad such a dressing," said he in confidence to those around him, "as he'll remember all the days of his life. I'll send him whining homeward like a beaten cur."

In truth, this result was only what we expected. So much was I impressed with the inequality of the contest that I declared it should not be proceeded with, and threw myself between them to prevent a collision. My efforts, however, were unavailing.

"This, sir, is my concern," said the lad, maddened with my efforts to restrain him. "Believe me that before I've done with him I'll cause him to regret the day he offered an insult to the blood of the Martins."

"But you are a mere boy," said I, "while he is a full grown man."

"Don't mind that," returned he, indulging in a short, dry laugh, in which to my surprise his sister joined. "Only see fair play and I am satisfied."

The fact was that the young lad, being fresh from school, where in those days boxing was still in fashion, was a perfect master of the pugilistic art, and though inferior in size and strength, was vastly superior to the other in agility, and in vigour of lungs.

I could only yield, and, determined to see fair play, assumed to myself the position of second to young Martin, heartily wishing him success. And now commenced one of the most exciting scenes I have ever witnessed, in which the young lady, no fictitious heroine, but a child of nature, with strong feelings and strong resentments, seemed to take as deep an interest as ourselves. In the confusion of the moment her bonnet had fallen off, allowing her dark, luxuriant hair to fall around in graceful tresses. We now saw that although in stature a woman, she was little more than a child in years. Intent upon the scene before her, passionately resenting the insult so recently offered to her, and quite unconscious of our wonder at the act, she continued to animate her brother with voice and gesture, doubtless as, when children together, she had often before encouraged him in his juvenile feuds.

"Now, Richard, don't spare him. Give it him," she cried.

"Don't fear, Nelly; keep back," returned the brother, dexterously parrying Whitby's blows, and sending in his own with a skill and precision which convinced me that apprehension on his account was wholly unnecessary.

It is not my intention to go through the details of the encounter, or to initiate my readers into the mysteries of "Boxiana," which happily

the refinement and good taste of the present age has rendered a sealed book to almost every one. It will be sufficient to say, that after a contest of nearly half an hour, during which neither the superior strength nor the dogged pertinacity of Whitby were a match for the science and activity of his younger opponent, Whitby—bleeding, disfigured, and discomfited, lacking even the excitement of our sympathies, which were now undisguisedly with young Martin—threw himself into a seat, dropped his head upon the table, and exclaiming, "Have I then no friend left!" actually commenced to sob like a child.

The salutary lesson we had just witnessed, had a wonderful effect in bringing our minds to a due appreciation of the dastardly plot to which we had lent ourselves, the charms of the young lady, its victim, tending considerably to induce this conviction. The scene was now becoming awkward. I could only conduct the young lady and her brother down the staircase, with many and sincere expressions of the deep sorrow which I felt for my participation in this most unfortunate freak. Young Martin bore his laurels meekly, and as we parted handed me his card, adding an assurance of the pleasure he should feel if I would call upon them. As I gratefully pressed the hand which the young lady offered me, I felt that I was forgiven.

Intent upon following up the acquaintance thus inauspiciously commenced, I paid a visit to my new friends on the following day. We soon became very intimate, and so successfully did I ingratiate myself with the lovely Ellen, that before a year had passed I had obtained from her a promise which was fulfilled, when in two years afterwards she merged her own name in that of Mrs. —.

Several years have passed since then, fleetly and happily. I will only add, in confidence to my readers, that before long I think it not improbable that I may again, and more legitimately, be employed in the task of "Engaging a Governess."

AURORA LEIGH.*

IN looking at a work of genius we forget the artist, so Mrs. Browning must waive a lady's privilege against searching criticism. With many faults of conception, method, and style, "Aurora Leigh" has nothing in common with those toys of female fancy in graceful verse, which we chivalrously praise from sympathy with their authors—

"Not as mere work, but as mere woman's work,
Expressing the comparative respect,
Which means the absolute scorn,"

but which in themselves are not worth a serious thought. Though imperfect as a whole, and marred with flaws and blemishes, this is a real poem, that is, a creation of Truth in Beauty; and, as such, it deserves admiration and scrutiny, without regard to its author's personality. We shall deal with it, therefore, from this impartial level, the rather that we believe it is the only point of view from which Mrs. Browning would wish to be criticised.

Independently of this particular poem, for two reasons Mrs. Browning merits our respect. In the first place, although she is far from faithful to it, she has a true conception of the office and object of poetry, and she strives conscientiously to express it in her works. She feels that poetry should be a just representation of things seen or felt, of external objects in certain relations, or of internal emotions, which must be harmoniously and coherently set forth, and must besides be idealised into those forms of beauty which it is for the poet alone to create, and which can only be ascertained in their effect upon his readers. She is aware that it does not consist in tessellating fine words into truthless forms; nor in tricking out worthless creations in deceitful splendour; nor in daubing over the objects to be expressed with rhetorical colours, until, as she phrases it, "the memory mixes with the vision, spoils, and makes it turbid;" nor yet in flinging together beauties, however perfect, which are not in accordance with nature. She, therefore, comprehends her art; and, although in this work she has committed many of the faults she condemns, it is gratifying in an age, when, with rare exceptions, poetry is running to frippery and word-painting, to mark how earnestly and truly she appreciates it. Indeed, she lifts it to an eminence, which, we confess, we cannot quite reach in thought, when she says that poets are—

"The only truth-tellers now left to God,
The only speakers of essential truth
Opposed to relative, comparative,
And temporal truths; the only holders by
His sun-skirts, through conventional grey glooms;
The only teachers who instruct mankind
From just a shadow on a charnel wall
To find man's veritable stature out
Erect, sublime —."

* "Aurora Leigh." By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

This appears to us to be confounding poetry with Platonic Idealism. In the next place, Mrs. Browning has a lively faith that this present age—a drama of intense significance and moving incident—with its rich development of human action and material splendour, in solemn contrast with the pathetic scenes which every day shock our self-complacent civilization, is really full of the elements of poetry. We thoroughly agree with her in this particular. There are some who think that the highest poetry is only possible at that period when language is still in concrete simplicity, and there yet remains enough faith in mythical creations to warrant the poet in lighting them up with his genius. They would thus make an imperfect tongue the only instrument of the noblest of arts, and would limit its sphere to the imaginative reproduction of legendary characters. We deny that the only proof of this theory—namely, that some of the greatest poems, the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Prometheus*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet* have actually appeared under these conditions—shows that works of equal genius may not be produced under different circumstances, or at all establishes the conclusion sought for. It indicates, indeed, that in the states of language and thought which we have now arrived at, it is not easy for any genius to create the highest poetry, and this we believe to be correct. We are not concerned to deny that language is aptest for high poetry, when it is yet free from the diction of science; that it is of use to the poet that his works should enjoy that peculiar reverence, which in certain phases of belief clings to mythic stories, and that his subjects are most ductile to imagination, when far removed from actual existences. But granting that it is difficult to shape a modern tongue for a great poem, or to mould it out of elements the proximity of which repels idealising forces, let us not suppose that the task is impossible; that real genius cannot always find words for its purpose, or cannot have full scope in the glory and majesty of present nature, or in the mysteries of humanity, which have their being amongst us. We, therefore, sympathise with Mrs. Browning when she exclaims—

“ Every age,

Heroic in proportions, double-faced,
Looks backward and before, expects a morn
And claims an epos.

Ay, but every age

Appears to souls who live in it (ask Carlyle)
Most unheroic. Ours, for instance, ours!
The thinkers scout it, and the poets abound
Who scorn to touch it with a finger-tip,
A pewter age—mixed metal, silver washed;
An age of scum, spooned off the richer past;
An age of patches for old gaberdines;
An age of mere transition, meaning nought,
Except that what succeeds must shame it quite
If God please. That's wrong thinking to my mind,
And wrong thoughts make poor poems.

Every age,

Through being beheld too close, is ill discerned
By those who have not lived past it. We'll suppose
Mount Athos carved, as Persian Xerxes schemed,

To some colossal statue of a man :
 The peasants, gathering brushwood in his ear,
 Had guessed as little of any human form
 Up there, as would a flock of browsing goats.
 They'd have, in fact, to travel ten miles off
 Or ere the giant image broke on them,
 Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
 Mouth, muttering rhythms of silence up the sky,
 And fed at evening with the blood of suns ;
 Grand torso—hand that flung perpetually
 The largesse of a silver river down
 To all the country pastures.—'Tis even thus
 With times we live in, evermore too great
 To be apprehended near.

But poets should

Exert a double vision : should have eyes
 To see near things as comprehensively
 As if afar they took their point of sight,
 And distant things, as intimately deep,
 As if they touched them. Let us strive for this."

Like several modern poems, "Aurora Leigh" contains a philosophic theory. This, in one sense, however, is not left bare in versified abstractions ; it can only be caught at through the outward form of a real poem, which, in itself, will please the least initiated ; but it is worth extracting, as it marks out the central thoughts around which the structure grows. It may, we think, be thus analysed.—The seer of truth finds in all things material forms and spiritual significances. Every object in nature suggests ideal beauty. So man is sphered in a fleshly frame, but symbolises an image of perfection. The artist is then only worthy of the name when his work reflects this two-fold being. The educator fails in his task if he does not strive to fashion man upon this type, which is that of his true nature. This cannot be done by satisfying material wants only, which lowers the proper standard of life, and tends simply to brutalise humanity. Nor can it be done by merely cultivating the intellect, which can, indeed, perceive the ideal of existence, but cannot, by itself, express it in conduct. But it may be accomplished by training our complex nature to fulfil its proper functions ; that is, by giving the body its due, teaching the mind to search for truth, and setting the affections to charity, which is love.

We are not concerned with the truth of this system, as our subject is its poetic development. It is, we think, nearly contained in the following lines, perhaps the most abstract in the poem :—

" A two-fold world
 Must go to a perfect cosmos. Natural things
 And spiritual,—who separates those two
 In art, in morals, or the social drift,
 Tears up the bond of nature and brings death,
 Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,
 Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,
 Is wrong, in short, at all points. We divide
 This apple of life, and cut it through the pips,
 The perfect round which fitted Venus' hand
 Has perished utterly as if we ate

Both halves. Without the spiritual, observe,
 The natural 's impossible ;—no form,
 No motion ! without sensuous, spiritual
 Is unappreciable ;—no beauty or power !
 And in this two-fold sphere the two-fold man
 (And still the artist is intensely a man)
 Holds firmly by the natural, to reach
 The spiritual beyond it—fixes still
 The type with mortal vision, to pierce through,
 With eyes immortal, to the antitype,
 Some call the ideal—better called the real,
 And certain to be called so presently,
 When things shall have their names.

No lily-muffled hum of a summer bee,
 But finds some coupling with the spinning stars ;
 No pebble at your foot but proves a sphere ;
 No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim :
 And,—glancing on my own thin, veined wrist,
 In such a little tremour of the blood
 The whole strong clamour of a vehement soul
 Doth utter itself distinct. Earth 's crammed with heaven,
 And every common bush a-fire with God,
 But only he who sees takes off his shoes ;
 The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries,
 And daub their natural faces, unaware
 More and more, from the first similitude.

Truth, so far, in my book ! a truth which draws
 From all things upwards. I, Aurora, still
 Have found it hound me through the wastes of life,
 As Jove did Io ; and until that Hand
 Shall overtake me wholly, and, on my head
 Lay down its large unfluctuating peace,
 The feverish gadfly pricks me up and down.
 It must be. Art 's the witness of what Is
 Behind this show. If this world's show were all,
 Then imitation would be all in Art :
 There Jove's hand gripes us !—For, we stand here, we,
 If genuine artists, witnessing for God's
 Complete, consummate, undivided work.

A truth
 Which, fully recognised, would change the world,
 And shift its morals. If a man could feel,
 Not one day, in the artist's ecstasy,
 But every day, feast, fast, or working day,
 The spiritual significance burn through
 The hieroglyphic of material shows,
 Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings,
 And reverence fish and fowl, the bull, the tree,
 And even his very body as a man.

Art, itself,
 We've called the higher life, still must feel the soul
 Live past it. For more's felt than is perceived,
 And more's perceived than can be interpreted,
 And Love strikes higher with his lambent flame
 Than Art can pile the faggots.

Is it so?

When Jove's hand meets us with composing touch,
And when at last we are hushed and satisfied,—
Then, Io does not call it truth, but love?

You only thought to rescue men
By half means, half way, seeing half their wants,
While thinking nothing of your personal gain.
But I, who saw the human nature broad,
At both sides, comprehending, too, the souls,
And all the high necessities of Art,
Betrayed the thing I saw, and wronged my own life
For which I pleaded. Passioned to exalt
The artist's instinct in me at the cost
Of putting down the woman's,—I forgot
No perfect artist is developed here
From any imperfect woman. Flower from root,
And spiritual from natural, grade by grade,
In all our life. A handful of the earth
To make God's image! the despised, poor earth,
The healthy odorous earth. I missed with it
The divine Breath that blows the nostrils out
To ineffable inflatus; ay, the breath
Which love is. Art is much, but love is more!
O Art, my Art, thou'rt much, but Love is more.
Art symbolises heaven, but Love is God,
And makes heaven."

These conceptions are worked out in the characters and lives of Aurora and Romney Leigh, the heroine and hero of the poem. The one, a poetess, thinks that because genius can apprehend its beauty, a life of art can fulfil the ideal of humanity; and, accordingly, spends a barren intellectual existence, until, animated by a noble and unselfish love, she rises into a higher being. The other, a philanthropist, but narrowing his charities to material bounties, and placing social welfare in physical comfort, strives, with these views, to educate masses of pauperism, and turns them out in specimens of well-fed brutality. But these leading personages are grouped with other characters, in whose collective action the poem is sustained; and thus its philosophy is veiled in a dramatic form. Looking at this outward structure only, we find much to censure and to admire. The action of the piece is [interrupted by lengthy reflections, and is greatly obscured by subjective elements; the actors, in our judgment, if we except Lady Waldemar, are not well drawn, are sometimes placed in unnatural positions, often are swayed by unnatural motives, and tend to deviate into talking abstractions. There is vivid force in every page, but a want of easy mastery of the subjects expressed; and the style, though overflowing with energy and power, is sometimes crude, sometimes poor, and frequently runs into metaphorical harshness. And yet, with all these faults, the poem is full of vitality throughout; and has scenes of such real power, passages of such extraordinary beauty, and descriptions of such vividness and truth, that, in some respects, we think the author scarcely inferior to any living poet. With all its shortcomings, it is a noble work.

The poem is divided into nine books. The first opens to us the

poetic youth of "Aurora Leigh." The child of an English father and a Tuscan mother ; at thirteen she becomes an orphan, and finds herself in England' in wardship of one of those female stoics, whose life of cold decencies is a check on genius, and a protest against feeling. Under this loveless care the child grows to womanhood, instinctively turning from shallow lessons to feed her imagination upon nature. She delights to steal out to—

"The beauteous country round,
The skies, the clouds, the fields,
The happy violets hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold,—
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs—hedgerows all alive
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies
Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind,—
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage-gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards."

Or, from her chamber to gaze at—

"The folded hills
Striped up and down with hedges, (burly oaks
Projecting from the lines to show themselves)
Through which my cousin Romney's chimneys smoked
As still as when a silent mouth in frost
Breathes—showing where the woodlands hid Leigh Hall ;
While, far above, a jut of table-land,
A promontory without water, stretched—
You could not catch it if the days were thick,
Or took it for a cloud ; but, otherwise
*The vigorous sun would catch it up at eve
And use it for an anvil till he had filled
The shelves of heaven with burning thunderbolts,
And proved he need not rest —"*

At length the Psyché of her youth finds its Eros poetry, and she begins to give her thoughts to verse—

"Singing at a work apart
Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight,
In vortices of glory and blue air."

She forms a noble conception of Art, and in the enthusiasm of youth resolves to dedicate her life to it. Beside her dwelling is that of her cousin, Romney Leigh. Duty and feeling alike urge him to love her ; for her father's Italian match had caused her to be disinherited, and had given him the estate that was her birthright. He had received it with a paternal injunction to marry her ; and, almost unconsciously she had

won his affections. But Romney Leigh, too, had a passion which did not indeed absorb that of his love, but prompted him to make love minister to it. He had long pondered over the sad phenomena of social want and distress.

“The world half blind
With intellectual light, half brutalized
With civilization, having caught the plague
In silks from Tarsus, shrieking east and west
Along a thousand railroads, mad with pain,
And sin too.”

He had mused over that turbid gulf of life in which the rich and poor seem to hurtle in contending currents.

“Who agonise together, rich and poor,
Under and over in the social spasm,
And crisis of the ages”—

Until—

“The sun of youth
Had shone too straight upon his brain,
And fevered him with dreams of doing good
To good-for-nothing people.”

His philanthropy, however, confines itself to material ends—to building model lodging-houses, establishing poor-clubs, institutes and soforth. He resolves that his wife, whoever she may be, shall help him in this work, and, filled with this idea, he addresses Aurora. He had chosen an unlucky occasion, when her mind was overflowing with poetic sympathies. Although not indisposed to him, she misses the note of real love in his appeal to her to aid him in his benevolence, and feels his coarse and gloomy views of human nature shock her fine artistic taste. She rejects him after a scene, which, though carefully finished, is harsh and unnatural in conception.

“What you love
Is not a woman, Romney, but a cause—
You want a helpmate, not a mistress, sir;
A wife to help your ends—in her no end.”

Shortly afterwards the death of Aurora's guardian leaves her to work out for herself the life of Art. She refuses a fortune, which Romney, with delicate generosity, seeks to secure to her, and departs for London. But it is evident from the closing passage of the second book, that she is not quite heart-proof to his influence.

“He smiled as men smile when they will not speak,
Because of something bitter in the thought;
And still I feel his melancholy eyes
Look judgment on me. It is seven years since:
I know not if 'twas pity or 'twas scorn
Has made them so far-reaching: judge it ye
Who have had to do with pity more than love,
And scorn than hatred. I am used, since then,
To other ways from equal men. But so,

Even so, we let go hands, my cousin and I,
 And, in between us, rushed the torrent world
 To blanch our faces like divided rocks,
 And bar for ever mutual sight and touch
 Except through swirl of spray and all that roar."

The third book gives us the artist-life of the heroine. She devotes her youth to poetry, shut up alone in London, and slowly rising into intellectual fame. This picture is vivid and true :—

"Happy, and unafraid of solitude,
 I worked the short days out,—and watched the sun
 On lurid morns or monstrous afternoons,
 Like some Druidic idol's fiery brass,
 With fixed unflickering outline of dead heat,
 In which the blood of wretches pent inside
 Seemed oozing forth, to incarnadine the air,—
 Push out through fog with his dilated disk,
 And startle the slant roofs and chimney-pots
 With splashes of fierce colour. Or I saw
 Fog only, the great tawny weltering fog,
 Involve the passive city, strangle it
 Alive, and draw it off into the void,
 Spires, bridges, streets, and squares, as if a sponge
 Had wiped out London,—or as noon and night
 Had clapped together and utterly struck out
 The intermediate time, undoing themselves
 In the act."

So three years pass away. Meantime Romney Leigh, not indeed forgetful of his first love, but over sensitive at Aurora's refusal of him, gives his whole soul to his philanthropic works, and never sees the lonely poetess. He seeks, after his fashion, to solve the social difficulty that had awed him. He strives everywhere to ameliorate want. He visits and endows hospitals, and all kinds of charitable institutions. He establishes on his estate refuges for pauperism, and organizes misery into a gross, sensual socialism. In Parliament he takes up the "condition of England" question, and becomes famous as a "practical" philanthropist. The lives of the hero and heroine are thus running apart, when to Aurora's solitary cell there comes a certain Lady Waldemar :—

"She had the low voice of your English dames,
 Unused, it seems, to need rise half a note
 To catch attention,—and their quiet mood,
 As if they lived too high above the earth
 For that to put them out in anything :
 So gentle, because verily so proud ;
 So wary and afraid of hurting you,
 By no means that you are not really vile,
 But that they would not touch you with their foot
 To push you to your place : so self-possessed
 Yet gracious and conciliating, it takes
 An effort in their presence to speak truth :
 You know the sort of woman,—brilliant stuff,
 And out of nature."

Lady Waldemar, whose character we think very well drawn, brings strange tidings to Aurora Leigh. She is one of the hard and varnished shams of "High Life." She has a fair exterior, a subtle and plotting mind, a bold will, and a callous heart, that yet is capable of a selfish passion. She is very much "in love" with Romney Leigh. She haunts him in society, mingles in his pursuits, and does all she can to win him. At last she hears that in one of his philanthropic tours he has met with a girl of the lowest origin, and is resolved to marry her, partly from affection, chiefly to give a Socialist lesson to humanity. She is determined to mar his project. She goes to Romney, volunteers to be kind to his future wife, and to associate Aurora, whom she falsely pretends to know, in the exemplary work. She had supposed that Aurora, in the pride of birth, would have reasoned Romney out of such a union; and, for herself, she was resolved to undo it if possible. Romney accepts the deceitful proffer, and hence the visit to Aurora Leigh. She tells her tale with much art—her pride chafing at the confession of her passion, her false ideas of high natures assuring her that Aurora would help her in her scheme. She is dismissed with this answer:—

"I love love! truth's no cleaner thing than love.
 I comprehend a love so fiery hot
 It burns its natural veil of august shame,
 And stands sublimely in the nude, as chaste
 As Medicean Venus. But I know,
 A love that burns through veils, will burn through masks,
 And shrivel up treachery. What, love and lie!
 Nay—go to the opera! Your love's curable."

Romney had resolved to wed his bride in her actual station, and thus to mark his scorn for social distinctions. Aurora, who had heard of her whereabouts from Lady Waldemar, hurries off to discover the daughter of the People. She finds her in a miserable abode, with a St. Giles's populace for her fellow-lodgers. It is so unnatural that any man of common decency should leave his future wife in the midst of such influences, that Mrs. Browning's genius of description is here merely aggravation. Marian Erle is the name of the girl, and she tells the story of her life to Aurora Leigh. She is one of those impossible ideals of purity, simplicity, and noble-mindedness, true to virtue in the midst of moral contagion, which poets of the first rank have never delineated, but which are the special favourites of those of the second. Her narrative, however, is rich in poetry. She is the offspring of vagrants in whom misery and sin have almost effaced humanity; but from earliest youth she communes with nature and ripens to moral beauty. By fits and starts, too, she picks up some knowledge from which her innate instinct purges all evil. At length, as she reaches youth, her mother tries to sell her to pollution. She flies away; breaks a bloodvessel in her flight; and is carried in a swoon to an hospital. Here she meets with Romney Leigh. On her recovery he apprentices her to a sempstress; but she leaves her work to tend a sick companion. He finds her engaged in this pious duty, and watches her day after day until—

"She felt within his utterance, and his eyes,
 A closer, tenderer presence of the soul,
 Until at last he said, 'We shall not part.'"

Here at last appears his helpmate. He thus addresses her :—

“ Dear Marian, of one clay God made us all,
 And though men push and poke and paddle in 't,
 (As children play at fashioning dirt pies)
 And call their fancies by the name of facts,
 Assuming difference, lordship, privilege,
 When all's plain dirt, they come back to it at last ;
 The first grave-digger proves it with a spade,
 And pats all even. Need we wait for this,
 You, Marian, and I, Romney ?

I being born
 What men call noble, and you issued from
 The noble people,—though the tyrannous sword
 Which pierced Christ's heart, has cleft the world in twain
 'Twixt class and class, opposing rich to poor,—
 Shall we keep parted ?

Marian Erle accepts the proffered hand with meek devotion. The marriage, in which benevolence and a worshipping gratitude unconsciously feign a real passion, is to be a protest against class differences. The bride is to leave her sordid abode, in company with a horde of paupers, and the bridegroom, with friends of his own degree, is to meet her at church. It is no wonder that Aurora is astonished at such arrangements, and hints a doubt whether love could be in them. At this moment Romney enters. The scene which follows is well executed. It is plain that, as soon as he sees Aurora again, Romney feels his old attachment. She too, without knowing why, is troubled in spirit. As she takes leave, Romney offers to escort her home, sensible how unfit it is for her to be alone, even for an instant, where his intended wife spends her life by his wishes. This passage seems to us well conceived.

“ ‘ Dear Romney, you're the poet,’ I replied,
 But felt my smile too mournful for my word,
 And turned and went. Ay, masks I thought,—beware
 Of tragic masks, we tie before the glass,
 Uplifted on the cothurn half a yard
 Above the natural stature ! we would play
 Heroic parts to ourselves,—and end perhaps
 As impotently as Athenian wives,
 Who shrieked in fits at the Eumenides.

“ His foot pursued me down the stair. ‘ At least
 You'll suffer me to walk with you beyond
 These hideous streets, these graves where men alive,
 Packed close with earth-worms, burr unconsciously
 About the plague that slew them ; let me go.
 The very women pelt their souls in mud
 At any woman who walks here alone.
 How came you here alone ?—You are ignorant.’

“ We had a strange and melancholy walk :
 The night came drizzling downward in dull rain ;
 And, as we walked, the colour of the time,

The act, the presence, my hand upon his arm,
His voice in my ear, and mine to my own sense,
Appeared unnatural.

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A month passes, and the day of the marriage arrives. The flower of St. James's and the scum of St. Giles's—the living contrasts of wealth and want—meet in church to witness the ceremony. Mrs. Browning crowds together worthless fops, Aspasias of rank, fetid drabs, and a *sans culotte* mob, and, in a pause of preparation, makes them talk after their kind. The scene is daguerreotyped with revolting accuracy, and is so unnatural that we hurry away from it. Romney Leigh is there, but Marian does not appear. At last he receives a letter from her, telling him to expect her no more. A few hints from Lady Waldemar, a word or two from Aurora, dropped in the midst of much kindness, had satisfied her that love could not bridge over the social chasm between them. She bids him farewell, and charges him not to vex himself on her account. Romney searches for her in vain. Aurora suspects Lady Waldemar's hand in her disappearance, but fails to convince him that she is a traitress. At the close of the fourth book the cousins part again, each to resume the duties of life.

The fifth book, in our judgment, is the feeblest in the poem, and is spun out to an extravagant length. Marian Erle's fate remains a mystery. The hero and heroine work on in their several ways, and nothing remarkable occurs to either, until Aurora hears that Romney is to marry Lady Waldemar, who had been helping him earnestly in his philanthropy. She has never got rid of her suspicions, but wisely resolves not to interfere, and departs on a foreign tour. The love of Art begins to lose for her its former charms, and she turns her thoughts to Florence, where her childhood grew. Romney has disappointed her, but as she leaves her lonely poetic cell, a yearning for him is touchingly revealed. This is the feeling, though expressed elsewhere—

“ He bears down on me through the slanting years,
The stronger for the distance. If he had loved,
Ay, loved me with that retributive face,
I might have been a common woman now,
And happier, less known, and less left alone,
Perhaps a better woman after all,
With chubby children hanging on my neck,
To keep me low, and wise. Ah me! the vines
That bear such fruit, are proud to stoop to it.
The palm stands upright in a realm of sand.”

The sixth book brings Aurora to Paris, which Mrs. Browning makes the occasion of a very just and thoughtful panegyric on the French people. She is wandering through the brilliant streets and historical monuments of the City of Civilisation, when suddenly a figure crosses her path, and is lost in the crowd —

“ It was, as if a meditative man
Were dreaming out a summer afternoon,
And watching gnats a-prick upon a pond,

When something floats up suddenly, out there,
Turns over ... a dead face, known once alive—
So old, so new ! It would be dreadful now
To lose the sight and keep the doubt of this."

She is convinced that she has seen the long-lost Marian, and she uses every exertion to discover her. It is not the less a duty, because the figure seemed to carry an infant, from which she infers the worst. At length—

" A simple chance
Did all. I could not sleep last night, and, tired
Of turning on my pillow and harder thoughts,
Went out at early morning, when the air
Is delicate with some last starry touch,
To wander through the Market-place of Flowers
(The prettiest haunt in Paris), and make sure
At worst, that there were roses in the world.
So wandering, musing, with the artist's eye
That keeps the shade-side of the thing it loves,
Half absent, whole observing, while the crowd
Of young, vivacious, and black-braided heads
Dipped, quick as finches in a blossomed tree,
Among the nosegays, cheapening this and that
In such a cheerful twitter of rapid speech,—
My heart leaped in me startled by a voice —— "

which proves to be that of Marian Erle. After much opposition, Aurora insists upon accompanying her to her home. The first object she beholds there is Marian's child, thus exquisitely portrayed :—

" There he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely, tumbled curls about his face ;
For, since he had been covered over much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into,
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant ! in the pretty baby mouth,
Shut close—as if for dreaming that it sucked ;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings : everything so soft
And tender,—to the little hold-fast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of 't."

At first Aurora quietly reprovcs, thinking that she sees the fruit of voluntary sin. But Marian interrupts her with stern pathos, and tells her melancholy tale, which we think by far the finest part of the poem, and instinct with great genius. The following lines, which begin it, sound to us very Shaksperian :—

" For the rest,
I am not on a level with your love,

Nor ever was, you know,—but now am worse,
 Because that world of yours has dealt with me
 As when the hard sea bites and chews a stone,
 And changes the first form of it. I've marked
 A shore of pebbles bitten to one shape
 From all the various life of madrepores;
 And so that little stone called Marian Erle,
 Picked up and dropped by you and another friend,
 Was ground and tortured by the incessant sea,
 And bruised from what she was,—changed! Death's a change,
 And she, I said, was murdered; Marian's dead.
 What can you do with people when they are dead?
 But, if you are pious, sing a hymn and go,
 Or, if you are tender, heave a sigh and go,
 But go, by all means."

Lady Waldemar, reckless of all but her selfish passion, had won her confidence; and, with cruel art, had persuaded her that Romney could never truly love her. Gradually she was led to consent to make a generous self-sacrifice, and to depart for Australia, with a servant of her adviser. This woman was a cateress for infamy. Her victim is drugged and violated. She lifts up her eyes in frenzy. The entire description is appalling, but not revolting, and shows very great art; but we have only space for the closing lines. There is, in our judgment, something peculiarly fine in the way in which external objects are made to wear the hues of her distempered fancy:—

"They feared my eyes, and loosed me as boys might
 A mad dog which they had tortured. Up and down
 I went by road and village, over tracts
 Of open foreign country, large and strange,
 Crossed everywhere by long, thin, poplar lines
 Like fingers of some ghastly skeleton Hand
 Through sunlight and through moonlight evermore
 Pushed out from hell itself to pluck me back,
 And resolute to get me, slow and sure;
 While every roadside Christ upon His cross
 Hung reddening through His gory wounds at me,
 And shook his nails in anger, and came down
 To follow a mile after, wading up
 The low vines and green wheat, crying, 'Take the girl,
 She's none of mine from henceforth.' Then, I knew,
 The charitable peasants gave me bread
 And leave to sleep in straw: and twice they tied,
 At parting, Mary's image round my neck—
 How heavy it seemed! as heavy as a stone;
 A woman has been strangled with less weight;
 I threw it in a ditch to keep it clean,
 And ease my breath a little, when none looked;
 I did not need such safeguards:—brutal men
 Stopped short, Miss Leigh, in insult, when they had seen
 My face,—I must have had an awful look:
 And so I lived: the weeks passed on—I lived.
 'Twas living my old tramp-life o'er again,
 But this time, in a dream, and hunted round
 By some prodigious Dream-fear at my back

Which ended, yet : my brain cleared presently,
 And there I sate, one evening, by the road,
 I, Marian Erle, myself, alone, undone,
 Facing a sunset low upon the flats,
 As if it were the finish of all time,—
 The great red stone upon my sepulchre,
 Which angels were too weak to roll away."

At length the agony of her spirit subsides, and as she phrases it, "A pure amen is set to hideous deeds." She gives birth to the child, in whom what remains of her feelings is centered. Aurora Leigh is satisfied of her innocence, and entreats her to accompany her on her journey. But how is she to act with regard to Romney? She is convinced that Lady Waldemar had abetted Marian's ruin. Is she to acquaint him with the villainy of one perhaps already his wife? After some self-commune, in which again affection for her cousin betrays itself, she confides the tale to a friend, that—

"If that convicted She
 Be not his wife yet, to denounce the facts
 To himself; but otherwise to let them pass
 On tip-toe, like escaping murderers ——"

And she warns Lady Waldemar, in a separate letter, that her secret is known; but will be kept, if she proves true as Romney's wife. This done, Aurora and Marian set off. The narrative of their journey is beautiful, but we can only quote the following description of the shores of Italy, as they break upon the view from the Mediterranean:—

"I felt the wind soft from the land of souls;
 The old miraculous mountains heaved in sight,
 One straining past another along the shore,
 The way of grand dull Odyssean ghosts
 Athirst to drink the cool blue wine of seas
 And stare on voyagers. Peak pushing peak
 They stood: I watched beyond that Tyrian belt
 Of intense sea betwixt them and the ship,
 Down all their sides the misty olive-woods
 Dissolving in the weak congenial moon,
 And still disclosing some brown convent-tower
 That seems as if it grew from some brown rock,—
 Or many a little lighted village dropt,
 Like a fallen star, upon so high a point,
 You wonder what can keep it in its place
 From sliding headlong with the waterfalls
 Which drop and powder all the myrtle-groves
 With spray of silver. Thus my Italy
 Was stealing on us."

The last two books of the poem are well conceived, but want condensation. Aurora settles at Florence, she has won fame and mastered Art, but she feels that something is lacking to life. Is this intellectual existence the sum of perfect being? Does this mental glory satisfy the soul? Slowly the conviction grows on her, that sympathy and affection are necessary to happiness. Her spirit is humbled, and her

heart turns wistfully towards her cousin. Just then she misinterprets the letter of a friend, and is assured that Romney had married Lady Waldemar. She looks back and perceives that she had always loved him, and that intellectual pride alone had steeled her against him. This change in her nature is portrayed with great art, and is the finest ethical passage in the poem. While she is in this state Romney appears before her. His philanthropic schemes had failed; the paupers he had stall-fed in moral darkness had burned down his house; and he was thoroughly cured of his false philosophy. He had lost his sight in the conflagration; but, like *Œdipus*, he now beheld clearly his mistakes; and with sad and chastened spirit, having heard of her safety, he was coming to fulfil his promise to *Marian Erle*, although still, in truth, attached to *Aurora*. As for *Lady Waldemar*, she had at last perceived that she never could win him; and when charged with the horrid guilt imputed to her, had simply disproved it, and, scorning herself and hating *Aurora Leigh*, had abandoned a hopeless pursuit. Of course *Aurora* knows none of these things; and there is some skill in the method by which her ignorance ministers to the action of the poem. Thinking that he is the husband of *Lady Waldemar*, she at first resents the tone of earnest pathos in which he speaks; but through her scorn her own feelings appear. When at last disabused of this mistake she furthers Romney's purpose of marrying *Marian*; but her counsels have a note of dignified self-sacrifice. Romney speaks to *Marian*, but is thus touchingly rejected—

“ Did I love,
Or did I worship? judge, *Aurora Leigh*!
But, if indeed I loved, 'twas long ago—
So long! before the sun and moon were made,
Before the hells were open,—ah, before
I heard my child cry in the desert night,
And knew he had no father. It may be,
I'm not as strong as other women are,
Who, torn and crushed, are not undone from love.
It may be, I am colder than the dead,
Who, being dead, love always. But for me
Once killed, this ghost of *Marian* loves no more—
No more . . . except the child . . . no more at all.
I told your cousin, sir, that I was dead;
And now she thinks I'll get up from my grave,
And wear my chin-cloth for a wedding-veil,
And glide along the churchyard like a bride,
While all the dead keep whispering through the withes,
'You would be better in your place with us—
You pitiful corruption!' At the thought,
The damps break out on me like leprosy,
Although I'm clean. Ay, clean as *Marian Erle*:
As *Marian Leigh*, I know, I were not clean:
I have not so much life that I should love,
. . . Except the child — ”

Romney is about sadly to depart, when *Aurora* discovers his blindness and avows her love for him. Suddenly a new existence opens for them. The lives which benevolence and genius had failed to make happy, are

perfected in a love, which evidences itself here in marriage blessings, but typifies an ideal union of humanity, to take place when "all men shall love one another." The poem closes with a dialogue between Aurora and Romney, which, though rather cold and platonic, accords with the very intellectual cast of the heroine.

Our readers will have anticipated our judgment upon this poem as an entire work of art. We think that Mrs. Browning has chosen a fitting subject for the highest poetry, in portraying the struggles of noble natures to fulfil their true being in spite of self-created adverse influences. But the peculiar and mystical theory, which underlies the poem, has greatly interfered with this conception, and gives a look of stiffness to the whole work. Its dramatic character does not harmonise with the author's genius. The action is constantly interrupted, and a mist of Mrs. Browning's own reflections often obscures the actors from our view. In short, as a drama, there is a total want of that "disinterested objectivity" which Mr. Arnold very properly insists upon as a primary requisite in art. The characters, besides, are not well executed. We have spoken of Marian Erle and Lady Waldemar. The Electra-like grandeur of Aurora Leigh may perhaps excuse her want of true feminine feeling. But Romney Leigh is a complete failure. No genuine man would seek a wife to help a theory, or think of love as an aid to benevolence. No genuine man would leave his betrothed where he left Marian Erle, or consent to figure in the monstrous marriage scene we have referred to. Nor do we think that a genuine man would have loved so deeply and abandoned love so easily. In short, Mrs. Browning's poem is here a false creation. We might also protest largely against the many crudities and imperfections of its style and metre. We must not, however, forget its beauties. Its intense vitality gives interest even to its characters, however faulty, and harmonises a structure often incongruous. Its noble descriptions, its reflections often touching the deepest feelings, its exquisite pathos, and its powerful style, must mark it as a real poem. Mrs. Browning seems to have filled her mind with Æschylus and Shakspeare. There is much of Æschylean exaggeration in her constant practice of flinging out descriptions of inanimate nature, in striking images of living things, instead of reflecting it simply as it is; and several of her soliloquies and thoughtful passages are after the manner of the greatest of poets. Might we venture to suggest to her the careful study of Sophocles? In him she would see the value of the finish of true conceptions, of correct method in evolving a poem, and of a chaste and simple style.

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING SEASON, 1857.

RACING FOR APRIL AND MAY, 1857.

GREAT inducements were held out for a visit to the North—York and Melton holding their re-unions the same week. Between the Craven and Spring Meetings at Newmarket, the Great Northern Handicap, the Flying Dutchman's Handicap, Londesborough Cup, and other events of a like interesting nature caused a strong muster from all parts to meet on the Knavesmire on Tuesday, the 21st of April, when my Lord Melton's Ignoramus scared away all opponents, and walked quietly over for the Spring St. Leger; and Admiral Harcourt, with his Sister to Ellington, won the Zetland Stakes for 2 yr. olds, beating 11 other youngsters by a head only, Soothsayer second.

The GREAT NORTHERN HANDICAP of 200 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each. 2 miles.

Lord Zetland's Skirmisher, by Voltigeur, 5st. 13lb.....	1
Pantomime, 7st. 5lb.....	2
The Dupe, 5st.....	3

[Artillery, 8st.; St. Giles, 6st.; Chevalier d' Industrie, 6st., and 7 others started, but were not placed. 7 to 4 agst. St. Giles, 7 to 2 agst. the winner. Won by half a-length.]

The KNARESMORE PLATE of 70 sovs. for 2 and 3 yr. olds; Mr. Jackson's Terrific, by Touchstone, first, Admiral Lyons second. Nine others not placed.

The result of Skirmisher's race for the Great Northern Handicap brought him prominently forward in the market for the Derby, and he has steadily maintained his position ever since.

The second day's sport brought out Polmordie as winner of the LONDESBOROUGH CUP, carrying 7st., beating a field of 15, with the odds of 5 to 2 against him.

Skirmisher came out a winner second time, beating Wardermarake, Apathy, and Vanity, for the YORK BIENNIAL STAKES.

The FLYING DUTCHMAN'S HANDICAP was carried off by Mr. Saxon's Mary, with the steady weight of 9st. 3lb. She came with a tremendous rush opposite the stand, and won by half-a-length; Lord Wilton's Ma Mie colt second, and Pantomime third.

MALTON—APRIL 23, 24.

THERE were a dozen items set down for the two days' sport, which, with the liberal sum of 500 sovs. added of public money, must have amply satisfied the most racing gourmand. Coup-de-Main, and the Martlet; were great pets for the MELTON HANDICAP, but both bolted over; the race, after a fine struggle, being won by Liverpool, a complete outsider. The races do not call for any particular remarks, and we pass over to the Emerald Isle, on a visit to the

CURRAGH APRIL MEETING,

21st of April, and 3 following days. Both the first and second class of the **MADRIDS** were carried off by Mr. Quinn's Agitation, by Corunna, out of Attraction, 8st. 3lb., beating Lord Howth's Pinwire, Ribbonman, Caroline colt, Altro, and Queen Margaret colt; and two of the **QUEEN'S PLATES** fell to Lance, who won in a walk. The subsequent running of Lance for the Chester Cup, with 8st. 6lb., proves him to be an animal of the first water, and it will take a good one to beat him for the Ascot Cup.

Mr. Dixon's Dunboyne, by Robert de Gorham, 7st. 7lb., picked up the **KILDARE HANDICAP**; Simon Pure, The Trapper, and 4 others beaten off.

By far the best contested race of the week was between Fireblast, 8st. 6lb., and Gamekeeper, 8st. 7lb., for the **STEWARDS' PLATE** of 100 sovs.; the former winning by half-a-length. 6 others, including Spinster, who was the favourite at 6 to 4, not placed.

Mr. Bryan's Ribbonman, brother to Peep-o'-day-Boy, won the **WELLINGTONS**.

Lanky Bet, by Cossack, who was purchased by Mr. Davis at the Liverpool Spring Meeting for 21*l.*, won the **SELLING STAKES** and the **QUEEN'S PLATE** for mares.

Mr. Hoysted's Simpleton won the **SCURRYS** and the **FLYING HANDICAP STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, with 25*l.* added; half-a-mile. The weather was wretched, and the course very heavy.

NEWMARKET SPRING MEETING.

THE incidents of this Meeting will be long remembered; the defeat of Kent for the 2,000 gs., and more particularly that of Blink Bonny for the 1,000 gs., creating a sensation almost without parallel. It is clear her chance is quite out for the Derby, and we might safely add, the Oaks as well. On Monday there were 7 items on the card, none of which call for any particular remark, save that Mary won her **MAJESTY'S PLATE** for mares in the commonest of canters, beating Melissa, who was the favourite at 7 to 4, Eloquence, and 4 others.

The attendance on the Heath to witness the race of the week was immense. In the betting, Vidette had the call of Kent and Loyola. Anton was likewise in great force; in fact these animals were the only four backed with any spirit. After one failure, a capital start was effected, Turbit acting as pioneer, making strong play to the Bushe's Hill, but was passed before entering the Abingdon Mile bottom by Anton, Loyola, and Vidette, and the latter won by three-quarters of a length. The winner is not entered for either the Derby or the Leger.

The following started in addition to those before named:—Sydney, Beeswax colt, Lord of the Hills, Barba colt, Drumona, Apathy, and Lambourne.

The result of the race brought Skirmisher and Anton forward as first favourites for the Derby, at 8 to 1 each.

For a **SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, 3 subs., for 2 yr. olds, T.Y.C., there were two dead heats; a hardly-earned tenner!

Tasmania was beat by Lord Glasgow's Miss Whip filly, in a 50 sovs. **SWEEPSTAKES**, with the odds of 2 to 1 on her.

Lord Glasgow followed up his luck the next day, pulling off two events—his match with the Clariissa colt against Alliance, and a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, 6 subs., with his Barba colt.

For the £100 **PLATE** for 3 yr. olds, Sir Colin beat Lord Nelson and three others, with the odds of 3 to 1 on the Lord.

The 1,000 gs., a SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies.

Mr. John Scott's Imperieuse, by Orlando.....	1
Tasmania.....	2
Ayacanora.....	3
Miss Whip filly.....	4

[Not placed—Blink Bonny, Tricolor, Beechnut, and Arta. Betting—5 to 4 on Blink Bonny, 12 to 1 agst. the winner. The result sent Blink Bonny to the right-about both for the Derby and Oaks.]

The TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE of 200 sovs., was won by Mr. Sutton's The Flying Duke, beating Happy Land, second; and the following placed as in the order named—Fistiana g., The Farmer's Son, Young Dutchman, Victor Emanuel, and Lady Nelson. 10 to 1 agst. the winner.

The NEWMARKET STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 15 subs., Lord Ribblesdale won with his Glee Singer, beating 3 others.

CHESTER.

THIS meeting, with such a programme as issued by Mr. Topham, embracing close upon forty items, to which upwards of 2,000*l.* of public money was added, there was little fear of the result. The handicap for the TRADES' CUP, as usual, caused a great deal of discussion. We are no advocates for the light-weight system, but when we see a field of 35 starters, it will be hard to convince Turfites that Mr. Topham's plan is a bad one.

The GROSVENOR STAKES was the first on the list to be decided—a weight for age race. Gemma di Vergy managed to pull off this by a-head; Drumour second, Fisherman third. Melissa and Vandermeulin also started.

The CHESTERFIELD HANDICAP for 3 yr. olds, Mr. Merry took with his Special Licence, carrying 7st. 2lb.; 7 others starting with various imposts.

The MOSTYN STAKES for 2 yr. olds, Longrange, by Longbow, the first of his get that has appeared in public, carried off; half-a-dozen other youngsters following.

Mr. Saxon's weight-carrying mare, Mary, with 9st. 11lb. on her back, won the WYNSTAT HANDICAP by a head, beating Riseber, who was the favourite, and 5 others.

Leamington had remained the first favourite for the TRADESMEN'S PLATE, until the last moment, when Commotion, Mr. Barber's, came with a rush and deprived him of it; so little as 3 to 1 being taken. The race was won by a neck only. Opinions differ as to the win being an easy one; we should fancy there was nothing much to spare. The Stable landed a heavy stake.

Marmion, Drumour, Dulcamara and several others were more or less cut about the legs in the *mélee*. Nett value of the stakes, 2,615*l.*

A very exciting race for the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S PLATE, won by the shortest of heads by Mary.

The DEE STAND CUP fell an easy prey to the Early Bird, who happened to be in the humour to try.

For the DEE STAKES Loyola tried the cutting-down system, but was pumped out after going a mile, and Strathnaver won by half-a-length, Wardemarake, who was disappointed, getting second honours. Loyola, who was at 20 to 1 for the Derby before the race, tumbled to just double those odds. A serious accident occurred to John Osborne, who was riding Glede Hawk.

On the last day of the Meeting there was considerable interest excited in the Second Meeting of "Gemma" and "Fisherman," wherein the former scored the Rubber Game; a capital Race between Lord Nelson and Peeping Tom for the GRAND STAND CUP, which came off in favour of the latter by a short head.

The CHESHIRE STAKES fell to the lot of Special Licence.

SHREWSBURY SPRING MEETING

Shewed Mr. Saxon's stable in good form; he won the SALOP HANDICAP PLATE of 50*l.* with Tom Thumb, carrying 6st. 6lb, beating three others; and HER MAJESTY'S PLATE with Mary, beating Lance, upon whom 5 to 4 was laid. The latter made the running, and at the Stand it looked any odds on him; Wilberforce thinking he had the race in hand eased his horse, and Mary caught him at the finish and won by a short neck.

A field of 9 put in an appearance for the STEWARDS' CUP, Oakball beating Strawberry, the favourite, by an easy half-length, and Mr. Howard's Companion won the CLEVELAND HANDICAP in a canter.

The BIENNIAL STAKES was won by the Happy Prince, beating Knockburn and 3 others, and Polestar disposed of her five competitors in the HAWKSTONE CUP in the easiest manner.

HOWTH MEETING—MAY 19, 20, 21.*Stewards:*

The Marquis of Waterford, and Captains Beresford and Bellew. Judge—R. Hunter, Esq.

THERE was three first-rate days' sport at this Meeting. On Tuesday the HOWTH STAKES, the race of the day, excited the greatest interest, and was carried off by Mr. Disney's Indian Warrior, 8st. 3lbs., beating The Chicken, 8st. 8lb. Gamekeeper, 8st. 2lb., and five others, not placed.

The CONYNGHAM STAKES, for 2 yr. olds, fell to Knockburn.

The TRIAL STAKES, Sir Thomas Burke won with his Mildew Colt; and the Marquis of Waterford carried off the SCURRYs with The Hawk, and a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, with 25*l.* added, with Bonivard.

On the second day Knockburn was again No. 1, beating four others for the STEWARDS' PLATE of 100 sovs. for 2 and 3 yr. olds.

Nine started for the CURRAGHMORE CUP of 100 sovs., one mile and a-half. The Warrior was a great favourite from the previous day's performance, but the additional 7lbs. told at the finish; and the Trapper, at 8st., won a well-contested race by a head, a neck separating the Chicken second and the Indian Warrior third.

Escape won a 50*l.* plate, given by the Dublin and Drogheda Railway Company, beating three others.

The sport was of first-rate character on the last day, extending to five races, for which good fields started; the first decided being the Hurdle Race, for which the Arab Maid was the favourite, at 2 to 1, and she pulled through by half-a-length, the Disowned second.

For the CORINTHIANS six ran, and the Baker won very cleverly. Spinster, who was sold just previous to the race to the Marquis Conyngham, being unable quite to reach her at the finish.

Ten started for the HANDICAP PLATE of 50*l.*, which Alcyone won without an effort.

St. Patrick then placed the HOWTH BIENNIAL STAKES of 25 sovs. each to the Marquis of Waterford's credit; his Lordship being equally fortunate for the concluding event of the Meeting, LADIES' LOTTERY PLATE, which the Hawk won after three finely-contested heats, beating eight others. Mr. W. Kennedy up.

BATH AND SOMERSET MEETING.

The racing at this Meeting was celebrated for its triumph of rank outsiders; the SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES and BATH HANDICAP, the two leading

betting races of the Meeting, being carried off by animals not named in the betting.

The first race was for the **LANSDOWN HANDICAP** of 100 sovs., one mile, which ended in favour of Rip Van Winkle, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb., by half a length, beating 10 others.

Lambourne won the **BIENNIAL STAKES** of 420 sovs. in a canter.

The **SOMERSETSHIRE STAKES** of 700 sovs., 50 for the second, and 25 for the third, two miles and a quarter, brought out 9 runners. Cedric, 3 yrs., 5st. 2lb., made all the running, and won by 10 lengths.

The **SIXTH BIENNIAL STAKES** of 400 sovs., for 2 yr. olds, produced a good race in with Gin and Bridal Tour, the former winning by a head.

There was a good race for the **BATH HANDICAP** of 220 sovs., one mile and a-half, which Signal, 3 yrs., 5st. 5lb., won by a head from Stork, 4 yrs., 8st. 10lb.

The **WESTON STAKES** of 350 sovs., for 2 yr. olds, produced another brilliant finish; the favourite, Mainstay, winning by a head, beating 11 others.

The **DYSHAM PARK HANDICAP**, one mile and a-half, was won easily by Shirah, 3 yrs., 5st. 9lb., beating the favourite, Companion, by 3 lengths.

Steeple-Chases for April and May.

MILITARY—MAY 3.

THESE aristocratic affairs came off over the Old Course at Ashbourne, the severity of which is proverbial, and many "came to grief" during the day.

A **SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, 12st. each.—

Major Armstrong's Archimedes (Captain Esmonde) first, beating Baliver, Pathfinder, the Marquis, The Returned, and Ringleader.

Pathfinder, on Lobster, carried off, in his usual dashing style, a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 100 sovs. added, beating 7 others.

SKERRIES.

This Meeting took place on the 11th May, near the Skerries Station, on the Drogheda line. The principal race caused little interest, being run away with by the Maid of the Glen, 10st., ridden by Burrowes (his first appearance on the Irish soil)—Blind Harper, in his usual unlucky place, second; Eloise, Black Bess, Old Malt, and Escape, not placed.

The **SELLING STAKES** of 3 sovs. each, 25l. added, was won by Mr. Donnelly's Wild Moor, beating 7 others. He was sold by auction, after the race, for 88l.

KILKENNY-HUNT STEEPLE-CHASES.

The revival of this popular Meeting caused a great muster of sportsmen from all parts. We regret to say a fatal accident occurred to Flaherty, who rode Nelly Bly.

The **FARMERS' PLATE** was won in three heats by Mr. Dunn's Whalebone, beating 7 others.

The **KILKENNY-HUNT PLATE** of 100 sovs., for horses that never won any steeple-chase or flat race, value 50 sovs., was picked up by Mr. Keatinge's b. g. by Magpie, 11st. 7lb., piloted by Sir Wm. Gordon; Major Carden's

Badger (Captain Bernard) second; Dandy, Touch-and-Go, Corry, and Il Trovatore not placed. Won by a length, after a capital set-to with The Badger.

The VISITORS' PLATE of 50 sovs., wt. for age, was won in two heats by Lord St. Lawrence's Lobster, 11st. 13lb. (Captain Bernard) beating half-a-dozen others. Owing to falls and refusals, Lobster distanced all his competitors the first heat, but no person being at the distance-post, the owner of Harkaway claimed a right to have another go, which Lobster won in a walk.

The MILITARY STAKES of 2 sovs. each, with a bonus added for horses the property of officers of the 16th Lancers, 11st. 7lb. each, was won by Mr. Boyce's Mainstay (Mr. Riddell) beating Major Dickson's Crewbawn (Captain Bard), Captain Halton's Shrimp (owner), Captain Severne's Change-for-a-Pound (owner), and Lieutenant Irvine's Dobbins (owner). Won cleverly by two lengths.

WEATH—MAY 18.

The entries at this Meeting were few, and of an indifferent class—only three for the Plate of 40 sovs., which was won easily by Escape, 10st. 10lb., beating Blind Harper, 11st., and Old Malt, 9st. 4lb.

For the TRIM CHALLENGE CUP L'Etoile was the favourite, but he was easily defeated by Master Frank.

Captain Warburton won the SELLING STAKES with the Heiress.

TIPPERARY STEEPLE CHASES—MAY 25.

There was a great muster of the Tipperary Boys to witness these events, which came off on a capital course, within a mile of the Junction Railway Station. Seven started for the TIPPERARY STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, weight for age, which Bandy Bet carried off by a neck only from Lord St. Lawrence's Lobster, ably piloted by Captain Bernard, who made a waiting race throughout, the weight telling on the old horse at the finish. Maid of the Valley carried off a SELLING STAKES in three heats, beating Captain Burke's Old Screw, and 5 others. The Marquis of Waterford and a long list of fashionables were present.

YACHTING.

"Fierce bounding, forward sprung the ship,
 Like greyhound starting from the alip
 To seize his flying prey.
 Awaked before the rushing prow,
 The mimic fires of ocean glow,
 Those lightnings of the wave;
 Wild sparkles crest the surging tides,
 And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
 With elvish lustre lave.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
 Before the gale she bounds;
 So darts the dolphin from the shark,
 Or the deer before the hounds."

—Lord of the Isles.

The first fighting colours of the Season have been displayed, and the Prince of Wales's Yacht Club has entered the arena first. On Tuesday, the 19th of May, the following vessels came to the starting buoys for three Silver Cups, of the respective values of 35 guineas, 10 guineas, and 6 guineas—the first prize being presented by the Club, the second by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Chubb, and the third by the Auditors:—

No. 1. Silver Cloud, 7 tons.....	Mr. R. Hewett.
No. 2. Julia, 8 tons.....	Mr. P. Turner.
No. 8. Little Musquito, 7 tons	Mr. Bulmer.
No. 4. Valentine, 7 tons	Mr. Fradgoley.

The course was from Erith to the Chapman and back, a distance of 44 miles. At 12h. 21m. 20s. the Musquito Fleet got under weigh, with the wind at S.W., fresh, and more coming. The tide had run two hours of ebb, and the Valentine, setting a jib-headed topsail, walked away with the lead, closely followed by the Little Musquito and Julia; the Silver Cloud was in "Queerstreet" for a brief period, but escaping from that unenviable locality, she was quickly on her journey, in hot pursuit of her antagonists. In Long Reach the four little clippers were close together, and presented a very pleasing appearance. Here the Julia and Silver Cloud raced the Valentine, and went a-head of her; the little Musquito shook herself loose, ranged up alongside, and passed Valentine also. The latter vessel hauled down her small topsail, and gave one of fair dimensions to the breeze; but the Little Musquito had notions of her own upon the same subject, and did likewise. In Gravesend Reach the vessels had run out of the wind, the Julia, Silver Cloud, and Little Musquito nearly a-beam, and the Valentine overhauling them fast. Square-sails the order of the day with all save Musquito. In the Lower Hope, the Valentine looked well close, and all vessels jibed. In Sea Reach the Silver Cloud began to give Julia significant hints, but the latter vessel would not be denied the Flag-ship, and rounded the steamer off the Chapman Head, at 2h. 47m. 25s.; followed by Silver Cloud at 2h. 48m.; Little Musquito at 2h. 51m. 5s.; and Valentine at 2h. 54m.

Upon rounding the steam-ship, a tidy turn to windward gave the respective crews an opportunity of showing the capabilities of their vessels; the Little Musquito evidently had the men and material. She collared the Silver Cloud,

and passed her in beautiful style, raced up to Julia, and had just commenced the exciting beam-and-beam, tack-for-tack, portion of the race, where the man who means to go challenges for pride of place, when lo! the Julia came to grief, stuck hard and fast on the Blyth Sand. It was all over now but shouting, the Musquito got her way, and there were those on board who were not likely to let much grass grow along her keel. After using the greatest exertions the Julia was got clear of the sand, and made a determined dash to recover her lost ground; but the most she accomplished was vanquishing the Valentine, and wresting the third prize from her. After a very pretty race the Flag-ship was reached as follows :—

	H.	M.	S.
No. 1. Little Musquito.....	6	26	20
No. 2. Silver Cloud.....	6	31	10
No. 3. Julia.....	6	32	56
No. 4. Valentine.....	6	46	25

And the prizes were duly presented to the three first vessels, not however without a few mild observations on the part of the Valentine as to the propriety of the Julia's leaving one of her spars stuck in the Blyth Sand. The weight of these observations would, doubtless, have been felt had the Valentine been lucky enough to have had a Club Ensign on board, the usual signal for a protest, and we are not sorry she had not. Protests are nasty proceedings, and the best way to avoid them is, when you find a man does not sail you fairly in one match, decline to sail another against him, and the evil will be met by a sharp remedy; and one much less exciting and provocative of hot language than a protest on the spot.

We perceive that splendid Schooner, the Aurora Borealis, has become the property of the Marquis of Bredalbane.

The Cygnet has been sold by the Messrs. Wanhill to J. G. Daunt, Esq., of Kinsale, and the Eva to F. H. Sykes, Esq.

The Plover, 35 tons, has been purchased by R. M. Grinnell, Esq., R.M.Y.C.

The Water Kelpie, 50 tons, has changed hands, and is now the property of Captain Henry, R. St. George's Yacht Club.

We perceive an important movement made by the Royal Thames Yacht Club. Their Metropolitan Club-house will, from Midsummer next, be 49, St. James's-street, late the Guards' Club; and the busy tongue of rumour saith, that the present Royal Yacht Squadron-house at Cowes will be the summer quarters of the Royal Thames, immediately on the squadron magnets taking possession of Cowes Castle.

The Royal Mersey Yacht Club Regatta will open the St. George's Channel proceedings. It is fixed for Friday, the 19th, and Saturday, the 20th July. The prizes for yachts will be 50 sovs. for those over 35 tons, and 30 sovs. for those under 35 tons. A Club Steamer will as usual accompany the match.

The Royal St. George's Yacht Club Burgees are rapidly showing on the station at Kingstown. The Members have, in the handsomest manner, presented a beautiful piece of plate to be sailed for at the Royal Irish Yacht Club Regatta, on the 30th of June. It is a great pity that the boat-sheds and slip of this Club have been so much interfered with by the alterations now taking place in consequence of the extension of the railway: but the inconvenience, we fancy, will be only temporary.

The preparations for the Royal Irish Regatta are progressing most satisfactorily; the usual valuable prizes will be given, and a very large attendance of yachts may be anticipated at Kingstown on the 30th June and 1st of July next.

The next Regatta to the Irish, will be that at Douglas, Isle of Man, under the auspices and management of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, and will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 8th and 9th of July.

Special Steamers will sail between Douglas and Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool, and Fleetwood, previous to and after the Regatta.

The Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta will be held on the 14th and 15th July, and as all the Channel Clubs have come to a mutual understanding about their arrangements, a very large attendance of yachts may be expected at Cork. The following prizes will be given:—On Tuesday, the 14th, Cork and Passage Railway Prize, £40, for yachts exceeding 20, and not exceeding 50 tons. A Time-race, half rate of Ackers's scale, and below that a half minute per ton, open to all yachts belonging to Members of Royal Yacht Clubs, and the New York Yacht Club.

For yachts not exceeding 20 tons, the River Steamer's Prize of £10.

WEDNESDAY, THE 2ND DAY.

Yachts exceeding 50 tons, same conditions as before, £50.

Yachts exceeding 10 tons, and not exceeding 50 tons, £20.

Other prizes will be given when decided on.

On Tuesday Evening there will be a grand display of fireworks from the Club Quay, and on Wednesday the usual Club Ball will be held.

We are delighted to perceive that that veteran yachtsman and fine old Irish gentleman, Thomas George French, Esq., has been unanimously elected Admiral of the Club.

The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland was held on Saturday, the 2nd of May, when the report and statement of accounts was passed and unanimously adopted, and the following officers elected:—Robert Batt, Esq., Purdysburn, Belfast, Heroine Schooner, 84 tons, Commodore; James E. Stopford, Esq., Greenville, County Dublin, Water Wyvern Schooner, 75 tons, Vice-Commodore; Harry Britson, Esq., West Bank, Bolton, Nimrod Cutter, 40 tons, Rear-Commodore; W. Lewis Esq., Kingstown, Cup-Bearer; and J. E. Stopford, P. David Jeffers, and Captain Darcus, as Trustees; Wm. Cooper and Thomas O'Connell, Esqrs., Secretaries.

Their Club Yacht will be on the station at Kingstown on the 1st of June.

The arrangements for the Galway Bay Regatta are nearly completed. A purse of 100 sovs. will be given for yachts of all Royal Clubs, and other valuable prizes in proportion. Good prizes will be given for the rowing-gigs, four-oared and pair-oared, on Lough Corrib; and it is anticipated that Liverpool, Chester, and Dublin will contest the palm of oarsmanship on the western waters.

The Birkenhead Model Yacht Club still carries on as spiritedly as ever. Their first sailing match comes off on Saturday, the 20th of June, for a cup, value 20 sovs.; the second match on Saturday, 27th June, for a cup, value 15 sovs.; and the Grand Challenge Cup, value 50 sovs., will be sailed for on Saturday, the 15th of August. These races will be well worth seeing.

At a Meeting held at the Royal Hotel, Westland-row, Dublin, on Thursday, the 21st of May, the Irish Model Yacht Club was declared duly constituted. There were about 30 members present. The rules were read and confirmed. Lord Otho Fitzgerald was unanimously elected Captain of the Fleet, Rochford Battley, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, and Robert Barklie, Esq., Hon. Secretary. We are glad to perceive that one of the rules stipulates that a special prize be given to the builder of the successful yacht of the season.

LIFE'S FORESHADOWINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES."

CHAPTER IX.

It was a rainy evening, on the road by the Clagagh hillside. Wraiths of mist coursed after one another through the fallow in dim pursuit, and the poplars on the boundary nodded and rustled solemnly. At either side of the road a loose clay fence was thrown up; on it grew a few furze-bushes in their yellow bravery, and a picket of drowsy poppies lolled at intervals over the clay. There was no life to be seen, except a solitary magpie who gibbered through the gloom, as if conversing fitfully with itself.

It was a relief upon this desolate wayside to hear at length the merry trundle of wheels approaching nigh and nigher; and now round yon clump of thorns comes a gig containing two occupants, whom we must follow for a few miles—one a pretty little girl, of ten or twelve, wrapped carefully in a large oilskin coat, and hooded by a gay plaid scarf; the other, a tall, ruddy man, of features set and strong, yet of a hearty strength that prepossesses you. Arrayed but lightly against the rain in a check shooting-jacket, red muffler, and grey cap, he holds the reins with a firm high hand, and looks keenly through the mists. Before them scampers an old spaniel, splashing her lean sides as she pants along, nor is she the least diverted from her course when the sinister magpie starts up under her very nose, and flies across the road to the left with a last long gibber.

"Luik there, Miss Jay," laughed the man, with a strong northern intonation. "You must nod over your shoulder nine times, or something bad will fall upon us ere night."

The child, incommoded as she was with her muffing, performed the ceremony with a grave face. What still, low-browed eyes she has; surely there is a look of Mr. Pierce Henderson within them, as she bows and bows to the rain clouds behind her with melancholy gravity.

"Why do you laugh, Mr. Falkener?" said she, reproachfully.

"Lawf. I wouldn't lawf for the warld, Miss Jay."

"Did you never hear how Mr. Clayton saw a magpie fly across the road on the very morning he broke his neck out hunting!"

"Nae doot, Miss Jay, than he died of the mag," laughed her companion. "I knew an auld hen to kill a man, too."

"I've heard it said, Mr. Falkener, that you can't have luck yourself, for turning poor Widow White and her sons out of their pretty house."

"Well, Miss Jay, the widow and her sons didna pay their rent, and jist sauld their stock when they got notice, without Mr. Henderson's knowledge."

"It was a shame to turn them out, Mr. Falkener. I don't care

much for any of the rest, but poor Peg White used to give me curds and oaten cake, whenever I paid her a visit; and she planted all the roses and jessamines over the cottage herself, just like the cottages in England."

"Weel, Miss Jay, the posies wunna be stirred by me, and the gude wife will give you nicer curds and cakes than ever Peg gave you, as often as you come to see us."

"And poor Peg was the only one in the whole place who loved papa."

"I'm not sae sure o' that, Miss Jay; and if she was, her love brought a bad price. I've bin to market wi' mony a gude pig, but I never made a penny by love, Miss Jay. Besides, it's nae sign of love to be sending thrat'ning notices, and a' that humbug, strivin' to frighten a man from his duty. You will thank me yourself some o' these days, when you come in for your property."

"Ain't that big stone, Mr. Falkener, the place where the man was murdered?"

"Ay, ay, Miss Jay, puir Lynch was murdered there as he was returning with the price of eighteen haffers in his pocket; that's mony a year before I was agent here."

"Oh, tell me about it."

"Puir mon, he kem up, as I understand, from the gret fair of Athlone, and brought high prices for every head. He was drivin' home in his cart, just as you and I are doin' now, when a fellow dressed like a pedlar bounced out on him, and knocked him across his lug with the gash o' a hatchet. The body was found next morning stretched across the road, with its pockets turned clean out, and they put up that stone to mark the spot."

"Perhaps they might kill you some day or other, Mr. Falkener. I don't think I'll ever go to drive with you again."

"Come," said the agent, merrily, "I'll give ye a song, and you'll see how I'll make the horse keep time to the music. What will I give ye?"

"Oh, give me the 'Auld Mither.'"

"The deil a molancholy song, Miss, I'll sing ye on a day like this. Ye may have 'Graceless Kenny,' or 'Meg Pherson,' or the 'Braes of Glencoe.'"

"I won't have any but the 'Auld Mither.' I like a melancholy song, and I hate your 'Graceless Kennys.' Go on, Mr. Falkener."

"Hout, Miss Jay, I couldna get the mare to throt to sich a lament."

"If you don't sing it, I'll unbutton all my wrappings, and get my death of cold." And she offered to throw off her muffling.

"Weel, weel! diinna do that; and if you must have it, I'll see and gie it a lively movement." Then clearing his throat, he sang out in a fine, rich, voice:—

"The rain was sweepin' doun the hill,
The wild win' chasin' after—
A daft auld crone sat by the mill,
Wi' sang and eldritch laughter.
And a' night lang ——"

"Look, there, Mr. Falkener. Look! — look down the road!"

"What's doun there, Miss?"

"A white man. I saw him for an instant. I don't see him now. Wasn't that odd?"

"Pooh! it was a big white cow—see it—luik at it yonder again, ye foolish little boddy."

"Do, please, Mr. Falkener, come home by the wood and deer-park; it is such a pretty way, and the gates are all open."

She pointed to the right, where, through an open gate, was seen a dim woodland road. The leaves glimmered greenly, the branches seemed to beckon as they swung in the wind, and the mist-wraiths were playing through the ferns like phantom children.

"Do come," said the child, coaxingly.

"We daurna, Miss Jay; it would be four miles of a round, and the mare is hot as it is. What would the governess say if I kept ye out so late?"

"Who cares! I'm mistress in the house while papa's away, and I'll do just as I please. Oh! do come down that pretty way. There, I'll turn the reins myself."

"Stop, stop, Miss Jay, ye'll mak' the mare plunge. I promised Miss Putney to have ye home early."

"Who cares for Miss Putney? She's only in the house on sufferance, as papa says. I'll just do as I like. Pray, Mr. Falkener, don't go down that nasty, dreary road. There now, you *will* go, and I'll never, *never* speak to you again as long as you live."

A cold, stony look came over the child's face. The agent joked at her, apologised, and strove to appease her, but she shook her head sullenly, and would not speak a word.

"Weel now, Miss Jay," said he, when everything had failed, "I'll sing ye your own waesome song to please ye. Come, here goes—

THE AULD MITHER.

- " 'The rain was sweepin' doun the hill,
The wild win' chasin' after—
A daft auld crone sat by the mill,
Wi' sang and eldritch laughter;
And a' night lang she sat there still—
Sure never crone was dafter.
- " 'Her ain gude son was stretched within,
Wi' bluid his shroud was spotted:
For shame, gude wife, for shame, gang in—
'Tis like ye hae forgot it.
Go wash frae bluid his braw white skin,
And smooth his hair sae clotted.
- " 'Twas said that laddie never knew
A lealer, prouder mither:
To kiss his cheek there's nane but you,
For strangers bore him hither;
To close his een o' bonny blue
Wha's fitter than his mither?"

“ ‘Still, still the auld wife laughed and sung,
 Her grey hair round her wavin’;
 The wild win’ screeched, the pine-trees swung,
 A’ minglin’ with her ravin’.
 But wae’s the while, her laddie young
 Was stretched like cauld stone graven.’ ”

He scarcely had finished the melancholy song when, as they were approaching a ruined gate-pier, the spaniel, hitherto in advance, stopped, trembled violently, and leaped howling over the fence.

Falkener, with an instinct of danger, struck the mare and crouched slightly forward; but as the animal sprung under the blow, four men, their faces blackened and shirts over their clothes, rushed from the ruined pier. One of them seized the horse, as it shyed and plunged in terror, while the others, armed with guns and a scythe-blade attached to a rude handle, surrounded the agent.

“Lift down the child—don’t hurt her!” cried one.

“Make yer pace, Sandy Falkener, your time is come,” cried another. “*Hanim an dhoul!* don’t be talkin’; fire on him, boys.”

“Don’t touch the child!” shouted Falkener, with a curse, and, shortening his whip handle, he struck the foremost to the ground; then he chucked the reins eagerly, and strove to shake the mare free. But the man behind him, laying the muzzle of his gun almost against his side, fired.

The agent sprung up with a wild cry. For a moment he seemed in act to leap from the gig, then he fell across the wheel, and rolled out lumpishly on the road.

“Take that from the Widow White,” said the ruffian, spurning at the corpse’s head with his heavy nailed shoe.

“He’s not dead; finish him,” cried the man who had been struck down, savagely seizing a large stone.

Just then the little girl, hitherto paralysed with terror, darted forward, and throwing herself over the body, cried out piteously—

“Don’t strike him! oh, have pity! Spare him!—oh, spare poor Mr. Falkener.”

“Don’t cry, *asthore*,” said one of the men, with rude pity. “He’s got what he desarved. Lave off him—lave off him, and go home; but never for your life tell what you have seen this day.”

“Oh! Shawn Beg, have pity! I know you. You won’t let them kill poor Mr. Falkener.”

A sudden change came over the man’s face. He scowled, and whispered with his companions; then, distorting his sooted features, he approached them to the child, as she strove anxiously to rouse the murdered agent.

“I’m not Shawn Beg, little miss,” he said, hoarsely. “What makes you think that?”

The child looked up wildly and hesitated; but, clinging to the hope that she had found a friend, she repeated with piteous earnestness—

“You are—but you are. I know you; and papa shall reward you if you help me. Oh! take away those dreadful men. They’ve killed him!—they’ve killed him!” And she swayed her slight figure to and fro in terror and grief.

"That's the worst word ever you spoke, my duck," muttered the man. They conversed again in low whispers for a few seconds, when the same fellow added aloud, his thick lips quivering—

"Begor I won't be hanged for the sake of Henderson's brat." Lifting his gun, he deliberately covered the child's head, as if he were about to shoot a bound.

She perceived his intention, and crouched with a low cry.

"Hold!" burst a voice from the hedge, as a figure, vaulting into the road, rushed between the murderer and his little victim.

The apparition was so unexpected, that it created a panic among the party. The gun dropped from the man's hand, and, without a second look, the ruffians huddled over the gap, and were doubling among the hedges with the speed of Guilt when deep-mouthed Justice is at its heels.

The horse, when released, tore madly towards home, but the murdered man lay stretched by the fence, his long limbs straggling out on the road. The face was calm: a few drowsy poppies hung over it, and touched it as the wind bent their heads.

"Get up, dear—come with me. Poor Mr. Falkener is killed, and they will kill us too if they return."

The child looked at her preserver in helpless bewilderment. A reaction of stupor had followed her excitement, and she could not catch the drift of his words. So the young man, bending over her, lifted her tenderly in his arms and carried her hastily away.

Often in his flight did he look back fearfully. The horrid sight had faded like a dream in the driving mists, but the dead man was lying beyond them, with the drowsy poppies nodding over him in his dread sleep, and the melancholy howling of his dog going up unceasingly.

CHAPTER X.

"WHAT keeps the child?—what *can* keep the child to this hour?" inquired a slight, languid lady of the empty walls, as she gathered from the carpet of her room many closely-written pages of manuscript, and placed them in her desk. "I'm sure I was very wrong to have given her permission; but she'd have gone just the same, and fancied she had conquered me."

These few words were the audible result of a melancholy soliloquy in which Miss Putney had been immersed for the last half hour—one of these languid, self-condoling soliloquies she loved to linger in, as it had been a pleasing tepid bath. Ere she laid the last leaflet in her desk, she murmuringly read the concluding sentence, which ran thus:—
"There was a spiritual objectivity in the yearnings of Lady Violet's heart which hinted of the bi-corporate existence of a subtle inner man; and as the falling star is seen to shoot, but you look for its gelatinous ruins in vain, so those mysterious *halita* of the soul pass, meteor-like, across the gross Night of physical Life, and are lost in the ocean of Immateriality!"

Presently a knock came to the door, and a fat little woman looked into the room:

"I was thinking, Miss Putney, that we ought to send Jemmy across the fields to look out for Miss Jay. I'm getting uneasy to have her out this wet day."

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Bantam, I have given up all control of that child—she is entirely her own mistress. Mr. Falkener and she arrange anything they please, and my permission is looked upon as a matter of course. I only wish her papa was come back; for, although he is anything but judicious towards her, yet the responsibility at least is taken off my shoulders—the wilful little torment!"

"Ah, well, ma'am, after we've said all that can be said, it's always the way with children when they lose their mother early. I recollect Miss Jay such a good little darlint when poor Mrs. Henderson was alive——"

"For mercy sake, Mrs. Bantam, who are these coming up the avenue?" cried Miss Putney, going to the window. "Sure that can't be Miss Jay walking with a strange gentleman. Do run down, Mrs. Bantam, and find out for me what has happened. This is the way Mr. Falkener takes care of her."

Mrs. Bantam ran down and opened the hall-door in anxious haste.

"Oh! Mr. Roach, is that you? What in the world has become of Mr. Falkener? What makes my darlin' child look so pale?"

She would have lifted Jay in her arms, but the child broke away from her without a word, and running into the parlour, flung herself into a large arm-chair, with her face pressed against the cushion.

Then Christie broke the intelligence to Mrs. Bantam as gently as he was able, and, amid a volley of exclamations, expressive of alarm, surprise, and deprecation, she compelled him to come into the hall, called down Miss Putney, and, in excited concert with her first informant, gave the startling details to that pensive lady. Miss Putney was first horrified on poor Mr. Falkener's account, and then terrified on her own.

"Come in, Mr. Roach, oh! *do* come in. Oh! how I wish Mr. Henderson were at home, and this would never have happened—how shocked he'll be! Stay! oh, *do* stay with us, Mr. Roach. It's dreadful—really it is—to be in this great, desolate house without a gentleman. Do shut the hall-door, Mrs. Bantam—they are not hiding in the place, think you?—oh! pray, bolt it quickly—stay, oh, *do* stay with us to-day, Mr. Roach."

Christie complied with her entreaties, and did his best to comfort her, in which endeavour he enjoyed but fitful success. About every five minutes poor Miss Putney's powerful imagination enslaved her. The murderers were assuredly stealing towards the window through the long grass. She felt that at any moment a blackened face might glour in upon her through the window pane. Should it have done so, Miss Putney would inevitably have stiffened into stone.

And now that we have stumbled upon our hero once again, let us, whilst he stands there in the amiable office of comforter to the household, strike another cast from his face, that we may see how the boy has matured into the man.

He is about middle height, of a build rather formed for strength than activity, and seems at first observation to be about one-and-twenty; but there is that marking and force in his features which, when seen in

repose, would indicate a riper age. His eye is calm and clear, his temples are strongly pronounced, his mouth large and firm, though kind—finally, for our readers' satisfaction be it spoken, his hair is sobered and darkened to a less objectionable hue. You could not have recognised the child of the Priest's window in this grown and firm-knit man.

"Dear—dear—my dream has come true!" cried Miss Putney. "I always have a dream when something is going to happen—it's a fearful gift, Mr. Roach—a miserable gift. I dreamt last night that I stood in a dim columned interior—I use a vague word, for it was so indistinct and stately—there was a great fountain playing in the middle that seemed to be shooting up moonshine—when suddenly, with a cold splash that wet me from head to foot, it stopped playing. I felt my head quite chilled, and I put up my hand, so; to my horror there all my hair had fallen off! there were four great wrinkles in my forehead, and all my teeth began to loosen. I declare I awoke with a scream that I'm sure Mrs. Bantam must have heard."

"Indeed and I did, Miss; and I had a quare dream myself for the matter of that, which ——"

"Don't you think," said Christie, anticipating the augury, "we had better look to little Miss Henderson—she is very much shaken."

"Poor darlint," said Mrs. Bantam, "a glass of wine and a biscuit would revive her, and, indeed, it would do yourself good, too, Miss Putney, dear. I declare you look as pale as my petticoat."

"Oh! no matter about me, Mrs. Bantam—but I do pity poor Mr. Roach. It was a dreadful sight to have witnessed. Heaven preserve us! John, be so good as to bring up —— Let me see what's in the house."

"John!" cried Jay, suddenly starting up from her lethargy and astounding the whole room, "you must take *my* orders. I'm mistress here while papa is away—you must decant some port, and bring up the cold turkey we had yesterday, and the cheese-cakes I told you to put by. Mr. Roach is going to lunch with us to-day."

She gave a queenly look of triumph at her governess as John left the room to obey her orders. There was something almost comical in this sudden transition from childish grief to impish grandeur; and it was made still stranger—even became touching—when, after some further attempts to establish her position in Christie's mind by making him very comfortable, and anxiously inquiring if he were really so, she burst into a violent fit of crying, and permitted Mrs. Bantam to lead her upstairs.

There was much commotion in the county, and Lanesborough became the seat of an important meeting of magistrates, amounting to a dozen or thereabouts, fat, lean, practical, loquacious, or silent. The old story of Agrarian Outrage was discussed, resolutions passed, suggestions practicable and impracticable put forward—large rewards, offered from public and private sources—handbills setting forth the same in monstrous figures, were posted on chapel-gate and market-crossing before the greedy eyes of thousands who might have bartered their souls for

the amount. No one of these gentlemen was taken by surprise. They had met on similar occasions before, and they displayed on the present one no lack of energy, eloquence and resolution.

An inquest was held—Christie had not recognised any of the assassins. Miss Jay Henderson gave her evidence with wonderful spirit and intelligence, but Shawn Beg, whom she could have identified, was not to be found, having been screened and smuggled from house to house for many a mile away, with a fidelity and caution which defied detection.

The intrepid conduct of Mr. Christopher Roach was commented upon in the most laudatory terms. Mr. Brandon came up to him, shook him warmly by the hand, bade him command his services, and called him emphatically a fine fellow! The morning papers were proud of their countryman, styling his behaviour heroic, and soforth. We alone have the moderation to call the incident in which he figured nothing more than a lucky chance, which was the means of brightening the prospects of the man we have pledged ourselves to follow through sunshine and shade, till we run him down at last, and set up the headstone, *Finis*, to his memory.

On Sunday an old grey priest testified nobly and dauntlessly against this mysterious system of crime. Father Roach, now an infirm and white-headed man, stood at the altar, and spoke words which, though rugged and simple, were seared into the hearts of the assembly like white-hot iron. It is now the right time and the fitting occasion surely to set him before our readers once again, after the lapse of so many years, when, with a stern strength that did not seem his own, he ascended the altar steps, and addressed the people in the Irish tongue. These were his words:—

“Hear me, boys—you know what I am about to speak of; and, with the help of God, I’ll speak the truth to you without favour. Every one of you, man, woman, and child, that knows of this foul deed, look your priest in the face, if you dare, and hear what you are doing in your madness, and what you are bringing upon yourselves.

“It is not a vagabond or a stranger that has done this. Every man, woman, and child standing here who knows of this deed—who countenanced it or concealed it—is a murderer before God and man!—the brand of murder is on the parish, on the country!

[*Changing his voice*].—“So ye put down your seed potatoes last week, boys; ye had fine weather to plant them in; you had soft rain on them after. You sowed them with good manure, with sweet moisture, and with the blessed nurturing sun, and what else, boys—you sowed them with BLOOD!

“It’s the whirlwind will be your crop. It’s the famine, the fever and the pestilence will grow up from it! It’s the curse of God will be your Harvest!

“There’s punishment coming upon you. I feel its shadow on my heart. God’s hand will pass between you and the blessed nurturing sun. Those men, who for a bit of fenced land would break His holiest law, and shed the blood of their fellow-creature, may be stiffening in a ditch themselves under next red harvest moon.

“Look to it, boys, before it be too late, and all this be come upon you.”

A livid shadow seemed to lie over the crowd he was addressing ; not a whisper fell till his voice had ceased ; then they poured out of chapel with shuddering murmurs, as if some mortal taint were already among them, and that each one feared to tell his neighbour that he was stricken. There were no gossiping groups amid the graves on that day ; every man went thoughtfully to his own home.

CHAPTER XI.

IN order to enable the reader to keep pace with our stride in Christie's history, it again becomes necessary to recount very passingly the occurrences which marked the interval that has elapsed.

His first step towards fortune was taken with singular energy and success. He walked to Dublin, a distance of more than forty miles, and became a candidate for a sizarship in Trinity College ; he easily obtained it, and thus gained a home and a field for industry. From this out his life became as monotonous and sedentary as that of all reading men. Science was still his dear pursuit. He lodged in one of the topmost rooms in the old Botany Bay square, a chamber very poorly furnished with a table, a few chairs, and a long shelf of books ; a small reflecting telescope, partly made by himself, was to be seen in readiness near the window, with the tube carefully poised, perhaps at the precise angle to command some heavenly body as it passed. Often used he to rise from his bed at the dead of night that he might watch a transit, or take a minute of some star that, bereft of its rays by his lens, became but a keen point of sunshine in dread Space.

His talent for science attracted general attention ; he gained every distinction open to him, and could have obtained a fellowship with tolerable certainty, but that he was inadmissible as a candidate on account of his religious persuasion. Roach's "Manual of Astronomy," a well-known, though unpretending volume, was published at the expense of the College, and contained within it some new methods of arriving at certain difficult results which are remarkable for their neatness and simplicity.

Christie had been little in the world, and lived chiefly in books. It is not good for a strong character to develop too long alone ; the passions take a morbid growth, individuality becomes dangerously strong, a man loses the key-note of life, and falls out of unison with the great chorus of the world. When such a one goes forth from his study and mingles with his fellow-men, his tongue, his look, his very motions jar unpleasantly on the world's smooth ear.

In some days a letter came from Mr. Pierce Henderson, addressed to Christie ; from it we extract the following cordial passage, expressive of that gentleman's gratitude and esteem :—

" . . . The obligation you have put me under by your generous self-devotion is of a nature which must in no measure be discharged by words. In future I cannot consider you in the light of a mere acquaintance, and you must allow me to feel towards you as towards one of my own family ; make free use of my library, which I believe is tolerable,

and pray consider my house as your own ; indeed, in inviting you to do so, you must understand me to be asking a favour, as until I return home, your constant presence in the house will keep my mind at ease about my dear little girl. I have written to Miss Putney, her governess, to this effect, so that she will expect you every day that you are disengaged.

“ Poor Mr. Falkner's house will soon be vacated. Would you like to set up your observatory there for the present ? I believe the garden and little pleasure-ground is pretty and tasteful ; and I know the necessity to a person of studious pursuits of some quiet corner to retire upon.”

From the time this letter came to Christie he began to frequent Moorlands, and his welcome there was marked and unfailing.

As his intimacy increased, Jay began, as she was most bounden, to testify much friendship for him, and he soon acquired an influence over the child which Miss Putney had utterly failed to establish. He had a manner not too familiar, but quiet and impressive, which will attract some children, where very friendly notice will only repel ; in fact his presence became highly auspicious to the peace of the establishment. Jay was born to rule ; her jealousy of her rights in the house, if they were for a moment called in question, was ludicrously sensitive ; and she really swayed her elfish sceptre to such purpose, that Miss Putney, unsupported by that literary taste and metaphysical research which she will be found to possess, was on many mortifying occasions obliged to give way to her pupil's wayward determination ; here was it then that Christie's influence was of use. Often and often had he come in upon them in his frequent visits, and found them at deadly feud, or in the very tug for supremacy. More than once he had been sent for by the distressed governess when, in some important matter, her authority had been scornfully set aside. Then he would take the fuming child aside, reason with her gravely and kindly for a few moments, and lead her up to her offended instructress quite amenable and subdued, even ready to implant a kiss of reconciliation on that lady's faded cheek.

Miss Putney's manner towards Christie was full of reliance and respect ; for beside that insensible fealty which the weak mind always pays to the strong, her reverence for his knowledge of science was extreme. Her own peculiar tastes were, to use her own words, more strictly ethical. She had read the works of . . . and . . . and . . . —most transcendental tissues all—volumes which had no soundings ; and she could converse upon their nebulous theories like a lady. Miss Putney was never so buoyant as when she was out of her depth.

One summer evening Christie roved into Moorlands demesne, passed by the fountain where the marble boy was still blowing with puffed cheeks, but the moss-stained bubble was broken, and rolled over in the rank grass below. He went down the shady walk to the seat by the river side, where the wild-briar woof was so wondrously woven, and where through the wood a blue hill looked in.

A host of pink flecks lay floating on the summer air, like showers of rose-leaves descending on the woods. Presently you could observe myriads of black dots come winging onward, sky-battalions of rooks ; you had taken them for an insect swarm, but for the faint cries that descended on your ear, and for their gradual advance, which indicated an

immense height. On they passed, over leagues mapped in emerald and silver, to their distant leafy homes; soon the rosy cloudlets paled and paled away, just as life goes from every dying cheek; and only then, a large star that had risen through the daylight shone vividly through them, while another as bright was reflected in the water, and swung there on the wave like a goblin lamp.

Christie began to think of all that had happened to him since he sat there last, all he had lived through; what he was now, and what he used to be. This link—this slender link of memory—what is it that, so slight in texture, it can connect two almost distinct individuals—the child and the man? How it spans like a thread of light over years of sin, of stagnant feelings, of long hardenings of heart, and short yearnings towards the good and true, till it touches on those far guileless times. Storms may rush across the trembling clue, but it still reaches us faintly, like the ray of some dim Pleiad.

“Mr. Roach!” said a voice behind him. He looked round, and there stood Jay with her eyes fastened upon him, as if she had been gazing so for a long time.

“I may sit with you, Mr. Roach?”

Christie made room for her, and asked her what brought her out so late and so far.

“Miss Putney and I have had a great fight this evening; but the less said about it, Mr. Roach, the better.”

“Shall I go in and ask her to forgive you?”

“You’ll do no such thing. I wish to have a talk with you. Ain’t it a lovely evening, Mr. Roach? Oh! first tell me how did you find out this seat?”

“I found it out when I was as small as you are,” said Christie.

The little girl looked in his face for a moment in silence, and then said simply,

“Somehow, I can’t fancy you to have been a child.”

“Why?” said Christie, laughing.

“Oh, you look so grave, and solemn, and old. Now I don’t care much for young people, because I never see them from year’s end to year’s end, except, perhaps, the young Ffrenches, whom I call child-dumplings; but you’re such a solemn man, with your great red whiskers, like foxes’ brushes, and your wicked, yellow brows. There, I’m glad I’ve made you laugh at last!”

“I was trying to look grave, because I was sorry for your fight with Miss Putney.”

“Oh! Mr. Roach, don’t you hate her?”

“I like her very much, and all the more for her wonderful patience under torment.”

“But she is such a goose, and papa is always laughing at her. Only fancy, she is writing, a novel. We are every one of us in it—papa, Annie Brandon, grandpapa, and all. I can tell you she intends to put you into it immediately, and she says you have got auburn hair.”

“That is the kindest possible construction of it, indeed,” said Christie.

“I told her to put it down as golden red, Mr. Roach.”

“And what is little Miss Henderson in the story?”

"Oh, don't call me Miss Henderson, call me Jay, and I'll call you—well, perhaps I'd better call you Mr. Roach. Yes, I'm in the novel as a beautiful evil spirit that haunts the lovely Lady Violet, who, of course, means herself. Now, is she not a goose?"

Presently Jay changed the subject very vivaciously again.

"Mr. Roach, is it not delightful that papa is away?"

"Well, he has been very kind to me, and I shall be glad to see him. He is always spoiling his little daughter, I hear."

"He's very proud of me, to be sure. Just look how that star on the water is dancing! He is always kissing me and calling me poetical names. But it's so pleasant to be mistress; and besides, between ourselves, I can't help thinking, at least I've heard it said, that papa is a very selfish man."

"Pon my word, Miss Jay, you talk of your friends and relations very roundly."

"Well, I'm sure it's very cruel not even to open the letters that come from poor grandpapa, all directed in such a shaky, old hand. You would pity him so if you saw the big P and H, how trembling and crooked they are, and what a big clumsy seal he puts, with kisses of sealing-wax about it. Fancy, kisses to papa, how absurd it seems; only poor grandpapa can't mean that."

Christie forbore, though curious, to tempt the continuance of a subject which he felt to be a private family affair. He turned away from it.

"You ought to be rather lonely, Jay, for by your own account you seem to care for nobody, and nobody to care for you."

Jay seemed a little mortified by the charge; she coloured, and, after a moment's consideration, asked abruptly—

"Do you know Annie Brandon? Have you ever seen her?"

"Mr. Brandon's little daughter," said Christie, for an instant forgetting the lapse of time. "Oh, she must be a woman now. I saw her when she was a very pretty child, long ago."

"She's eighteen, if you call that a woman. Well, then, Mr. Roach, she is my friend—shall I tell you about her?"

"Pray tell me about your friend, Jay."

JAY'S OPINION OF ANNIE BRANDON.

"In the first place, she's as lovely as the big statue in the landing, except that she is not nearly so tall, or nearly so cold. Next place," continued Jay, confusedly, "don't you like dark hair and dark eyes the best? Well, her hair is very dark, and her eyes are as lovely as—never mind—they are beautiful dark blue. You must see them. What shall I say they are like?"

"Why," said Christie, "something very fine, of course. Suppose we say the reflection of the planet on the water."

"Not a dancing will-o'-wisp like that; but never mind, I can't describe people somehow. I'll tell you what sort of person she is, if I can. She's the pleasantest creature to talk to you ever knew, and the happiest to have near you, though she doesn't say very much, and sometimes I suspect she's laughing at me. I'm not quite certain she is what you call good. I don't like very good people—do you?"

"I'm afraid I never met one," laughed Christie.

"Then she is—she is very good-natured; it's very hard to tell you exactly what she is. There's something about her makes me love her, that's all."

"Does she play and sing?" said Christie, helping her out.

"Pretty well—only middling."

"Does she read and work much?"

"Well, no; papa says she is indolent, and she says so too. You can't think how fond papa is of her; he has her over here almost every week. I called her his eldest daughter for some time, till he told me quite angrily never to say such a foolish thing again."

"Is she proud?" asked Christie.

"Proud?—I'll just tell you this: Do you see all the woods over our hill—you know our woods are nearly all cut down—all those far woods under the mists as far as the mountain, and the beautiful mountain itself, will be hers sometime or other—every bush, and tree, and buttercup; and yet from her manner you'd think she didn't own a rosebush. Indeed she's not proud, though now I remember she is rather reserved towards strangers."

"Who is that calling, Jay? there are several voices calling you in different directions. What is the matter?"

"Oh, I know very well."

"Surely Miss Putney wants you in a hurry."

"Why does she not come for me herself?" asked Jay, with a peculiar dancing light in her eyes, as she raised them to Christie's face. "I know the reason—can you guess?"

"She does not know where we are, I suppose, and it is late to be out in the dew."

"That's not it," said Jay, taking a large key out of her pocket; "do you give it up?"

"I do; tell me, Jay."

"Because she's locked up in the store-room!"

Before Christie could express either horror, astonishment, or unbelief, Mrs. Bantam came trotting down the avenue, with many gestures of reproach and impatience.

"Oh, Miss Jay, Miss Jay!" cried the housekeeper, with a hand to her panting side, "what's to be done with you, at all, at all? Well, there's no use in speaking, but you're a horrid child."

"Is she very mad, Mrs. Bantam?" enquired Jay, with far more curiosity in her voice than either apprehension or repentance.

"Mad? She's just fit to be tied. She'll not stay in the house another week, and small blame to her. Oh, Miss Jay, Miss Jay!"

"What right had she to prevent me from going into the store-room when she went in herself?"

"Because your papa forbid you, after your spoiling all the Siberian preserves, you awful child!"

Here Mrs. Bantam seized the key, and was hurrying off to release the injured prisoner, when Jay, perceiving an unwillingness in her friend to follow up the adventure, began to entreat him to come.

"Pray come, Mr. Roach, and get me off. I'll run and hide all the night in the plantations, if you don't come. You must—you must!"

Then Mrs. Bantam turned and said to him, significantly—

"If you'd be led by me, Mr. Roach, you'll not pretend to know anything about this business, as the poor lady has a great respect for you, and it 'ill fret her to think she was caught in this silly way."

Christie took the hint, and contrary to the entreaties of his young companion, who had really grown a little conscience-stricken and uneasy, he refused to accompany them; instead, he offered her a few words of excellent advice, bidding her a very solemn good night.

He was afterwards informed by Jay herself, that Miss Putney took her temporary imprisonment very ill, and threatened to leave the house on the day that Mr. Henderson returned; that she shut herself up in her room, and was sobbing for some time, but that about ten o'clock, Jay's bed time, a favourable change set in, for Miss Putney came down stairs, with very red lids, and stiffly sitting down opposite her pupil commenced a dignified lecture. Jay pouted, worked on her seat, smiled, wept demurely, and at length cheated Miss Putney of the remainder of her lecture by a brisk onset of kissings and coaxings, never found to fail. That night the governess sat up till past midnight, and then went to bed in feverish triumph; she had achieved a crisis in her novel which the ruminations of many weeks had not digested till then. Its connexion with the little incident of the evening will be obvious to the reader, notwithstanding the mystic circumstances in which Miss Putney's imagination had involved it.

MISS PUTNEY'S ROMANCE.

"The Lady Violet had been spending the day with Annie Grandon, who had entreated her, with much gentle argument, to renounce her mystic studies as unfeminine and morbid, and to believe that this Pye, her supposed familiar, was a mere frolic of imagination. While Annie reasoned, it seemed to be even so. Converse with this dear friend had for the time communicated a healthful action to her inductive faculties. There was something about Annie which, when she was present, could be *felt*—when she was absent, could scarcely be recalled, and never defined—a manner which had almost the effect of feebleness and levity, yet one which exercised a certain ineffable control; a voice quite soft and undecided, yet one which kept echoing round your heart for hours after she was gone. There was in her a spiritual affinity so close, that when you conversed with her, you seemed to be conversing with a second and less mystic self. While she was near, Phantasm Imagination slept. But now Lady Violet was alone in the oak-pannelled boudoir, with her fearful and forbidden volumes!

"It struck midnight—the hour of which Mr. Henders bade her beware—she was reading Goethe on the black art. The echo of the stroke went on and permeated the lonely castle—still it rung on! A prescient shudder fell on Lady Violet's heart, for now she could hear the weird laughter of Pye, her familiar, shrilling through the vaulty passages. What means the strange aroma that seems to be rising through the room? She can see a hundred little curling eddies of vapour stealing up from the chinklets, as if the spirits of deceased German students had assembled invisibly and lit their ghostly meerschaums once again—it is oppressive—it is suffocating, and smells of those herbs they burn

beneath the dead. The air grows dense and grey!—her lamp becomes a mere hazy glimmer—she rises and hurries to the door—gracious powers! it is locked from without—she is a prisoner! She totters to the window for air, and strives to lift the sash—to dash out a lattice-pane; but her strength is gone—her limbs are numbed—with a sob of agony she sinks on her knees. Suddenly, as her senses begin to wander, she is aware of a huge shadow at the window behind her, projected broadly through the smoke. It could not be a mortal form, for that window-sill was sixteen hundred feet above the level of the moat. Was it a cloud before the moon?—was it a hooded Death?—was it—oh! horror——!”

It was only Mrs. Bantam who, hearing Miss Putney's cries in the store-room, ran round to the window—the sill was about three feet from the grass, and quite within the little woman's convenient compass. These are the bald facts. That aroma, of which Lady Violet was the victim, took its origin from the combined effluvia of some seed-potatoes and a large Stilton cheese, which impregnated the air of the store-room, and was really nearly equivalent to the imaginary magic fumes. Having penned the above critical situation Miss Putney, we repeat, went to bed in feverish triumph.

Some weeks after this occurrence Christie formally accepted Mr. Henderson's kind offer of the agent's house as a residence, but not until it had been pressed upon him more than once, accompanied by a strong hint that the agency was likely to go with the place. On this understanding he acceded to what at first appeared but a fruitless temptation to live in idleness and to resign the fair position he had won at the University. His temper, however, was not one to endure willingly the slavery and hourly aggravation of tuitions, and he had become somewhat unpopular with those pupils whom his high character for science had at first attracted, so that when a new and more congenial field seemed about to open to him, he accepted the chance as fate.

The widow of poor Mr. Falkener had left the place a few days after her bereavement, and this timely departure was no less than prudent. There had always been a violent prejudice against the agent and his family, which had been fostered as well by the thrift and reserve of his wife, as by the determination of Mr. Falkener himself in the performance of his duty. They were felt to be strangers and intruders, of distinct interests, and of a different religion. The women were jealous of Mrs. Falkener's dairy, of her handsome clothes, of her jaunting-car, and her airs. If they saluted her on the road, as one in power, they were sure, as she drove past, to whisper some bitter sneer, and call her the bailiff's wife, in allusion to a former capacity of her husband, who had risen by his honesty and talent. This state of things was tolerable enough to Mrs. Falkener whilst she had an able protector, but now that he was gone, it became both painful and dangerous; so that Mr. Henderson behaved towards her with great consideration and kindness, when he induced her to leave the place, bought up all her furniture, and assisted her to return to her friends in Edinburgh.

The agent's house was a pretty dwelling, built against the gable of an old ruin that had once been the mansion of Moorlands. The ivy of this mouldering gable had branched out gradually, and stolen over all the modern abode, like recollections of the great old hall. There were waving green

fields round the house, covered with king-cups and large daisies, a sort of meadow-starlight. There were shadows of trees always floating over the roof; two great limes stood above it that seemed to be stragglers from the files down the grand avenue of Moorlands; through their foliage the sun penetrated only by dancing glimpses into the room where Christie Roach was seated, and it seemed as if a throng of golden butterflies were playing over the wall.

Christie was enjoying the possession of his new home. The sitting-room was simply but comfortably furnished. On the chimney-piece was a little vase filled with fairy-grass and oat-grass, and the ears of bearded wheat; on the round table were spars and books, and some humming-birds under a glass shade, with a lustre on each little wing; at each window was a blind neither of calico nor muslin but of moving twilight leaves.

He sat here at perfect leisure, wondering that he could ever have lived a life of toil when there was such peace to be found; for he was in that frame of mind when thought is languid and involuntary—borne idly along on the trill of a bird, on the ripple of a leaf, on the tinkle of a wave, or on any roving breath beneath the broad blue sky.

Two shadows passed the window, and there came a knock to the door. Christie opened it immediately, supposing it to be some of the servants from the hall, who had been arranging the rooms for him, or perhaps Miss Putney, or Jay, come to pay him an inaugural visit. He found instead two stranger ladies, one a pretty young girl, whom, with the awkwardness of a student, he scarcely noticed; the other an old lady in mourning, with a very gentle voice and dove-like expression, who asked for Mrs. Falkener, and expected to see her within.

Christie brought them into his sitting-room and explained to them how Mrs. Falkener had gone to Edinburgh many days before, and that the house had passed into other hands. After a few kind inquiries about the circumstances of the family, and expressions of regret at the melancholy fate of the agent, both ladies rose and went away.

It was not till they were gone some hours that it suddenly occurred to Christie that the young girl, whom he had noticed so slightly, must have been this Annie Brandon of whom Jay was telling him, and people were so fond of speaking. Then came back on his mind, as dreams sometimes do, the recollections of a gleam on dark hair—a bright, unembarrassed eye—a soft, assured step—a light shadow flitting past the radiance on the wall.

THE LAST DAYS OF SEBASTOPOL.

CHAPTER X.—SUNDAY IN SEBASTOPOL.

SUNDAY, 9th SEPTEMBER.—On my return I found a line of sentries already posted to intercept all communication between the camp and the town. The fires were now burning more fiercely, but yet only in detached quarters. To the ear accustomed to the ceaseless noises of the bombardment of the previous days, there was a sense of almost oppressive loneliness in the stillness that now prevailed. From time to time loud explosions burst forth in the town, and as the reverberations died away, silence again settled down over the camps.

From an early hour guards had been posted on all the avenues to the city, to prevent the indiscriminate rush which would have otherwise occurred. But the work of pillage had commenced before these arrangements could be carried out. Early in the morning the French soldiers, and some of our naval brigade, had made their way into the town, and the best use of their time whilst in it.

Various articles of plunder were already appearing in camp. One of the most curious of these was a large chart, on which the capital letters, "Petropanlouski," could be distinctly read, though we were unable to decipher the smaller writing in the Russian character. It was evidently a plan of that harbour, in reference to our attack on it in the preceding year. The soundings were given; the channel marked out, and the different ships coloured in red, blue, and yellow; the separate colours probably designating the English, French, and Russian fleets. For this chart, and a large flat mahogany case, in shape resembling an American clock, containing a silver figure of the Virgin, nine sovereigns were paid to a French soldier by one of our officers.

Presently a midshipman appeared urging his pony up the hill, with booty hanging from his saddle-bow, which, on closer inspection, proved to be two bonnets. The young freebooter was received with acclamation, and his trophies examined with the interest due to the sex. One of these bonnets, the child of happier days, had graced a bridal brow. The orange flowers still lived to tell their tale. The other, of dark blue silk, and unpretending in character, was not calculated to awaken very romantic associations, though the little piece of oil-silk lining might suggest the moral, that woman's wiles are of all countries. Fortunately these articles were not in, what is technically called, the market, or I might have been tempted to have invested in them, as a speculation, more largely than their intrinsic value merited. When the first burst of admiration had subsided, our young friend, plunging his hand into the side pocket of his capacious coat, proceeded, with infinite exertion, to extricate from it what, to our horror, appeared to be a gigantic hand!—in reality, the mutilated fragment of a colossal statue of white marble. The Vandal felt no compunction as he related his misdeeds. He had found himself, with a party of French soldiers, before the portico of a

temple in the deserted city, on either side of which stood two large statues, to use his own words, of "Socrates or Plato, or some other old Roman swells." Their mute appeal was not more successful than that of the Roman senators of old to other barbarians. Stone in hand, he had led the onslaught—and the trophy of his victory was the fragment which he now revealed. Subsequent inspection shewed "these old Roman swells" to have been St. Peter and St. Paul, whose statues ornamented the portico of the church which bore their names.

At twelve o'clock we attended the church service, which was performed in a large wooden shed. If the prayers were slightly curtailed, and the sermon condensed into half the orthodox limit, yet the ceremony, with all its surrounding associations, could hardly fail to be impressive. Many of those present had escaped from the horrors of the preceding day; some, not without marks of the dangers through which their lives had been so mercifully spared. A very perceptible hesitation was visible in the chaplain's manner as he read the thanksgiving contained in the ritual, "for the great victory with which *our* arms had been blessed." The propriety of reading this prayer, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, may still possibly open to casuists a legitimate subject of discussion.

One engrossing feeling now seemed to pervade all classes in the camp—unbounded exultation at the escape from the hated trenches. Thenceforward quiet nights, and slumbers undisturbed. The expression of this sentiment by one officer was too graphic to be forgotten: "He felt now as if he had a lease of his life; for the last six months he had been tenant of it only from twenty-four to twenty-four hours."

At two o'clock we started for the city. My companion had obtained a pass for himself, whose protection he managed to extend to me, though not without considerable difficulty, and perhaps not quite legitimately.

Emerging from the line of sentries, we rode rapidly to the front, striking into the ravine on the right, through which the Woronzoff road winds into the town. Over this road and on the sides of the ravine were strewn shot and shells and fragments of shells innumerable, through which our horses, trained in the school of adversity, picked their way with a marvellous dexterity.

We had imagined, on passing through the original line of sentries, that all difficulties were surmounted. But it was not so. At intervals of two or three hundred yards we encountered fresh pickets posted across the roads, with the double purpose of arresting the downward visitors, and of executing justice on the straggling soldiers who, having obtained access to the town in the morning, were now returning with the "first fruits" of their excursion. At every station were depôts of the spoil thus involuntarily reposed.

The principle of forbidding plunder, correct undoubtedly in theory, worked hardly in practice on this occasion as respected our men. Good temper and forbearance were needed on their part, to appreciate the justice of the law as administered by our pickets, which, permitting the French to pass laden with booty, required that the English soldier should surrender the fruit of his labours. Plunder, though recognized as an institution of the French army, was, in its exercise, subject

to certain rules and restrictions, unintelligible to our officers. We observed, on arriving subsequently at the French posts, that every soldier carrying booty was stopped and required to produce some writing. If unprovided with this document, he was despoiled. On what principle these licences were accorded we could not discover. Possibly they may have been limited to the troops actually engaged in the assault, who were viewed as the legitimate heirs of the spoil, and that all others were considered as marauders.

Continuing our course through this valley, now narrowing overhead and bounded by rocky precipices overlapping and darkening the road, we came to a *chevaux de frise* formed of strong iron bars fixed transversely across the path, which had marked the limit of our advanced posts.

Our road now issued out upon a flat open space—a species of delta presenting the appearance of a dried-up lake, surrounded on three sides by hills crowned with earthworks, and narrowing to the front in a gorge, at the end of which appeared the waters of the inner harbour. A battery of heavy guns nearly level with the water, and known as the Creek Battery, swept the entire of this ground, barring all access to the town. Crowning the heights on either side were the Garden and Barrack Batteries, and the “Bastion du Centre.” Near the entrance to the great ravine which divided these heights, was a low conical mound surmounted by a cemetery, and some detached villas—the scene of General Eyre’s lodgment on the 18th of June. From this description, if I have succeeded in making it intelligible, it will be perceived that these villas, the cemetery, and the open ground leading from them into the town, were overlooked by batteries from every imaginable point, insuring destruction to any force attempting to move over the plain; and that the much vaunted success of General Eyre, in fact, consisted in lodging himself in a *cul de sac*, from which retreat was difficult and advance hopeless.

In our passage across this muddy bottom, hardened now and cracked into innumerable fissures by the summer sun, we encountered adventures in all phases of intoxication, staggering onwards with their spoil.

A soldier of the 18th, bearing on his shoulders a picture-frame of portentous dimensions, insisted pertinaciously on our becoming the purchasers of his master-piece—quite incapable of appreciating the extent of the loss he had sustained by the fact of the picture having dropped on the way, leaving the frame alone resting on his back.

Another stalwart fellow had captured a sofa, and found his difficulties then only commencing. The bottom seat was moveable, separate from the legs and framework. The only mode of adapting his back to the burthen which occurred to the new proprietor, was to kneel dromedary-wise, putting his shoulders under the seat, and uplifting the sofa bodily as he arose. Great was his perplexity when repeated essays eventuated but in the same treacherous result—the cushion obeying the impetus given, whilst the skeleton of the couch adhered firmly to earth. We did not remain to witness the solution of the problem.

Gradually winding to the left, we stood before the Creek Battery, which barred all further progress; its guns looking sternly out upon the

intruders seeking for admittance. One of the embrasures had been cut down and widened, and through this opening lay the only approach to the town. A precarious bridge of ricketty planks had been laid across the ditch, and at this point was a scene of uproar and excitement not easily to be forgotten.

Over these planks, and through this aperture, two opposing streams of human beings rushed and struggled. Forth from the town issued the French soldiers gorged with plunder. Into the town were rushing the impatient English, now within sight of the promised land, and eager for the fruit of their exertions. Groups of orderlies, with officers' horses, stood around. At the moment of our arrival matters were at the worst. An English general officer, with his staff, was waiting his turn for entrance, whilst all hope of present entrance was at an end. Two Zouaves, harnessed to a Russian carriage, had succeeded in jamming it effectually into the passage, where it was now stuck, doggedly resisting all efforts for its removal. Each moment's delay increased the number of hungry expectants on the one side, and lengthened the tail of bloated plunderers on the other. The Gaul and the Briton were at high words. Directions for the clearing out of the unlucky "Drouski" were loudly given on all sides, and in all tongues, but of course not understood, or if understood not followed. What was to be done? We came to the somewhat foolhardy resolution of intrusting our horses to a soldier, for whose fidelity, beyond our knowledge of his regiment and the expected gratuity, we had but slender assurance. Crossing the planks on foot, and scrambling into one of the embrasures on the right of the blockaded entrance, we stood within the precincts of Sebastopol! The world was all before us whence to choose.

We were on the platform of the Creek Battery, a narrow wharf lying between us and the waters of the inner harbour. On either side of this inlet two slopes rose gradually upwards. On the left was the city; burning, smoking and exploding. On the right, the Karabelnaia suburb, leading up to the rear of the Malakoff, containing the barracks, hospital, and docks; in its silence and desertion offering a striking contrast to the tumult raging within the town. My inclinations pointed to the left; but the military tastes of my companion were bent on an immediate inspection of the Malakoff, and towards the suburb we turned.

And now commenced the marvels of this extraordinary place. Ammunition, guns, provisions, water, were reported and believed to be failing within the town; yet here, within a few yards of the spot where we had entered, was a second Woolwich. Over seven hundred guns and mortars, of every size and of all calibres, new and unmounted, lay in regular lines upon the wharf. Shot and shells of all sizes were piled in pyramids around. Powder, scattered loosely about, communicated with the magazines in the battery, affording a strong presumption that the train had been purposely laid to be fired by any chance spark. And here at every turn, and in every corner, were these confounded little Frenchmen with their pipes, reckless of explosions, and resolute, at all risks, to smoke. Large bags of the Russian black bread cumbered the ground; the only booty apparently which neither excited the cupidity, nor suited the palate of our active allies. We tasted this bread, which

appeared to be compounded with a mixture of fatty animal matter, bearing some resemblance to the food given to dogs, under the name of *greaves*.

Passing a guard-house, the effluvia from which were horrible, we entered on a road scarred and pitted by shells, which wound up the slope of the hill. On either side were rows of houses battered into hopeless ruin; roofs crashed in, rafters torn up, windows shattered, and piles of miserable rubbish scattered around. Two or three stragglers prowled silently past; beyond these we met no living being; this quarter had been evidently sacked and abandoned for more promising localities.

Still ascending, we came to the public buildings, the barracks, and the government offices. The walls, built of a soft white stone, stood yet, though perforated with shot; the roofs were broken in, and the floors of the different stories destroyed. A broad, handsome terrace, planted with trees and enclosed by iron railings, overlooking the waters of the inner harbour, extended from the summit of the hill to the extremity of the tongue of land on which this portion of the town was built; terminating in the docks and in the shapeless mass of rubbish which marked the site where, but an hour or two before, had stood Fort Paul. We wandered through these vast buildings, smitten thus with sudden ruin—their only tenants. There was something appalling in their voiceless desolation.

On the terrace we now lingered for a few minutes, gazing on the scene before us.

It was one of those soft grey autumnal days, when the winds seemed lulled into dreamy indolence. The waters of the harbour lay motionless at our feet, bearing to us over their surface the uproar from the blazing city. From time to time the mournful sounds of the cathedral bell, tolled in mere wantonness by the stragglers in the town, came booming over the still water, as if in lamentation for the doom of the once fair city. At that very hour, how many peals were ringing out through the villages of merry England. Strange contrast to our Sunday in this city of the dead!

We turned to the right, continuing to ascend, and reached a small square, planted with acacias and young lime-trees, in the centre of which was a church, now in utter ruin; its bright green cupola, painted pillars, and gaudy ornaments, crashed into a thousand fragments by our fire, which seemed to have fallen with peculiar severity on this point.

A short open space lay between the square and the base of the steep ascent which led up to the rear of the Malakoff, now rising immediately over us. Two tents stood in a corner of this ground. We crossed over, and lifting the curtains, found them filled with dead bodies piled in successive layers; placed there probably during these latter days, to await that more convenient season for burial which never came; and thus at the last left unheeded and forgotten. Close by, three or four wounded horses were biting at a small heap of damaged hay. It was pitiable to see the efforts of the unfortunate animals to escape, as, scared by our approach, they staggered away on their mangled and broken limbs.

From a battery overlooking the Karabelnaia ravine, a long earthwork ran up the hill side, joining the redoubt of the Malakoff.

We rode slowly up the steep, picking our way with difficulty through the ghastly array of dead and dying, here thickly strewn. Some of the dead were headless; one or two had the upper part of the head and face shot off. A shell must have actually exploded in one unfortunate being—his body was ripped open, and lay blackening in the sun. A detached shapeless fragment, appearing at first sight to be a piece of horse-flesh, proved to be a human limb. Dead horses lay stretched around; their dying agonies written in the glazed eyes, protruded tongues, and the thin streams of blood which had oozed from their nostrils.

The attitudes of the dead were very striking. Generally the arms were uplifted, as if guarding the face and head; an instinctive impulse to avert the blow which must have produced almost instant death—and thus they died and stiffened. Some slept placidly—others had expired with defiant gestures, with clenched hands, and countenance resolved and fierce. Even in death the Russian countenance was easily distinguishable from that of our own troops or of the French by the faint grey tint of face and skin, harmonizing with the light colourless hair, and by the absence of all shades or variety of colouring in the complexion.

In the course of our ascent we reached a spot where the dead lay thickly. Here, lying in a pool of blood, surrounded by corpses, with his head pillowed on a knapsack, was a young Russian soldier—in years but a boy, and with the most gentle and winning expression. One of his legs had been all but blown off at the middle of the thigh; the stump was to be seen, rough and jagged, the lower part hanging loosely on by a mere shred of flesh; no longer bleeding, the blood about it having blackened and coagulated. The other leg also was broken. He was lying in the very gangway to the work above, where the officers of the two armies were passing and re-passing in numbers. It need hardly be said that the sympathy of all was excited, and that few passed without endeavouring to relieve him. His demeanour was most touching. His face betrayed no suffering, nor did he utter any complaint. To those who stopped to relieve his thirst, or to offer assistance, he spoke in a gentle, plaintive tone, as if unconscious that his words were not understood. He held some bread in his hand, of which he, from time to time, endeavoured to eat. Thus had this unfortunate lain for now at least twenty-four hours, exposed to the bitter cold of the preceding night and to the burning sun of the early morning. We could do but little for his relief. The duty of removing and tending him belonged to the French, and in the transport and care of their own wounded they had, as yet, more than sufficient occupation.

I may here give the sequel of his story. His face and touching appeal haunted me during the entire of the following night. It so chanced that on the next day (Monday), at nearly the same hour, we again rode up to the Malakoff, and by the same path. The ghastly corpses, with whom I appeared to have contracted a horrible familiarity, lay there still. I recognized each body, even the very horses that we encountered at the several stages of our second ascent. We reached the place I have just described, and there, to our utter surprise and horror, still lay the poor young Russian. Another dreadful twenty-four hours had passed—another bitter night, another burning day, and no change

had apparently occurred in him. On the same spot he yet lay—his position unaltered, his countenance unchanged—his strength to all appearance undiminished. Still the same gentle appealing look; again the same plaintive tones, and alas! to us, at least, unintelligible words, as had haunted me since I had last seen him. We dismounted and gave him some brandy and water, of which he drank eagerly.

It seemed as if I was destined to be associated, up to a certain point, with this poor fellow's fate. Whilst we were yet beside him, a French fatigue-party approached with a litter. The interest in him appeared to be general. The soldiers raised him tenderly and pityingly; but as the poor shattered limb, in the process of removal, hung for an instant unsupported, a groan of deep agony was heard. He was borne off; I had looked on him for the last time. That he could have survived the operation of amputation, after such an interval, is hardly to be believed; though it would seem as if this people possessed powers of endurance and of suffering not given to more finely organised races.

We continued our ascent, and passing a French picket in charge of a depôt of regorged booty, stood on the edge of the ditch surrounding the Malakoff.

That ditch, once so deep, was now being rapidly filled. Fatigue-parties were busily employed collecting the bodies of the Russians who had fallen within the work. Placed on a sort of hand-barrow, they were borne to the side of the ditch, and there dropped in, falling with a dull sound on the rigid corpses awaiting them below. On the crest of the ditch a French staff-officer stood, pencil and note-book in hand, registering, with a quiet business-like air, the number of each body as it was tumbled into this charnel-house.

Above me towered the Malakoff. A crowd of French officers stood on the top of the parapet, gazing on the scene before them, and gesticulating eagerly, after their fashion. Intrusting our horses to a French soldier, we scrambled over some planks which had been reared against the earthen slope, and into the work through an enlarged embrasure.

One glance shewed this to be the key of the place. It took the Redan in reverse, and commanded the Karabelnaia and the inner harbour, which appeared to lie almost immediately beneath us.

A perfect Babel of tongues was heard around. A French officer of rank, surrounded by a numerous staff, was sweeping with his telescope the Northern shore. Working parties, bearing out the dead, jostled us at each moment. As we moved aside to avoid the contact, we stepped on the bodies of the Zouave and the Indigène, in their Arab costume.

With the French soldiers all was triumph and exultation, apparently heightened by libations taken in acknowledgment of their success. A Chasseur d'Afrique, saluting me with an accolade, crammed the pockets of my coat, whilst I lay "perdu" in his embrace, with veritable trophies, consisting, as I afterwards found, of broken pieces of sealing-wax, shreds of gold lace, and fragments of church tapers. The confusion was too great to allow of our examining the interior of the work. With deep interest we gazed on the scene before us—the burning city; the masts of the sunken vessels protruding above the surface of the waters; the northern shore, with its countless forts and batteries—and then, regaining our

horses, we descended once more towards the suburb, and to the shore of the inner harbour.

The tideless creek had something of a stagnant appearance. Rusty anchors were scattered about, and cannon-balls and shells appeared beneath the water. The skeleton ribs of a few decayed boats lay bleaching on the beach, in keeping with the general desolation.

We proceeded out through the opening of the Creek Battery, at length freed from the "Drouski," and crossing the cracked and gaping ground, came to the villas already mentioned. To one of these was attached a large vineyard and garden. Our search for grapes was repaid with but indifferent success. The spoilers had been already busy, and to the owners the words of the prophet were literally applicable—"They should plant vineyards, but not drink the wine thereof." In the garden was an old moss-covered well, into which I had the curiosity to look. Water was there in abundance. What trace had we as yet discovered of the imagined privations of this garrison?

Through the great ravine we now retraced our steps towards the camp.

Straggling parties of Frenchmen were pressing onwards with the spoil of the day, consisting for the most part of articles of bulk—chairs, tables, and even sofas—rather trying to their powers of transport. These had now become an object of ambition to our officers, who appeared to consider furniture a not unnatural appendage to that new lease which, according to the sentiment I have already quoted, they had so recently taken out of their lives. Like the gentlemen of England in the song, they had determined now "to live at home in ease;" and before many days had passed, there were few tents in camp which did not exhibit domestic articles of Russian extraction.

After some bargaining, my companion became the owner of a table, two chairs, the cushions of a sofa, and a feather pillow, for the sum of three pounds—payment to be made on delivery in camp. One of these chairs was covered with a species of tapestry representing the goddess Diana departing for the chase, and in her haste revealing a rather extensive view of a leg in which symmetry was combined, in a remarkable degree, with healthy vigour. A few days later I encountered the fellow of this identical chair in a hut at Balaclava. It was impossible to mistake the peculiar charms of the Goddess.

Evening was now rapidly closing in the deep ravine through which lay our homeward road. The overhanging rocks in the desolate valley assumed strange shapes in the twilight. Our horses' hoofs rang out sharply in the silence; and remembering the hour, the loneliness of the place, and the number of lawless individuals about in quest of plunder, and with not very delicate perceptions of the rights of property, I was not sorry once more to see the twinkling lights of the tents on the plateau.

A late dinner and a prolonged discussion of the occurrences of this eventful day, and of all we had seen and passed through, brought our evening to a close, and my couch received a not unwelcome addition in the sofa cushions and pillow, the subject of our bargain in "The Valley of the Shadow of Death."

That nothing might appear wanting to the horrors of the last hours

of this memorable siege, thunder, such as I had never before heard, burst during the night in loud peals immediately over the camp, rolling grandly down to the horizon and over the doomed city.

It seemed as if the artillery of heaven had been moved to prove how feeble, in comparison with its terrors, was all that man in his might could do.

CHAPTER II.—BATTLE FIELDS.

MONDAY, SEPT. 10.—Martial law reigned within the town, which could only now be entered by a pass from the French head-quarters. We were obliged, therefore, to postpone our intended visit until interest could be made for the required *permis*; and to content ourselves for the day with an examination of the Karabelnaia suburb, and of the ground on the extreme right, the scene of the French attack and repulse.

At twelve o'clock we were riding over the rocky ground in front of our advanced trenches.

Forty-eight hours had passed since the assault, and in the ditch of the Redan a common grave had been found for the assailants and the assailed. Over the ditch, thus filled, we passed easily into the work.

The interior was a flat open space, sloping gently downwards towards the Karabelnaia. Traverses, composed of enormous mounds of earth, ran parallel to the exterior faces, the intervening space being divided by other cross traverses into a number of isolated compartments, protected from the effects of an enfilading fire. Mantelettes of twisted rope, hanging loosely from beams placed across the top of the parapet, defended the opening of the embrasures from our Minié balls; and beneath the level of the work were subterranean chambers of vast extent, rendered bomb-proof by masses of earth and gabions, supported by large spars. Guns, placed across the bottom of the ditch, swept the whole of the space comprised in it, and small coehorns, raised on iron bars, looked over the top of the parapet, and at this short range threw grape and canister into our advanced parallels.

Words cannot picture the *débris* of all descriptions which littered and cumbered the area within. Shattered gun-carriages, dismounted guns and mortars, huge portions of ships' masts, charred and blackened, constituted the more serious impediments to locomotion; whilst every foot of ground was strewn with shreds of clothing, coils of rope, shot and shells, muskets and bayonets, sand-bags and fascines, iron tanks, nails, and jagged portions of hoops, forming the gabions which had once enclosed the embrasures, or surmounted the parapets. In every direction large pits gaped. To add to the confusion, the soldiers on duty were endeavouring to clear out all wayfarers, under the terror of an impending explosion, whilst sappers burrowed about in search of mines, or electric wires. In utter despair I dismounted, and with much trepidation at length succeeded in piloting my horse through these shoals.

Proceeding down by the open ground in rear, we turned to the right, and again entered the Malakoff at the same spot as on the preceding day.

It was on the same colossal scale as the Redan, but crossed in all directions by traverses, dividing it into mazes so intricate as to baffle all attempts to carry off any distinct idea of its internal plan. Already the spirit of French order prevailed. Directions had been issued as to the particular points and routes by which persons entering or departing from the work were to turn or proceed, and sentries had been posted to enforce the observance of these rules.

We had seen enough of the Malakoff. A family-likeness pervaded all these handiworks of giants, and when one had been seen, a good idea of all was obtained.

From the Malakoff hill, an uninclosed common sloped down to the shores of the outer harbour. Across this deserted ground we now rode. A few disconsolate dogs, bearing a strong resemblance to our Constantinople friends, prowled about with drooping tails and downcast visage, rejecting all civilities; and occasionally a cat, whose domestic establishment had been broken up, dashed wildly off in our front, scared from its temporary shelter by our approach.

A path, winding down a steep hill-side, led to a valley covered with low brushwood, spanned at its lower end by the aqueduct, carried across on lofty arches. This was the ravine of the Careening bay.

We rode through this valley, its only living tenants; but here and there, half-hidden in the brushwood, lay a solitary corpse in ghastly decay, or the skeleton ribs of a horse; a sense, different from sight, giving the first warning of their vicinity. Passing under the arches of the aqueduct, we stood on the strand of the Careening bay. Even this distant spot had not escaped from our fire, which seemed to have searched all places and all things, and to have spared nothing. Shot and shell were lying in the shallow water that rippled with the breeze on the lonely shore. From the aqueduct a narrow road led to the head of the harbour, in the direction of the Mount Saponne. By this road we proceeded.

Beneath us were the waters of the bay, separating us from the northern shore which, in the clear soft air, loomed so near that even the solitary sentinels could be marked, as they paced upon their beat. In a small wooded glen near the head of the harbour, a villa embowered in trees looked calm and peaceful, as if the tide of war had never swept near it. Towering immediately above us was a tall chalky cliff, in which a number of cells had been excavated, with the view probably of affording a protection from our fire to the troops not actually on duty, and which appeared to have been only recently deserted. Fragments of clothing, muskets, bayonets, and loaves of the ordinary black bread were strewn in all of them, and littered the pathway. The air was impregnated with the most sickening odours. An inexpressible gloom brooded over the deserted remains of this extraordinary locality, reacting on our spirits. We had not encountered a human being in our progress—but were these mysterious caves indeed abandoned? Might there not, even now, be those lurking within, who would watch with evil eye these intruders on their domains? Our very horses, whom long habit had taught to pass the dead with unconcern, appeared to feel the strange silence, contrasting so startlingly with these remains of life and recent habitation, and became uneasy, restless, and watchful.

We turned back. At this moment a white flag was run up on one of the northern forts, and a large war-steamer, which had been getting up steam for some time before in one of the small creeks on the opposite shore, paddled rapidly across the bay towards the inner harbour. This was the Vladimir, despatched, as we afterwards ascertained, to remove the wounded Russians who, in the hurry of the retreat, had been left in the Karabelnaia hospital.

Reascending through the ravine of the Careening bay, we came upon the open slope in rear of the Little Redan. Here, for many hours, had occurred a fierce struggle with varying fortune—the French had, more than once, charged down this slope in the heat of temporary success, and had been again and again driven back, as fresh forces were brought up against them. Over the entire surface of this ground, detached groups of the two nations lay close in death to each other, marking the tide of slaughter as it had ebbed and flowed. Sometimes two Frenchmen and two Russians—again, a swarthy Indigène, in his gaudy Eastern attire, with his colourless grey-coated enemy beside him. Here were no ghastly wounds of shot and shell, like those hitherto seen. A series of isolated conflicts had occurred; fierce struggles for life with the bayonet and the sword. Pain sat on their features—hate yet loured on their brows.

On the crown of the hill stood a long low building, emitting the most horrible effluvia. Inside was a pile of corpses, burnt as if by some explosion, and rapidly decomposing.

We passed quickly onwards to the Little Redan, the scene of a contest unparalleled in ferocity and in slaughter. A mine had been fired in the interior of the work, and the huge pit formed by the explosion offered a ready burial-place, now appropriated to the Russian dead. Two sloping planks had been laid down the side of this pit, over which the bodies were rolled rapidly downwards. In front were unmistakable proofs of the terrible losses of the French. The ground was covered with the remnants of their clothing, and with their arms—muskets, bayonets, swords were everywhere scattered. Forage-caps had been collected together in heaps; the regimental numbers on their fronts offering a mute but most mournful commentary on the horrors of war. Lower down the bodies of those who had fallen were laid out by separate regiments, ready for interment. Over eight hundred Frenchmen lay dead on this one spot. It was here that the French had brought up their field artillery to encounter the Russian batteries, and had been beaten back by the fire of the steamers from the Careening bay.

“ I saw all shapes of death,
And ministered to many o'er the plain,
While carnage in the sunbeam's warmth did seethe
Till twilight o'er the East wove her serenest wreath.”

We hurried from this Aceldama, sick with its sights of slaughter, making our way homewards through the trenches of the French right attack, by the path which had been opened on the 8th of September to give passage to their field batteries.

CHAPTER XII. AND LAST.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 11.—A waterspout had burst over the camp during the night, testing most severely the powers of endurance of even my double canvas, and inundating the less fortunate denizens of single tents.

This day may possibly have presented some faint type of the miseries of the past winter. Our horizon had become very limited. A dark, low scud drifted up continuously from the Euxine, relieved only by interludes of heavy driving showers, whilst far as the eye could reach was a surging sea of mud, binding with tenacious grasp the wretched stragglers who ventured to creep beyond the precincts of their tents.

A most unceremonious mode of treatment prevails here as respects the officers' horses. A squadron of eighteen or twenty horses is picketed immediately behind our camp. They are unsheltered and houseless—many of them not having even the protection of a rug by night. Amply supplied with a coarse description of provender, they are indulged with but scanty supplies of mixed mud and water, and with still scantier grooming. Yet under such adverse circumstances they look well, are in good condition, and do a perfectly astonishing amount of work.

Animals of all descriptions, tended by men of all nations, perform the services of our land transport.

Not far from my tent is an encampment of dromedaries—a family party consisting of the father, mother, and their only child. They are Indigènes. The heads of the family, found roaming through the neighbouring ravines, were with some difficulty captured by the Sappers, and during the entire of the ensuing winter rendered good service in bringing up supplies to the front. In process of time the lady was confined, and a young stranger, with a double hump, made his appearance. It was a pleasant sight to see the son-and-heir trotting gaily down to Balaclava, by the side of his heavily-laden parents—sharing not their burthens, and possibly, like many other young gentlemen of modern times, despising the low occupations to which his forefathers had been brought up. The child thus born to them was brought home by the Sappers, on the final evacuation of the Crimea, and has been since lodged in the refuge for the destitute in the Regent's Park.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12.—The Russian war-steamers had survived the night of the 8th. Great anxiety was felt by the admirals lest the Vladimir should effect her escape by running the gauntlet through our ships under cover of the darkness, and the fleet had been disposed outside the mouth of the harbour to frustrate such an attempt if made.

To insure the destruction of these steamers, orders had been issued by the commanding Engineer for the construction of a new battery near the site of Fort Paul. The precaution was unnecessary. The entire of the steamers, the last and most formidable relic of the boasted Black Sea fleet, were destroyed in the night by the hands of their own masters.

From the Engineer officer in command of the working party employed on this battery, I heard the particulars attending the fate of these vessels.

The night was dark, and about 10 o'clock, when hard at work, the noise of a large steamer was heard paddling slowly over towards them.

She approached within a few yards of the shore where the men were working, and remained stationary there for some minutes, apparently in observation of the operations. The feelings of the party, as they lay stretched upon the ground, in momentary expectation of receiving the broadside of the Vladimir at that range, were not very agreeable. But no shot was fired. She departed as she came, in silence; steaming back to her former position. Half-an-hour later, the north shore and the waters of the harbour were lit up by the flames from the ships, and in the morning the last vestige of the Russian fleet had disappeared.

A young French officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, aid-de-camp to General de Salles, rode over to our camp this morning to visit one of our party, to whom he was nearly related.

If the retrospect of a quarter of a century is startling in individual life, not less strange are the changes which it exhibits in the life of nations. Twenty-five years back, the name of Polignac resounded throughout Europe, heralding the fall of its most ancient monarchy. How faint the echo that name awoke to-day, when the young Chasseur d'Afrique was introduced as the son of the Minister of the last of the elder Bourbons. Dynasties have since then ruled, and passed away. The supplanter has himself been supplanted—and the son of the prisoner of Ham now serves under the Third Napoleon, a captive once himself within those walls.

I have already, with the solemnity due to so important a subject, discussed the gastronomic arrangements of our English messes, but I had not an opportunity of penetrating into the mysteries of French private life in camp. One of my companions was in this respect more fortunate, and as it involves no breach of confidence I will, having duly obtained his permission, give the leading features of a *dejeuner à la fourchette* in the French camp.

The venue, as the lawyers barbarously term it, was at the head-quarters of General de Salles, in a large mess-tent adjoining the General's hut. The party consisted of four or five officers of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, in addition to Monsieur de Polignac and his English relative. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin—nor the Frenchman his habits. The "dejeuner" would have done honour to the "Maison Dorée." "Cotelettes, filet de bœuf, poulet rôti, pommes de terre frites," and stewed pumpkin, were washed down by claret and retained in subjection by a "chasse." The only record preserved of the conversation was the naïve avowal by an apoplectic-looking French officer of his strong attachment to "English Shēery."

To those who have followed this episode so far, and who feel an interest in the honour of the British name, it may perhaps not be uninteresting to learn that this hospitality was afterwards returned by a "diner au naturel" in the British camp, and that Monsieur le Lieutenant de Polignac proved himself not unworthy of his maternal Saxon descent, by testifying the most unqualified admiration of that national delicacy bearing the homely name of a rôly-poly pudding, fashioned by the hands of a gallant Captain of the 39th Regiment.

We proceeded to Balaklava in the afternoon, to make arrangements for our departure. The "Alma" was to sail for Constantinople on the Saturday following, and from Captain Heath, the superintendent of the

transport department, we received the necessary order for a Government passage in her.

As we neared the summit of the hill on our homeward way, we diverged to the right, to include within our ride the outer line of the position held by the allied armies. Our course lay along the brow of the hill, overlooking the valley of Balaclava. The valley of the Tchernaya gradually opened to our view as we advanced, and turning the shoulder of the hill, we came to a large earthwork held by the French. Immediately above this work, on a point commanding the whole country around, a decorated altar was being erected by the French, where, on the following Sunday, high-mass was to be celebrated in presence of their whole army, as a thank-offering for, and in acknowledgment of, their success. Rising abruptly in our front were the rugged heights still held by the enemy, separated from us by the valley through which flowed the sluggish Tchernaya. Before us were the mysterious caves—the homes and the sepulchres of long-forgotten nations.

The day was far spent—yet how beautiful in its decline. The sun had just dipped into the waters of the Black Sea—his last rays yet lingering on the mountain tops, pressed in their flight by the advancing shadows, now stealing upwards from the valleys beneath—

“ Not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep ; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day,
And Vesper's image on the Western main
Is beautifully still.”

We stood on the field of Inkermann ! Immediately below was the site of the two-gun battery—overhanging us on the left, the steep from whose summit the thunder of the Russian artillery opened—at our feet, the ravine up which stole the grey-coated columns on that fatal morning.

The field of Inkermann !—the same, and yet how changed !

How changed, as seen in the last rays of this glorious sunset, from the wan, misty light of that November morn ; how changed from that day of doubt, and gloom, and despondency, as now beheld in the consummation of the triumph which so few would then have been bold enough to predict. Around and beneath us were the graves of those gallant spirits whose struggles, on that bloody day, prepared the harvest which it was not permitted them to gather in.

We wandered down the ravine, and lingered there till the growing duskness warned us to depart.

A strange superstitious feeling stole over me as we stood alone in that deserted glen—no rock or bush but spoke all eloquently of deeds of daring and of death. If it were indeed permitted to the departed to visit the scenes of earth, as some have loved to dream, might we not believe that here, over the field of their glory, now hovered the spirits of those gallant dead ?

Again we stood on the summit of the hill. One more look around. Even now from forth those caves glimmer the Russian watch-fires.

A long and last farewell !

We turned our horses' heads towards the camp, and, ere we arrived, the young moon had risen and lit our homeward road.

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

I.

To the flowers of the garden there came a voice,
 That said to the souls of the fairest—" Rejoice,
 For a Spirit is hitherward moving o'er earth,
 In search of the blossom whose beauty and worth
 He shall deem have ordained it with honour to prove
 Unto man new-existent the fulness of Love.

II.

" Whichever his sympathy's skill shall choose,
 Mortality's essence therewith to infuse,
 With life everlastingly-quickened shall live
 In licence henceforward accorded to give,
 By expression of action, interpreting scope
 To each still silent impulse of thought, feeling, hope."

III.

To the core of each petal the flowers were stirred,
 As the breath of that whispering voice they heard ;
 And each, as the several strength they felt
 Of the faculties unto their natures dealt,
 With hoping or fearful expectancy strove
 To apportion its claim so to symbolize Love.

IV.

The passionate ardour that poured its flood
 Through the dappled carnation's hectic blood—
 The languor that piningly sickened to death,
 Exhaling its sigh in the hyacinth's breath—
 With muteness of rapturous agony sought
 Relief from the longing wherewith they were fraught.

V.

The tender desire of the jessamine spray
 Its vagueness of yearning at rest to lay—
 The myrtle in evergreen constancy's youth
 Enduringly biding, undying in truth—
 With clinging devotion, and faithful regard,
 Awaited the word of that Spirit's award.

VI.

But apart in a stilly secluded spot,
 Unimploring, unshunning their possible lot,
 Or prizing it solely as yielding to each
 Fuller freedom a pre-ordained purpose to reach,
 Whose avowal they feared or disdained to disclose,
 Grew together the violet, lily, and rose.

VII.

The heart of the violet heard—"He is nigh ;
 In the path that he treadeth oh ! let me but lie,
 For the light of his coming hath been my sun,
 For the thought of the blessing that here is won
 In the Spring of his presence so long delayed,
 Through Solitude's winter my life hath made.

VIII.

"A low-lying blossom his foot may spurn—
 I give him my being, I claim not return ;
 The colour that tints me his eye may scorn—
 I aim not at heaven, in his heart to be worn ;
 I seek not to stay him as passeth he by—
 Enough that I look on him once, and die."

IX.

The lily in royalty's conscious pride
 Thus mused—"Unto Love were my nature allied,
 I would glory in conquering perils that barred
 Its ambitious ascent ; in the lofty reward
 Of an equal and answering love would I bless
 The disclosure of promise, the pledge of success.

X.

"Wherever a jewel's adornment were known,
 I would seek out that treasure, and make it mine own,
 That the sum of their worth at her feet I might lay,
 For whose sake they were won, that to her I might say,
 'All the riches of earth I would thus to thee bring—
 That as queen I might crown thee, I sought to be king.'"

XI.

The rose, in the sunniest central plot,
 Receiving that summons, gave heed to it not ;
 For the soul of its longing had floated away,
 From the glaring regard of the sun-saddened day,
 And the silence that lay like a cloud on its light,
 To the nightingale music that came with the night,

XII.

In a cadence of melody falling to earth
 From the ever-invisible home of its birth,
 So filling the ear with the ravishing strain
 Of an ecstasy keenly akin unto pain,
 So thrillingly cleaving the heart with its tone,
 That the world was forgotten to hear it alone ;

XIII.

And the circle of thought to one centre drew,
 That wandering music o'er earth to pursue ;
 To arise at its bidding, obeying that sound,
 Ever sought, ever followed, ay, ever unfound,
 To be true to its guidance, to move as it led—
 All attraction beside it accounting as dead—

XIV.

Unto one who had listened was thenceforth all
 That existence deservedly life could call.
 "That power here as mine" felt the rose, "but to prove—
 Whither willeth that hidden enchanter to move—
 All unheeded were aught that in language hath name,
 As my portion, though nameless, that gain could I claim."

XV.

The Spirit that questioned with Sympathy's power
 Its answer had won from the heart of each flower—
 The hope of the lily, the violet's thought,
 The rose's accension of feeling it wrought,
 Interblended and perfected, fused to one whole,
 In the body of Love to be breathed as its soul.

XVI.

In lowliness glorying, proud to be nought ;
 O'er a spell having power, to whose service is brought
 Every earth-heaving gnome, every sylph of high air ;
 Hearing strains of whose music none else are aware,
 For whose sake all that others hold dear would it give ;
 Yet among us it liveth—it ever shall live.

XVII.

They yet who behold but the body arraign
 The discordance of acts inconsistent and vain,
 Where he who with insight of vision hath dwelt
 Upon unity's spirit, its presence hath felt
 In a triple communion of beauty that shows
 The soul of the violet, lily, and rose.

A LOTTERY PRIZE.

A WEEK had passed without my meeting her in the park ; the ball-room knew her no more ; the scenes of life she hitherto had beautified were desolate. I flew to Baker-street ; the closed shutters of her house emboldened me to address the knocker. I might as well have confined my enquiries to its lion-head ; it could have given me to understand fully as much as I collected from the deaf and draggled female who, opening a communication with me from the area, intimated that the family had left town, but vouchsafed to my further question of "Where had they gone?" no answer beyond a puzzled stare at the stupidity of any one to whom the formula of "out of town" failed to convey all possible information. Captain Amyas Fitz-Ursula, too, I missed at the same time from his accustomed haunts. Whither he had gone I could not learn ; whether Emily knew more of his whereabouts, I dreaded to ask myself. "Lorenzo," I cried at length, "Lorenzo, be a man. She never cared for you—you were a fool to think it possible ; forget the false one—hasn't she proved false the hopes you lived on for the last four months? Forgotten she shall be ;" and that magnanimous resolution taken, I awoke to the fact that London was insufferable, the society of my friends unendurable, England, Ireland, and Scotland but cells of one vast prison-house. To distant lands and foreign climes, away ! I resolved to cross the channel, take the first railway that offered, and on—on—on, rush aimless through the universe.

Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! Dover to Calais in ninety minutes. May the directors who penned that advertisement have their tooth-drawing seconds measured by the same watch. Up and down, up and down, three full hours, and at it still. Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! It luckily was night, and so far a comfort to think that no one was witness of my humiliation. Foremost among the phases of sea-suffering are those of active agony, that almost succeeds in eliciting sympathy, and total collapse that lies insensible to ridicule ; but there is an intermediate stage at which I generally remain, more characterless and contemptible than either. Wholly conscious, but powerless, I sit on deck, prostrated to the point of being perfectly ridiculous, but retaining sufficient intelligence to be fully aware of my position ; I, therefore, choose night as often as possible for the performance of aquatic penance, the better to conceal its unavoidable results. "Please to pay the passage-fare, sir." Why on earth or sea couldn't they wait till we got in, or ask for it before we started ? I was forced to rouse myself, and set about extracting a sovereign from my waistcoat pocket. "I say, Bill," cried one of the tarpaulin-covered couple who were dispensing tickets, to his comrade, "I can't make nothing of this here gent ;" and looking up, I saw him bending over a passenger lying at full length on the deck, too far gone to do more than give a faint groan in answer to the various appeals of the sailor who, moving the lanthorn he carried back and forwards before the unhappy victim's eyes, continued to repeat—"I say, sir, Calay—payez—eight shillings. Blowed if I don't think he's deaf or dead."

"Can't you leave the gentleman alone," I cried, with as much energy as I could muster; "don't you see he's too ill to stir."

"But what about the passage-money, sir?" answered the steward.

"Oh, take it out of the sovereign I've given you, and let me have his ticket. I'll get the money back from him when we come into harbour. Unfeeling savages," I muttered, as they took me at my word, and proceeded to question others. The gentleman on the deck turned up his eyes to me with an attempted expression of gratitude, and I, collapsing under the collar of my cloak, began to meditate whether it was possible ever so far to overcome physical impediments as to enable me to qualify myself for the place of packet-steward. Could a vocation be imagined more congenial to my present state of isolated enmity against the world? Talk of a turnpike-man!—what was he in comparison?—a mere twopenny pettifogger, unversed in the niceties of inquisitorial torture; but the packet-steward—oh! imagine that helpless sufferer at my feet to be Fitz-Ursula, and me standing over him, armed with check-book and pencil—wouldn't I pay him off—wouldn't I make him repeat his name half-a-dozen times before I wrote it down, and then give him his change in sixpences, counted one by one into his hand; wouldn't I wait till he had buttoned up his coat and sunk back with a groan, before addressing him with "Please remember the steward, sir," so that he might have to go through it all again. Wouldn't I—what further I might have imagined I know not, for at that moment, my brain refusing to take cognizance of anything but its own misery, I subsided into a state of imbecile endurance that continued till we entered Calais harbour.

"Allow me, sir, in thanking you for the thoughtful kindness of your consideration, to discharge the pecuniary part of my obligation, and to assure you of my continuing for the remainder your faithful debtor."

I turned round, and at my elbow was the foreign gentleman, whom the calm of land-locked water had restored to his perpendicular.

"If in your Continental travels," he continued, with a foreign accent, but in perfectly good English, "any chance should bring you to Frankfurt, let me hope to have the opportunity of thanking you in my native town." He offered me his card, which I returned in kind; and, after glancing at the name and address, "Gustav Steinitz, Avocat, 129, Neue Mainzer Strasse," lost sight of my new-made acquaintance in the ardour of the luggage-chase.

The Brussels train happening to be the first that was to start, by it I determined to leave Calais. Close-packed and dusted, we arrived, a motley crew of English, French and Belgians, at our destination, where I sought by the restorative resources of the Hotel Belle-Vue, to efface the traces of the previous twelve hours' travel. After dinner, the visitors' book was, as usual, brought in for me to write down my name, before doing which, I scanned over the record of those who had recently entered an appearance on its pages. Good heavens! What was this that met my eye? Let me look again—

" John Dobbins,	}	aus England."
Emily L. Dobbins,		
Lætitia Mac Sokey,		

It was they; there could be no mistake. Emily, her aunt, her respected father; from England, whither bound didn't appear. Lower down than the above, in sprawling, shaky characters, was traced the sign-manual of "Amyas Fitz-Ursula, Militaire," also from England; also, as well as they, silent on the subject of destination. I summoned the waiter and questioned him; but it was a week ago. Travellers passed, and made no sign on that man's memory. The individualities of manly dignity, of female loveliness, were alike merged by him in the abstraction of numbered apartments. "Lorenzo O'Coolaghan, from nowhere to anywhere," I inscribed with cynic bitterness, and sought my solitary den "*au cinquieme*."

The following morning, as I thought over the accident that had guided me on the track of Emily's steps, I felt that the intended aimless character of my wandering was no longer possible. The clue thus lighted on, must be followed up, and even if I never spoke to her again, it would be a melancholy gratification to me to trace her — ay, through the world. "Up the Rhine" would have been the more rational way of expressing myself, but the sincerity of feeling swelled my thoughts, and gave to my language a tone of inflated grandeur.

By the usual tourist stages, Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz, I made my way to the region of water-drinking and *rouge-et-noir*, whereof Ems, Wiesbaden, and Homburg are the little capitals. Hitherto I had heard nothing of the party, nor had I, since leaving Brussels, seen their names in any of the hotel "Stranger-Books." To be sure, they might have gone to different hotels from those at which I stopped; but in any case, I felt certain that I should learn something of their movements before long, as they must have stayed for a day or two at least at one or other of the "Brunnen;" and by searching the daily lists of visitors published at each of these watering-places, I should be able to make sure of whether I was in the right direction or not. It was the height of the season when I arrived at Homburg, and all the hotels seemed to be suffering under a simultaneous plethora. The "Quatre Saisons" had, at the moment, on hand, the business of four seasons condensed into one; the "Golden Adler's" power of aurificating itself with the spoil of travellers, had reached its limit; the very "Russie's" capabilities of absorption were stayed; despairingly, I sought the "Angleterre"—the painted flag of freedom decorated its door posts; I entered, and was told that I was free to depart at once; full, full, up to the attics, and beds in every salon. This time though, I was not to be so easily repulsed; as the prospect of accommodation diminished, the determination to make a vigorous stand at the last house of refuge waxed stronger within me. The moment had arrived; if I left the "Angleterre," my final chance of a bed was lost, and nothing remained for me but to make a bid for a shake-down under the roulette-board, or endeavour to become the tenant of a spare railway-carriage for the night. I deposited my luggage in the hall, in spite of the protestations of the landlord, who had come to add his assurances to those of the porter, that a room was not to be had, and, taking a seat, I vowed that I wouldn't stir from the place till some one had departed, and so made the accommodation of a bed disposable.

"But, Monsieur," remonstrated the landlord, "I assure you that we have already turned away a dozen applicants this morning."

"Then I'll save you from the ill-luck of making the number thirteen," I replied, with a voice of calm determination.

"I know of no one that is going away," he rejoined, "and Monsieur can't remain in the hall all night."

"All night and to-morrow, if necessary," I answered. "Don't tell me about no one going away. People are always on the move at these places. No more certain promoter of brisk circulation than *trente-et-un*. Here I stay." And turning away from his renewed declarations that the thing was impossible, I began to examine, with an air of interest, the bell apparatus over my head, where little doors were dropping open, and giving to view the numbers of the rooms whose occupants had rung. I hadn't been thus engaged above two minutes when into the hall hurried a messenger, whose uniform showed him to be some sort of railway official.

"By telegraph, to be delivered immediately—Herr Hermann Wurtz—a receipt required," were his words, as he delivered a note to the porter.

"Wurtz, Numero 99."

The porter summoned a waiter and despatched him up stairs. Presently back he came, flying downwards.

"No. 99's receipt"—he handed it to the messenger—"and wants his bill immediately," he continued to the head-waiter, who had come to take his turn of staring at me; "intends to leave by the first train for Frankfurt."

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "I knew something would turn up. Here's a room at last."

"Well, certainly, Monsieur's good fortune has not deserted him," said the landlord, re-appearing, smiling and acquiescent. "The first train starts in a quarter of an hour; and as soon as the room is vacant it is at your disposal."

Clatter, bang, tumble down stairs, at the end of twenty minutes, came ex-99, swinging a carpet-bag in each hand, and kicking a hat-box before him.

"Railway omnibus!" he shouted, on coming in view of the hall.

"Gone ten minutes ago," answered the bowing landlord. "Johann, take up this gentleman's luggage;" and, following my portmanteau up stairs with the independence of a room proprietor, I left my predecessor to recover his temper at finding himself late, and to pass the time as best he could till the afternoon train, with permission to leave his luggage in the hall till then.

Hastily making myself presentable, I hurried to the Cursaal to take a first reconnoitering look at its frequenters, on the chance of some of Emily's party being there to be found.

Back and forwards, through the shifting groups of gay promenaders that crowded the walks, I passed again and again, looking vainly for some face that I might recognize. Finding my search wholly unsuccessful, I entered the rooms to see if there I should meet with better fortune. It was the high noon of play, and round every table was a dense mass of lookers-on and sharers in the game, that, preventing an outsider like myself from seeing much, allowed me only to hear the monotonous chant of the *rouge-et-noir* dealer, as he continued to drone

out "*Rouge gagne et couleur,*" or "*Rouge perd, couleur gagne,*" and the chink of the money raked in or paid out by the croupiers. I was turning away, with the feeling that it would be useless to prosecute my search in that direction, when a voice, the accent of which proclaimed a countryman, and whose tone struck upon my ear with a familiar sound, arrested me as it arose in apparent altercation with the guardian of the money-box. "*Je vous troublerai pour vang frong.*" Not a doubt about it, I'd heard that voice before. With difficulty I made my way through the crowd, and there, slightly depressed in magnificence of hauteur through the consciousness of being among strangers, but boldly British in the assertion of his rights, stood my possible rival, whom I had not seen since that night when I left him flying round in the waltz with Emily—Captain Amyas Fitz-Ursula. A napoleon staked by him on the winning cards remained still unpaid, and stoutly did he stop the game till his demands were satisfied. At his elbow was standing a man whose face I also thought I recollected, but it was a moment or two before I could bring to my mind that he was the Herr Hermann Wurtz of 99, whose hurry to catch the train and rage at losing it seemed, when I left him in the hall of the Angleterre, imminently provocative of apoplexy. He was evidently whiling away the time till the departure of the next train, in dalliance with the charms of the *rouge-et-noir* table; and whether it was owing to the excitement of the game, or that it was merely the natural expression of his countenance, I thought that a more hang-dog specimen of low cunning I had never seen. The croupier was certain that he had already paid the money, and suggested that as the piece he had thrown across the table might have fallen close to the hand of the gentleman with the crimson and yellow handkerchief, *i.e.*, Wurtz, the latter, whom he designated as Fitz-Ursula's friend, had, perhaps, taken it in mistake for a napoleon of his own. Captain Amyas' face, at hearing his neighbour indicated as his friend, was a study. Herr Hermann, grinning deprecatingly, vowed that no mistake could have occurred, as he had only taken up the money that covered a stake of his own played on the same cards; and the croupier, to lose no time in altercation, paid the napoleon and continued the game. Nobody, it seemed, had seen Wurtz stake the sum he said he had down; and Fitz-Ursula, apparently disgusted with the presumed partnership attributed to him, gathered up his gold and left the table.

"How d'ye do, Captain Fitz-Ursula?" I accosted him, as soon as I got within speaking distance, determined not to lose this opportunity of ascertaining something of the Dobbins family.

"Ah! Coalagain, my good fellow, is that you? Up the Rhine, like the rest of the world? Dev'lish hot, isn't it, eh? Know many people here?"

"As I've only just arrived, I can't say whether I shall find many friends or not. Some I presume I shall have the pleasure of re-meeting in your company."

"In mine! By Jove, I know nobody that I'm aware of. Oh, you mean the Dobbinses? Yes, we left England together by accident, but they're gone on a line of their own for the present. May see them again soon, certainly. By-the-bye, I suppose you haven't heard what brought them abroad?"

"Why the same that brings everybody, to be sure—to recruit exhausted nature by a six weeks' course of sour wine and steam-boats."

"Really, Coalagain, you're getting quite brilliant. However, in the present instance, there was a more important reason for their choosing this as the direction of their summer tour. Now you, who are, I believe, a German scholar, can you tell me what it is that constitutes a patent of nobility in these parts?"

"Why, what on earth has that to say to the matter? Patents of nobility are the same all over the world, ain't they?"

"Wrong, my good fellow, wrong. In England the fountain of honour is the Queen; here, it appears, it is the lottery-office keeper."

"Would it be too much to ask you to reduce your conversational powers to the level of intelligibility? for, as it is, I must say I haven't the smallest idea of what you are talking about."

"Take your time, Coalagain, and don't be impetuous. Which way are you going—the Angleterre? Ah! where I'm staying. Bad rooms, but good table d'hôte—near its hour, too. We'll go together. Curb your impatience till we get home, and then I'll tell you all I know myself."

"All you know yourself, indeed," thought I. "It's but little the wiser I'd be if you carried out your promise to the letter. However, as it's possible that you may be useful for the moment, I'll put up with you so far;" and I strolled back, in company with him, to our hotel.

The dinner-time not having yet arrived, I accepted Fitz-Ursula's invitation to pass the remaining half-hour before its appearance in his apartment, where he promised to redeem to me his pledge of enlightenment.

"Just sit down a moment, while I go into the next room and take off my boots; and in the meantime, if you throw your eye over this, you will be better able to understand what I've got to tell you;" and opening a portfolio, he placed a printed paper before my eyes, and left me to study its contents:—

"IMPERIAL FREE CITY OF FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

"By Authority of the Municipal Government.

"Will be disposed of, by process of State Lottery, on the 29th of June, 18—, the Feudal Castle and Demesne of Schwindelthaler, comprising the Palatial Residence, the Umbrageous Forests, and the Seigniorial Privileges appertaining to the same. The picturesque beauty of the site, the productiveness of the land, the sporting and convivial attractions of the neighbourhood, would of themselves be sufficient to recommend to all capitalists or lovers of the beautiful this highly eligible investment; but, in addition to the foregoing claims upon the attention of the public, the character of nobility, inherent in the owner of the above illustrious possession, must not be forgotten. By writ of summons of the Emperor Rodolph the First, the 'Von Schwindelthalers' are entitled to take rank as Counts of the Empire among the proud peers of Germany. An opportunity rarely to be met with now presents itself to those gifted spirits with whom would 'yearning Fancy fain revive the past,' or those sterner explorers of the world's treasure-fields whom the present prevailing low rate of interest causes to turn aside dissatisfied from the beaten tracks of profit. A Territory, whose resources await

but the judicious application of capital to be developed in a geometrical and unheard of ratio, is now submitted to the competition of enterprise. A Fief, the happy peasantry of which still honour the tradition teaching them to regard their chief with the patriarchal reverence of antiquity, offers to the chivalrous enthusiast a glorious occasion of reviving, in their purest form, the feudal splendours of 'the good old days.'

"Tickets, 10 florins each, to be disposed of at the Head Office, Frankfort, or by the agents of the Company throughout the world. An early application particularly requisite, to prevent disappointment.

"N.B.—By a special clause in the charter deed of gift, attached to the original Imperial writ of summons, the usual restrictions of feudal tenure are abolished in the case of the 'Grafen or Gräfinnen Von Schwindelthaler;' females seised in fee of this fief of the empire retaining all the privileges with which its holders were originally endowed. The attention of ladies, married or single, is particularly requested to the unrivalled advantages offered by the present distinguished and profitable investment."

Such, plentifully besprinkled with capitals, was the advertisement to which my attention had been directed. I read it through, and was as much at a loss as before to form a guess as to what direction the Dobbinses had taken in their tour, or why they had come abroad at all. I began to think Fitz-Ursula was making a fool of me, and to consider whether the process of ejection by the window was not the best way of meeting his impertinence; but the room being on the ground floor, I reserved the display of my indignation to a more favourable opportunity, and pitched the lottery puff aside. In doing so, a paper that had lain under it was exposed to view, the large character of whose handwriting made it impossible for me to avoid taking notice of it. "Poetry, by Apollo! poetry—and written by him. Well, the pleasure of criticising him in the capacity of an author was one that I never expected the gallant Captain to have afforded me. If he objects to its being read, why did he leave it about? If he catches me in the act, it will be a hint to him to lock up his valuables the next time he has any."

"SONNET.

"TO HER WHOM I ADORE.

"The balmy zephyr warbles through the trees;
 Endearingly the turtle-dovelet's coo
 Meanders down the softly-flowing breeze,
 And gently murmurs through the azure blue.
 Oh, loved Lætitia! sighing thus for you,
 The hope of happiness my longing sees
 Lætificates my heart, as morning dew
 Delights the roses opening by degrees.
 Ah! deign to give my anguish healing ease,
 Requite a love so tender and so true,
 Or here, in icy pain condemned to freeze,
 A blighted victim soon your scorn may view,
 Despairing, hopeless, tortured, dying, mad,
 Dejected, wretched, miserable, sad."

"'A blighted victim! Despairing, dying, miserable, sad!'" The poetic impostor. I dare say, now, if I were to search the room I

should find a guitar, with a blue ribbon, ready to twinkle-twinkle an accompaniment to the little stars on moonlit nights. Shall I appropriate his composition, thought I, as something ridiculous that I'd cut out of a provincial newspaper, and recite it at the first favourable opportunity? No! I should be ashamed to pay the compliment of attention to his balderdash. Oh! here he comes; and, arrayed for dinner, he emerged from his dressing-room.

"Well, having read that flowery document," he said, sitting down, "you will in some degree be able to appreciate the force of the temptation brought to bear upon Mrs. Mac Sokey, when, one morning in Baker-street, she received per post a duplicate of what you have just seen, accompanied by an unctuous note, stating that the London agent of the company would have the honour of paying his respects to her in the course of the day. What could have induced a lottery-speculator to make application to her for patronage I can't say; under ordinary circumstances he might as well have expected to persuade a Scotch terrier to drop a chicken-bone by showing him the picture of a sheep's-head; but, on the present occasion, his lucky star had led him right. On the previous day Mrs. Mac had received a long letter from a recently-married friend of hers, who, in the course of a two months' wedding-trip, had succeeded in reaching Florence, and there, among other sports of the country, had indulged in what she called a tombola, a sort of lottery I believe, but in which she'd won I forget how many scudi. She dilated upon the success of her small gambling venture at such length that the spirit of gain was aroused in Mrs. Mac's nature, and the flourishing promises of the prospectus, the commercial respectability of the undertaking, and the halo of nobility surrounding the whole, completed the fascination of her avarice. In short, when the agent, as he represented himself, called, he found the task of extracting from her the purchase-money of two tickets an easy one. This was in April, two months before the drawing of the lottery, and during that intervening time, not one of the family was made acquainted with the speculation she had embarked in. At length one day, about three weeks ago, on entering the drawing-room in Baker-street to pay a morning-visit, I found the whole family in a state of commotion. Mr. Dobbins, very red in the face, remonstrating furiously against something. Emily" — Confound the impudent puppy, thought I, what does he mean by calling her Emily? — "seemingly smothering with difficulty her laughter, and Mrs. Mac, in the full blow of offended dignity, sitting venomous and upright on the sofa.

"But, my dear Letty," I heard Mr. Dobbins say, as the door was opened, "you don't mean to say that you believe all this to be true?"

"There's the advertisement, and here's the ticket. Can't you read with your own eyes, John, instead of making yourself ridiculous in that way before Captain Fitz-Ursula?"

"As soon as he saw me he moderated his tone, the conversation having proceeded too far in my presence to be allowed to drop altogether.

"Certainly, this ticket is No. 7,359, and the advertisement here does say that that is the first prize in the Frankfort lottery, drawn on the 29th of last month. Well, my dear, I suppose we must congratulate

late you on being a landed proprietor, as well as Countess Mac Sokey Von Schwindelthaler in Germany. When does your ladyship — ha! — ha! — ha! — purpose visiting your estates? I beg your pardon, Letty, a thousand times; but, really, I can hardly fancy the matter even now to be anything but a jest.

“‘Papa!’ said Emily” — Emily again! — “deprecatingly.”

“‘John, you’re a brute,’ sobbed Mrs. Mac, flouncing out of the room, followed by her niece.

“When we were alone, I gathered from Mr. Dobbins that his sister had just announced the unexpected success of her lottery venture, as read by her in the *Times*, and had signified her intention of setting out immediately to enter on the possession of her newly acquired rights. She was a little surprised at not having heard from Mr. Manasseh, the agent of the company, who had faithfully promised to send her the earliest intelligence of the winning numbers; but concluding that his letter had gone astray, she determined to lose no time in going over to present herself to her expectant tenantry. Finding her bent on starting without waiting to make further enquiries, her brother and niece resolved to accompany her, and as I was coming abroad about the same time, we travelled together as far as Aix-la-Chapelle. Some family matters took me to Spa for a few days, but I promised to look in on them at Frankfort, and hear how matters stood. To-night or to-morrow I think of starting, as they must have settled all by this time. Any commands for the Countess?”

“Thank you,” said I, “I think I’ve seen enough of this place, and as my road to the south lies through Frankfort, perhaps I may fall in with them myself. I won’t trouble you.”

“Well, *au revoir*,” drawled he, waving his hand, and I left the room.

I drank through the dinner that day, but could eat nothing. I felt ready to choke, and afraid every moment that tears were going to start from my eyes. Wasn’t it plain that he’d come abroad at their invitation? Travelling in company with them, going to rejoin them, talking in that tone of easy intimacy, quite naturally, too, I couldn’t but allow; not at all seeming to assume it for effect — of Emily. What was the use of my wishing to see her again? It was evident the Captain had cut me out. Was I going to do such a poor-spirited thing as to dangle in her train after she’d thrown me over, when the only possible result must be the enhancement of my rival’s triumph? Oh! there was no use arguing with myself, I was determined to see her, and see her I would, though never more with hope to call her mine. Sentiment and poetry had stolen away her heart. Sonnets, indeed; could’nt I have written sonnets as well, if I’d tried? “Oh, loved Lætitia?” But what does the man mean? Lætitia’s not her name — why couldn’t he have said Emily? Had he confounded her with her aunt in his poetic rapture? Or had he — oh, impossible! The power of inspiring any tender passion had long ceased to vivify Mrs. Mac’s charms. Not even a fortune-hunter, with the Schwindelthaler peerage in prospect, could have laboured at sonnetteering his devotion to such a mistress. Let me think a moment, I reflected; when I read their names in that Brussels book, wasn’t there some second Christian name beside Emily

written down? Yes, now I recollect, Emily L. Lætitia, no doubt, by which the Captain, when poetically inclined, has thought fit to address her. Oh! if I could but make him suffer for his presumption; if I could but annihilate his reputation as a rhymer. Emily, Emily, couldn't I make sonnets on the name I loved to know her by. Let's see. What rhymes to Emily? Family — simile — Semele — Semele, mother of Bacchus; Bacchus, Gracchus — Gracchus, mother of the Gracchi. Emily, mother of the Gracchi. Oh, absurd! Well, after all, it's a low, contemptible occupation for a man who has any pretensions to a grain of sense, to sit for hours, as that fellow, Amyas, must have done, before a sheet of blank paper, beating his brain for rhymes, and biting his pen for inspiration. It shall never be said that I countenanced such deplorable idiotcy by doing likewise; and, arming myself with the strength of manly dignity, I gave orders to be called in time for the first train in the morning, and retired to my room.

As I was preparing to undress for bed, something lying on the floor, just under the chest of drawers, caught my eye. I stooped down to see what it was, and found an old, worn-out leather card-case, that had either been thrown away as worthless, or dropped accidentally, by some traveller packing up to leave; probably by Herr Wurtz, the last occupant of the room, when hurrying to catch the train he was late for. A good-for-nothing article it certainly seemed, as I lifted it up; but in doing so, it being made of soft leather, I felt that there was something inside, and opening it to see whether its contents were bank-notes, in order, if so, that I might take steps for restoring them to their owner, I discovered—pssha!—two lottery-tickets, issued, as it appeared on examining the date of the event to which they referred, for the same occasion as that on which Mrs. Mac's title had been won; the drawing at any rate was over, the prizes distributed, and blank tickets, as these of course were, could be of no use to anyone. I threw the things aside, and my portmanteau lying open close to where I was standing, the case with its contents, as I had found them, fell into it, where at the bottom the leathery waif lay unnoticed till the next day, when I set about unpacking my luggage in a room of the Hotel de Russie at Frankfort.

My first visit, after leaving my room, was to the large slate in the hall, where the names of the visitors then staying in the hotel were supposed to be written down. I was making my way through the list, and balancing the respective probabilities of "Dibbles" and "Dollums," there inscribed, being what I was in search of, when suddenly I felt the blood give a double knock at the door of my heart and run away, as the rustle of summer muslin in the hall causing me to look round, Emily, my adored Emily, her very self, stood before me, leaning on the arm of a portly old gentleman, whom, though I had never seen him before, I knew at once, by the likeness between them, to be her respected father.

"It's Mr. Coolahan, papa," said the dear girl, as I rushed forward overjoyed, and stopped short on encountering Mr. Dobbins's interrogatory look at the impetuous stranger.

"Oh, indeed! Sir, I'm glad to make your acquaintance," he replied. "I think I've heard my sister mention your name. I used to know your grandfather, I believe, Mr. Laurence Bellamy, some years ago—hope he's quite well?"

"Never was better," I assured him. Might, or might not be the case, as far as I knew; there was no use in confessing that the old gentleman had commenced a quarrel with his only child, my mother, on account of her marrying an Irishman; had taken further offence at her whim of having me christened Lorenzo instead of Laurence, after his having so far overcome his first resentment as to consent to stand godfather to me; and had finally announced his complete estrangement from us, when, on the death of my father, I was allowed to decide on the bar as my future profession, instead of taking possession of a clerkly stool in his mercantile office, as he had proposed.

"We shall be glad to see you, Mr. Coolahan, while you stop in Frankfort. We're staying at this hotel," said the kind old Dobbins, as he carried off Emily, leaving me so intent on following her with my eyes upstairs, that I never once thought of asking after Mrs. Mac, or, should I say, the Countess?

"Ah, Callagain, you here already!" The voice was like the shock of a douche-bath to my hopes. I might have known that he'd be here.

"What, Captain Fitz-Ursula! Did we travel, then, in the same train this morning?"

"This morning, no!—that's when you came. I left Homburg last night. Oh! by-the-bye, as I see you've just met our friends—did they tell you the *finale* of the story, of which I gave you the first chapter yesterday?"

"No; I'd only time to say 'How-d'ye-do?' as they passed through the hall. They were gone before I could ask."

"Well, as you may as well know the whole before you meet them again, perhaps I'd better take up the thread of my discourse where I left off, and give you all the information I myself got last night on striving here."

I accepted his offer with thanks, and could not help feeling, at the same time, that there was a greater friendliness in his manner than I had been disposed to give him credit for. Indeed, when I came to think over all that had ever passed between us, I was forced to own to myself, that a great deal of the prejudice I had conceived against him was unjustified, and that he really had always acted more courteously to me whenever we met than I had to him. But then, wasn't he my successful rival, and didn't that consideration outweigh all others? I steeled my features to a look of grim politeness, and prepared to listen.

"On my arrival here last night," commenced the Captain, "the first person I met was, to my surprise, Mr. Dobbins. I had imagined the whole family to be enjoying the luxuries of Chateau Schwindelthaler, and looked forward to receiving an invitation at the 'poste restante,' to join them. It was not, therefore, without considerable astonishment that, finding them still here, I expressed my hope that nothing had occurred to impede the carrying out of their plans.

"Everything, sir, has occurred, as anybody but a fool might have guessed beforehand would be the case," was his reply. He thereupon related briefly the events that had followed their arrival in Frankfort. No sooner had they reached the town than Mrs. Mac Sokey, armed with ticket No. 7,359, set out for the lottery-office, which she had no difficulty in discovering, and there obtaining an interview with the

director, she produced her credentials, and claimed the title-deeds and title. 'I was with her, sir,' said Mr. Dobbins, describing the scene. 'I knew there was something wrong the moment the director took the ticket in his hand.'

"He looked at it, turned it over, held it against the light, then shook his head and handed it back.

"May I ask, madam,' he said, 'where you bought this ticket?'

"In London,' she replied.

"Oh, indeed!—at our Branch Office?'

"No,' answered my sister; 'but personally from the agent of the Company.'

"From Messrs. Klingel and Schein, I presume.'

"No, the gentleman's name, I recollect, was Manasseh.'

"Hem—ha—the fact is, my dear madam, I regret to say that you've been imposed upon. This ticket, which is the first of its kind that we have seen, is a tolerably clever forgery of the genuine documents issued by us. You may see, however, that the paper wants the private stamp of the Company, and also the water-wark of our manufacture; and, producing a genuine specimen, he contrasted the two. 'The number of your ticket is certainly identical with the one that was successful the other day; but, the fortunate winner of the prize, Baron Süssen-Krant, being already in possession of the castle and estate, I regret extremely that it is beyond my power to do more than offer you my best assistance in bringing to punishment any of the parties, should you trace them, who have been guilty of so scandalous a fraud.'

"My poor sister, sir,' continued Mr. D.—, 'didn't say a word. She took up her ticket, walked out of the office, and back to the hotel into her room, where, shutting the door, she threw herself down, and went off into hysterics. Being brought to, she took to her bed, where she still remains, and Heaven knows how long it may be before we're able to leave this place.'"

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," thought I, thanking the Captain for what he had told me. If it hadn't been for the lottery-swindle, I might have been long enough before I found an opportunity of seeing Emily, except under the depressing influence of Mrs. Mac's presence; and, resolving to turn the occasion to account, that evening, after dinner, I proceeded to call on Mr. Dobbins. The Captain came in shortly after, but he and Mr. D., seeming to have some business to discuss, retired to one end of the room, and left me and my adored one together undisturbed. What did we say?—How did we feel?—What did we think of during that happy hour? How should I know. Let anyone, who is curious to ascertain, recall his own experiences to mind, or, if none are available, let him go and learn for himself. I only recollect that I was startled out of a blissful dream by the sudden opening of the room door, and the entrance of a waiter, to announce that a person was waiting outside to see Mr. Dobbins.

"What does he want?—who is he?" asked Mr. D.

The waiter couldn't say.

"Oh! papa," answered Emily, "it must be the Bohemian-glassman, who's come with the bottles and wants to be paid."

"Well, show him up." And immediately the person who had been waiting outside was ushered in.

"Mishter Dobbins, I believe," he commenced, addressing that gentleman in English, with the accent of a German Jew.

"Yes, my name 's Dobbins; I suppose you want to be paid."

"Vell, sare, dat's just it," replied the man, with a start of surprise. "Glad you know all about it. You see, your sister, sare, married Mishter John Raikes—Mr. John Raikes was father of Mr. Henry, so you are the young shentleman's uncle——"

"What the deuce is the man talking about—is it the Swindle-dollar family-tree you're looking for to plant. If so——"

"Dere'sh no plant at all in de case, sare," interrupted the stranger, "It'sh de law of de land."

"What? that I should give you my pedigree?"

"No; bote dat you should pay de bill."

"Well, confound you, ain't I ready to pay your bill. But where are the bottles?"

"De bottlesh! Mein Gott!—vat should I know? If Mishter Henry did take four or five dozen of champagne, ven his bill vash discounted, vat'sh de odds? It vash as good as cash, and Mishter Wurtz don't allow nauthen for the bottlesh."

At the name of Wurtz I pricked up my ears.

"What infernal gibberish is it that the fellow's speaking? Give me your bill, sir, at once."

"Not quite sho green—I'll show it to you, though. Ay, look at it; it'sh a good one;" and before the eyes of the astonished Dobbins he held a regular stamped bill for a hundred pounds, at three months, drawn by Emanuel Wurtz, of London, accepted by Henry Raikes, and, as, turning it over, he shewed, endorsed to Hermann Wurtz, of Frankfort.

"Will anybody explain to me what all this means?" said Mr. D——, looking round, thoroughly bewildered.

"Why, it meansh," replied the bill-holder, "that thish bill, received by Mishter Hermann Wurtz, in the way of bishness from his cousin in London, vash drawn by your nephew. The bill ish overdue—Mishter Henry gone—the Lord knows where, so you, hish uncle, as the nearest relation we can get, maust pay it for him, or go to prishon—de law gives you a week to make up your mind. Sholoman, you'll attend to the shentleman" and summoning an Israelite of a lower grade from the outer passage, he informed Mr. D—— that his co-religionist would make one of the family party till the expiration of the term of grace.

"Does any one mean to tell me that this is the law here?" roared the infuriated gentleman, whose pocket was thus threatened. "It's a swindle, a robbery, a forgery; it's an organised system, sir, of imposition and plunder; it's part of the same rascality that palmed off those villainous lottery tickets on my poor sister. I'll not pay them a farthing; I'll go to prison; I'll write to Lord Palmerston," and he stopped short, out of breath and purple in the face.

The name of Wurtz, and the simultaneous mention of the unhappy lottery, suddenly brought to my mind the tickets I had found in the note-case picked up at Homburgh in the room that had just been vacated by the very man in question. "Hermann Wurtz"—I recollected it perfectly well on the telegraphic despatch—that was his name. Hardly knowing why I did so, I fetched the note-case with its contents

from my room, related how it had come into my possession, and, reminding Captain Amyas of what had taken place at the *rouge-et-noir* table, wound up by expressing my conviction that "Mishter Wurtz" was neither more nor less than a cheating scoundrel.

"But the bill's genuine, for all that," replied Mr. D——. "I know that promising youth's handwriting too well to be mistaken. It's not the first time that, from regard to his father, I've had occasion to be mixed up with his difficulties—and now, I haven't the least idea where he's to be found. He left England a month ago to travel indefinitely as long as he found it pleasant, I believe. If he'd only stay away, sir, as long as he's likely to find London unpleasant, we shouldn't have much chance of ever seeing him again. Constantinople, the Nile, India, Infinite Space, that's what he talked of, sir, when he started; spoke of remaining away till the Beyrout and Babylon Junction was completed, that he might return home all the way by steam. The worst of it is, though, that he's really no relation of mine at all. He's John Raikes' son by a former marriage, and my sister is merely his stepmother. By-the-bye," continued he, turning to me, "he's actually a nearer relation of your's than he is of mine. His mother was a cousin of Mr. Bellamy, your grandfather; so that they might just as well have arrested you for this infernal bill."

"My dear sir," cried I, suddenly recollecting a certain card I had in my pocket-book, "will you allow me to consult an acquaintance of mine, a gentleman, a native of Frankfort, who, I am sure, will be able to give some useful assistance in deciding what's to be done?" and receiving *carte-blanche* to act, off I started to seek the address of "Gustav Steinitz, Avocat," my deck-companion of the Calais steam-boat, in hopes that through his aid I might be able to discover some mode of deliverance from the present predicament. I wasn't long in finding "129, Neue Mainzer Strasse," and on sending in my card was immediately requested to enter the apartment where Herr Steinitz stood, ready to shake me by the hand and bid me welcome. As soon as I was at liberty to diverge from the expression of my acknowledgment called forth by his friendly greeting, I entered upon the matter that was uppermost in my mind, and acquainting him with everything that had occurred, the lottery-misfortune of Mrs. Mac, my Homburg rencontre with Wurtz, and the unexpected liabilities threatening Mr. Dobbins, I begged that he would, of his kindness, inform me whether the law, as laid down in the latter case, really was in force; and, if so, whether there was any alternative possible to paying the money.

He heard me out attentively and in silence. "Wurtz, Wurtz," he repeated when I had done, "I know that name. Would you allow me to look at those lottery-tickets you found in the card-case at Homburg?" Having them in my pocket, I took them out and gave them to him.

"Ha! this really is important," remarked he, growing excited, after examining them carefully, "this may be a most useful link in our evidence. Yes, I think it would almost warrant us in taking immediate steps. Oh, true—I beg your pardon—as to the liability of Mr. Dobbins. Well, I'm sorry to say the law is very much as you heard it stated—the party primarily liable not being forthcoming, the next of kin may cer-

tainly be held responsible. It is an old-established principle here, and I fear I cannot suggest any way by which the fulfilment of its obligations can be avoided. And, indeed, now that I think further, another consideration occurs to me," and he paused for a moment thoughtfully. "It is exceedingly unpleasant," he resumed, "indeed most painful to me to contemplate such a measure, but the exigencies of public duty will, I hope, be considered by you sufficiently imperative to plead my excuse. The case stands thus. Since the discovery of the existence of forged tickets, purporting to be issued by the State Lottery Office, the attention of the authorities has been directed to the detection, and punishment if possible, of the guilty parties. Various circumstances have contributed to fix suspicion on this Wurtz as being one of those concerned in their circulation; but, in my capacity of public prosecutor, I did not feel myself called upon, nor indeed should I have been justified in allowing myself to take any steps towards openly accusing him. Proof was not as yet sufficiently strong. But the evidence of this note-case materially alters matters. The tickets it contains are identical in appearance with the forgeries we have already seen, and, moreover, one of them is, in number, the duplicate of a ticket that won a small prize at the last drawing. If, therefore, Wurtz had not been aware of its being a forgery, having an apparent prize-ticket in his possession, he would naturally have presented it for payment. His not having done so is corroborative evidence of his guilt; so strong indeed may the case against him be now considered, that his apprehension may be ordered to take place immediately; that, of course, would be a matter perfectly indifferent to you or me; but what really distresses me is this—in the event of his conviction he becomes liable, in addition to any other punishment, to the payment of a heavy fine for attempting to defraud the State; now, he is a man of straw, not worth a thousand florins in fixed property that could be seized. It therefore becomes incumbent on the State, and on me as one of its executive officers, to secure all possible assets belonging to him as security for the penalty; among other debts, this bill of which you speak must be included. I really regret extremely its having been brought to my notice, but, that being now the case, my duty allows me no option but to regard Mr. Dobbins in the light of a State debtor, and as such, cause the usual measures to be adopted in his case. In private matters of this kind it is true that the law allows a week's grace; but when the State is creditor, I am sorry to say that immediate arrest is compulsory."

"Good heavens! Mr. Steinitz, am I to go back and tell my friend that the only result of my exertions in his behalf has been his consignment to prison a week sooner than otherwise would have been the case?"

"Oh, my dear sir, I'm sure Mr. Dobbins will see the matter in its proper light—a mere official formality, I assure you, for which you are in no way responsible;" and, reiterating his assurances of the pleasure with which he renewed our acquaintance, he allowed me to take my leave. Very slowly and dolefully I made my way back to the Hotel de Russie, cogitating the reception I was likely to meet with on my intelligence being made known; and, pausing at the street door to collect my thoughts, it was not till he addressed me twice that I started from my reverie to pay attention to a valet-de-place, whom I had sent to the

'poste-restante' to inquire for letters, and who, now accosting me, held out one that had there been awaiting me. I looked at the address mechanically—didn't recognise the handwriting—turned it over—black seal—black-edged envelope. I tore it open and read—

"Skinley-cum-Flint, Dorsetshire, July, 18—

"SIR,—As the agents of your late deeply lamented and universally respected grandfather, Laurence Bellamy, Esq., it is our melancholy duty to acquaint you with his unexpected decease yesterday, the result of a sudden apoplectic seizure. Dying intestate, as we are well informed is the case, his real estate, amounting to £3,000 per annum, and his personal property, viz., £20,000 three per cent. consols, devolve upon you as his only lineal descendant. Should you think fit to honour us with a continuance of the confidence reposed in us for twenty years by our late esteemed client, we trust that you will have every reason to be satisfied with our exertions in the fulfilment of so important a trust. Soliciting the favour of your early presence,

"We have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servants,

"SAWDER AND SCREW.

"Lorenzo O'Coolaghan, Esq."

My poor grandfather; but really I couldn't be expected to be very deeply sorrowful. I'd never seen him but once, when I was five years old, and then I was packed off immediately to bed as a punishment for crying and refusing to go near him; so that, after the first moment, the marvellous change in my position announced by the letter I had just read, filled my thoughts and nearly turned my brain. An estated man of property—able to do what I liked—dependent enough to aspire boldly to—oh, Emily, Emily—and I was rushing up stairs, three steps at a time, when the recollection of the prison news, of which I was the bearer, brought me to a dead stop, and down I sneaked into the hall again to think what on earth was to be done.

All of a sudden the words of Mr. Dobbins, relative to the relationship between my grandfather and Mr. Henry Raikes, the bill-acceptor, occurred to me. "I have it," I cried, "that's the very thing," and, dashing out of the hotel, I ran at full speed back to my friend Steinitz.

"A thousand pardons for again interrupting you," I exclaimed, "but I have just recollected that I omitted to mention the most important circumstance in Mr. Dobbins's case, which is, that he is in reality no relation whatever of the gentleman for whose debt he is held liable;" and I related the family history I had heard.

"Very sorry, indeed," replied my friend, "but legal formalities must be complied with. If the gentleman proves, as no doubt he can, the exactness of what you state, it will be a case for consideration how far he can be considered as coming within the limits of liability; or, if your respected grandfather were here in person," added he, laughing, "the affair would soon be settled, as, under the circumstances, such as you describe them, there can be no doubt of his being the

person who would be held amenable to the law in preference to Mr. Dobbins."

"You mean to say, if it were brought to your notice that any one invested with the responsibility attaching to my grandfather were now in Frankfort, that it would be your duty to cause him to be arrested in place of Mr. Dobbins, who would then be set free?"

"Precisely so."

"Alas! my poor grandfather can never more be made amenable to your laws, as this letter will show you," replied I, handing him the one I had just received, which he took and read.

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed he, as soon as he had finished its perusal, "do you know what you have done? Are you aware that this letter shows you to be the heir and consequent representative of your grandfather; and that, presuming the non-liability of your friend Mr. Dobbins established, as, from what you tell me, it in all probability will be, my public duty imperatively calls on me to subject you yourself to the disagreeable rigour of provisional imprisonment?"

"Am I to understand," said I, "that, influenced solely by your sense of duty, you feel bound to call on me either to pay this bill myself, or go to prison?"

"You put the question for decision rather abruptly," he replied, "but in the main the substance of your proposition is too true."

"My dear sir, I can't sufficiently thank you," exclaimed I, seizing him by the hand. "I can't tell you what a load you have taken off my mind. There are two favours more I will ask of you—the first is, that you will come with me to Mr. Dobbins, and detail to him the perfectly legal manner in which he has been discharged from the obligation of this debt, and I forced to incur it; the second, that you will have the goodness to lend me your assistance in getting a bill of mine on England for the necessary sum accepted in liquidation of what I am called upon to pay."

"A very strange people, you English," he remarked, smiling; "but as to what you ask of me, it will be a pleasure to me to comply in both particulars with your request." And immediately I wrote to acquaint Messrs. Sawder and Screw that I accepted provisionally the service of their agency, and had inaugurated our connexion by drawing on them at sight for a hundred pounds. Mr. Dobbins at first seemed disposed to be incredulous, but allowed himself, without much difficulty, to be persuaded of the truth of what Steinitz told him, as indeed he would of any statement relative to the operation of Continental law, after his experience of its principles; and just as he had submitted to be free, Emily entered, to whom the whole story had to be gone over anew.

"Oh! papa, I'm so glad you've settled it all; but poor Mr. Coolahen, it seems very hard that he should have to pay. I'm delighted that we didn't let Lætitia know of this at first. It would have flurried her so to have heard about it, if we hadn't been able to tell her, at the same time, of its being all arranged."

"Your aunt, then, knows nothing of what's happened?" I observed.

"Oh!" said Mr. Dobbins, "Emily means her sister, not her aunt; but you never saw her, I believe. No—I forgot; she was in the country all last season, and you had no opportunity of making her

acquaintance. But, if you want to hear anything to her advantage, you'd better ask the Captain," turning to Captain Fitz-Ursula, who entered the room at that moment.

Lætitia—sister—Fitz-Ursula—"Sonnet to her whom I adore." Oh! I saw it all—gallant fellow, he aspired to be my brother-in-law. There's not a man in the world with whom I'd rather contract such a relationship. I felt I always had had a real regard for Amyas; and as I shook him by the hand, I assured him of the sincerity of my esteem with a warmth of expression that quite startled him.

"By-the-way," said Mr. Dobbins, taking me aside, "there's one thing that occurs to me—I'm sure you'll excuse my mentioning it, but, I think, it might be considered a delicate mark of respect to the memory of your late grandfather, from whom you have inherited such a handsome fortune, if you were to pay his family-name the compliment of assuming it in addition to your own. I merely throw out the hint for your consideration; I don't pretend to offer any advice on the subject. To-morrow, I think you said, or the day after, was it? you purposed leaving this. We start homewards immediately—even if it should be necessary to transport my sister in a litter. Perhaps you would join our party."

Need I say with what delight I accepted the invitation? Need I describe the feeling with which, the day but one after, sitting opposite Emily in the railway-carriage, I bade adieu to Frankfort?

"Well, sir, go on—don't you mean to finish your story properly? Ain't you going to tell us whether Wurtz was hanged, and whether you ever got your money from Mr. Raikes for that bill, that you were foolish enough to pay, and whether——"

"My good sir, one question at a time. If you really wish to know—Wurtz got scent of what was in store for him, and managed to escape to America. In a San Francisco paper, the other day, I saw the account of a tarring-and-feathering process, as prescribed by the Code-Lynch, having been administered to one Worts, a German emigrant, for being found with forged notes in his possession; whether he was connected with Herr Hermann, or not, is more than I can say. With respect to Raikes' little bill, you see, the Beyrout and Babylon Junction not being yet open, it would be premature to expect any settlement, the acceptor not having hitherto had the opportunity of taking a through ticket home."

"And pray, sir, can you tell us, did you ever succeed in finding a rhyme for Emily?"

"Never, my dear madam—never. The last attempt I made, or ever shall make, eventuated in a union by no means happy in a rhythmical point of view, however transcendently felicitous in a conjugal one. It was on that day two months after our leaving Frankfort, whereof, of course, you, in common with all our friends, got a memento in the shape of a shiny little envelope, inscribed within, 'Emily Dobbins,' and enclosing a highly-polished card, displaying the united names of 'Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo O'C. Bellamy.'"

THE ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD AND PHYSIC.*

MAN, it is said, is doomed to eat one peck of dirt in his lifetime. In this faith we were educated, and have accustomed ourselves to submit to the infliction as an inevitable condition of our existence. In what form the aforesaid peck was to be consumed we regarded as a matter of little importance, but had tacitly taken for granted, that it was to be of a harmless nature, perhaps nothing more than an accumulation of the unavoidable accidents of the kitchen, and certainly, not injurious or poisonous. We fear, now, the proverb had a deeper meaning than we supposed, and may have been the cunning invention of some wily knave of former times, were he baker, butcher, grocer, or apothecary, to blind his customers. At all events, the peck has grown to many pecks, and is certainly not of the innocent nature we credulously believed; and we, as well as the public at large, are earnestly resolved to stand the imposition no longer.

There are some subjects too serious for joking upon, and this is one of them. When on purchasing an estate, or a piece of goods, we find it not to be what it was represented, we are justly wrathful, and forthwith go to law with the seller, and recover damages or not, as the chances of the exciting game of judge-and-jury may decide, but, save in pocket and temper, we are generally none the worse, perhaps the better for our lesson purchased of experience. It is otherwise with the tricks played upon the stomach. To discover that what we believed to be wholesome bread, and paid for as such, contains a notable quantity of an injurious drug, is to become aware of a species of injury for which money affords no redress. To learn that the poor man's beer is doctored with stupefying chemicals, in order to conceal its intrinsic weakness, is to know of a wrong for which the law gives, and can give, no adequate relief to the sufferer. *Such things must not be done.* The law must forbid them, and having forbidden them, must see that it is itself obeyed.

The health of the population of our cities, where these practices for the most part exist, is too valuable to be trifled with by speculating millers or publicans. The wealthy, who can afford to pay the highest price for everything, are not the principal victims of the evil we speak of, though they by no means escape with immunity. It is the poor man, whose wants oblige him to put up with a cheaper article, who is wholly defenceless against the attacks of the unscrupulous food merchant. The temptation to buy what is low priced is too great to be resisted; the poor will always buy where the least money will procure the largest meals. It is of no use to provide remedies by way of punishment for vending improper food, if such punishment is to be enforced at the risk and with the loss of time of the man who works for his

* "Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Adulteration of Food, &c. Ordered to be printed 22nd July, 1856."

daily bread. Besides, as we have remarked, the injury to health is not to be paid for by damages to be given by a jury.

Neither are the impositions in question so easily discoverable, as to render even this redress certain. We venture to predict, that the vast majority of our readers will have heard for the first time, from these pages, of the authentic existence of some of the various cheats by which our food has been *cheapened*.

Almost worse, if possible, than the corruption of meat and drink, is the trifling with life and death that is carried on in the medicine-chest. It is astounding to think that the very remedies administered to cure disease may have been so tampered with as to kill instead of cure. Yet such is the fact; and in our great cities no one can tell how many a death has been attributed to the inefficacy of a remedy, which in reality never was applied at all.

It is true that for many years past heavy penalties have been attached to certain adulterations, but except in a very few instances these penalties have not been enforced, and the unwholesome plant has grown the more rapidly for the partial pruning. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. The actual sufferer has often neither money, time, nor opportunity to prosecute the offender, and the difficulty of detection would frequently be a serious obstacle to any private prosecution. It is, moreover, only very recently that science has become sufficiently acute to discern the true article from the fraudulent substitute, and we fear that noxious ingredients still baffle the microscope and laboratory. However, we believe that, as regards the chief articles of food, particularly those consumed by the poorer classes, such an amount of information has been already obtained as may enable the Legislature effectually to protect the health of the people. We purpose acquainting our readers with some details of what must be admitted to be a crying social grievance. Astonishing as some of the facts we shall state may appear, they have been given in evidence upon oath before the Committee of the House of Commons, that last session investigated the subject of the adulteration of food.

The chief articles of the working-man's food are bread, meat, and beer or porter. Now, in some places, not one of these is to be had pure and wholesome. We shall begin with meat. Fortunately for our Irish labourer, who eats but little meat, his potatoes cannot be tampered with; but his English brother is exposed to a system of adulteration pervading every article of his daily consumption. For example, there is between Manchester and Salford a place called Newton Heath; and we believe that what goes on there prevails to a much larger extent in the crowded cities near it, and in other large towns. In Newton there are (or were when the evidence was given) three slaughter-houses for "*slinked* meat," i. e., flesh of unhealthy cattle, in which 12 cows, and from 24 to 25 calves are killed per week. The meat is disguised before it is sold to the poor. When cut up, it presents sometimes a hard appearance, and sometimes a soft appearance, and sometimes both in the same animal. The hard pieces are sold as ordinary joints on the stalls, but the softer portions are converted into sausage-meat, into polonies, into savoury ducks, or saveloys, or German sausages, or collared brawn. What a bill of fare for a poor man's dinner! Often, not having ready money,

these disguised preparations are forced upon him when he otherwise might buy better food. The compounds we have mentioned are intended to pass for pork, and for this purpose the slinked veal is used; the beef, be it known to the curious reader, makes them too red. But this is not all. There are five persons in Salford who dispose of *horse-flesh*, to be mixed with potted meats for sale in Manchester. Now, it is a matter of debate, we believe, whether horse-flesh be not a very wholesome article of food, and we have heard a great deal lately of attempts made to introduce it as an article of general consumption in France. Indeed, a veteran warrior told us, that being at one time in Spain unable for a whole week to obtain anything else, he lived upon this diet, and got rather to like it. He did *not* state that he persevered in its consumption, when he at last came within reach of beef and mutton. But however this may be, as a matter of gastronomic economy, we apprehend the good folk of Manchester do not wittingly feed on horse-flesh. Still it is a fact, that the tongues of horses, with the best portions, such as the hind-quarters, are generally sold to mix with collared brawn, and for sausages and polonies, the use of horse-flesh, it is understood, materially facilitating the manufacture and sale of these latter articles, its hard fibrine causing them to mix better, keep firmer, and last longer than they otherwise would.

It does not follow, to be sure, that horses thus consumed have necessarily died of disease, but from what we know of the treatment of the horse, and the value of the animal, it is not improbable. Be this as it may, the existence of such a state of things as we have described in the neighbourhood of a large city, and by no means be it supposed, confined to any one city, is horrible to contemplate, and its effects upon the health of the community impossible to estimate. When we reflect upon the multitude of maladies consequent on a disordered state of the blood, can we doubt that such food as we have described must be little short of poisonous. In fact, the medical men in the neighbourhood of the places we have mentioned state, they are satisfied that certain scorbutic and other diseases prevalent there are produced by eating this unwholesome meat.

In London the extension within the last few years of peculiar forms of disease is attributed to the consumption of diseased meat. In the metropolis there are regular shops for the sale of such, of course recommended to the needy by cheapness. We read of a butcher in London never eating a morsel of meat out of his own shop, but always sending to another butcher for it! Pretty good evidence this of the quality of what he sold.

So much for meat. We next turn to bread. Here it is not the bad state of the raw material that we have to complain of, it is, that injurious matters are mixed with it, to procure for an inferior article a higher market price. The foreign matters are alum, plaster of Paris, rice flour, bean-flour, and potatoes. Of these, the articles prejudicial to health are alum and plaster of Paris. To mix wheat-flour with other kinds of flour would seem a very obvious mode of obtaining a higher price for an inferior article; and, in truth, we are inclined to think that the bread-eating public might take care of itself so far as this species of adulteration goes. Rice, indeed, from its power of absorbing

water, enables the baker to furnish a loaf of a given weight at a much smaller cost than he could afford with wheat-flour alone. A sack of flour, with forty pounds of rice, will make one hundred and sixteen quartern loaves, while a sack of pure flour will make only ninety-five.

The same, to a great extent, is true of potatoes. The mode in which potatoes are used is by boiling them, and mashing them up with the flour during the kneading process. But, if adulteration went no farther than this, we do not see more ground for interfering than might exist in the case of everything we buy, which turns out not to be as good as it was represented. At least the health of the community is not so interested as to call imperatively for Government interference. Plaster of Paris we do not believe to be extensively used, though, no doubt, it often enters into the composition of bread sold by cheap bakers.

It is the first article named—alum—that we have good evidence to believe is an ingredient of nearly universal use by bakers and millers. The effect of the alum is to improve the appearance of the flour. By decomposing a portion of gluten it whitens the bread; which it also causes, by partially neutralizing the glutinous matter, to break more easily, and present a better appearance. A loaf baked without alum, in consequence of the gluten remaining undecomposed, sooner becomes mouldy in a damp situation. Whereas, by the admixture of a small quantity of alum, the bread can be kept fresh in a damp place for a considerable time.

Now, if these objects, desirable in themselves, could be obtained without danger to the bread-eater, we should have no cause of complaint. It is desirable that the bread should have a nice, tempting, white colour, that it should break short and crisp, and that it should not be liable to become mouldy. All this is very well, but our stomachs are not to be sacrificed to please our eyes. What, then, is the effect of alum upon the system? It is a mineral astringent, and the result of taking it day after day, in small quantities, will be to produce an irritability of the intestines to a greater or less degree. It is unnecessary to suggest in how many ways such a state of body may induce in children and delicate persons very formidable disease. In fact, this very intestinal delicacy is amongst the most prevalent maladies of the poor in our large towns. It is true the quantity of alum in a loaf may not be very considerable. Twelve ounces of alum to 140 two-pound loaves is somewhere about the proportion; but, in most instances of such adulteration it does not generally happen that there is enough of deleterious substance taken at one time to produce any perceptible injury. It is the introduction, day by day, of these substances into the system which does the mischief.

We have stated our belief that the use of alum is almost universal; it would not, however, be just towards our readers were we not to inform them that this is stoutly denied by persons of some weight; and it is also asserted, that the alum, in the process of baking, becomes decomposed and is rendered harmless.

We wish our space permitted us to give a summary of the evidence upon both sides, that our readers might form their own opinion on the subject; but we can only refer them to the minutes of evidence appended

to the Report, and make but a few selections in corroboration of our views.

It appears in the evidence of Mr. W. Emerson, manager of the People's Flour Mill at Leeds, that in March, 1855, one miller, at Keighley, was fined £20 for having adulterated his flour with alum; another miller at Ingrove, convicted and fined for a similar offence. At Wakefield, in February, 1856, a miller was fined £5, and eighty-four bags of flour were seized, which were adulterated with alum. In the same month, at Pontefract, a miller pleaded guilty, and was fined £15 for having alum in his flour.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in University College, London, states that, as he heard it doubted whether alum could be found crystallized in bread, he himself found it so in one instance, in which it crunched between his teeth. That was bread supplied by a respectable baker for his own table. When he remonstrated with the man, he made the excuse that it happened to be a batch of bad flour, which would make ropey bread, and he had put more alum than usual to correct that. As to its effect upon the system, he says that any proportion used constantly day after day would be injurious; and some of the diseases most common in large towns he attributes in part to the use of alum in bread.

Mr. J. Rodgers, Surgeon and Analytical Chemist, Pimlico, mentions that since he received the order to attend the Committee, he had obtained a large number of samples of bread—some of the lowest description, such as is used at workhouses, and upwards towards that which he had reason to believe was used by her Majesty herself; and in all those samples he detected alum. Certain precautions are necessary to be observed in the testing process, the ingredient used for detection actually dissolving a portion of alumina if in excess. Unless there is the precaution of boiling it away you get no indication of alumina. The quantity of alum generally used varies from eight ounces in a batch of 116 loaves to two pounds. Thus each two ounces of bread would contain a grain of alum; consequently, if a person eat a pound of bread in a day, he would eat at least eight grains of alum. With reference to the effect of alum upon the constitution, Mr. Rodgers says he has found great gastric irritation of various kinds pervading a whole family. He knew that nearly all the articles of diet used by them were the same as used by himself, the difference being in the bread; and he found, upon the discontinuance of the bread they had been in the habit of using, all those troubles ceased. Young children he considers would be especially liable to suffer from alum in bread.

Mr. J. Jackson, miller, tells us that the alum with which the flour is adulterated is generally mixed with the latter by the miller, it being impossible to combine the two, so as to avoid discovery, unless by grinding them together.

Upon a careful perusal of the evidence annexed to the Report, we doubt not the reader will come to the conclusion that we have arrived at—that in the inferior qualities of bread the use of alum is almost universal, while, in even the finest quality, we have but little guarantee that it does not exist. We believe that, as some of the wit-

nesses state, alum is not used by all the bakers ; but that does not prove its non-existence in the bread, as we learn, that to be thoroughly incorporated with the flour, both must be ground together in the mill. A perfectly honest baker may thus unconsciously be in the habit of using alum supplied to him in the flour ; and this we suspect to be the case with some of the bakers whose virtuous indignation was roused by the testimony of the professional witnesses.

Unfortunately, it is no easy matter to detect alum in bread, when it has been well incorporated with the flour ; and therefore, practically, the humbler classes have no means of knowing if their bread is so adulterated or not. For the benefit of those who may be curious, the following process we believe to be the readiest mode of trying the experiment :—

The bread is to be soaked in water for a few hours, and then gently pressed, and into the liquid coming from it, when filtered through blotting-paper, a few drops of liquid ammonia poured. The presence of alum will cause to descend a precipitate of alumina. To test the latter, a portion of a solution of potash must be added, whereby the precipitate, if alumina, will be again dissolved. This chemical process, it is evident, simple as it may be, it is not in everybody's power to apply. We have here, therefore, another argument for prevention by legal interference. The millers and bakers have at their mercy the poor, who may suspect the bread to be mixed with deleterious substances, but have neither the means of proof nor the time or money to prosecute the offender when discovered. It might be supposed, from what we have said, that there can be no such thing as bread of a good white colour without the admixture of alum. This is not the case. Alum will make white flour still whiter, and when mixed with an inferior flour will give it the apparent character of a superior article ; but good first-class flour, properly manufactured, will produce a bread as white as need be desired. Let those, therefore, who can afford to pay the price of the best flour have this whitest bread, and let those who cannot afford to pay so high a price have a flour equally good for food, though not so tempting to the eye ; but let us not be plundered in pocket and health together—be made to pay a high price for an inferior article, and at the same time have our constitutions undermined by noxious matters being mixed with the baser material to give it the appearance of what it is not. As it strikes us, there can be no fitter subject for legislative interference, not simply by penal enactments prohibiting what is injurious, but by an efficient system of inspection, which, worked with activity, may ensure the practical enforcement of the law.

We have not gone at length into the consideration of the other materials used with wheat-flour in manufacturing bread, inasmuch as they are not of the hurtful nature of the drug of which we have been speaking, but we do not the less condemn the use of them. It is a flagrant fraud to mix so much rice or potatoes with flour as to enable the baker to sell by weight a quantity of food of which in reality a great portion is water. But this is a species of fraud practised upon us in almost every article of consumption, of whatsoever nature, and for which

our legal maxim is *caveat emptor*; it is, perhaps, as well to leave the public to itself to guard against and punish such frauds.

Let us next see in what condition their beer and porter are consumed by the poor artisan and labourer. The quantities in which these are drunk are enormous, and it is obviously of the greatest importance that the quality should be as pure as possible. With all respect to the advocates of water-diet, we are not convinced that, in moderate quantities, malt liquors are otherwise than beneficial in their effects upon the animal economy. The enervating lives led by multitudes of our operatives, in bad air and without exercise, render advisable, we rather apprehend, the use of the tonic properties possessed by wholesome malt drink. At all events, we are not disposed to advocate a crusade against the hop-gardens, but we do insist that the liquor shall not be drugged—for that is the word to express the process it undergoes. Unfortunately, to the masses, the intoxicating properties prove the most attractive. The stimulant is a sensible effect, the tonic in a great measure an insensible one, and by the first the strength and excellence of the liquid is most easily tested. All dilution to increase the bulk diminishes the stimulant, or intoxicating effect; and to restore this, recourse must be had to some exciting drugs, nearly all of which are poisonous. It has often struck us that an extraordinary profit must somehow be made by the publicans in London and the large cities of England, to enable them to support the gorgeous palaces whose brilliancy forms so hideous a contrast to the squalid vice that surrounds them; and we doubted if this profit could fairly be made merely by the sale of the liquors obtained wholesale from the brewer and distiller. The Report before us furnishes evidence that fully confirms our suspicions.

In the first place, there is not evidence that the brewers themselves adulterate the beer and porter they sell to the publicans. Some of the smaller manufacturers may do so, but these have not much custom. There is no trade in which a name seems to carry more weight than in that of a brewer. Who would buy of an unknown firm, while the great names, the Barclays, the Perkins, the Whitbreads, and their *Co's*. stare at one from every gable? What chance has a new manufacturer of the best of XX, while Guinness and Co. brew great lakes of that venerated compound? The chief brewers do not, we believe, sell a spurious or adulterated article; and if the publicans who buy from them would sell to us in as wholesome a state as they receive it, we should, as purchasers, be great gainers; but we fear the publican would make far less profit. The reader, then, may take it for granted that, on the whole, the liquor is pure when it reaches the publicans' cellars; the evidence given before the Committee shows that it is a very much altered beverage when sold by them to their customers.

The materials with which beer and porter are adulterated, are tolerably well known, though there is great difficulty in detecting some of them by analysis. There is one notorious drug which was supposed to be employed, namely, strychnia; but it is satisfactory to know that there is no evidence whatever of its use, and the public may be assured it is not mixed with beer or porter by those who sell them.

The adulterations actually practised are some of them harmless

enough. One very common material is coarse sugar. The mode in which this acts is curious, and the resulting cheat on the customers not a little ingenious. A quart-bottle we know does not hold a quart, and neither, we beg to inform the reader, does a quart-pot; but the bottle is deficient for the obvious reason that it is too small, whereas, in the case of the pot, it is the beer that is in fault, and not the vessel; not that we will assert that the pewter, any more than the bottle, is always regulation-size. The innocent cause of this paradox is sugar. It is dissolved in the beer, which is then left for two or three days till it begins to ferment. The profit hence derived by the publican arises from the circumstance, that the beer, in a proper healthy state of fermentation, is so full of gas, that it is impossible to get more into the pot than four-fifths of the proper quantity of liquor; the rest is froth. Here, then, is a very convenient mode of making an unfair profit of one quart in every gallon. One witness suggests with, it strikes us, not a little simplicity, that it would stop the practice, or at least the resulting cheat, if you could *make the pot a little larger!* However, if adulteration went no further than sugar, inasmuch as our stomachs are not injured by the process, we do not see how the imposition is to be met without a system of inspection quite out of proportion to the advantage to be gained.

The next adulteration we notice is by no means of so innocent a nature; and we are assured it is in very extensive use. The recipe for it is a complicated one, and merely to compose it must have required no inconsiderable course of experimental doctoring of the public. Here it is:—To one barrel of beer (a barrel contains 36 gallons) add eight gallons of water, six pounds of sugar, one pound of gelatine (patent size will do), a handful of common salt, extract of gentian or quinine to restore the original bitter flavour, sulphate of ammonia to bring back the colour, half-an-ounce of sulphate of iron, and if required to taste oldish, an ounce of roach alum. What a mess! The cost of the materials is about 2s. 6d., and, calculating the price of the beer at 1s. a gallon, the publican would thus derive a profit of 5s. 6d. on every barrel.

We pass over so obvious an adulteration as dilution with water alone, which, when not carried to a great extent, is not to be detected except by the weakness of the liquor. When required to be used beyond a moderate quantity, it is mixed, as we have seen above, with other matters to restore strength and appearance to the diluted beverage; or, as we shall proceed to show, stupifying drugs are used to restore the intoxicating quality of the liquor.

There are two drugs which appear to be used for this purpose—tobacco and cocculus indicus: the former is only occasionally to be met with, but the latter is, we believe, very extensively employed. It is the cocculus indicus which has the stupifying effect we have noticed, and the dishonest publican is thus enabled to dilute largely with water, and yet his beer shall possess, apparently, a considerable strength. The evidence as to the use of this drug is more circumstantial than direct, for it is very difficult of detection by analysis. It is to be recognised by a peculiar form of crystal, which, by proper chemical treatment, may be discovered in the liquor containing it; but some chemists, from not being

able to find it, deny its use. Its employment is denied also by some of the witnesses connected with the brewing-trade. On the other hand, some of those witnesses admit their belief in its use; the medical witnesses state they are certain of its being employed, from the physiological results produced on those who drink the liquor supposed to contain it; and, above all, the quantity of the drug imported into the kingdom is very considerable, and is increasing; and it is sold generally by the druggists, particularly by what are called brewers' druggists, while the universal testimony of all the witnesses is, that there is no known employment for the drug in the arts or manufactures except the one under consideration.

So much for beer and porter, the adulterations used in the one being mostly applicable to the other; and, supposing these things to be as we have stated, there need be, no longer, wonder at the great profits which we have suggested must be made to enable the owners of the houses where the poor buy their drink to adorn them in the splendid style we see, and which also allow these palaces to exist in numbers altogether beyond the legitimate requirements of the population. We do not intend to go into the question of the adulteration of spirits, in which lies another most fruitful source of unfair profit, but pass on to the consideration of two beverages of universal use, respecting the purity of which considerable obscurity exists in the mind of the public:—they are tea and coffee, the household gods of rich and poor;—whose honesty it would grieve us to find impeached, as though it were the truthfulness of a valued friend. Our fair readers we can imagine to tremble with anxiety lest we should be about to reveal some hideous processes for manufacturing from all sorts of unknown and noxious herbs these indispensable elements of their morning and evening meals; and very glad are we to be in a position to calm their fears. It is consoling to know that, as to tea, it is, as a general rule, the genuine product of the Chinese tea-plant; and as to coffee, the portion that is not coffee-berry is nothing worse than the celebrated chicory root, with occasional additions of carrots and mangold-wurzel, or parsnips. It is true that tea has not been always so pure in the market as we state, and we may thank the exertions of the gentlemen who have of late been so energetic in examining the purity of the various articles of food, for checking a largely growing adulteration therein. A good deal of redried tea, that is, tea which has been wetted, is sold in the back streets and alleys of our towns; but we may on the whole, we think, congratulate ourselves, that a substance of almost universal consumption, and apparently so susceptible of being tampered with, is in a tolerably pure condition.

The state of facts as to coffee is very curious. It appears that we don't like pure coffee, that we prefer a mixture of chicory. This preference affords a striking illustration of the force of habit, and of acquired tastes. Of course, our tastes for all artificial beverages are acquired; but in this case the taste acquired having never, we would assume, been a taste for the pure coffee-berry, when we are offered the unmixed coffee we refuse it, preferring the compound to which our palates are accustomed; at least it is upon this principle only we can understand the facts deposed to by some of the witnesses. In the year 1852 there was a treasury prohibition against

selling coffee and chicory mixed together. What was the result, according to the testimony of Mr. Abbiss, a wholesale and retail grocer? During the short time that prohibition was in operation, he had more fault found with his coffee, and more coffee returned on his hands, than during the previous ten years he had been in business. He also mentions that some years ago a young man who had been in the grocery business, went into another line of trade, and he came to the witness and said, "I have some customers whom I should like to retain, and I am willing to divide the profit with you if you have no objection." Mr. Abbiss said, "If you will bring me the orders I do not object to divide the profit." The customers were satisfied with all the goods Mr. Abbiss sold them, except coffee; this was before he used chicory; constant complaints were made of the coffee. He gave coffee at 1s. 4d. which cost him 1s. 8d., and that did not give satisfaction. The witness then, he states, sent for 6lbs. of chicory, for the first time in his life, and mixed them in the proportions required, and he never had any complaints from those parties afterwards. He says that, "take the finest coffee you can produce—if you give it to the public, who have been accustomed to use chicory with their coffee, they will be dissatisfied with it." The witness is in the habit of selling the pure coffee and the mixture in differently coloured papers, and he sells ten times as much mixture as he does pure coffee. The mixture generally approved of by the public is one-fourth of chicory to three-fourths of coffee.

Dr. Carpenter considers the coffee improved by the mixture of chicory to a small extent. He has been in the habit, he states, of mixing one-eighth of chicory with the best coffee. A much more palatable article, in his opinion, may be sold at one shilling a pound, by the mixture of three quarters of a pound of coffee and a quarter of a pound of chicory, than at one-and-threepence a pound, if the whole be pure coffee; and that is a very important point with regard to the consumption among the poor. Coffee at one shilling a pound is constantly asked for by them: many of them will not give more than that price, at which, however, no good coffee can be sold.

It is alleged, that there is an actual advantage to the consumers in mixing chicory with the coffee, in the quality of the product. Mr. Abbiss says there is a volatile oil in coffee which flies off on its being ground, and there is an absorbent in chicory which retains that oil. If you grind chicory and coffee together, you find that not nearly so much aroma flies about as if you are grinding pure coffee; and he believes, if it were possible to separate the two, you would find, after they had been ground together, the chicory had absorbed a large quantity of the essential oil of the coffee, which would otherwise have flown off in the grinding. The oil of the coffee has a strong tendency to turn rancid, which tendency chicory, by its powers of absorption, will to a great extent, prevent. The finest coffee that could be procured, would, we are told, if left ground for a fortnight, be entirely spoiled, while a mixture of chicory and coffee will be found comparatively fresh at the end of three months.

The test for ascertaining if the coffee is pure, is given by Dr. Carpenter. It is simply to sprinkle the powder upon a wine-glassful of cold water; if there is chicory mixed with it, the water is coloured in

the course of a minute and a-half; but if it is pure coffee, the water has no considerable tinge for four or five minutes.

The annual consumption of chicory, which is mostly grown in Holland and Belgium, and imported into this country, is about 12,000 tons, and the annual consumption of coffee is about 17,000 tons. The evidence of a large grocer, Mr. J. Woodin, is, that the public, when left to themselves, buy one pound of chicory and nine pounds of coffee, therefore, they would only consume 2,000 tons in the year, instead of 12,000 tons, the conclusion being that 10,000 tons are forced on the public without their knowledge. This reasoning is not very conclusive, as it makes no account of those who from preference buy the more largely-adulterated mixture; but there is ample reason to believe, that the poorer classes are in this important article of consumption grossly imposed upon. So much is this the case, that many grocers, it is said, sell sugar at and under cost price, making their profit on the coffee alone. The chicory is itself not free from adulteration, large quantities of carrots and parsnips having been discovered to be mixed with it.

Surely amid all this corruption of food the poor man runs but little chance of getting a wholesome, nourishing meal. Just imagine a hungry family, in some badly-ventilated cellar or garret, sitting down to a meal consisting of meat in the diseased state in which it is proved to be sold, with bread containing a powerful astringent drug, washed down by beer or porter, holding in solution a stupifying poison, and this repeated day after day. If even a strong man may for a time stand against these united attacks upon his constitution, how is it to be expected that delicate women and infant children are to bear up against them? Need we wonder whence are derived the pale, sickly forms that crowd our streets, and the loathsome and wretched beings that fill our hospitals? Is it too much to ask the Legislature to rouse itself, and stretch out a helping hand to those who cannot help themselves? It concerns us all that our artizans and labourers shall be a healthy and vigorous race. Thousands of those better off in worldly wealth, spend their lives in the same crowded cities, and the same close factories and counting-houses, and yet are strong and healthy. What creates the difference? We believe the chief cause is in the bad and insufficient food of the one class, contrasted with the comparatively wholesome diet of the other. Let us then, in earnest, endeavour to set these things to rights; at least let us not sit down in despair at the difficulty of the task, and attempt nothing.

But if the tampering with food is reprehensible, what shall we say of the corruption of the medicine-chest? If anywhere safety from imposition is absolutely essential, it is in our drugs and medicines: but what do we find to be the fact? The poor man, broken in health it may be by want of nourishing diet, is exposed to fresh dangers from adulteration, when he seeks the hospital or apothecary's shop for relief. Here imposition must be looked at from a different point of view. In articles of consumption, as food, it is not of immediately dangerous consequence when the material is only of inferior quality, provided it be not mixed with anything deleterious; but the case is different when we come to consider the effect of tampering with substances to be administered by the physician. The quality is here all important, and

most serious results may ensue, if the drug from which the prescription is compounded should not possess the required attributes. The very harmlessness of the drug itself is equivalent to positive mischief, when it comes to be applied as a remedy in disease. A remedy may produce no effect, and the patient grow worse, as if no medical aid had been sought for ; or, it frequently happens that a person from taking a defective drug, increases the dose, in order to produce the desired effect, then upon taking the prescription to be made up, where the genuine drug is used, the unfortunate victim is almost poisoned. It is, it strikes us, quite unnecessary to urge the argument further. It comes home to us all. We are all some time or other under the dominion of *Esculapius*, and but too anxious to escape from him, not to see the importance of having all the unpalatable conditions he imposes fulfilled as effectually as possible.

There is one substance of very common employment, the adulteration of which may be productive of considerable danger ; and though it is not usually classed among the medical drugs, yet the mischief resulting from its adulteration is of a nature to call for notice here. This is the very common article of mustard. If a medical man is called to a child with inflammation of the lungs, and he wishes to produce counter-irritation, he orders a mustard-plaster ; when he calls again, he finds the child is worse, probably dying, the plaster not having taken any effect, and because a strong stimulant, as it is supposed, has taken no effect, the parent has probably given up employing other remedies, when, in reality, the mustard-plaster has been merely an application of flour and turmeric, with a portion of mustard too small to produce any effect. Here is one instance of the danger of adulteration with a substance which is almost harmless in itself.

We are told by Mr. Gay, a gentleman who had been for thirty years a drug grinder, and who makes no scruple in revealing the secrets of his business, that it is almost impossible to procure pure mustard ; the public are themselves somewhat to blame for this ; they like to see it a nice yellow colour, whereas in fact the genuine mustard-flour, after being mixed about twenty-four hours, becomes black, and people think, when they see this, that it is not pure.

An article not so agreeable, though perhaps as useful, of which an inferior quality is extensively circulated, is rhubarb. A large quantity of rhubarb is grown in England, in the neighbourhood of Banbury. We confess we shall henceforth look suspiciously on Banbury cakes, lest they may be an attractive medium for disposing of the surplus stock of this dreaded vegetable. It is in evidence, that so large a quantity as twenty tons are grown there annually. This may be an exaggeration, but, at all events, the quantity is considerable. Now, where is the market for this, does the reader suppose ? It is deposed to by more than one witness, that it is sent for the most part to the Colonies, and to the Irish Poor-Law Unions. One English rhubarb-dealer states, that he supplied it himself to the Dublin wholesale houses, and from the statistics published, he knew it to be furnished to the Poor-Law Guardians. This home-grown rhubarb has the same properties as the foreign, but in a very inferior degree, and, of course, it is sold to the

wholesale dealers at a very reduced price. Have not our wretched paupers enough of misery to endure, without being deprived of health by fraudulent contractors? Substances of a totally different nature have also been mixed with this vegetable. In one case, two hundred weight of satinwood sawdust was ground up with rhubarb, packed in flint bottles, and sent abroad! We should like to hear the history of the patients to whom this novel remedy was administered. These, however, are isolated instances, the only general adulteration being the substitution of an inferior article of the same nature.

Mr. Blyth, of St. Mary's hospital, Paddington, mentions several instances of articles which, when he introduced the useful practice of testing the drugs supplied to the hospital, were found to be in a very impure state. A sample of cinchona bark, which is very largely used in hospital practice as a tonic, was not cinchona bark at all, but the bark of some other tree. Lime-juice is a remedy of very extensive use, as well in hospital practice as on board ship. Professional chemists say that this lime-juice should contain two per cent. of citric acid, which is supposed to be the active principle on which its virtues depend. In an examination of four samples sent in for selection, the witness found that not one of them contained one per cent. The best of the four contained about three-fourths per cent., and the others were diluted to a much greater extent, containing only one-fourth per cent. Comparing the samples with the juice of the lemon, he found that the best of them must have been diluted with at least an equal quantity of water, and the remainder with even a greater quantity.

Sweet spirits of nitre is an article of the Pharmacopœia, largely used in febrile diseases; if carefully prepared it should be an ethereal preparation, and entirely free from water; when water is added to it it undergoes decomposition; a free acid is produced, and quite a different compound is the result. Mr. Blyth had notes of no fewer than five samples of sweet spirits of nitre, and only two of them were genuine. The practical result of this would be, that a medical man, instead of giving an ethereal preparation calculated to produce a sudorific effect, would be giving a preparation containing nitrous acid, which would produce a contrary effect to that which was desired. Again, solution of ammonia is ordered in the Pharmacopœia of two strengths: the stronger should contain thirty per cent. of ammonia, the weaker solution should contain about ten per cent. Out of the numerous samples sent in, there were only two which were of the genuine strength; many of the samples of the weaker solution were labelled as of the greater strength, showing that if the directions of the Pharmacopœia had been followed for diluting that twice with water, the result would have been a solution of ammonia, which would have been of no value at all; one sample, indeed, had been so diluted as to contain only six per cent., though labelled as the stronger solution of ammonia.

The important substance, chloroform, was so impure that, in the first instance, not a single sample sent into the hospital was fit to be administered. As to the opium, though the great mass of samples sent in were of a fair quality, some were adulterated with extraneous matters,

such as sand and powder of all kinds, to the extent of seventy-five per cent., so as to be useless.

There are many other substances used in the doctor's craft which are equally subjected to adulteration with those we have named. Cod-liver oil, we learn, is so frequently mixed with other oils of no healing efficacy, that medical men have not so much faith in its prescription, as the wonderful results produced by it when pure would warrant them in entertaining. We do not here propose to examine in detail all these spurious imitations.

We have now gone through what, we apprehend, the reader will agree with us in thinking, is a very formidable list of adulterated substances; but we beg to state that we have not exhausted the catalogue. In fact, the great majority of the materials used, whether for food or medicine, are too frequently tampered with by dishonest tradesmen, especially those whose dealings are with the poor. That such things exist is a sufficient proof that the law is not sufficiently active, even in cases where it possesses the requisite power; and there can be no doubt, that whatever amendment it requires in order to prevent, so far as possible, the continuance of such practices, should be carried out with promptitude and vigour.

There are obviously two distinct species of adulteration of food, one in which the substances employed are injurious to health, and the other where they are harmless. In a certain sense all are injurious, as not containing the nourishment requisite for the human system; but there is a positive mischief in the danger arising from the use of matters injurious in themselves, which is more easily brought within the control of the law than the negative mischief resulting from the want of elements conducive to health.

It strikes us as not difficult to provide, through the agency of local corporate, or other governing bodies, an adequate remedy for both these evils; and, on this point, we coincide with the recommendation of the Committee of the House of Commons.

We believe that in our own city of Dublin the articles of food are purer than in most other large towns; and we would attribute this to the custom long exercised by the Lord Mayor, of frequently inspecting the markets and bakers' shops, and condemning any food not fit for use found therein. The assistance of specially-appointed officers, skilled in detecting adulteration, would, we believe, afford an ample machinery for putting a stop to the mischief of adulterated food. We would, however, concur in the recommendation of the Committee, to provide an inexpensive and summary process of punishment before a magistrate at the suit of the party aggrieved in each particular case. As to articles of food of inferior quality, and therefore sold at a cheap rate, where there is no noxious adulteration, we do not see that the Legislature is called upon to interfere. If we buy bread too cheap to be made of wheaten flour, we have no right to complain if it turns out to be made of Indian corn.

So much for food. As to drugs, we have in Ireland the Apothecaries' Hall, whose powers, if extended to druggists, and more energetically exercised than the evidence shows them to have been, would not leave

much room for complaint in this respect. In England the law is different. The chemist and druggist there are under no control whatever, and it is a wonder to us that more mischief has not resulted from their irresponsibility. The sooner the law in both countries is assimilated to that of Ireland, it strikes us, the better for our neighbours.

As to both food and drugs, no time ought to be lost by the new Board of Health in having proper measures carried into action ; and we think we shall do good service by awakening the attention of our readers to the subject.

LINES ON VISITING AN ASYLUM FOR IDIOT CHILDREN.

Sad and solitary band,
 Aliens in your native land,
 Wearing but the form of man,
 Mysteries in Nature's plan ;
 With lot so hopeless and so dread,
 Joining the living with the dead—
 The living body and dead mind,
 The blot and blemish of mankind !
 Yet deem not these exist in vain,
 The sport of chance—a broken chain,
 Snapped from the common links which bind
 The sentient form with living mind.
 He who within the unsightly root
 Conceals the latent flower and fruit,
 To shield them from the biting blast,
 Until the wintry hour be past,
 Coils up those intellects within,
 And shields them from the blight of sin.
 Ye sleeping germs of deathless mind,
 Death himself shall soon unbind
 Those outward cerements of the earth—
 Ye shall have a second birth ;
 While those slumbering powers which lie
 Bound up in dull vacuity,
 Springing to life in deathless bloom,
 Shall burst the chambers of the tomb.
 And when this troubled life is o'er,
 Sin's gifted votaries may deplore,
 While among the lost they stand,
 That they were not of your band !

TEMPORA—NO. III.

“JTHTWUJNHSBKVYHOWAVEDVKVR.”

CHAPTER III.—FRANK WESTERN'S STORY CONTINUED.

How wearying to one accustomed to a country life is a day of wandering over London flagstones! Possibly the ever-varying panorama that passes before the eye in the streets of the metropolis fatigues such a man the more, because, habituated to the pleasing monotonies of nature, the mind and body soon become surfeited with the ceaseless novelty of the pageant; or, perhaps, the mere physiological deterioration of atmosphere occasioned by a densely-crowded community is sufficient to account for the lassitude of a rustic like myself. Certainly, when I returned to Cecil-street late in the day, having occupied it in attempting to follow up the fancied clue that I had chanced upon, I found myself both weary and dispirited.

I began with my solicitor, by whom I was sent to another member of his fraternity, who enjoyed a great reputation for dealing with cases of this description; to him both Netterly and De Santal were well known.

“Leave them to me,” said he, “and make your mind easy; neither you nor your friend shall hear anything more of this bill. But, take my advice, and do not press matters to an *eclaircissement*. These men are old hands, and play the game of life as well as they do *ecarté*; and the proof of their skill is, that they have continued to carry on the war so long without coming to a grand *fiaseo*. Mark me, I do not say that they have escaped detection, but its consequences. To me they have been long known, and many is the curious story that I could tell of their doings. For instance, De Santal and Netterly are but two of a gang of some five or six, but the former is great amongst them on account of his superior prestidigitation. I have known that man telegraphed for to the north of England whenever any particularly delicate bit of knavery required his master-hand.”

“But,” inquired I, “knowing so much of them, how is it that you have hitherto suffered them to escape?”

“There's the beauty of it,” replied the man of legitimate craft, with evident appreciation. “They never proceed to extremities until they have first compromised their victim in some way or other. How is it in your friend's case? They make him drunk, get him to forge the name of a friend, whom they might well regard as the last person to whom he would confide the secret, fleece him without mercy, and use him as a decoy-duck for others. Then, again, they have both title and interest to back them; and against these odds what have you to produce? A friendly belief in a friend's integrity — bah! No, sir, I will promise to extricate your friend from his dilemma, provided he be

satisfied with his own escape, and will forego a dangerous, though, perhaps, natural revenge."

I was not satisfied. To extricate Grant by a mere burking of the matter was not sufficient; his innocence must be placed beyond the reach of suspicion, and this, I felt, never could be the case unless the whole plot was unravelled, and the manner in which the fraud was carried out fully exposed. However innocent he might be, it would never do to have it rumoured hereafter, that Marian's husband had escaped by some legal quibble from a charge he was otherwise unable to refute. Such rumours *would* go abroad; and feeling the truth of Hamlet's words—

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

I knew my task to be unaccomplished, if, through any lack of energy on my part, the slightest breath of suspicion hereafter should tarnish his reputation. Besides, I was very reluctant to allow these sharpers to escape with all the plunder they had already extracted, and hoped, in the event of my getting at the bottom of the matter, to compel a restitution. The astute practitioner, indeed, smiled rather contemptuously at my mysterious cigar-lighter, and its enigmatical contents, but I could not divest myself of the idea that, whether remotely or nearly, it had some reference to the business in hand, and promised myself much interest and scope for ingenuity in attempting its interpretation. Such were my thoughts as I listened to the lawyer's advice, and it was evident that the expression of my face must have said as much, for he added, as if in answer to me—

"I see that such a course appears unsatisfactory to you, and that I cannot persuade you that half a loaf is better than no bread; still I do not deny, but that with extreme caution a more aggressive policy might be successfully pursued. Remember, however, that the slightest mistake will mar all—that your friend's character and your own five hundred pounds will be alike imperilled; for, act as you will, if your *coup* fails, people will talk, whereas—however, I see we do not agree, so that I can but wish you success. By-the-bye, should you want a confederate in your plots, I know of a man you would find of signal service—the slyest, honestest rogue in existence. By all means engage him, pay him well, and take his advice in every point where cunning is requisite."

"Can he be trusted?"

"As true as steel to his employers, on whatever side he may be retained. When will you see him?"

"This afternoon at five o'clock. No.—Cecil-street, Strand."

"He shall be with you," replied he, ringing his bell, which I rightly interpreted into a hint of *congé*. "One last word, be cautious, and let me hear from you from time to time. I prophesy that you will have to come to me in the end."

From the attorney's I betook myself to an office where I was aware that the *Times* was regularly filed, and to which I had access. Here my investigations assumed a more promising appearance, and my spirits, which had just received a check, began again to revive. My

search was simple, and did not occupy five minutes." I had only to turn over each day's issue, and directing my eye to the top of the second column, could not fail to see the advertisement if it was there at all. Nor was I disappointed; for not far back in the pile, and exactly where it was to be expected, the mystic sentence caught my eye. I compared it with the scrap of paper and found it identical. Then it was a *bonâ fide* advertisement, and of course had reference to some one or other of the numerous villainies of Netterly or the Count. Whether it bore upon Grant's affair or not was uncertain; still as it appeared the only chance of arriving at a more decided result than the meagre, unsatisfactory alternative proposed by M'Quirk, the attorney, I hailed its appearance in the *Times* as a step gained; and, taking a note of the date of the paper, left the office well satisfied with the progress I had made.

The rest of the afternoon was occupied in purchasing and borrowing all such encyclopædias and books of reference as treated on ciphers, and it was four o'clock before I returned to my lodgings, with my arms full of folios, and eager to commence my investigations, so as to have obtained some data to go on before the arrival of the attorney's emissary.

I waded through a quantity of irrelevant matter, got myself completely up in the ancient history of ciphers — how when the Persians had a very private and confidential message to send, they shaved the head of the courier, wrote the *despatch* upon the bald crown, waited until the hair grew again, and then started him off upon his errand to be shaved and perused by the other party to the mystery. Of a truth, patience must have been the *specialité* of that old time, a patience not possessed by the degenerate sons of men in these electric telegraph days! Then, again, I learnt how ciphering advanced, and the plan termed the *SCYTALE* came into fashion. This plan, which I heartily wished was that adopted by Netterly, was effected by each party possessing a wooden cylinder of a certain diameter, round which a piece of paper was rolled, and at the precise spot where the two edges met, the message was inscribed. Of course, the writing was illegible when the paper was unrolled, and the whole mystery depended upon the two correspondents possessing cylinders of similar dimensions. I must say, that my opinion of the ingenuity of that great general, Alcibiades, was rather diminished, when I found that he patronised this class of *STEGANOGRAPHY*, which I now for the first time learned was the long name for writing in cipher.

I tried hard to understand the tactics of Æneas Tacticus, who had a system of cipher connected with a bit of string and holes in a tablet, the mere description of which so enfeebled my intellect, that I turned over leaves and leaves of mediæval cipher dodges in a hopeless and distraught trance, until I awoke and found myself amongst the ciphers of modern days; and among them stood out in bold relief something so like the cipher on my cigar-spill, that I dived at once into its explanation.

Alas! it only led to another disappointment. Few, indeed, are the ciphers that cannot be made to yield to the patient research of a clear and ingenious mind. It is really very astonishing from what small and

apparently hopeless beginnings a cipher can be unravelled. The appearance of a double letter, the frequent recurrence of one particular sign, the comparative length of words, and a thousand other apparently slight indications, will almost infallibly lead to detection; but here was one that would have baffled the penetration of a Layard or a Rawlinson.

The reason of this will at once appear when I explain the system. To this cipher there is a key known only to the correspondents. This key consists in an arbitrary number and arrangement of figures, and is applied in the following manner:—Let us, for sake of example, select as our key the numbers 1 8 5 6, and let us suppose that the sentence that we wish to put in cipher is "Where can you be found?" You must now write it without dividing the words, in this manner:—

W h e r e c a n y o u b e f o u n d
and beneath it you write 1 8 5 6 1 8 5 6 1 8 5 6 1 8 5 6 1 8

which is the clue repeated several times to the end of the sentence. If you now add so many letters to each as there are numbers beneath it, you will find that the cypher is complete. For instance, add one letter to W and you have X; add eight letters to H, and following on alphabetically, you arrive at P; again, add five to E and J is the result, and so on through all until you read—

X P J X F K F T Z W Z H F N T A O L

A few moments' consideration will now shew you that the chief difficulty is, that the same letters seldom express each other twice throughout the whole, and all trace is lost. Without the clue, therefore, discovery is hopeless—and how could I hope to find it? I turned the spill over and examined it minutely, and once even fancied I could trace a faint resemblance to figures in the charred end that had lit my cigar—alas! the wish was father to the thought, no such figures were visible. I began to feel unhappy and not a little foolish, and had just made up my mind to return to M'Quirk, and confessing my incapacity, beg him to manage matters in his own way, when a single knock at the door roused me from my thoughts and prepared me for a visitor.

My invitation to come in was responded to by a fumble in the dark passage for the door-handle, and the subsequent appearance of a strange-looking individual, who announced himself laconically and mysteriously by the word—

"Stiggers!"

I had been so occupied in my research among the archives of ciphering, that the attorney's promised colleague had slipped from my memory, and as the new arrival came in most "questionable shape," I suppose I must have looked not only astonished but suspicious; for he added in an explanatory tone — "Stiggers, from M'Quirk!"

Stiggers, from M'Quirk, was a gentleman of præter-perfect appearance, and had an air about him as though he belonged to the age just past. His garments certainly did—witness his hat, crowned with the brown of many summers, and his narrow-sleeved, swallow-tailed coat, which, for reasons it would be unkind to inquire into, was kept

buttoned up close until it reached a badly preserved specimen of that horror of antiquity, a black satin buckled stock. He adhered also to the exploded vanity of straps, which coerced the poor, threadbare, black trowsers till they shone again at the knees, and shrank away from a pair of old Wellington boots, which, from long conformity to his feet, presented a mountainous appearance on the uppers. Gloves he had none, but when addressed, he had a habit of drawing forth an exceedingly unclean handkerchief and blowing his nose therein, in a sonorous and emphatic manner, as one would say, "I understand, proceed." As to the man within the clothes, a word or two will describe him—long, lanky, stooping, and middle-aged, with nothing particularly striking about him, except a pair of small, bright grey eyes, which worked about in his head at such a pace that they seemed to have produced a chronic soreness of the lids. He took his seat upon the extreme edge of the chair to which I motioned him, and spread the pocket-handkerchief upon his knees in readiness for active service.

As clearly as I could, I explained to him the nature of the case in which his assistance was required, and to stimulate him to exertion laid down a five-pound note on the table before him. "There," said I, "is your retaining fee. If you please me at the end of this business I will add another, even if we fail; but if we succeed I make this twenty."

The busy eyes worked harder than ever as he bowed and pocketed the note, and a twitch in the corner of the stony mouth betokened his satisfaction at my way of doing business. Then, assuming an air of deep thought, he supported his nose upon the forefinger of his right hand and ejaculated, doubtfully, "No!"

"No what?" I inquired.

"It wouldn't do to make a gent of me, I mean—would it now? You see I must be able to watch the parties; else how am I to get the office? Ah! I thort not," he added in answer to a negative shake of my head, and again betook himself to the regions of thought, until at last, after a prolonged pause, the contemplative forefinger suddenly quitted the nose, and pouncing down on the table as if upon some obnoxious insect, added emphasis to his next words—"I have it."

"You engages me as your vally-de-sham. We leaves this, and 'angs up our 'ats at the Blindon, and there we are. If there's anything to be knowed we'll get at it that way. 'Ave they any servants of their own?"

"None."

"Ah! that's bad, there's a deal to be got out of servants. Well, it can't be helped any way. The first thing is to get to Blindon's—no, the first thing is to make a vally of me—these here togs isn't quite the thing."

"We will see to that immediately. Have you anything more to suggest?"

"Well, sir, we 'aven't got much to go upon yet; but I'm thinking of a move as may tell us something more—don't ask me just now what it is. It isn't arranged all regular in my 'ead yet—but if you can get them to breakfast with you to-morrow morning, something may come of it."

"Certainly—what else?"

"Nothing at present, sir. Only, I think, we had better be moving, if we are to change our lodgings and my clothes to-night."

We left the house, and walking up the quiet little street hailed a passing cab, and bade him drive us to the emporium of ready-made clothes, presided over by the great Noses, from which, in an incredibly short time, Mr. Stiggers emerged, no longer the præter-perfect gentleman of the afternoon, but the gentleman's gentleman of the present and most presentable type.

Here we parted, Mr. Stiggers continuing inscrutable in his plot, and promising to be with me at the Blindon in time to dress me for dinner. Thither I next proceeded, and easily secured apartments without arousing the suspicions of the enemy. The wish to be near my friend Grant—the favourable opportunity for gratifying my new-found taste for play, and a well-enacted scene of an imaginary row between myself and the landlady of my lodgings, affording ample grounds for my change of residence.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING of any great importance occurred on the evening which closed this day of mental and bodily fatigue. We met, as agreed, in the rooms of the gamblers, and as the business of the night went on, no outward indications of the web of plot and counterplot, that each party was busily employed in weaving for the entanglement of the other, were allowed to appear on the surface. Netterly and De Santal began to throw off the irksome preliminary process of losing or contenting themselves with a small and occasional stake, and bled me heavily. I consented to the process with an apparent fatuity and petulance which delighted the scoundrels, and excited in me a real indignation and misgiving as to whether I was not throwing good money after bad. I consoled myself, however, with a secret determination, that should fortune befriend me, I would make them repay me with heavy interest, and played on.

De Santal was brilliant, extolled my play, and *sacréd* my bad luck with a *politesse* that would almost have persuaded one that he felt disgusted with himself for winning the money of his friend. Not being versed in the mystery of card-sharpping, I paid no attention to the means employed for cleaning me out; I was quite satisfied of the fact, and had no curiosity as to the precise method. Champagne-corks popped, the odour of havannahs pervaded the atmosphere, and a surface-hilarity beamed from every face except that of poor Grant, who still maintained a woe-begone look, partly assumed, partly real, which provoked the wit of Netterly to several sallies and comparisons, at which the rest of us laughed very loudly indeed.

In the midst of all this a knock was heard at the door—it opened timidly, and the gaunt figure of Stiggers, in unimpeachable raiment, appeared, holding in his hand a letter, and blinking with the restless eyes on all that jovial company.

“A note sir, for you, immediate,” said he, in his usual monosyllabic style.

I opened it, and saw at a glance that it was from himself. Thus it ran—“Don't answer this for a while, I wants to look on for a bit—say it's the wash——”

"Who brought this?" I inquired.

"Young woman in the 'all, sir."

"Ah!—ha!" quoth Netterly—"sly dog."

"Nothing of the sort," said I, with a laugh. "Nothing half so agreeable. Only the washerwoman's bill from my last lodgings, demanding payment on pain of legal proceedings. To six shirts (shirts with a "u"), continued I, pretending to read, "three shillings—two nite dito, eightpence—ten hyroglyphics (oh! handkerchiefs), one-and-eightpence," &c., &c. "Well, well, let her wait a minute or two and I will save her a visit to her *aturney*, as she will call him. A thousand pardons, De Santal—who led that ace?"

With a face of sour impassibility stood Stiggers of the watchful eyes, until the conclusion of the game, when, tossing him a half-sovereign, which was "fiddler's money," out of a ten-pound note, which had just found its way from me to Netterly, I added, "There, get rid of her for goodness sake, and don't bring any more such trash when I'm engaged—it made me forget all about the game."

Stiggers vanished, and as the door closed upon him, a running fire of badinage opened—

"What wheat-field did you rob of its scarecrow, Western?"

"*Sapristi!*—Do you pay that fellow as highly as you feed him?"

"Take care of Martin's Act," &c., &c.

"Very good, gentlemen," said I, shuffling the cards, "laugh away, but I have a conscience; and when a faithful old servant, that has been in one's family no end of years, is left on one's hands, he can't be turned out in a paddock like an old hunter."

"More's the pity," cried Netterly.

"Irreverent," sneered De Santal, "'tis good to hear him. As for me, I love family feeling and family servants."

"So don't I," chimed in Netterly. "Confound them, because they have had the luck to rob you and your father longer than the rest, they call you Master Charles until you are as old as Methuselah, and consider themselves privileged to lecture you upon all your "*Piccadillys*," as an old scoundrel at our place, in Herefordshire, calls them."

"Diable!—Enough for the domestics," yawned the Count. "The cards, if you please, Monsieur le Colonel."

And so on for the rest of the evening, until the wished-for moment came and the party separated for the night.

"Stiggers," said I, in a state of semi-somnambulancy, as that gentleman assisted me to bed, "this cannot go on much longer; neither pocket nor mind can stand it."

"A beginnin's a beginning," aphorised the sententious detective. "They're a-comin' to breakfast I hope, sir."

"Yes," yawned I, and fell asleep.

Fatigued as I was, the hours of the night sped away with more than their wonted speed; and when my taciturn ally came next morning to inform me how late it was, I wished heartily that his machinations, whatever they were, could have taken some other form than that of obliging me to leave the comfortable region of bed to get up and play the part which he had assigned to me in the drama of which the dénouement was still so uncertain.

Of the precise nature of his plot I was in profound ignorance, and I could see plainly, under a respectful disguise, that Mr. Stiggers did not consider me worthy of complete confidence. He fenced with my questions, using silence as a parry and counter-questions as thrusts; when I attacked him vigorously, as I did on turning out of bed that morning with a—

“Well, Mr. Stiggers, it is time I knew more exactly what we are about. In fact, I must know the precise nature of the scheme you are hatching.”

He would answer—

“Too soon to talk of schemes, sir. As soon as we find the soft pint to work on we will begin to scheme. There ain’t no use in pretending to be more cleverer than we are. When I sees the way I’ll pint it out to you, sir, fast enough.”

“I see how it is,” I answered, “you don’t trust my prudence. Say so at once.”

“Well, sir,” said he, fixing the vagrant eyes for a moment steadily on mine, “twenty pounds is a fortin I don’t want to throw away by means of an accident, there’s no denying it.”

And so, as he would only work his own way, I let him have it, and waited patiently until it suited his humour or convenience to inform me. Independently of the character I had received of him, and the large bribe which I offered as a premium to success, there was a sort of quiet delight in unravelling the intricacies of fraud evinced by this sleuth-hound of society that made me feel quite safe in his hands; nor was I deceived. How assiduously he aired the *Times* and presented it to Netterly, who appeared at the breakfast-table without his accomplice, for whom he apologised, saying that the sudden death of a relative in Paris had caused him to proceed thither at once on receipt of a letter by that morning’s post. How admirably he counterfeited the noiseless tread and solemn importance of the practised valet! With what ostentatious discretion did he vanish from the room as soon as his services were no longer necessary, and before the visitor could consider him a *gène* upon conversation. Verily, had not Stiggers been great in his own line, he would have been first among servants.

For two full hours after Netterly’s departure he remained invisible. He had not been seen to leave the house, and still it seemed clear that he was not in it. I began to think that the cap of Fortunatus was amongst his endowments. I puzzled myself to no purpose in guessing what he might be about, and never hit upon a reasonable solution for his non-appearance. I resolved, therefore, to exercise patience, and took up the *Times* to assist me, the study of which I had scarce begun, when suddenly the door opened and shut—a clicking of the key in the lock followed—I looked up, and there stood Stiggers, but in what a condition! Soaked from head to foot, the *chefs d’œuvre* of Messrs. Noses and Son giving off water in copious streams; but notwithstanding all a perceptible gleam of triumph, which refused to be concealed, struggled through the drowned-rat appearance and natural imperturbability of his features.

“Goodness gracious! Stiggers,” I exclaimed, “what has happened?”

The moment for my enlightenment had arrived—a crisis had taken place—and, as farther concealment was impossible, Mr. Stiggers was graciously pleased to communicate to me his doings for the last four-and-twenty hours. He commenced his explanations by taking up the *Times*, and pointing to an advertisement in the second column, very similar in appearance to the mysterious one inserted by Netterly, said—

“I put that in last night, sir.”

“You!” I ejaculated. “And what on earth does it mean?”

“Nothing particular, sir—only a trap.” Here a subdued chuckle anticipated the announcement that it had proved successful. “You see, sir, the tea was unaccountably long in drawing this morning, and so I slapped the paper into Mr. Netterly’s ’ands to amuse him a bit. His eye caught sight of the thing there, and not knowing but what it might come from a friend, he looked ’ard at it. I watched him. Then he takes the paper to the window, with his back towards us; but I twigged by the jog of his helbow, as he was a-copying of it into his little book. Then, sir, as soon as the things were cleared away, and you began to smoke, I makes off to his room, and hides myself behind the door of his bedroom, with the door ajar, so that I could watch through the crack. Presently down he comes, and, as I expected, whips out the note-book and sets to work to read the advertisement. Now, thinks I, we’ll see where he keeps the key, if it isn’t in his head. And sure enough, out he pulls his watch—and a very little one it is—and springs it open. At first I didn’t pay much attention to this, until I thought it odd what a long time it took him to see what o’clock it was; and then I took a good look, and diskivered that it was the works of the watch, and not the face, that he was looking into; and then, when he puts up the watch back in his pocket, and begins pencilling away on a bit of paper, it was clear as crystal that the watchmaker’s number in the watch was the number as we wanted to read off the advertisement like print. That’s all, sir,” finished Stiggers, rather abruptly, and then commenced wringing the water out of his coat-tails.

“But,” said I, “this is not all, good news as it is. How come you in such a plight? Have you been pumped on?”

“Not exactly, sir,” said he, glancing rather mournfully at the wreck of his handsome garments; “but, unfortunately, Mr. Netterly took it into his head to come into the bedroom before he went out; and so, sir, I had nothing for it but to step into a shower-bath that stood quite handy. And when I was getting out again, sir, the string caught in my button, and down it come.”

Here, then, was at last a clue. I sent him off to dry himself, and meditated for the first few minutes triumphantly on the progress we had made. My spirits, so long damped and kept down by the depressing events of the last few days, seized at a hope which perhaps might prove as fallacious as a straw to a drowning man; so that the task I had set myself, and of which such a small part had been accomplished, actually appeared near completion. Gradually, however, I perceived how little had in reality been gained. That advertisement, even could I obtain the number of Netterly’s watch (no easy matter of itself), might have nothing whatever to say to Grant’s affair; and to

prove Netterly a swindler did not necessarily exonerate Grant as a forger. Still there was so much mystery attending the whole proceeding, so much improbability, that even when most excited—nay, intoxicated—Grant should have committed the crime imputed to him, that I determined that even had the advertisement no reference to him, but to some other villainy, I would ferret it out; and, should I succeed in fathoming it, I would, strong in my confidence in Grant's honesty, boldly seize the bull by the horns, and, using my discovery as a threat, compel them to acknowledge the nature of the fraud practised upon Grant.

That evening, by some strange accident, the key of my watch was missing, and, as we broke up the party for the night, I was compelled to ask Grant to lend me his. Grant's watch was of the warming-pan description—a giant time-piece that, adorned with a peal of seals, had graced his grandfather's fob fifty years ago. Grant revered where others jeered, and stuck manfully by the ancestral horologe in spite of the facetiæ of his fashionable acquaintance. It was not wonderful, therefore, that his key revolved innocuously where a Breguet was wont to wind. In despair I turned to Netterly, who obligingly undid the button of his waistcoat, and handed me his watch, chain, fiddle-faddles, key, and all. I was struck with the beauty of this *chef d'œuvre* of machinery, and had a great desire to count the number of jewels on which its duplex compensating balance worked. It was hardly to be wondered at, that the owner of such a treasure should feel uneasiness, and evince it too, when hands unskilful as mine attempted to meddle with such delicate work; he snatched it away from me long before I had satisfied myself on the point in which I was interested; and to this moment I am ignorant whether it works upon eight or ten rubies.

For about an hour after, in the shadow of a plate-rack in the little back-yard of Blindon's, stands a man whose gaze is ever directed upon a certain window in that hotel. The shutters are closed, and the curtains drawn; but through the divisions of the former, and stained ruddy by the latter, glance streams of light that are in cheery contrast to the cold but patient watcher below.

The night is cold, and the wind whistles drearily round the corners of the houses, driving the fleecy clouds rapidly across the moon's disk, and chilling the very bones of the lonely spy. At length the light suddenly disappears, and the next instant the adjoining window becomes brilliantly illuminated. It is evident that to this apartment there are no shutters, only a curtain. The man of the bottle-rack evinces his satisfaction by a grunt and a smothered blow to his nose; he, however, still watches on. Soon this illumination disappears, and in its place a faint light barely penetrates the thickness of the curtain, and informs the watcher that his guard is over. And then Mr. Stiggers quietly re-enters the house, and informs me that Mr. Netterly has retired to bed, and that a night-lamp throws a dim religious light around his slumbers.

One half-hour longer, to allow the sleeper to pass through the uneasy confines that separate the earth from dream-land, and we cautiously leave our apartment and prepare to enter that of the unconscious Netterly. Should any fatality cause some of the other inhabitants of the hotel to cross our path at this moment, in what a dubious light we

must appear! But the hour is late, the very streets are deserted, and no human sound, save an occasional snore, as it comes muffled through intervening doors and bed-clothes, breaks the silence.

How noisy is that old clock on the stair-head! In the day-time, as I pass up and down to my room, I never hear its modest tick, tack, so softened down and shaded off is it by the multifarious noises of a busy hotel. Now, in the silence of night, it gives out its warning monologue with a concentrated venom and loud iteration, as though it would call all the sleepers to rouse and detect us in our burglarious attempt. By-the-bye, do burglars get accustomed to the many queer sounds that, unexplained, resound through every house, when all else within is hushed and slumbering?—the creaking stair, the banging door, the rattling windows, or the whistling wind. Verily, the professors of the "jemmy" and crape-mask must be men of nerve.

But Mr. Stiggers has already opened the door with noiseless hand, and with stealthy tread (guided by the candle which I hold forward from the stair-landing just outside) threads his way among the furniture, opens the door of the bed-chamber, and creeps to the bed-table, on which stands the night-light, the purse, the pocket-book, and the watch of the sleeper.

How odd it is that sometimes, when placed in situations of great peril or excitement, the occurrence of some trivial circumstance will set the mind wandering far away from the urgencies of the present to subjects not at all *apropos*. As I stood peering through the two doors, and watched the bending form of Stiggers, as he brought his face down close to the works of the watch which he held open in his hand, the strong effects of light and shade that cut out his angular features, the heavy shadow that his intervening figure cast on the wall behind him, and the concentration of light on the principal object in the picture, produced such a Rembrandesque effect as sent me off on the spot rambling through half the galleries of Europe in search of the original of which I was reminded; and I had just got as far as Amsterdam, and was considering in review all the *chefs d'œuvre* of that great master of *chiaro oscuro* whose birth-place it was, when an alarming jingle and crash from the bed-room brought me back with more than electric-telegraph speed to the stair-head in the Blindon. The next instant the night-lamp was extinguished, and I heard Netterly's voice in the darkness venting execrations on the unknown cause of the hubbub, and on the various pieces of furniture over which he stumbled while searching for a match. Blowing out my own candle instantly, I commenced in no very happy state of mind to beat a cautious retreat. As I went, I could hear the scratch-scratch of the lucifer on the bottom of the match-box, and could see the small sulphurous flame lighting up the finger-ends of the operator. The flame became stronger—the candle was on the point of illumination—my breath came and went with difficulty, as I anticipated momentarily the discovery of Stiggers, when all at once a hurry-scurry took place, then a confused noise of tumbling over tables and chairs, mingled with furious maledictions—and a large white cat bounded madly up the stairs and between my feet, followed by some missile which whistled by my head, while the voice of Netterly, almost incoherent with rage, sleep, and exhaustion, pealed through the silent corridors in fruitless wrath—

"D—n you for a cat! It was you, then, was it? If there's an ounce of strychnine in all London to-morrow you shall have it, you infernal brute."

Scarcely drawing my breath, I remained in the shadow of the clock, expecting a renewal of the commotion on the discovery of Stiggers; but many a tick-tack announced the lapse of time, and yet all remained quiet. Then a faint hope came that my emissary might yet escape detection; I returned to my room, and, with the door ajar, awaited the next act.

What hours were embodied in the first five minutes of suspense! what years in the second! what ages in the third! At last, after twenty minutes of inexpressible uneasiness, a very slight creaking in the crazy staircase was heard, and in a few seconds the well-known figure of Stiggers glided in, closed the door, and, falling into a chair, gasped out—

"Three, two, seven, six!"

A good stiff tumbler of grog soon brought back this trusty spy to his customary impassibility, and enabled him to inform me that the crash I had heard had taken place by his having replaced the watch incautiously on the table, in such a manner that the heavy seals and ornaments with which the chain was adorned happening to be over the edge, dragged down the whole to the floor in noisy ruin. Had Netterly succeeded in lighting the candle in the first instance, nothing could have prevented a discovery; happily, however, the flash of the lucifer had alarmed the prowling cat, and directed his suspicions in that quarter, enabling Stiggers, during the chase that ensued, to jump once more beneath the curtain of his old friend the shower-bath, where he remained *perdu* until the heavy breathing of Netterly, who sleepily turned into his bed without further search, told him that it was safe to emerge.

And now once more with sanguine expectation was the cigar-spill produced, and its contents copied out accurately on a sheet of paper. Beneath them were written the numbers just obtained with so much danger, and then began the simple calculation.

J T H T W

"Just heaven! is it possible!—3 2 7 6 3 See, Stiggers, see!
There is no mistake. 'Tis about him." G R A N T

U J N H S B K V Y H O W A V B D V K V R
2 7 6 3 2 7 6 3 2 7 6 3 2 7 6 3 2 7 6 3
S C H E Q U E S W A I T Y O U A T D P O

"Grant's cheques wait you at D. P. O.' What can this mean, Stiggers?"

"Means as it might be dangerous to keep 'em in London, where Mr. Grant might get hold of 'em; and so they've sent 'em elsewhere. Howsumdever, I'm thinking I'll get 'em back, wherever they are," replied the man of dodges, taking up a piece of paper and beginning to write. "There, sir," he said, after a few minutes, passing the paper over to me; "that's about the size of it, sir, I think."

Here it was—

SEND GS CHEQUES TO TEN COPPER ALLEY AT ONCE ADDRESS T. S. DANGER
3276 32 7632763 27 632 768276 82768 27 6827 6827682 7 6 827682
V6UJ JU JNH8EKV UV ZHP JUSRLX DFKSB CA UQELGGFYKVU AX GCUMAT

"Now, sir," added he, "as I take it, these gents keep so continually on the move, that sometimes they don't know one another's whereabouts; and then these cipher advertisements comes in uncommon handy. 10 Copper-alley is my house, and T. S. stands for Tom Stiggers. We may as well have a look at them cheques they are so close about."

The next morning Netterly received my condolence on the breaking of both his rest and watch, and proposed several schemes, in which I was to co-operate, for the punishment of that pest of society, the cat; but before they could be carried out, Mr. Stiggers' advertisement had produced its effect; on the second morning after its insertion he appeared at my breakfast-table, and, with a face in which, though the eyes sparkled with triumph, the mouth and rest of the features remained rigidly fixed, handed me a letter, bearing the Derby post-mark, and directed to T—S—. My fingers trembled, so that I could hardly open it.

There they were—the two bills; but my eyes became so dizzy with excitement, that the words ran one into the other—I could not read them.

"Take them, Stiggers," I said, "and examine them; I cannot." I passed them to him, and waited for his decision much in the same state of mind, I should fancy, that a prisoner does a jury's verdict. I even shut my eyes, afraid to watch what expression might be upon his face while he was forming his opinion. The first words he uttered, however, made me open them wide enough—

"Tol de rol lol, tol de rol loy—hurrah! hurrah!"

There was the grave, emotionless Stiggers dancing about the room and snapping his fingers in such uncouth fashion as showed how unwonted was the exercise.

"It's all as right as tuppence, sir," was his reply to my stare of vacant astonishment. "Look here, sir, and here," spreading the two bills before me, and pointing to a small black mark in the corner of each, exactly similar, and having the appearance as if a dirty finger had been pressed upon it. "Now just look at them for a little bit steadily, and if one aint a lithograph, I'll pay it—ay, and a lithograph of the other, too—line for line, dot for dot, and blot for blot. Lor' bless you, sir, my wife's brother is in the lithographing line, and so I know something about this sort of thing. Now I'll just tell how all this was dodged. When they got Mr. Grant a little (I beg your pardon, sir) screwed, and got him to write this bill as has his name to it, they gave him a stamp to write it on, as had had a coat of isinglass over it; and instead of ink they gives him a kind of black grease, with a little blue through it to make it look more like the real thing. Well, such a writing as this is ready to be transferred to a stone, and from that you could take a thousand if you liked. Then all they had to do was to strike off the cheque without any name on it, by putting a scrap of paper over that part of the stone

where the signature was, put your name instead, and print off 'Wm. Grant' across it, after the words, 'accepted payable'—and there you have it."

"Follow me, Stiggers," I cried, as I darted from the room and descended the stairs, half a flight at a time, to Netterly's rooms. Arrived there, I pushed the door open with scant ceremony, and entered with the evidence of guilt in my hand, and an expression of countenance which did not this time attempt to conceal the true state of my feelings.

I will not attempt to enlarge upon our interview—it was truly a painful one. He had received a letter himself that morning from his accomplice, stating that the cheques had been, as he had desired, sent to the address in Copper-alley; and as he well knew that no such request had emanated from him, he saw that a web was weaving around him, of which the meshes were so carefully concealed that nothing but flight could save him. To fly was, therefore, his determination, and he was actually making preparations for it as I entered.

He made no attempt to deny my accusations, but sat, with bloodless lips and agonized face, the very picture of detected guilt. When a gentleman by birth and position plays the scoundrel, detection and retribution come with a force aggravated in proportion to the height from which their victim has fallen. The inclined plane down which he has proceeded is so gradual, that it is only when the rough hand of justice shakes the perception into him at the bottom, that he perceives the great gulf fixed by his own acts between himself and his compeers. Netterly did not sue for mercy, and I could see that he entertained but little hopes of it from me. He felt that he had too deeply wronged me to expect it, and I, for my part, felt but little disposed to accord it; so, wasting no time in useless revilings or reproaches, I merely informed him that his villainies having been discovered, of which the proofs were in my hands, I was about to send for the proper officers and to give him into their custody.

He shuddered at the thought of the police, but still continued silent.

"I don't exactly know," I continued, "the precise amount of blame due to you and your worthy confederates—such men as De Santal, for instance; but if you have any circumstances to mention which you think may have the effect of making me alter my present intention, I will listen to you."

To my surprise, he rose from his seat, and, almost running towards me, laid his two hands on my arm, and looking me straight in the face, said in a low voice—

"Oh, Western! my poor, poor mother!"

Could I be mistaken?—no, it was a fact; there they were—large bubbling, boiling tears coursing freely down the pale cheeks—not for himself either, but for one who had shed many a bitter tear on his account, and had poured into my mother's sympathizing ear many a sad aspiration for this her loved but erring son.

"Netterly," I said, much affected, "if you had long ago thought more of her, you might have been spared your present humiliation. Oh! if I could but hope that clemency upon my part would be answered by a true amendment on yours, how gladly would I reach out my hand to help you back to rectitude. Say, then, now when remorse may have stirred repentance, what would you do to prove a determination to

amend? But let there be truth between us—right hand in right hand, honest eye to honest eye. This is no time for deceit between us. Heaven knows I seek for no revenge. Speak, then, and speak truly!”

For a few minutes he made me no answer. At last he said—

“Promises of amendment made under such circumstances as mine are useless, nor could I hope to deceive you by them. If you will not spare me for my mother’s sake, I know of no way to move you. Half an hour ago I would have robbed and cheated you; now, much as I may wish for an opportunity to prove how, for the first time, I see myself in a true light, and despise myself, I cannot stoop to lie again to you, and promise what, perhaps, I may not have means or courage to perform. If, however, you now place me in the felon’s dock, tell me what course will be left me on emerging from punishment but the same horrible life in a lower sphere? If you spare me, how am I to free myself from such men as De Santal and others I could name?”

As he spoke, an idea flashed across me, and I felt as anxious to snatch this wretched man from the fate he too truly foretold as I had been before to expose him.

“I will tell you,” I replied, “and on your reply depends my conduct. You must repay to Grant every farthing out of which you have swindled him; you must break utterly with De Santal and men of his calibre, who had better beware how they interfere with my plans regarding you, as I shall hold this forgery in terrorem over them; lastly, with whatever property you can fairly call your own, after you have, as far as in your power lies, cleansed your conscience, you must leave this country at once for Natal, from which place I shall have frequent opportunities of bearing of you, and from whence you must promise never to return without my consent.”

Eagerly the unhappy man grasped at the chance offered to him—his only stipulation being that he might leave the country without seeing De Santal, whose Mephistophelian sneer he dreaded above all things. He went, then, leaving behind a note for his accomplice, in which he declared a dissolution of partnership; and to it I attached a short postscriptum of a very terse nature, which will, I imagine, convince that noble Count that the wider asunder his path and mine in this world can be, *tant mieux pour lui*.

“Now, my dear schoolfellow,” concluded Western, as he drank off the last glass of the mull, “I have only two words to add before I let you off to bed, and I append them as a kind of moral to my story.

“Grant and I have exchanged a mutual promise to one another never to touch a pack of cards again, even to play for love. So much for our game of écarté.

“You asked me, when we met to-night, where I was going; know, then, that I am bound for home, where I am impatiently expected by two young people, who are absurd enough to declare that only for me they would have passed the whole of their days in single wretchedness—a phase of existence which they hope to put an end to three days hence. Should my story have interested you up to this point, you may as well come and see the dénouement.”

OUTSIDE IRELAND.

“Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir.”

I AM only half reclaimed. The blood which boiled in my ancestors' veins, when “wild in woods the noble savage ran,” is still hot and unsubdued; and although I can, and do for a time, submit to the habits of civilization, it is only for a time; and as the spring, which has been artificially dammed up, bursts through all restraints, and rejoices to run its course, so I, when I can break forth from the trammels and confinement of streets and houses, and from the daily treadmill of official life, rejoice to stand free and uncontrolled on the mountain heath, or the deck of the bounding bark, and exclaim, with King John, “Aye, marry now, my soul hath elbow room.” I remember to have met with an author who entered deeply into this kind of feeling, and asserted that the love of pic-nics was nothing but the instinct of the savage leading him back to his native wilds! Think of that, my dear fellow, when some bright day in this month of July you have prevailed on that lovely girl to take your arm, and turning down a shady walk, you escape for a time from the eyes of the vigilant mamma who wishes her dearest child to pay attention to your elder brother, or to that sporting baronet in the Newmarket coat, who talks of the turf, and nothing but the turf, and entertains your darling Rosalie at a ball, by telling her how “Fandango” won the great something handicap, carrying ten *stun*, and giving two *stun* each to Medora and Velocipede; how he himself stood to win four thousand on the Derby, only that Rhadamanthus, who could have won, and ought to have won, but did *not* win, was made safe. And then that dear, simple Rosalie, who must say something because mamma desired her to make herself agreeable, says it must have been very tiresome to have stood so long, and is so sorry to hear that the poor animal was in danger, and asks how did he escape; and then the sporting baronet who, “God bless the mark,” may one day be sent to represent *me* in Parliament, tells her how, by backing Cassandra and three others against the field, he won *three ponies* on the Madrids; and sweet Rosalie, who (for I was watching her) has had her eyes turned towards the corner of the room where you have been for the last half hour barricaded by seven dowagers, ample in form and voluminous in crinoline, regrets that he did not win one more, that he might have driven four-in-hand, and hopes the ponies are quiet, for she had always heard that Spanish ponies were vicious and given to running away.

It is a terrible thing to meet a man who has only one hobby, which he rides to death; (for my part, I keep a stable full of them, and ride them all turn about). Once on a time I was at a friend's house in the country, with such a pleasant party. That sweet Madeline, with her dark hair and long lashes shading violet eyes, was there. Her watchful mother, who loved me (how could she help it) for myself, but hated me because I was a younger brother, was detained in town by the influenza,

and I was wicked enough to rejoice in the east wind which for a time made travelling imprudent. Unfortunately it was election time, and our host, who was a candidate, was obliged to ask his neighbours to dinner; and on one day, which I shall never forget, a young Oxonian was among the guests. He had but one subject of conversation—racing, and the genealogy of horses.

It was my misfortune to sit next this man at dinner; true it is that "Madeline of the Eyelashes" was on my other side, and she and I got on so well together, that before the second course she promised, if I did not stay very long in the dining-room, to sing my favourite song.

"But," said she, "if you prefer, as I suppose you will, election politics, you must take the consequences."

I inwardly resolved that, after a few walnuts and about four glasses of claret, I would follow the ladies to the drawing-room; but, alas! we have little power to control our destinies. It was the year in which Gladiator was the favourite for the St. Leger, and my friend *with the stable mind* was backing him largely. I was, therefore, doomed to listen to a long account of his performances and pedigree. From my unfortunate habit of falling into reveries, I have now but a confused recollection of having heard the names of Eclipse, Flying Childers, the Cole Arabian, the Godolphin Arabian, the Something Barb, &c., and how Gladiator's great, great granddam, by her descent on both sides, had the best racing blood in the world in her veins. I was probably thinking of the drawing-room, and wondering if those large eyes were watching for my approach. But my friend could command thirty-seven votes, and he must be propitiated. I therefore, by a great mental exertion, roused myself into a state of attention, and found that he had nearly got back to the middle ages, and was endeavouring to prove that the horse for which Richard the Third was clamouring on Bosworth Field was a blood relation of Gladiator. This was too much for human patience; and recollecting that the most painful blow in the world is when a man is knocked down by his own stick, I, as he would say himself, *took up the running*, and told him I had lately read in the ninth chapter of the 37th volume of the Life of Confucius, who, as I informed him, was a second cousin of the Emperor Tang-Gung-Chou, and inventor of gunpowder (tea I mean), a very vivid description of Noah riding out of the ark on a splendid black charger, and leading Madame Mère (Mare) by the bridle, and how I was convinced that horse and that mare were the ancestors of the Horse Marines.

He looked very angry for a time, and the thirty-seven votes were in danger; but presently, putting on an expression of pity at my ignorance, he addressed a question to the pale curate who sat opposite as to the odds against "Brother to Polyphemus" winning the three events next year. Now there were but three events in which at that time the poor curate took the slightest interest, viz., the conversion of the Jews, the success of his own work on the Millennium, and the chance of his succeeding to the living of "Ballymacwilliam," in the county Fermanagh, upon the death of the gouty old rector, who had numbered eighty-seven years. He was, therefore, as that scampish young midshipman nephew of mine would say, "taken all aback" at the abruptness of the question; and, profiting by the confusion, I made my escape to the drawing-

room. Well, the violet eyes *were* raised to the door as I entered, but there was something of sorrow and reproach in their expression, and of cold constraint in Madeline's manner, as she told me that she had already been singing, that her throat was sore, and that she would sing no more that evening. It is a presumptuous thing to say, but I think I *do* understand something about women; I saw that the "feathers were ruffled," and that it would require some skill to make them lie smooth. I suppose it was by accident, but she was sitting on a small sofa on which, by a little management, room *could* be found for two; but she was only to be approached by going round the corner of the table on which the tea equipage still stood. As I came near there was a slight movement, half repressed, as if to make room for me. I am too old an angler to frighten the fish by a rapid approach to the bank, or by throwing my fly with a splash on the water; so getting round the table inch by inch, and insinuating something about the necessity of conciliating the owner of thirty-seven votes, I soon found myself occupying the vacant space on the very small sofa (how thankful I was for poor mamma's influenza). Now I am not going to tell any one what I said or what I did, but in less than half an hour the throat, which was a very handsome one, was quite well, and "Madeline of the Eyelashes" *did* sing my favourite song twice that evening; and when the pale curate came into the room he looked paler still, for, as I afterwards discovered, he had actually formed the intention (if the old rector would only die) of turning *my* Madeline into "Mrs. Ballymacwilliam;" and as for the racer, he was, as he would have said himself, shut out of the running and distanced.

But what on earth has all this to do with the story of "Outside Ireland?" I really cannot tell. I have got an unfortunate habit of digressing, and can no more stick to any one subject than that gouty, corpulent, and somewhat elderly gentleman, whose name I decline to mention, can confine himself to one dish at dinner. I know perfectly well that he consulted Sir Henry no later than yesterday, and was ordered to dine on boiled mutton and mashed turnips, and to drink nothing but a pint of very weak toast-and-water. I know also that he is to preside to-morrow at a charity dinner, where I shall meet him. He will begin with turtle soup; there is such an intimate association of gastronomic ideas between turtle soup and iced punch, that he will yield with the greatest facility to the temptation. From that the transition to salmon, or turbot and lobster-sauce, is easy and natural; and eschewing the boiled mutton and mashed turnips, and mentally calling Sir Henry an old woman, he will go with laudable impartiality through all the dishes of an elaborate dinner at thirty shillings a-head; and then as for the toast-and-water, pooh! pooh!—that is too ridiculous. He is in the chair; he must propose toasts. He knows they will drink his health, and he never will be able to overcome his diffidence, and bring out with point the little pet sentences which he has been composing while driving down in his cab to dinner, unless he has a few glasses of wine; and as it is only champagne, and so well iced, it cannot possibly do him any harm; and then as the waiters, in quick succession, bring him messages from gentlemen who are too far down the table to catch his eye, requesting the pleasure of taking wine with him,

his own servant, who stands behind his chair, and is zealous for his master's honour, will fill his glass to the brim; and when the cloth is removed, and the vice-president, who speaks with an oily, bland eloquence, proposes his health, and deals out with a liberal hand those ready-made virtues which, by prescriptive right, belong to all chairmen at charity dinners, how pleasantly the old gentleman will return thanks. With what an air of happy impromptu he will bring forth the pointed sayings, the heads of which you may find in his pocket-book to-morrow; it will almost deceive even me, who have been watching him during his little fits of abstraction, and know that he has been rounding a sentence or pointing an antithesis; and then he will tell them, in answer to the Vice, who has hoped that their distinguished friend may continue for many years to preside over their annual festival, that this is the proudest day of his life, that he never felt so well, and hopes he has twenty years more work in him, and that his best energies, so long as he is spared, shall be devoted to their service, &c., &c.

But Nemesis is at hand, and vengeance is not long delayed. Look at him the next morning when, with pale and haggard face, and shaking hands, he crawls down to a late breakfast, which he is unable to touch, and tells his wife that the salad-oil was abominable, or that the coffee was sour, and she, poor woman, slips out of the room, and privately sends a note to Sir Henry, who drops in during the afternoon, listens with polite incredulity to the story of the oil and the sour coffee, and, seeing the state of the case, orders low diet and blue pill.

Well, just as the old gentleman is led on by his stomachic associations to bring on a bilious attack, so I am led into these unreasonable digressions by the rapid manner in which my mind passes from one subject to another. It is all of course the fault of my organization; and I remember a prosy old phrenologist once feeling my head, and predicting that I should never come to good, because, as he said, I had too little concentrativeness, and too much of something *elsiveness*. But I am now really going to tell you my story, and shall merely say before I begin, that this faulty organization is the reason why I never could play chess. I used to play with Madeline, who, you must know, is a second cousin of mine, but "mamma" soon put an end to it; she found out that we did not improve in the least in our knowledge of the game, although we sat over it a longer time every day, and I think she suspected that Madeline was learning something else, which is quite legitimate where an elder brother is the instructor, but in the case of a poor devil like myself, with "nothing but my actions and my living blood to show the world I am a gentleman," is unlawful and contraband. I do still play occasionally with an old uncle, who is very rich, and who I know speaks of me as his favourite nephew, because he can always beat me at chess; indeed, he has an easy victory—for, while he is pondering over a move, thinking how he can save his queen from the insidious attack of my knight, my mind is far away. I am, perhaps, thinking how after a long stalk last year in Glen Houlakin I got a splendid shot at a royal stag, and missed him; or how, when in my boat on a broad river in Norway, a forty-pound salmon ran off one hundred and twenty yards of line from my reel, and snapped my best Limerick hook; or how, last February, I got a glorious lead, by

forcing my chesnut horse with the white legs over the large fence at Butler's Grove; and how one small, wiry man, with red hair and whiskers, followed me, while fifty more rode round a quarter of a mile for the gate; and how the red man and I rode side by side the fastest forty minutes ever known in Kilkenny; and just as I am thinking of the five-foot coped wall round the young plantation, which we trampled down without mercy or remorse, the old gentleman tells me it is my move. Well, of course, I am easily defeated, and the worthy old fellow goes off chuckling to his club, where he tells everybody that I am an excellent player, but that *he* can beat me. This has made him very fond of me, and having some notion how matters stand between me and Madeline, he intends to remonstrate with "mamma," and tell her if *she* will only relent, *he* will see that the young people shall have enough to begin with; and that a young fellow like me, whose *only* fault (mind that) is his wild, roving disposition, will surely be tamed down and made steady by a wife; and the dear girl herself is true and honest, and has refused the pale curate, although the old rector is *in extremis*, and she has seen the bishop's letter promising him the living of Ballymacwilliam; and she has discarded the racer, although his mare, Hecuba, *has* won the Chester Cup, and is first favourite for the Goodwood Stakes; and I have on my part convinced her that there is no truth in the story of my having accepted the proposal of the widow who lives in ——— square, and has fifty thousand pounds in the funds, and four thousand per annum, and is *only* twenty years older than myself. I have a sort of feeling that when I write my next article, "Madeline of the Eyelashes" and I will be "one another," as the song says; and as I shall then be too happy to go "Outside Ireland," I think it is time to begin my story.

The year before last, finding myself one fine evening, in the first week of August, unexpectedly released from some business which I feared would have detained me in town all the summer and autumn, I started for the lake and the mountain, with the feeling of a schoolboy when the first day of the vacation has at length arrived, and in the afternoon of the next day reached the lodge of a friend, which was situated on the shore of Ballinakill Bay, in one of the most beautiful parts of Connemara. How I rejoiced in the change from the hot flags of the town, and the four walls of the office within which I had passed six or seven hours every day for the last eight months, to the purple heath beneath my feet, and the prospect of the broad Atlantic before my eyes. How delightful to listen to the challenge of the cock grouse, instead of the cries of "freestone" or "old clothes." How inspiring to walk on the cliffs and look into the dark-green depths of the restless ocean, and breathe the pure western breeze, instead of my daily promenade along the dull, sluggish river, imprisoned within the monotonous quays, and sending up to heaven the foul odour of a thousand impurities, under the fierce stimulus of a summer sun. Surely, it is the man long cooped up in cities, "the work of men's hands," whose blood has turned thin and poor, whose muscles of mind and body have become flaccid and relaxed from want of fresh air and healthy exertion, who, standing beneath the glorious mountains and gazing into the broad lake, in which are reflected the myriad stars of the vaulted heaven, can exclaim with true feeling, "God made the country, and man made the town."

We amused ourselves as young men generally do in similar circumstances ; there was the morning plunge into forty feet of deep green sea ; the breakfast, enjoyed with the keen relish of vigorous health ; then the tranquillising cigar, as we lay stretched on the dry heath ; then the walk up the mountain side with the dogs, in order to ascertain the *locale* of the grouse, and make our young pointers steady by the time the season should commence ; and if the wind came fresh and free from the south or west, and the day was cloudy, the rods were tied up and we tried our fortune by lake and river.

One morning, three of the party, of whom I was one, determined, for the sake of variety, to visit some of the islands which lie in the Atlantic, "Outside Ireland." We accordingly embarked in a small sail-boat, half-hooker, half-yacht, which belonged to our host, and stood out to sea, with a favourable breeze from the land. We had secured the services of two skilful boatmen, and a pilot, who, in early life, had been a daring and successful smuggler, and now lived "a prosperous gentleman," on the money realised by his perilous trade. He affected in some degree the manners and dress of a respectable landsman, but it was impossible to mistake his calling. Everything about him—his voice, his appearance, his expressions, the way in which his hat *would* sit on his head, and above all, the skill with which he handled our small craft, and trimmed the sails to meet the shifting breeze—told of the bold and hardy seaman who had often in the dark midnight, in despite of revenue-cutters and coastguard men, run many a cargo of choice brandy and precious tobacco into some of the dangerous creeks which indent the wild coast we had just left behind us. Ever and anon the Dirk Hatteraick feeling would come over him, and you might see him peeping out under the mainsail, and sweeping the horizon with an old sea telescope, which from habit he still carried in his pocket ; or he would crawl to the bow of the boat and look cautiously a-head, as if he expected to see the sail of a revenue-cruiser rounding some bold headland ; and then, as the scene brought back old times to his memory, he would tell us how fifteen years ago, off that very coast, he had been chased for a day and night by two ten-gun brigs, and how though the balls were falling round him, and dashing the spray over his deck, while three had gone clean through his mainsail, he still held on under every stitch of canvas which the lugger could carry ; and at last darting into a rocky channel, between two small islands, with scarce a foot to spare beneath her keel, where the cruisers dared not follow him, he had escaped and landed a valuable cargo in safety.

One of our boatmen also was somewhat of a character. He had the reputation of having been in his youth a successful inland smuggler, in other words, a distiller of illicit whiskey ; but having now, for some reason, given up that business, he made his living on the coast in rather an amphibious manner, or, in Connaught parlance, by turning his hand to everything ; and he surely looked well able for any active employment. He was a splendidly made, athletic, sunburnt fellow, about forty years of age, with a twinkle in his grey eye, and a curl in the corner of his mouth, very suggestive of fun. I was anxious to find out from him something about the old whiskey-making trade, which is now much on the decrease in the country, and thought the best way to establish an

entente cordiale, and open a conversation, was to offer him a glass of whiskey.

"Oh! thank your honour," said he, "but I'm not much used to drinking whiskey now, unless when it's badly wanting."

"Not used to whiskey!" I exclaimed. "Well, I heard that you could drink whiskey almost as well as you could make it."

"Oh! please your honour, I was a good warrant at either long ago; but when the bad times came there was not corn enough for eating, let alone malting, so we gave up the still entirely; and though the corn is plenty enough now, thanks be to God, the peelers are night and day watching us, and they can smell a still ten miles off, so the whiskey is a bad job. But while we had to do with the soldiers, it was aisy to humbug them—more by token they never had any heart to the business. I remember well myself, when I was only a young boy, going with one Michael Mullen to run off some potheen in a queer, lonesome place in the mountain. Well, sir, we made a fine day's work; and we all went at night into a small shealing, that was built for people minding cattle in the summer, and we put the still and the keg of whiskey and all into a big hole we dug in one corner of the floor and threw straw over it, waiting till the flight of night to carry it home; and we were all eating a bit mighty snug, when a boy we had watching ran in to tell us the soldiers were marching through the mountain, and that the gauger (a smart, little man), was leading them straight up to us. Well I thought it was all over with us, or with our whiskey at last, but Michael was a very cute man. He put two or three turf baskets agin the door, and stuck a pitchfork behind them, and told me to keep them all fast while he threw a blanket over the straw in the corner, and made his ould mother and his daughter, Winnie (a fine able girl), lie down upon it, all the time calling out, 'I'm coming, your honour,' to the soldiers, who by this time were thumping at the door. When all was ready he opened it, and there was the party and the officer tearing mad for being kept out so long. 'What's the reason, sir,' said he, 'you would not open the door sooner?' 'Troth, then,' says Michael, 'I'd be very sorry, entirely, to keep your honour out in the cowl, but if you had as many ways of getting into your breeches as I have, you would not find it aisy, Captain, in the dark;' and sure enough there were so many holes in them, it was only wonderful how he ever got his leg into the right one. Well the Captain screeched laughing, and I knew from that out we had him on our side; and when the gauger walked into the cabin and began to search, not one of the soldiers would give him a help. At last he caught a hold of the ould woman to drag her off the straw—she was ould and crazy enough by nature, but she made herself look twice as crazy, and she roared murder and caught Winnie. Winnie was well able for the gauger any day, and she gripped his big red whiskers, and shook his head till you'd think she'd pull it off, asking him did he want to kill her grandmother; and the gauger called on the Captain to help him, and the Captain, when he could spake for laughing, said, that he did not come there to shake an ould woman to death, and as he had nothing better than that for him to do, he'd take the liberty of ordering his men home to their quarters. 'I'll report you, sir,' said the gauger. 'Do,' said the Captain, 'and welcome; but, in the meantime, if you

are not sure of getting a kind welcome to spend the night here, you'd better come along with us, for I'm going at once.' And sure enough he marched his men off, and you may be certain he did not leave the gauger behind; and an hour after they left us we had the whiskey and the still, worm and all, safe and snug at Rasmuck."

After about two hours' sail we approached the shore of Inisbofin; and as we neared the land the clamour of many voices made us aware that some unusual occurrence had taken place. Upon entering the small harbour, it appeared that almost the whole population of the island were collected in boats along the shore. The men were all bare-headed, and stripped to their shirts and trowsers, and were rowing about in all directions, so that it was with great difficulty we were able to approach the small pier where we intended to land. They seemed to me to be a particularly fine race of people—tall, powerful fellows, with a profusion of light yellow hair, and beards and moustaches of the same colour. They were all shouting at the top of their voices in Irish, and from the confusion which prevailed it was some time before we could procure any explanation of the strange scene.

At length, through the medium of our boatmen, we ascertained that in the course of the night a shoal of mackerel, which might be counted by hundreds of thousands, had entered the small bay, and the islanders, by drawing nets across the entrance, had effectually prevented their escape to sea. They had already secured a vast number of fish, many of the boats were loaded to the water's edge with mackerel, and on the shore they were built up in large stacks like sods of turf. One heap, about which I made inquiries, was estimated to contain about eighty thousand; and it was thought that at least one hundred and fifty thousand more were contained within the limits of the small harbour, without the possibility of escape. On looking over the side of our boat down into the sea we could perceive the fish piled over each other to within two feet of the surface, so that the keel appeared actually to rest on their backs, and we were ready to exclaim, with King Charles the Second, "Odds fish!"

Having with some difficulty made our way to land by walking across the thwarts of several boats loaded to the gunwale, we proceeded into the interior of the island and soon reached the village, which consisted of one long straggling street of poor mean houses. It was almost deserted, the whole population, except a few old women and young children, having rushed down to the shore to witness the capture of the mackerel.

Still human nature is human nature, and Love finds his way even into Inisbofin. As we approached the village I became aware, by more senses than one, of the presence of a large heap of oyster and mussel shells, which lay "between the wind and my nobility," and were steaming under a mid-day sun. On this heap reclined a young couple, who were in earnest conversation. They were both good looking, but strongly contrasted with each other. The man, who appeared some twenty-five years of age, was dark and swarthy, unlike the inhabitants of the island, and probably a stranger whom some of the chances of a seafaring life had brought to Inisbofin. His dress was only a check shirt, open at the throat, and a pair of seaman's trowsers, supported round his waist by a broad leather belt, a costume which showed his

herculean frame to great advantage. But the lady of his love had fiery red hair, and the extremely fair complexion which is usually found in company with it. And there, on this "mermaid's ottoman," he was telling her the "old, old story," the story which has been told in all ages and in all places, in the palace and in the cottage, in moonlight walks, in strolls by the sea, in a canter through the park, on silken couches, in gorgeous saloons, and on heaps of mussel-shells in Inisbofin. The story which Adam told Eve in Paradise, and which I told Madeline on that small sofa, and which men will tell, and women believe, until time shall be no more.

Leaving this couple, who seemed far more interested in their own concerns and love than in the capture of the mackerel, we continued our walk, and soon met with a gentleman who resided on the island, and managed it for the proprietor. He was acquainted with our friend Dirk Hatteraick; and, seeing that we were strangers, at once invited us to come to his house and partake of an early dinner.

We accordingly accompanied him, and soon reached the house, which stood on the highest ground in the island, and commanded a view of the mainland to the east, and of the islands to the north and south, and, looking westward, of the great Atlantic.

Our host had two remarkably pretty daughters, one with glorious dark eyes (like Madeline), and the other with a profusion of lovely golden locks. They put me in mind of Minna and Brenda in "The Pirate," while the worthy old gentleman, who gave us a most exciting description of the chase of the sun-fish off that coast, was an excellent representative of old Magnus Troil in the same book.

I never did, and never shall resist the desire to make myself as agreeable as I can (which is a modest way of putting the case) to the proprietor of a pretty face; I therefore selected Minna, and brought her in to dinner, while one of my companions monopolised the fair Brenda. As for Dirk Hatteraick, our short voyage had given him his old sea appetite, and I observed that he paid particular attention to a flask of prime brandy, about which there seemed to be a secret understanding, it having, I suspect, from hints dropped about its age, reached old Magnus's cellar about the time when my friend Dirk's fast-sailing lugger had made some of her successful runs from the French and Dutch coasts.

After dinner, our host and his two daughters accompanied us down to the harbour; and, after a hearty shake-hands with old Magnus, and, as far as I was concerned, "ditto" with Minna and Brenda, we started on our homeward voyage. The sun was far down in the west, and as there would be no moon for several hours, old Dirk himself took the helm. The wind being very light and the ebb-tide against us, our progress was necessarily very slow, but the night was so lovely that no one wished the way of the boat to be accelerated. For an hour or so we were in total darkness, but old Dirk seemed to know the coast by instinct, and steered us directly upon the bay; but by this time the tide was so far out that we were obliged to feel our way among the rocks; and it was close upon midnight before we came to anchor.

In the morning I received a letter, which my friends were silly enough to believe came from my sister. It was to this effect:—

“Your Uncle Joseph dined with us yesterday, and had a long conversation with mamma; and this morning she spoke very kindly about you, and lamented your roving, unsettled disposition. Be patient; all may yet be well.
MADLINE.

“P.S.—Mamma says I must not correspond with you, but I thought I might write to tell you so. I know that you are very foolish and headstrong, and if you *will* answer this, my Cousin Georgy, in — square, will take care of any letter you may enclose to her for me, and give it to me when we meet at the Band.”

Need I say that a letter enclosed to Georgy was the immediate consequence of this epistle; though it was a glorious morning for fishing, and my friends were impatient to start, wondering how I could write such a long letter to a sister, whom I had seen but a few days before. Women are easily made jealous, and when a man is so far away that he cannot *with his own lips* give the explanation which is usually effectual in such cases (and which, I hope will never be superseded by the electric telegraph), it is wise to be silent on dangerous subjects. I therefore suppressed all mention of Minna and Brenda, but with that exception gave to Madeline, as I have given to my readers, a full and true account of my adventures “Outside Ireland.”

TO A FRIEND

WHO EXPRESSED A WISH TO BE BURIED EITHER AT SEA OR ON A MOUNTAIN.

I.

Oh! bury me not in the ocean deep,
Where are depths that have ne'er been told;
But when I am gone to my last long sleep,
Let me lie in the churchyard old.

II.

I love not the thought of an ocean grave,
Nor a tomb on the mountain's steep,
Where the trees of the forest darkly wave,
And the howling night winds sweep.

III.

I would not lie in the cavern gloom
Of the vault beneath the damp aisle;
Nor have the pomp of a blazoned tomb,
Or a sculptured marble pile.

IV.

But sweet to rest near yon spreading yew,
Where the sunbeams brightly shed
Their light, and tint with a golden hue
The graves of the lonely dead.

STANERL.

BY THE LATE MRS. ROMER.

"Cantava come fosse innamorata."—*Guido Cavalcanti.*

THE celebrated Maestro Luigi I——, having gone from Milan to Vienna on business connected with the Conservatorio Imperiale e Reale di Musica of his native city, was sauntering one summer evening along the Faubourg of Landstrasse, undecided whether he should pass his *prima sera* in the Wasserglaci Garden, or in the dancing saloon of the Goldene Birne, when his attention was suddenly arrested by strains of music issuing from the open window of a room on the ground-floor of a mean-looking house before which he was passing. He stopped and listened; for the harmony was of a description to charm even his fastidious ears. It was a female voice of exquisite sweetness and freshness — a voice all youth and joy — carolling forth Clärchen's Song,* to the accompaniment of a pianoforte. The remarkable quality of those pure and powerful tones, the clearness of the enunciation, the expression thrown into the whole performance, evinced a natural talent which better instruction than it was evident had been bestowed upon it would have rendered extraordinary. The Maestro was fascinated to the spot; although, while he listened, he could not help murmuring imprecations upon the "*cattivo metodo Tedesco*," and the "*brutta lingua*," which the divine voice of the songstress had to contend with. "What an infernal language to sing in!" he ejaculated. "Ah! if I had the tutoring of that enchanting voice, what could I not make of it?" Nevertheless as the last words of the song fell upon his ear—

"Glücklich allein ist die Seele die liebt!"
(Happy alone is the soul that loves!)

in tones that might truly be said to be love-inspired, as well as love-inspiring, all sentiment of disapprobation merged in the superior delight which the beauty of the voice elicited; and scarcely had the last note died away into silence, ere an enthusiastic "*Brava, bravissima!*" burst from Luigi's lips, accompanied by a clapping of hands, as hearty and as prolonged as he would have bestowed upon the *grand aria* of the favourite *prima donna* of the Scala, in her *Scena d'entrata*.

At this *al fresco* applause, three individuals appeared at the open window, their heads peering over the row of flower-pots that shaded the interior of the apartment from the street, to ascertain who the listener might be who had so unequivocally expressed his admiration. The first of these was a good-looking youth, under twenty— it was evident that he was not the singer; the second was an elderly woman, *she* could not be the singer either; the third was a blooming young girl, with a pair of smiling, large, brown eyes, irradiating the sweetest and most ingenuous

* From Goethe's "Egmont."

countenance. Ah! that must be the nightingale whose evening-song had enchanted the wandering Italian. The Maestro respectfully took off his hat, and in his own language apologised for the indiscretion into which he had been betrayed by his passion for music, and the charm of the voice that had spell-bound him; but he might as well have remained silent, for his auditors did not even know in what language he was speaking, and in their turn uttered something in German, which was equally incomprehensible to him. He then made an attempt to be understood in French, and succeeded; for he was courteously answered in the same idiom. Both parties spoke it as execrably as unpractised Germans and Italians always do; but they got on intelligibly to each other—that was the great point. The result of the colloquy was an invitation to the Maestro to walk in and hear another song. But while the symphony is playing, we will introduce the songstress to our readers.

There was not a prettier girl in the suburb of Landstrasse, ay, or in the whole city of Vienna, than Stanerl* Schwartz. Perhaps this is bestowing but questionable praise upon her good looks, when it is remembered that the women of Vienna are much more remarkable for their coquetry and love of dress than for their personal beauty; but Stanerl's appearance at fifteen would have entitled her to be distinguished as decidedly pretty in places more celebrated for female loveliness than her native city. Magnificent eyes, a clear complexion, features which although not regular were full of harmony, a countenance at once playful, winning, and intelligent, and a figure which promised to be faultless, when it should have acquired the roundness of full-grown womanhood, formed a most engaging *ensemble*; but besides these advantages Stanerl, despite her lowly station, possessed a natural dignity of person and demeanour which enhanced the attraction of her charming and animated face, and would have appeared more at home in the aristocratic saloons of the Herrengasse than in the two little ground-floor rooms of a mean suburban house, which she occupied with her aunt, Frau Elchen Schwartz, an honest, painstaking woman, who had formerly been *femme-de-chambre* in one of the princely families of Vienna, but who, at the period when this tale opens, had for some years followed the calling of a cleaner and mender of lace, and of Indian cashmeres. Stanerl's native distinction had been considerably developed by the opportunities afforded her of seeing and speaking with many of the noble ladies among whom her aunt's practice chiefly lay; for as she was generally sent to carry back the work executed by Frau Elchen, she had constant access to the palaces of the "*crème de la crème*" of Viennese aristocracy, and was frequently introduced into the dressing-rooms of the fair princesses who presided over them, when a few gracious words would be addressed to her. These casual glimpses of what appeared to the inexperienced Stanerl beings of another world, confirmed her natural bias for the refined and the elegant. She never returned from an interview with any of these high-born ladies, that her

* Stanerl is the diminutive for Constance or Constantia, and in Upper Germany is always familiarly substituted for it among the middling and lower classes.

aptitude for assimilating her manners to those of her superiors was not evinced by some improvement in her language, her gait, and even in the way in which she arranged her dress; and as she grew up, a vague ambition to rise above her station tinged all her day-dreams with visions of luxury but little in accordance with the sphere in which her lot had been cast. For Elchen Schwartz had never contemplated any career more exalted for her orphan niece than the one which she herself had followed for so many years, or if she looked higher, her aspirations for Stanerl bounded themselves to the post of *demoiselle de compagnie* to some noble lady; in furtherance of which object, she bestowed upon her the best education her scanty means afforded, comprising French, all sorts of fancy works, and the piano.

In Vienna, and indeed throughout the whole of Austria, everybody understands music more or less; and pianos are to be found in the humblest abodes, and excellent performers among classes where we should never look for such refinement in our own country. Perhaps the gentle and orderly habits of the Austrian people may be attributable to this innate love and cultivation of harmony. Chateaubriand has truly remarked:—“*Partout ou il y a un piano, il n'y a plus de grossièreté.*” And in Germany we have had many opportunities of testing the truth of that observation. But we must not digress. Stanerl's talent for music soon asserted itself so triumphantly, under the tuition of a very obscure master, that her aunt decided upon devoting her to the comparatively superior profession of a teacher of the piano and singing. To Stanerl herself, whose soul had always soared above servitude, this change in her destiny appeared fraught with the most brilliant promise. Music as a pursuit, a profession, opened to her a field for distinction, in which she felt herself capable of becoming pre-eminent. Why should not her name be added to the list of those whose talents fame had rendered world-wide? No exertion appeared too laborious that was to lead to such a result; and with a zest and enthusiasm that ensured success, she applied herself to the attainment of such superiority as would entitle her one day to take a place in the musical world as something more than a teacher—as a professed artist, whose brilliant execution was to enchant the scientific ears of aristocratic Vienna.

But to do Stanerl justice, a nobler sentiment than personal ambition sustained her exertions. To possess the power of one day rewarding her Aunt Elchen for the tender care lavished upon her infancy—to be able to say to her, when declining years should have dimmed those indefatigable eyes: “Toil no more; your grateful niece has secured rest and independence for your latter days”—that indeed was an incentive that caused the affectionate heart of Stanerl to bound with exulting hope! What were the plaudits of the world compared to a joy so pure?

And, besides, there was another motive deeply felt—love had already been mixed up in her existence.

Max Bender, a neighbour's son, four years her senior, had been her playmate from earliest childhood; and as they grew up, it became evident that a warmer sentiment had replaced their infantine affection. The Benders, however, were higher placed in the world than Elchen

Schwartz, and did not contemplate their son's prepossession with as much complacency as she did. They were prudent people, and well knew that to forbid the attachment of the young couple would be to add fuel to the flame. They placed much greater faith in the efficacy of absence than of paternal lectures, and determined upon sending Max away from Vienna for two or three years, convinced that before half that period had elapsed he would have been in love with two or three of the pretty girls of Brunn, where his father (himself a clerk in the war-office at Vienna) had obtained an appointment for him in the same department. But the elder Bender had formed a mistaken estimate of his son's character. Steadfast, even to stubbornness, in all things, Max's feelings were so earnest, his likings so deep-seated, that when he once bestowed his affections, it was *once for all*, nothing could recall them; they must form the happiness or the misery of his existence, according as the object that engrossed them proved deserving or the reverse, but they could never be transferred. With such natures absence strengthens instead of diminishing their heart-worship. Accordingly when, at the end of the year, Max Bender returned to Vienna on a five days' leave, it was to prove himself more than ever devoted to Stanerl.

She, during that year, had laboured to acquire excellence, with one trembling hope in view. Will Max Bender's parents reject me for a daughter-in-law when I shall have become a celebrated professor? The faithful lover had only arrived two days previous to the commencement of our tale.

There was something in the Maestro I——'s address that placed everyone at their ease at once. With charming simplicity Stanerl seated herself at her piano and repeated the song, while Max, standing by her, looked into her eyes, and thought as his enamoured heart echoed the words she uttered with such sweet consciousness, that never could Egmont's Clärchen have been half so lovely! But the Italian thought only of the harsh Teutonic syllables, which not even the genius of Goethe or the science of Beethoven could render musical—

“Freudvoll und Leidvoll,
Gedanken voll seyn;
Langen und bangen
In schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein ist die seele die liebt.”

“*Maladetta quella lingua!*” he murmured, as his southern ears winced under the infliction; yet the wondrous beauty of the tones, the soul that breathed into them a harmony beyond that of mere sound, again called forth his enthusiastic plaudits. “And I, too, am a musician,” said Luigi, taking Stanerl's place at the piano. And, oh! what eloquent music did he cause it to discourse, as he accompanied himself in scene after scene of the most favourite Italian operas. Stanerl's exquisite musical organisation enabled her at once to appreciate the superiority of his faultless Italian method over the style of singing she had hitherto been accustomed to hear. “What a difference!” she

sighed, as she listened to his delicious execution of "*Vivi tu*" and "*Mio tesoro*," and contrasted it with the way in which her master sung them. "Ah! if I could but study under such an instructor."

The Maestro was precisely thinking the same thing; for he saw what precious materials there were to work upon, and what a *cantatrice* he would form out of them. He had made Stanerl run up and down the scale for him, and the capabilities of her voice had filled him with astonishment and delight. Never had he met with one in which such compass, power, and sweetness were combined.

Madame Pasta was then in Vienna, and was to sing on the following night at the Kärntner-Thor Theatre. Luigi, on finding that Stanerl had never seen an Italian opera, offered free admissions to Elchen and the two young people, and proposed to join them at the theatre. He was not only unwilling to lose sight of the promising young singer, but anxious to witness her impressions on hearing for the first time such an artist as Pasta. His invitation was gladly accepted, and he then took his leave, to the great relief of Max, whose brow had been lowering during the latter part of the stranger's visit, as he watched the absorbing delight with which Stanerl listened to all he said and sung, and, for the first time, found that he himself was *not* the first object of her attention. Nor did he recover his equanimity, until at a later hour he found himself in the ball-room of the Goldene Birne, whirling Stanerl round to the exhilarating measure of "*Mein Schönster Tag im Leben*." Strauss had produced that beautiful waltz for the first time on that evening; and, as was always the case when he gave a new composition to the *dilettanti* Viennese public, the composer as well as the composition were enthusiastically *fêted*. Four times was the brilliant novelty called for, and each time did Stanerl, who could do nothing by halves, fly round the room with Max with renewed animation, breathlessly exclaiming, in each brief pause of the dance, that there was no pleasure in life comparable to waltzing with him, to the music of Strauss's orchestra.

When the little party sat down to discuss the fried chicken and bottle of Ofen wine, with which Max regaled his friends at one of the round tables of the Goldene Birne, the passing cloud had wholly disappeared from the young lover's honest countenance, and his spirits had recovered their wonted buoyancy, the more so, perhaps, that he had observed the Maestro seated with a party of Italians at a table not very far off, and saw that he made no effort to approach Stanerl.

As for Stanerl—Maestro, Pasta, opera, everything but the new waltz had vanished from her mind. Happy, light-hearted girl! it was ever thus with her; the all-engrossing enjoyment of the present shut out both the past and the future.

CHAPTER II.

"Aimer, c'est être heureux du bonheur d'un autre."—LEMBERTZ.

PEOPLE may say what they will of the genius and talent of Malibran, Sontag, Grisi, and Jenny Lind—there never has been, and never will be,

take her all in all, such an artist as Pasta was in the zenith of her fame. As a singer, her method was so perfect as to overcome the natural defect of her voice—that slight huskiness, when she commenced singing, designated by the Italians *una voce velata*. Her execution was so facile as to make it appear, even when she was performing prodigies, that she had not put forth half her powers. As an actress she was unrivalled. She was the Siddons of lyric tragedy. Impassioned as the gifted Malibran or as Giulia Grisi, but classically chaste as they were not—playful as Sontag, simple as Lind—she never “o’erstepped the modesty of nature” in any of her delineations; there never was a look, a tone, a gesture, that one would have wished away—antique purity pervaded the whole. Who that ever saw her in Romeo can forget the heartbroken tones in which she uttered the recitation over Juliet’s bier—the rapt expression of her triumphant “*Ombra adorata?*” Who that remembers her in *Semiramide* but must acknowledge that never was the Assyrian Queen so regally impersonated? Who that ever listened to her breathing forth Desdemona’s romance, but has retained in his heart the echo of those sad, sweet, dreamlike wailings? And Norma! Norma, her creation, written and composed expressly for her; not one of the celebrities who have come after Pasta ever conceived the spirit of the part as she did, who, in the delineation of the betrayed priestess, outraged in all her tenderest feelings, never separated woman’s dignity from the expression of woman’s bitterest passions! Alas! alas! that the once peerless Pasta should have consented to exhibit the decrepitude of her powers on the same stage that had witnessed her triumphs!

But it was Pasta in the meridian of her transcendent powers—Pasta, supported by a first-rate Italian company—that Stanerl listened to on the following evening. The opera was Zingarelli’s *Romeo e Giulietta*. The part of Romeo was Pasta’s *cavallo di battaglia*—none ever interpreted it as she did. Everything conspired to render Stanerl’s enchantment complete. The Kärntner-Thor Theatre was crowded by the most brilliant audience in Vienna, all unanimous in rendering homage to the gifted prima donna. Never did her incomparable talent assert itself more triumphantly. Encored in every favourite air, called for repeatedly after each scene, chaplets and bouquets were showered upon her by Imperial hands. Even the orchestra, forgetting the usual impassibility observed there, stood up and cheered her when she terminated for the second time her exquisite “*Ombra Adorata;*” and delicious tears flowed from the brightest eyes in Vienna as the curtain at last fell upon the Tomb of the Capulets.

And Stanerl? Bewildered, dazzled, enchanted, with beating heart and swimming eyes, she looked, and listened, and but one thought arose, distinct and clear from the host of emotions that pressed upon her almost to suffocation:

“Oh! to obtain such a triumph as this!”

That night decided her vocation.

Luigi I— was an enthusiast in his profession, and generous to a degree in advancing the interests of the indigent disciples of the art. Many were the poor musicians whom he had drawn from their obscurity and pushed onwards to fame, content to reap no other reward for his exertions than that of witnessing their success. But he had never yet

met with talent so promising as Stanerl's ; and when, the day after the opera, he found her singing and gesticulating with extraordinary dramatic power such snatches of Pasta's part as had fixed themselves upon her memory, he discovered in her the germs of a fine actress as well as of a fine singer. "This is true genius," thought he, "and it ought not to be lost to the world ;" and forthwith he resolved to propose to Elchen that if she would remove to Milan for a while, he would undertake to finish her niece's musical education gratuitously, and prepare her for the stage.

The task was not an easy one to accomplish. In common with the generality of her fellow-citizens, Frau Elchen thought that there was no salvation for her out of sight of St. Stephen's steeple. Max Bender openly opposed the plan ; but Stanerl threw the weight of her persuasive powers on the Maestro's side, and together they carried the day.

"But, Max, why should you doubt of my success?" inquired Stanerl.

"I do not doubt of it, but I do not *wish* for it—not in that line at least ; I do not approve of a theatrical career for a woman !"

"Look at Madame Pasta ; see how she is followed, sought for, and respected ! For my part, I would rather have been Pasta the other night than the Empress herself ; and Signor I—— says that I have powers of voice that she never had."

"Signor I—— has turned your head, Stanerl. I wish he had never come here."

"Oh, Max ! and when his coming has done more towards facilitating our wishes—that is to say, if *your* wish for our marriage remains still unchanged—than anything else could have done ! For he says that three years in Italy, under his instruction, will perfect me as a first-rate singer—and then my fortune is secure—and then your parents can no longer object to my poverty and obscurity, the only objection they have ever made to me !"

"Dear Stanerl ! who could object to you that saw and heard you as I do?" exclaimed the mollified lover, looking fondly upon Stanerl's sweet, pleading face.

He might have added, "Who could resist you?" for *he* could not, and Stanerl saw it, and pursued her triumph.

"And then his generosity ! Imagine what an offer, to give me lessons for *nothing*—he, the first master in Italy—until I am sufficiently finished to appear in public, either as a concert-singer or a *prima donna*, as it may turn out ! The Princess S——, whom my aunt consulted—she always asks her former mistress's advice in cases of difficulty—says it would be criminal to reject such an offer ; and, indeed, the good Princess approves so highly of the whole thing, that she has promised Aunt Elchen a letter of recommendation to the Governor's wife at Milan, which, she says, will secure my aunt as much work among the Austrian ladies there as she has here, so that we have no fear of diminished resources ; and the expenses of the journey will soon be made up by having no more music-lessons to pay for. Besides, when you have returned to Brunn, Frau Bender says it will be to remain there for two years without quitting it, so that in that case I may as well be in Milan as in Vienna for all that we shall see of each other."

Stanerl's heart grew sad at that thought, and tears dimmed her

bright eyes, one of which fell upon her hand. Max bent forward and kissed it away. He was too disinterestedly devoted to Stanerl to oppose her views very long; with him love was a *sacrifice*, never an exaction. But, with constitutional stubbornness, although he yielded his wishes to hers, he would not yield one iota of his opinions.

"Go, since your happiness depends upon it," he said, "although my mind misgives me that happiness for either of us will be the result. But I love you too well to place my own feelings in competition with your's. Our views of happiness are different; mine have nothing to do with ambition or the applause of the world: but remember, dear Stanerl, that should your sanguine anticipations meet with disappointment, you will always find in me the same Max Bender so long as your heart remains loyal to its first affection."

"And remember, too, dear, kind Max, that in following my real vocation I shall be smoothing away the only difficulties that ever existed in your parents' minds against our union. When I have acquired celebrity and riches, they will gladly seek me for a daughter-in-law. And I feel that I shall succeed. Oh, I have that within me, *here* and *here*," and the sanguine girl laid her hand upon her heart, and then upon her forehead, "that tells me Stanerl Schwartz's name will one day make a sensation in the world! And last night I dreamed that I was acting Romeo before the Court, and that flowers were showered upon me from all the boxes, and the Empress sent me her bouquet, and —"

"Ah, Stanerl!" interposed Max, gazing with tender gravity upon her glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, "think of our homely proverb—'*Traume sind schaume!*'"*

CHAPTER III.

"On passe souvent de l'amour à l'ambition, mais l'on ne revient guère de l'ambition à l'amour."—*La Rochefoucauld (Maximes)*.

THREE years have elapsed since the preceding conversation took place, and Stanerl Schwartz had, from a lovely promising girl, grown up into a beautiful and gifted woman. Everything had succeeded to her heart's content, and, what is more, to the satisfaction of Frau Elchen. The Maestro had nobly fulfilled his undertaking; at eighteen Stanerl had nothing more to learn of him; he pronounced her to be the most finished singer that had ever passed through his hands, and perfectly competent to make her *debut* before the most critical audience in the world. The favoured few who had heard her sing at some of the Governor of Milan's private parties were enchanted with her powers, and nothing was wanting to confirm their flattering opinion but the *fat* of the public—and the public of Milan is unquestionably the most difficult one in the whole world to satisfy upon matters connected with the lyric drama. Whoever passes triumphantly through a first *debut* at

* Dreams are froth.

the Scala or the Canobbiana, may rest satisfied that they have nothing to fear elsewhere.

The Carnival was approaching—a period for which the most celebrated artists are engaged at the two principal theatres of Milan—and Stanerl's *debut* was to take place at the Canobbiana during the first week of that festive season. Max had arrived to witness the success of his beloved; public expectation was on tiptoe; the Countess K—, wife of the Governor, had been indefatigable among her friends in preparing an ovation for her protégée, and the Viceroy himself was known to have expressed a strong interest in the success of his young countrywoman. It would have been more advantageous for Stanerl, in a place like Milan, where hatred of the Austrian yoke smouldered in every bosom and (not daring at that period to declare itself in open rebellion) found vent in petty demonstrations not amenable to the law, that she should have been less openly patronised by her German friends. It would have been wiser, with such a discriminating public as the Milanese, to have allowed her to stand or to fall upon her own merits alone; but “on fait souvent des imprudences par excès de précaution;” and more than one imprudence was committed by Stanerl's country-people in their zeal to serve her.

The Maestro's wish had been that his pupil should make her *debut* in the part of Rosina in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, for which her youth, her beauty, and her exquisite vocalization so eminently adapted her; but Stanerl's Austrian protectors were determined to make a national question of her success. The Governor's wife, the Countess K—, herself an enthusiastic worshipper of Mozart, hinted that it was the wish of the Court that the Fraulein Schwartz should make her first appearance in Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*, *Don Giovanni*, and in deference to the implied command, Stanerl felt herself bound to submit. She therefore prepared herself to appear as Zerlina, and during the rehearsals her execution of the flowing melodies allotted to her was so enchanting, her conception of the character so perfect, that in his delight her master was almost reconciled to the substitution of Mozart for Rossini.

The eventful night arrived; the theatre was filled to suffocation. The Viceregal party and the Austrian authorities occupied their boxes on the grand tier; there was a plentiful sprinkling of white uniforms throughout the house; but the *plutea* exhibited a dense mass of dark Italian heads, and *from them* would issue the fiat that was to make or break the reputation of the German *debutante*.

And now that sublime *sinfonia*, the overture, is performed, the curtain rises, and the opera commences. The parts had been magnificently cast, and the entrance of each old-established favourite in the opening scenes was greeted by hearty plaudits from every part of the house; but the appearance of Zerlina was the signal for such a demonstration as had never before been witnessed in the Canobbiana.

Exquisitely dressed for the part, beautiful in form and face, and with just as much trepidation visible in her person as contributed to render her more interesting, Stanerl gracefully bounded upon the stage at the head of her village companions, and cast her beseeching eyes upon the sea of heads before her, as though to deprecate their critical severity. But from every part of the pit and galleries there arose such a whirl-

wind of hisses as completely to overpower the applause that greeted her from the boxes. Stunned and bewildered by such a reception, and trembling in every limb, she nevertheless controlled herself sufficiently to repress her rising tears, and stand her ground. The commencement of the scene was gone through in dumb show, for the uproar lasted until Don Giovanni appeared, when, as though by the touch of a magic wand, silence was immediately restored. The singer to whom that part had been allotted was a great favourite with the Milanese, and the appreciation in which they held his talent was marked by the flattering attention with which the first bars sung by him of "*La ci darem la mano*" were listened to. His deep, impassioned tones had scarcely ceased when enthusiastic *bravissimos* rewarded the performance; and Stanerl, believing that all would now proceed smoothly, prepared to take up her part of the duet. But the combined effects of terror and suppressed indignation had operated fatally upon her faculties; a nervous contraction closed her throat, and when she opened her lips no sound issued from them but a discordant hysterical cry. Then burst forth the uproar more violently than before. Cries of "Off with her" — "We will have no Germans," were mingled with furious hissing. Stanerl gazed helplessly around her for a moment, then clasping her hands in despair before her eyes, she would have fallen to the ground had not Don Giovanni caught her in his arms and borne her off the stage. The clamour raged unabated for some minutes, until the Director, advancing to the footlights, announced that the Signora Schwartz being too much indisposed to appear again that night, the Signora Orlandi had kindly consented to take her part, and Stanerl's failure being thus complete, the victors recovered their good humour, and the opera was suffered to proceed; but the Court, indignant at what had occurred, immediately retired, and their departure was the signal for every Austrian to quit the theatre. Stanerl had fallen by a cabal, directed more against her protectors than against herself, and organized with the most infernal sagacity. Her defeat was not a *fiasco*, for she had not been suffered to be heard; had that delicious voice been permitted to assert itself—had it not been paralyzed by so unkind a reception—it would have charmed into delighted approval even the political clique by whom she had been remorselessly sacrificed. But, in the first bitterness of disappointment, she could not understand that. She felt the humiliation of failure alone—she felt as though her professional career had been irremediably blasted; the untiring application of three years had gone for nothing, worse than nothing; and in proportion as her hopes and anticipations had been sanguine her prostration was complete; for it is the peculiarity of excitable natures to rush from one extreme to the other, and make no intermediate pause between the most buoyant confidence and utter discouragement. Perhaps the most painful part of her mortification was that it had been witnessed by Max—by Max, whose repugnance to a theatrical career had always been so openly expressed. His conduct on the occasion was worthy of his generous nature, full of tenderness and delicacy. Although secretly thankful that any occurrence, however wounding, should have arisen to disgust Stanerl with a profession of which he disapproved, no look or word betrayed the self-complacent

"you see that I was right," which people are so prone to utter when facts have borne out the wisdom of their advice. He identified his feelings with hers, soothed her wounded *amour propre*; and, when he quitted her two days afterwards, he was satisfied that she had for ever abjured the stage, for her last words to him at parting were a solemn protestation that nothing earthly should ever again induce her to appear upon it.

"I would not have exacted such a promise from you," he exclaimed; "but do you, indeed, *voluntarily* make it to me, Stanerl?"

"Do I?" she cried impetuously; "oh! I utterly loathe the mere idea of again exposing myself to the insults of the public, and I swear to you that sooner than do so I would ——"

"No, do not swear! to me your simple word is worth a thousand oaths."

"Well, then, I give you my word that I have relinquished that part of the profession *for ever*. When you hear of Stanerl Schwartz again appearing upon the stage, you may be convinced that she has forgotten herself, or, what is more improbable still, forgotten you!"

Six months afterwards the Italian newspapers rang with the brilliant debut at the theatre San Carlo, Naples, of a young *cantatrice*, Signora Costanza Nera, whose wonderful powers, both as a singer and an actress, appeared to have exhausted every superlative comprised in the whole vocabulary of Italian praise. She had successively appeared as Ninetta in the *Gazza Ladra*, and as Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*, and none could pronounce in which she excelled. In Rome, she rivalled the hitherto unapproachable Pasta, and melted her audience into tears; in the *Prova d'un Opera Seria* her comic talent had convulsed the whole house. Lablache pronounced her to be a "heaven-born genius," and Rossini had aroused himself from his indolence to compose an opera expressly for her. Before the season was at an end she had received offers of engagements from the principal theatres of Italy at salaries hitherto unprecedented in that country.

And successively, Palermo, Rome, Florence, Venice, Genoa, and Turin, resounded with the praises of the newly-risen star; wheresoever she appeared, her rare talent, united to the charm of a captivating exterior, created a perfect *furor*. Young as she was, and exposed to all the seductions that beset the path of a theatrical artist, her private character was represented as unexceptionable. In short "La Costanza Nera" was spoken of as a phoenix, whose equal had never yet been known even in Italy, the land of beauty and harmony.

Stanerl (for it was no other than herself) had at last attained the summit of her wishes—her day-dreams were realized, her ambition satisfied; for, like our own Byron, she "one morning awoke, and found herself famous."

But at what expense had that great desideratum been achieved? At the expense of *Truth*! And, in saying this, we do not allude to the change of her name, which, after all, merely consisted in translating it from German into Italian; * but in the violation of her word to Max

* Schwartz, the German for *Black*, is *Nera* in Italian.

Bender, and the suppression of facts consequent upon her reluctance to avow to him that she had been infirm of purpose ;— for let us not deceive ourselves, the *suppressio veri* is *falsehood*, and not the less mischievous because it is tacit. It was not in a nature like Stanerl's, in which vanity and ambition preponderated, calmly to sit down and resign herself to the abandonment of a career with which all her hopes of happiness and aggrandizement had been interwoven ; neither was it in the Maestro's I——'s nature patiently to succumb to the frustration of his generous project of presenting to the Italian stage one who, he well knew, would prove its brightest ornament. Therefore, when the first passion of Stanerl's grief had subsided, and left her capable of understanding the real state of the case, when she found that she had *not failed*, but had been *sacrificed*, all her native ambition blazed forth anew ; indignation, and the desire to assert herself, lending added intensity to her yearnings for fame. And she eagerly caught at the Maestro's suggestion, that with an Italian name, and in any other place than Milan, her success would be certain. But Max, and her promise to him ; voluntary indeed, but more binding on that account ! But, on the other hand, to resist her vocation—impossible ! When, therefore, an opening presented itself for following the bent of her inclinations, after a short struggle her conscience capitulated to her wishes ; and in her justification it is but fair to add, that the Maestro and Frau Elchen both lent the weight of their arguments in favour of her decision. Very different from the first was the second trial. Without announcement, without preparation, without patronage, anonymously she appeared on the stage, and obtained the suffrages of the public. There had been a grand *Funzione* at the Carignan Church in Genoa, and, as is usual, when these solemnities take place, either in Turin or Genoa, the principal musical professors of Milan had been engaged to attend ;—and among them were Luigi I, and some of his pupils, including Stanerl.

The day following the *Funzione*, the *prima donna assoluta* of the Carlo Felice Theatre was suddenly taken ill, and unable to fulfil her engagement at the theatre. The opera announced for representation was the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, the one in which Stanerl was originally to have made her *debut* at Milan. Luigi I—— knew that she was perfect in the part of Rosina. The Director of the Carlo Felice was his friend ; he prevailed upon him to allow Stanerl to take the place of the sick singer, and thus the matter was quietly arranged, the public being simply informed, before the rising of the curtain, that in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Laland, *una giovane cantatrice forestiere* had kindly volunteered to replace her that evening. No expectations having been previously raised, Stanerl's talent burst upon the auditors with all the charm of a delightful surprise, and met with the most flattering reception ; her success was so complete, that the Impresario of the San Carlo at Naples, who had been present, conceived that it would be an advantageous speculation to secure such an artist for his theatre, and forthwith entered into negotiations with her. In the whirl of exulting excitement caused by her unlooked for triumph, Stanerl signed an agreement with him under the name of Costanza Nera, and shortly afterwards embarked for Naples. Reflection only came after she had irrevocably pledged herself, and then she felt the

difficulty of breaking the affair to Max, and reconciling him to her altered views. Stanerl felt, too, that she must sink in his estimation, for having so lightly thrown her word to the winds; and with the cowardly feeling of wishing to put off the evil day as long as possible, she determined to disclose nothing to him at present. "At the distance he is from me, he can know nothing of what has occurred; it will be time enough to tell him all when my theatrical reputation is thoroughly established," she argued to herself; "and then he will be dazzled into approval by my success." In the meantime, he was merely informed that she had accepted an advantageous offer to go to Naples as a concert-singer.

The *debut* of the Signora Costanza Nera at the San Carlo, as we have already seen, more than justified the wisdom of the Impresario's speculation. Time rolled on, and each day added to the fame of the young *prima donna*. Followed, flattered, and adored, in whatever part of Italy she appeared, she became the centre of a circle of brilliant adulators. Nobles, poets, painters, vied with each other in rendering honour to her talents and beauty. Admitted into the most distinguished society, surrounded by the luxuries and refinements of life which are so attainable in poor rich Italy, with no household cares to mar the poetry of her existence (for Aunt Elchen was the benevolent genius who attended to the *material*), enthusiastic in the intellectual part of her profession, and shrinking from no exertion that could bring her nearer to perfection, with all her elegant instincts fully satisfied, Stanerl felt that the *existence d'artiste* which she was leading, was her natural element, and the mere idea of exchanging which for anything more prosaic was intolerable to her. She still loved Max, it is true, but as we love a friend whom we are reconciled to regard remaining at a distance from us, more from habit than from real affection. She loved him as the woman loves the man she has brought herself to deceive, with compunctious visitings. It was painful for her to think of him, and therefore she thought of him as little as possible; and at last only at the stated periods when his letters arrived under cover to Aunt Elchen, and that she answered them. And yet Stanerl had never contemplated breaking altogether with Max; secure of his devotion to her, she always counted upon falling back on it at some undefined period. But she wished to enjoy her actual existence some time longer; she could not live without the excitement of public applause and adulation; Max's honest tenderness was not sufficient for her happiness, and the two possessions were incompatible. And therefore it was that she put off the evil day of explanation as long as possible. And what was Max doing? Single-hearted, unsuspecting, devoted more than ever to the only woman he had ever loved, wholly removed from every channel of communication that could enlighten him as to Stanerl's real position, and firmly relying upon her good faith, he believed her to be creditably earning in Italy her quota of the honest independence that was one day to enable them to marry. His excellent conduct had procured him advancement; and in less than three years after he had last seen Stanerl, he was promoted to a superior appointment in Galicia. But absence weighed so heavily upon his loving heart, that previous to removing to the farthest extremity of the Austrian empire, he proposed that they

should meet in some intermediate place, or even offered to go to Italy to see her. This did not suit Stanerl. Fatally accomplished in the art of deceiving, she however seemingly assented, and promised to go to Vienna; but when the period fixed for commencing the journey arrived, a severe illness of Aunt Elchen's was pretexted for detaining her where she was, and Max's leave having expired, he was obliged to depart for Lemberg without seeing her. And yet all this was effected with such forms of tenderness, that the unsuspecting lover never imagined that the spirit of Stanerl's letters was like Potier's discouragement in "*Les Anglaises pour rire*." "*Approchez vous plus loin*." She had a ready coadjutrix in Frau Elchen, whose ambition for her niece having made an immense stride since she became a celebrity, could tolerate nothing but wealth and titles in Stanerl's future husband, and, therefore, caused her to disdain an alliance with the Benders as much as she had once courted it.

CHAPTER IV.

"I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove."—*Othello*.

ABOUT a year after his removal into Galicia, Max Bender one evening, as was his wont, strolled into one of the cafés of Lemberg, to read the papers. A regiment of Hungarian Grenadiers had just arrived there from Italy, their last quarters having been Venice, the very opposite extremity of the Austrian empire. The café was full of officers, and every newspaper engrossed by them. Max, however, called for his coffee and his meerschaum, and having taken possession of the table he usually occupied, waited patiently until the *Allgemeine Zeitung* should be laid down by somebody. In the meantime, as he was alone, he could not help overhearing some of the conversations that were carrying on around him, uninteresting enough at first, but ere long embracing subjects calculated to enchain his attention, for a Captain of Artillery having entered into the café, one of the newly arrived officers recognised in him an old acquaintance, and after the first joyful greetings were over, proceeded to question him as to the resources of Lemberg.

"Have you a good opera here, Kauffman?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Neither good nor bad, we have none at present," replied Captain Kauffman.

"*Der Teufel!*" ejaculated the new comer, "what are we to do in this infernal place without one! and such an opera as we have left at Venice! Such a commencement of the Carnival! The *Costanza Nera* is engaged at the Fenice, and is carrying all before her."

"Oh—ah—indeed! Pray, now, is she really as surprising as she is represented to be? I will take your word for it, Fechter, for you really have profited by your long sejour in Milan, and know what a good singer ought to be."

"All that I can say is, that she is the most surprising creature, take her all in all, that I ever met with," was the reply of Count Fechter, "Her voice alone is enough to turn any man's head, but when that is combined with her beauty and her dramatic genius, it is almost too

much for poor human nature to struggle against ; the consequence is that she has more adorers than can be counted," and the handsome Hungarian sighed rather suspiciously.

"And how many lovers?" inquired the stolid Kauffman.

"That is another thing. Some say that she has none. All that I can say is, that ever since the first year the Costanza Nera sang at Venice, Prince Grimani has been devoted to her ; and wherever she goes he follows her and remains a fixture while her engagement lasts. She is now domiciled in his Palazzo at Venice, and the supposition is that he will eventually marry her. If he does, I can scarcely blame him ; she is a captivating syren, and you have reason to be proud of your countrywoman, Kauffman."

"My countrywoman !—The Costanza Nera."

"'Tis only a *nom-de-theatre*," interrupted Fechter, "and the adorable Costanza—the first *prima donna* in Italy—neither more nor less than a little Viennese, whose *debut* at Milan caused that infernal row at the Canobbiana four years ago. You must remember it, Kauffman—when, because the Santa Margherita* happened to be particularly full at that time, the valiant-hearted Milanese vented their wrath against the government by hissing an unoffending German girl off the stage."

"So!" ejaculated Kauffman, "I am glad to hear that she has been better treated elsewhere ; she was the prettiest young creature I ever set eyes upon! But are you certain, Fechter, that she and the Costanza Nera are one and the same?"

"I had it from her own lips. The first time I heard her sing at Venice, I recognised her at once, and when I was afterwards presented to her, I told her so, and she immediately avowed to me that she was the little Schwartz who had been so shamefully treated at Milan."

"*Tausend sapperment, mein Herr!* cannot you keep your coffee to yourself?" continued the Count, suddenly breaking off, and turning almost fiercely upon Max, who, in the agitation caused by the preceding conversation, had thrown down the plateau upon which his coffee had been served, to the detriment of the Hungarian's well-polished boots.

"I beg your pardon—I have been most awkward," said poor Max, with a violent effort endeavouring to control his emotions ; "but the casual mention of a name once familiar to me, in a conversation which I hope I need not remark there could be no indiscretion in overhearing, caused me to start, and occasioned the mischief. May I be allowed to ask of you, whether the person of whom you have been speaking is really the Fraulein Schwartz—Stanerl Schwartz of Vienna? I am her townsman, and we were formerly well acquainted ; but I was not aware of the change of her name and her great celebrity."

The simple dignity of Max's manner, and still more, perhaps, the traces of anguish evident in his countenance, produced a pacifying effect upon the haughty Fechter, and he civilly answered that the renowned Costanza Nera was no other than Stanerl Schwartz of Vienna.

"And she is now at Venice, and likely to remain there?"

"She is engaged at the Fenice for the whole Carnival."

Max Bender took up his hat, thanked his informant, and throwing

* The Santa Margherita is the prison for political delinquents at Milan.

a *snoansiger* to the waiter, hurried out of the café, feeling that his powers of self command could endure no longer.

"That poor fellow has all the appearance of being one of the Costanza's victims," remarked Count Fechter; "do you know who he is?"

"He is a government *employé* here, but I am not acquainted with him."

Max hurried away in a tumult of feelings not to be described; one thought alone presented itself distinctly to his mind—that Stanerl had deceived him, deliberately deceived him! One determination was instantaneously formed—to verify with his own eyes the truth of what had been advanced. Without a moment's delay he applied for leave of absence, and was refused; but desperately bent upon going, and wholly reckless of the future, he sent in his resignation, and started for Italy.

It was late on the last day of the Carnival, that Max Bender reached Venice. The city, aroused from its usual silence, resounded to the fantastic humours of Shrove Tuesday. Piazza, Piazzetta, and Rialto swarmed with masks; the black gondolas, as they shot along the Canaletti and the Giudecca, sparkled in the bright sun, with their party-coloured freights; and lovely ladies leaned over the Morisco balconies hung with rich tapestries of those oriental-looking palaces that border the great canal, and showered *coriandoli* and *confetti* upon the masks who stopped their gondolas to apostrophise them.

But Max heeded not these;—nor sight, nor sound, had power to charm his spirit from its painful pre-occupation. The day was waning fast, and he desired the gondolier to convey him to the Fenice Theatre before taking him to an hotel. There he saw the announcement, in large letters, of "Last representation to-night for the benefit of the Signora Costanza Nera, who will appear in the first act of *Il Don Giovanni* and the two last acts of *La Norma*." He entered the box-keeper's office, and applied for a stall ticket. Impossible to procure one—boxes and stalls had been let at unheard of prices for many days previously—the utmost that the man could promise was a pit ticket, but with no chance of finding a seat. Max, however, was glad to obtain even that precarious accommodation at an exorbitant price, and was turning to depart, when the man said—

"The opera will be over earlier than usual, for the members of the Societa Filarmonica di Venezia are to give a serenade afterwards to the Costanza Nera at the Grimani Palace to sing the Cantata which Bellini has composed in her praise. That will be worth your going to hear; the palace is to be illuminated, and the serenaders are to be in gondolas under the windows. Afterwards there will be a masked ball at the theatre, and ——"

Before he had ended, Max had thanked him, and was again in his gondola.

Two hours later, he with difficulty pushed his way through the crowd that obstructed the approaches to the Fenice, and succeeded in effecting his entrance to the pit, and obtaining a seat just as the overture to *Don Giovanni* was commencing. In happier times Max had never listened to that profoundly intellectual and imaginative composition without feeling the depths of his soul stirred by emotions of delight almost overpowering

from their intensity; but that night, for the first time, those harmonious combinations fell upon his ear unheeded. The tempest that raged within his heart appeared to have dulled his senses to outward sights or sounds, and he remained sunk in a sort of stupor until the first bars of the well-known ritournelle that ushers in the entrance of Zerlina suddenly restored him to his full perceptions, and starting as from a dream, he bent forward and fixed his eyes upon the stage in a passion of expectancy.

Salvos of applause from every part of the overflowing theatre announced the coming of the favourite even before she appeared. With the airy movements of a sylph, she bounded upon the scene, then suddenly stopping, made her graceful obeisances to the house, and as she did so, Max caught a full view of her face. It was Stanerl that he beheld! Stanerl herself—but *his*, alas! no longer.

The sharp pang of agony that accompanied his recognition of her made him sensible that up to that moment his heart had clung to the fallacious hope that what Count Fechter had told him might be untrue; but there was no longer a possibility of doubt. There she stood, as blooming and more beautiful than ever, with an ingenuous expression lighting up her sparkling eyes, an innocent smile dimpling her soft cheeks, and a refinement and *disinvoltura* pervading every look and gesture, which rendered her perfectly bewitching to look upon. But when she made herself heard, the charm was complete; the souls of her auditors were enthralled by those divine accents, and all around became hushed as death itself.

Could falsehood lurk beneath that sweet and candid exterior, or dwell upon the tones of that angelic voice? How exquisitely she impersonated the giddy Zerlina!—with what lovely bashfulness she first listened to the tempter's accents—with what charming coquetry she uttered the half confession “*Vorrei, e non vorrei!*”—and with what delicious *abandon*, when at last won over to be faithless, the passionate “*Andiamo!*” burst from her lips. Max looked and listened with a despairing earnestness. Alas! was not the history of her own false heart contained in that song? He thought of the night when he had seen her at Milan in that character—the same, but oh how different!—and he shuddered.

Twice was the matchless “*La ci darem*” called for, and each time did the syren vary the charm of her looks and tones, until the enthusiasm of her auditors knew no bounds. But Max's emotions grew bitterer as every proof of the perfection of art to which she had attained revealed itself to him. For this, then, he had been sacrificed; and a deep groan burst from his overcharged heart, while he listened to the frantic expressions of delight that greeted the final close of the duet and watched the triumphant eyes of Stanerl more than once glance upwards to the proscenium-box on the first tier, and seem to seek there for the applause most coveted by her. That box was occupied by two gentlemen, the elder of whom, apparently about eight-and-twenty, or thirty, possessed one of those handsome and picturesque-looking heads with which the pencils of Vandyke and Velasquez have made us familiar, but which appear to exist nowhere now but on their immortal canvas. Max directed the attention of an officer seated next to him to the personage in question, and inquired his name.

“That is Costanza's lover, Prince Serafino Grimani,” was the reply.

His rival! In the humility of his honest mind, which even the tortures of jealousy could not warp, Max felt how slender must be his own chance against such a claimant for Stanerl's preference as the noble Italian appeared to be—one who, like Shakspeare's Cassio, seemed "formed to make woman false," and to whose remarkable personal advantages were added the still more dazzling ones of high birth and great wealth.

"He is recognised, then, as her lover?" inquired Max.

"You must be a stranger in Venice if you are ignorant of the devotion of Prince Grimani for the Costanza," was the reply. "It has been going on *crescendo* for the last three years. He is *fanatico per la musica*, and equally fanatic on the score of female beauty; and having found both qualities so prodigally united in this charming singer, his infatuation is boundless, and he appears to take a pride in evincing it in every way. Yesterday all Venice went to see some magnificent diamonds he has ordered for her, which were exhibited at the jeweller's previous to being sent home. He is to present them to her to-night, after the serenata, at the Grimani Palace."

"She lives with him, then—she is his!—" The word stuck in Max's throat.

"No, she does not live with him; but she is at present occupying one of the apartments in the vast Grimani Palace, because the hotel she usually inhabits, when singing in Venice, is under repairs. As to the precise nature of their *liaison*, there are people who maintain that the Costanza has not consented to be the Prince's mistress because she aspires to become his wife."

"And your opinion is?"

"That *she* is sufficiently clever, and *he* sufficiently weak, to render such a termination to the affair possible."

"She is still virtuous, then?"

"Say, rather, ambitious," was the rejoinder. "But hush; we are losing the opera." And the officer's attention was once more undividedly directed to the stage.

The performance proceeded, but Max's increasing agitation rendered the remainder of it nearly unintelligible to him. His arteries throbbed until a noise as of the roaring ocean filled his ears, and a mist spread before his eyes, through which he beheld the exits and entrances of Stanerl as in a feverish dream. Twenty minutes passed in the open air, between the termination of the first portion of the evening's entertainment and the commencement of the second part, in some measure revived him, and gave him strength to encounter the fresh agonies that awaited him; for it *was* agony for him to behold Stanerl thus—to feel himself torn between admiration for her genius and execration for her falsehood.

Great as had been the enthusiasm manifested for the Costanza in her brief appearance as Zerlina, it was nothing compared to the *furor* that she created in *Norma*. The tragic powers, the depth of passion, the knowledge of the human heart exhibited by her in that touching and terrible delineation of woman's love, guilt, jealousy, and revenge, melted and transported her audience by turns. Even Max was for a while charmed into oblivion of his own wrongs, and, yielding to the all-powerful fascination of Stanerl's matchless talent, forgot to weep for himself while he wept for Norma's woes. True to nature in every

shade of feeling, even in the most highly-wrought scenes, she was never betrayed into any abuse of her transcendent powers. The exquisite tenderness infused into her duet with Adalgisa, "*Sola e furtiva al tempio*," the passionate and crushing indignation that vibrated in every note of the famous terzetto, "*Oh, di qual tu sei vittima!*" were masterpieces of dramatic art; but her great triumph was in the finale, when, exhausted by the whirlwind of angry passions that had swept over her soul, and too late repenting of the terrible vengeance she had taken, a shade of remorseful tenderness mingled with her last reproach to Pollio, and through her closed teeth, in accents low as the whispering of the night breezes among the willows, yet so distinct that every syllable penetrated to the farthest extremity of the hushed theatre, the cry of Norma's outraged heart:—

" Qual cor tradisti,
Qual cor perdisti,"

stole upon the rapt ears of her auditors, and caused their pulses to stand still with pity and horror. There was too sad an affinity between those words and Max's injured feelings, for him not to be overcome by them. He bent forward, and covered his face with his hands, for he was ashamed that the tears that rained from his eyes should be seen; but even thus, he could not shut out from his mind's eye Norma as he had beheld her the moment before, standing pale, rigid, and statue-like, while the first bars of the symphony were breathed forth, her accusing eyes turned mournfully upon him whom she had sacrificed to her jealous rage, and whom she still loved.

She had been betrayed, and she had avenged herself. His gloomy soul dwelt with complacency upon that reflection. When he looked upon the stage again, the curtain had fallen, and throughout the theatre, rising above the frantic plaudits that shook its walls, there was one universal cry of "*Fuori! fuori!*" mingled with the name of Costanza Nera. In a few moments she appeared before the curtain, her beautiful dark hair still streaming in long dishevelled masses over her shoulders, and, supported by the tenor, traversed the stage. Just as she reached the centre, a bouquet of white moss-roses was thrown from the Grimani's box and fell at her feet. It was the signal for chaplets and bouquets to be showered upon her from every direction. Stanerl stooped down and raised the Prince's offering, and, as he pressed the flowers to her bosom, her eyes glanced upwards towards his box before their bright beams were turned in one comprehensive look of gratitude upon the whole audience.

Well did Max understand the expression of that speaking glance. It had often been bent upon himself, and his heart had never been able to resist it; but now, when he saw it directed to another, a feeling allied to fury took possession of him, and he was rushing out of the theatre when his neighbour, the Austrian officer, touching his arm, said—

"If you would like to see the Costanza nearer, go round to the private entrance and station yourself there; she will leave the theatre that way."

Mechanically Max followed his advice, and, having found the private

door, he placed himself outside of it. Already every man of any note in Venice had gathered there, and, together with a crowd of persons of inferior station, formed two compact masses of people, extending from either side of the door to the landing-place, through which the favourites was to pass. Prince Grimani's gondolas were moored there; his gondoliers in their state liveries and badges, his footmen with lighted torches. And the Venetian nobles patiently waited a weary half-hour, beguiling the time by talking of the public idol, her beauty, her genius, her fascinations, her power over Grimani's mind; and not one of them spoke of him but *as her happy lover!* And Max heard all, and from the disjointed conversations learned that Stanerl was to depart the next day for London, and that the Prince was to accompany her. At last she appeared, looking pale and languid from her recent exertions, but perhaps even lovelier than in a brighter mood. Everything about her breathed of luxury and refinement. She was enveloped in a *witchoura* of pale rose satin, lined with ermine; a white lace handkerchief was tied over her head, and in her hand she held Grimani's bouquet. She leaned upon the Prince's arm, closely followed by Aunt Elchen and a female attendant, both of them laden with the chaplets and bouquets that had been flung to her upon the stage; and as she stepped into the open air, Grimani raised the hood of her *witchoura* and drew it over her head, expressing at the same time some tender apprehension that the night-air might harm her. Max was near enough to touch the garments of Stanerl, but she saw him not; he heard Grimani call her "*Angelo mio*"—he saw the answering look that rewarded those words—and he beheld her enter the Prince's gondola, and vanish with him beneath its hearse-like canopy.

"How long will it be before the *serenata* commences?" inquired Max of the officer, who was again standing beside him.

"An hour," was the reply.

Max jumped into the first disengaged gondola, and was rowed away. Where and how he passed that intervening hour need not now be specified.

The night was unusually soft for the season, the heavens were cloudless, and in their blue depths rose the crescent moon, "an island of the blest," shedding its pale light upon the fantastic structures of Venice. Close to the steps of the Grimani Palace were moored the gondolas of the *Societa Filarmonica*, filled with musicians, and beyond them a dense throng of boats blackened the surface of the canal. The windows of the palace were thrown open, and the interior of the apartments, brilliantly lighted up, revealed to the crowd outside the magnificence of their decoration and the persons assembled within them. And now upon the stillness of the night arose the magnificent strains of that beautiful cantata which Bellini had composed in praise of the Costanza, and the air was filled with a divine harmony which floated along the liquid streets and died away afar in faint echoes upon the bosom of the waters.

A profound silence followed the termination of the performance. Stanerl approached one of the open windows, leaning upon the Prince's arm, and stepping out upon the balcony, bent forward to thank the serenaders and invite them to enter and partake of the refreshments

that had been prepared for them. As she ceased speaking, the clock of Santa Maria della Salute struck the first hour after midnight; immediately afterwards the quick, sharp report of a pistol was heard in the distance. Startled by the unusual sound, Stanerl rushed back terrified into the apartment. The Prince sent one of his servants to ascertain what had occurred, and in the meantime repaired with his guests to the supper-room. At the end of half an hour the man returned and said that some unknown person had shot himself in a gondola.

The next morning Stanerl started for London. Her last hours in Venice had been full of pleasurable excitement. After the *serenata* and the elegant supper that followed came the presentation of Prince Grimani's diamonds, and then two hours were passed at the Ridotto among the masked revellers who joyously fêted the last moments of the expiring Carnival. Wearied and exhausted, she had requested that she might be left wholly undisturbed to commence her journey, and in accordance with that desire, it was not therefore until they reached Padua, where they were to pass the first night, that Aunt Elchen produced two or three letters, and a small square parcel, which had been left that morning at the Grimani Palace for Stanerl, exclaiming, as she held up the latter, "More presents! but I wonder what this can be, it feels so light." Stanerl stretched out her hand to receive the parcel, and its paper envelope was speedily torn off. A common pasteboard box was discovered within, which on being opened was found to contain a wreath of cypress tied with black ribbon, and a letter. The superscription of the letter in the German character, and addressed to Fraulein Stanerl Schwartz—a name by which she had not been known for the last four years—caused a start of surprise; but hastily breaking the seal—it was a black seal—she turned her undivided attention to the contents of the letter. Blotted, blurred, and almost illegible, they were nevertheless but too plain to her comprehension; her conscience assisted her eyes in deciphering the following unconnected phrases:—

"I have come from Lemberg to Venice that I might prove the truth of what had there been told me of you. I would sooner have doubted the whole world than have doubted you! Nothing but the evidence of my own senses could convince me of your falsehood; but I have seen all to-night, and I am convinced.

"Why did you deceive me, Stanerl? Why did you not tell me your wishes? Did I not once before yield to them against my own conviction? And do you think that I could not have done so again had I supposed that your happiness depended upon such a concession? Oh! I could have excused your thirst for fame; I could have forgiven your preference of the world's applause even to mine. I could have cheerfully brought all my humble exertions to bear upon smoothing your path to the proud eminence you have attained, had you only been candid with me! But this long hypocrisy—these years of sustained duplicity—those letters, breathing tenderness and fidelity, when you had given yourself to another (doubly false as you have been to me and to him)! these I cannot forgive: these have destroyed my faith in human nature; these have turned my heart and distracted my brain, and rendered life intolerable to me.

"Little did you imagine who was looking at you—who was listening to you to-night: '*qual cor tradisti—qual cor perdisti!*' how could you utter those words without thinking of the trusting and faithful heart you have be-

trayed and lost? Little did you know who was so near you when you left the theatre with *him*—so near that I could have touched your dress—that I inhaled the perfume of *his* flowers, and overheard his words of love. ‘*His angel—fallen angel!*’ Little indeed did you think of anything but present glory—the future greatness—the ambition that will not bring with it happiness—the adulation that will not for ever shut out remorse. With the bravas of the multitude still ringing in your ears, and the incense of their roses still intoxicating your senses, you passed on to other triumphs; but an hour hence, when the last song of praise shall be over, another sound will fall upon your ear, whose undying echoes shall haunt your soul long after the memory of to-night’s plaudits shall have faded into indistinctness!’

She read no more; the paper fell from her hands; the whole truth flashed across her mind, and with a shriek of agonising despair she sank upon the floor. Aunt Elchen rushed to her assistance, and could obtain no explanation but from such disjointed and incoherent expressions as, “Oh! Max, Max! Fatal ambition!—destruction to us both! And oh! worse than all, that he should have thought me culpable!” After a considerable pause, in which it would appear that she had been collecting her scattered energies, she exclaimed, with dignified sternness,

“Prepare for my departure.”

“What,” said her aunt, “for London?”

“No! for Vienna,” was the reply.

In a few months after the events which have been recorded, the Austrian capital rang with enthusiastic admiration of the wonderful vocal powers of a novice in the Carmelite Convent in the Leopoldstadt Suburb. Crowds rushed to hear those exquisite sounds which proceeded from behind the screened-off portion of the church which separates the inmates of the convent from the public. It was the voice of one who had for ever retired from the world and its hollow vanities! The voice of Stanerl Schwartz! the angelic voice of Costanza Nera!

WOULDST THOU FORGET?

When to thy weary heart fond Memory bringing
Scenes of lost joy, calls back the mournful past;
When in thine ears sad parting words are ringing,
And that loved voice whose tone still lingers last—
Thou wouldst forget!

But oh! when Fancy’s spell of power is o’er thee,
And thoughts unbidden mock thy vain control,
Th’ Enchantress calls each shadowy scene before thee
Of all that maddened, soothed, or blessed thy soul—
Canst thou forget?

And when thy spirit sinks, by hope forsaken,
Should sweet remembrance check the bursting tears,
Each treasured feeling of thy breast shall waken,
And thou live o’er in dreams the bliss of years—
Wouldst thou forget?

A FEW WORDS ON THE "OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
ESSAYS."

WE are very glad at the appearance of these volumes. Popular opinion has lately been setting against our Universities. One of its chief characteristics is to prefer miscellaneous information, however crude, desultory and imperfect, to thorough and modest knowledge of a few subjects; and, accordingly, it has been constantly carping at the only existing spheres of true learning in Great Britain as mere schools of antique pedantry, inculcating narrow and obsolete ideas, and altogether beneath the culture of "the age." Practically, no doubt, this clamour was confuted by the easy pre-eminence in the arena of intellect which our distinguished University scholars generally secure, and which is the best proof that mental discipline, obtained by a thorough study of a few difficult subjects, not a specious show of multiform acquirements, is the fitting object of education. But hitherto it was always possible to deny this superiority, or to ascribe it to other than University influences; and it could only be discovered by honest inquiry, to which the popular mind very seldom condescends. It was, therefore, desirable that our Universities should give an authoritative proof, evident even to the vulgar eye, that they are at the intellectual level of the times, and that their men of mark are not mere bookworms, buried in antiquarian dust, but that they are full of living thought and cultivation, trained by speculation and critical analysis, and fitted for all mental exercises whatever. The volumes before us, which appear, so to speak, under the imprimatur of two of our Universities, and which, in the space of only two years, have become among the first of periodical literature, fully give the proof required, and satisfactorily show, that vigour of thought, extensive learning, mental cultivation, and a power of dealing brilliantly with topics of general interest, have not abandoned Oxford and Cambridge.

In one extremely desirable particular these Essays vindicate the noble etymology of our ancient seats of learning. They issue from *Universities*, and display a marked *universality* of knowledge. This is exactly what vulgar ignorance denies to Oxford and Cambridge, but is the natural and fruitful result of the application of many highly-disciplined intelligences to a variety of special theses. But though these Essays embrace very many subjects, and enter several spheres of thought and opinion, they all have this common characteristic, that their several writers have thought well and deeply on what they have written about. When reading these volumes, we feel that we have before us the valuable fruit of mature and thorough knowledge, whether literary, scientific, artistic, legal, or political. This utter absence of crudeness, of *crass* and superficiality, especially when we consider the multiplicity of their subjects, is very creditable to all the essayists, and shows that the wish of their editor has been fulfilled, "That they should only write on subjects long familiar to them, and to which their studies and thoughts have mainly been directed." They have also a common quality as regards their style, that, although it varies in every degree, from the noble simplicity of Mr. Froude, and the polished irony of Mr. Goldwin

Smith, to the logical homeliness of Mr. Buxton, it is always pregnant with thought and strength, and is never loose, turgid, or degenerate.

These volumes afford a complete illustration of the distinct types of thought and mental culture which respectively characterise Oxford and Cambridge. In literary execution the "Oxford Essays" are very superior, which, doubtless, is owing to the care Oxford bestows on English composition, and to the peculiar style of her scholarship, which is philosophical and artistic, rather than, as at Cambridge, critical and grammatical. They also excel in profound analysis of existing things, in unfolding the innermost thoughts of other minds, and in discriminating between actual states of opinion, which we attribute to the diligent study at Oxford of Aristotle Butler, and Thucydides, whose turn of mind, however energetic and profound, was rather to investigate actual phenomena, and to discover their causes and relations, than to indulge in speculative conjecture. On the other hand, the "Cambridge Essays" surpass their rivals in free thought and originality, and their writers seem to be somewhat more in contact or sympathy with the spirit of the time. On this point, however, we only speak of a general distinction; for the Oxford Essays of Mr. Froude, Mr. Pattison, and Professor Max Müller have eminently the peculiar excellencies which we have attributed to the Cambridge essayists; and the review of Coleridge, by Mr. Hort of Cambridge, is a very fine specimen of analytic criticism.

We may briefly indicate the great variety of lines of thought upon which these writers have proceeded. The Essays may be classed as academical, literary, philological, scientific, philosophical, historical, and political. Of the first kind, "Oxford Studies," by Mr. Pattison, of that University, may be compared, and decidedly to his advantage, with "General Education and Classical Studies," by Mr. Clarke, and "Old Studies and New," by Professor Grote, of Cambridge, respectively. Mr. Pattison is an able advocate of a great extension of University studies, of attempting to combine in a whole philosophy, the pursuit of the mental and moral, with that of the physical and mathematical sciences; but we fear his aims are too ambitious, and might end in the substitution of a showy smattering for real knowledge. Pure literature has a large space in these volumes; and out of many literary papers of much merit we would select the "Relation of Novels to Life," by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen of Cambridge, and "The Essays of Montaigne," by Mr. Church, of Oxford. Mr. Church's essay is a model of literary criticism, deep, clear, discriminating, and adorned by a style of great ease and beauty; and that of Mr. Stephen is very thoughtful and original. As regards philological subjects, the essay of Mr. Müller is *facile princeps*: it is a perfect mine of erudition on Language, lit up by a brilliant and glowing style; and, as a purely *University* product, is, we think, the triumph of these volumes. On this head, however, we must not forget two papers on "English Ethnography," and "The Text of Shakspeare," which have appeared in the last of the Cambridge volumes, and which are of considerable merit. The purely scientific essays, as might have been expected, are rare, and not of special excellence, if we except one by Mr. Henry Smith, of Oxford, upon the "Plurality of Worlds;" and of the philosophical articles, that is,

those which deal with mental or moral science, we prefer one by Mr. Hort, of Cambridge, upon Coleridge, and one on "The Burnett Prizes," by Professor Baden Powell, of Oxford. Mr. Powell's essay is rather on natural theology than on philosophy, properly so called, but it is a very remarkable performance, though somewhat negative in its conclusions. Mr. Hort's paper is also good, and shows considerable familiarity with the principle phases of modern philosophy. With respect to the historical articles, Mr. Froude's essay "On the Best Means of Teaching English History," in the Oxford series for 1855, is far beyond any of this class; and in earnest thought and literary execution, is superior to any in these volumes. We commend this very remarkable paper to "each and every" of our readers. Mr. Froude, like his great mentor and model, Thucydides, in disgust at the "carelessness in the inquiry about truth" which characterises modern scribblers of history, deals heavy blows at these shallow pretenders; at "their diluted omniscience," and their "general knowledge, which means general ignorance;" and for the study of modern books of English history—"thoughtless compilations which are really dull historical romances"—he proposes that of the ancient Statute Book, "where the true history of the English nation substantially lies buried," combining that "of other State documents of importance, Parliamentary petitions of the people, proclamations, addresses, and such contemporary accounts of State trials as are really authentic." We cannot give the cogent and brilliant arguments by which Mr. Froude proves that the study of English history thus pursued would afford "an insight into the erudition of England more thorough, sound, and genuine, than could be gained by learning by heart every modern book on the subject which is extant in our language;" how "for a serviceable study of English history the Statutes are as a skeleton to the body; that in them is contained the bone and marrow of the whole matter; and around them, as a sustaining and organising structure, the flesh and colour of it can alone effectually gather itself." We can only refer our readers to the author's admirable account of the subject. We presume we need scarcely remind them, that Mr. Froude has expressed in practice the principles of his essay, and that the result has been the first two volumes of a history of England, which bids fair to be the greatest work of the class in our literature.

A word with regard to the political essays which appear in these volumes. They are numerous, and generally very able, and display a genial sympathy with actual social, and political wants, which might not have been expected in academic writers. In this class, upon the whole, we award the palm to Professor Maine's Cambridge Essay on "Roman Law and Legal Education," a performance of very marked ability, and dealing with one of the most important questions of the day, namely, how to create a Bar of Jurists, of scientific minds and exact legal learning, and capable to mould our judge-made law into a clear and harmonious system. We must also notice as very good Mr. Buxton's Cambridge Essay on "The Limitations of Severity in War;" that of Mr. Bernard, of Oxford, on the same subject; and the elaborate but somewhat heavy article of Mr. Temple, of Oxford, on National Education. We are also happy to observe that the land question of Ireland has

been treated in these volumes, and that from a sober point of view above that of Irish party politics.

One essay in these volumes deserves notice, as it shows how ill a great orator may write. Mr. Gladstone's paper on "The Place of Homer in Education and History," is no doubt full of learning and ability, but in style it is the lowest in the Oxford series. They who have heard this great speaker in his fiery mood, when the crowded ranks of the House of Commons are swayed and tossed in tumult at the storm of his eloquence, would scarcely believe that his written words could fall into dull and elaborate clumsiness. And yet this contrast is not uncommon: it occurs in the case of Lord Brougham, whose oratory, doubtless, was splendid and vigorous, but whose written style is loose and cumbrous; and also in that of Mr. Fox, whose writings are as cold and weak as his eloquence was energetic. Indeed, if we except Cicero and Julius Cæsar, Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Disraeli in a less degree, and, if tradition errs not, the great Lord Bolingbroke, we cannot call to mind a single instance where very remarkable excellence in speaking was united in the same individual to proportionate ability in writing. The reason of this may possibly be, that the fulness of language, a first requisite of the orator, thwarts him in the nice examination of words so necessary to form a good written style; and that the exuberance of his vocabulary, destroys that terse and logical neatness, and that pure and delicate grace of diction, which are the marks of high art in composition. As regards Mr. Gladstone, however, we rejoice that the statesman has not abandoned the studies of the first-classman; and we trust that in his present political repose he may carefully cultivate the amenities of letters.

In conclusion, we must express our surprise that the great national University of Ireland has not thought proper to enter the lists with her high compeers, by publishing a series of academic essays. This is the more remarkable, because the less eminent University of Edinburgh has sent forth a volume of this kind, which, though scarcely equal to those from Oxford and Cambridge, is yet of very considerable merit. We must remind our Irish University that her revenues are ample, her fellowships and scholarships comparatively open, and free from that foundational monopoly which has done so much harm at Oxford and Cambridge, and, therefore, that she is expected to equal her rivals in literature. Besides, she has received a literary stigma, which, though altogether undeserved, it is her duty and interest to remove. She has been named "The Silent Sister," not because she is not full of men of ability, but because she has the misfortune of provincial isolation, because the reading public of Ireland is small, and, perhaps, because she is too exclusively devoted to mathematics. But she is bound to show that the epithet is undeserved; and now an excellent occasion offers, which, if she neglect, she will assuredly suffer in reputation. We are convinced that she possesses scholars and writers who could fairly compete with those we have been noticing. We have faith in the *Alma Mater* of Berkeley and Swift, of Burke and Goldsmith, and believe that the training which formed these transcendent masters of the English language must still produce good composition. She has written proud names on the golden book of intellectual aristocracy: let it not be said that her offspring is degenerate—"Succos oblita priores."

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING SEASON, 1857.

RACING FOR MAY AND JUNE, 1857.

Our racing news for the past month is of a highly interesting order—Epsom, with its "blue riband," and Royal Ascot, comprising the leading items. These Meetings came off with unusual eclat, and a filly having won both Derby and Oaks added materially to the excitement. Should Blink Bonny add an additional leaf to her Turf Chaplet, by carrying off the Leger, both owner and breeder may well be proud of such an animal.

As a betting race, the present Derby has been the best for many years, although the Ring generally lost heavily by the success of Blink Bonny, many considering her, after her defeat for the 1,000 gs., as safe to lay against, and suffering accordingly.

EPSOM.

The first day (Tuesday) opened with the Craven Stakes, weight for age, to which considerable interest was attached as a trial for most of the crack stables. Gemma di Vergy was the favourite, at 7 to 2 on her. She could, however, only get second honours. Blue Jacket, Tournament's stable companion, winning by a-neck. This caused an immediate rush to get on Tournament, and he was forthwith installed as first favourite for the Derby.

The MANOR PLATE of 50 sovs., handicap, was won by Huntingdon, 7st. 5lb., beating 11 others of all ages.

The WOODCOTE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 100 sovs. added, Mr. Howard pocketed with his promising colt, Ledbury, beating Polly Peachum and 10 other youngsters; the winner is in next year's Derby.

The ROUS STAKES, handicap, for all ages, with 200 sovs. added, his Grace of Beaufort won with Vigil, 3 yrs., 6st. 5lb., beating Sir Colin, 7st. 6lb., and nine others.

The HORTON STAKES and HEATHCOTE PLATE, won respectively by Unexpected and Rosalind colt.

We now come to the leading feature of the Meeting, viz., the Derby; and, as will be seen, no less than thirty high-bred cattle started for the prize.

The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds; colts 8st. 7lb.; fillies 8st. 2lb.; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes. 202 subs.

† Mr. W. l'Anson's b. f. Blink Bonny, by Melbourne... Charlton	1
Mr. Drinkald's bk. c. Black Tommy, by Womersley.....	2
† Mr. Mellish's b. c. Adamas, by Touchstone.....	3
† Mr. C. Harrison's b. c. Strathnaver, by Flatcatcher.....	4
Lord Zetland's b. c. Skirmisher, by Voltigeur.....	0
† Lord J. Scott's b. f. Lady Hawthorn, by Windhound.....	0
† Mr. Wilkin's b. c. Oakball, by Melbourne.....	0
† Admiral Harcourt's br. c. Wardermarske, by Birdcatcher.....	0

† Mr. Crawford's b. c. Zuyder Zee, by Orianda.....	0
† Mr. F. Robinson's b. c. Anton, by Bay Middleton.....	0
Mr. T. Parr's br. c. M.D., by the Cure.....	0
Mr. Jackson's bk. c. Saunterer, by Birdcatcher.....	0
Mr. J. S. Douglas's b. c. Tournament, by Touchstone.....	0
† Baryn Rothschild's ch. c. Sydney, by Surplice.....	0
Lord Exeter's b. c. Turbit, by Wood Pigeon.....	0
Mr. Ford's ch. c. Laertes, by Sir Tatton Sykes.....	0
† Lord Clifden's br. c. by Surplice, out of Beeswax.....	0
† Lord Clifden's bk. c. Loyola, by Surplice.....	0
† Mr. Taylor's br. c. Newton le Willows, by Melbourne.....	0
† Mr. Barber's b. c. Commotion, by Alarm.....	0
† Mr. E. Parr's ch. c. Lambourn, by Loup-garou.....	0
† Mr. J. Merry's b. g. Special Licence, by Cossack.....	0
Lord Anglesey's br. c. Ackworth, by Simoom.....	0
† Mr. Copperthwaite's b. c. Sprig of Shillelagh, by Simoom.....	0
† Lord Ribblesdale's b. c. Glee Singer, by Pyrrhus the First.....	0
† Mr. Howard's b. c. Arsenal, by Robert de Gorham.....	0
† Mr. Howard's ch. c. Chevalier d'Industrie, by Orlando.....	0
Mr. Bowes's ch. c. Bird-in-the-Hand, by Birdcatcher.....	0
Sir J. Hawley's br. c. Gaberlunzie, by Don John.....	0
† Mr. W. S. William's ch. c. Dusty Miller, by Malcolm.....	0

Those marked † are in the Leger.

BETTING AT STARTING.

4 to 1 agst. Tournament (off).	25 to 1 agst. Sydney.
100 to 15 — Skirmisher.	40 to 1 — Bird-in-the-Hand.
7 to 1 — M.D. (tk).	40 to 1 — Commotion.
6 to 1 — Saunterer.	40 to 1 — Beeswax colt.
9 to 1 — Arsenal (tk).	50 to 1 — Oakball.
9 to 1 — Anton.	1000 to 15 — Sprig of Shillelagh.
12 to 1 — Adamus (tk).	1000 to 15 — Glee Singer.
20 to 1 — Blink Bonny (tk fry)	1000 to 10 — Lambourn.
25 to 1 — Wardermarke.	1000 to 10 — Chevalier d'Industrie.
25 to 1 — Strathnaver.	1000 to 5 — Black Tommy.
25 to 1 — Lady Hawthorn.	1000 to 5 — Newton le Willows.
25 to 1 — Zuyder Zee.	80 to 1 — Lord Clifden's two (off).

After several false starts, a pretty good one was effected, Commotion taking the lead slightly in advance, Special Licence and M.D., several lengths in the rear of all; this order did not last long, as on coming to the rails "The Doctor," with Arsenal, took their places well in the front, accompanied by Blink Bonny, Black Tommy, and Adamas. There was no important change until reaching the distance, when M.D., pulling double at the time, and looking all over a winner, broke down. Anton, who was leading, was in trouble soon after, and was passed at the centre of the stand by Blink Bonny, Black Tommy, Strathnaver, and Adamas, between whom a magnificent struggle ensued, which ended in Blink Bonny's favour by a neck—a head separating second and third. Time, 2m. 45s. Net value of the stakes, 5,650*l*.

The **EPSON CUP** of 100 sovs., weight for age, Sir Colin carried off, beating Pretty Bag, Mincepie, and two others.

Thursday was a bye-day, and the racing calls for little description. Mr. Saxon's Princess Royal won a 2 yr. old stakes of 10 sovs. each, beating 11 others; and her Majesty's Plate for Mares was a mere exercise canter for Mary.

On Friday Blink Bonny carried off the Oaks in a canter, with the odds of 5 to 4 on her.

The **OAKS STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yr. old fillies, 8st. 7lb.

each; the owner of the second filly to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes. Mile and a-half, to be run on the New Course. 130 subs. Value 3,623l.

Mr. l'Anson's Blink Bonny.....	Charlton	1
Mr. Jackson's Sneeze.....		2
Lord John Scott's Mœstissima.....		3
Mr. John Scott's Imperieuse.....		4
Lord Clifden's sister to Jesuit.....		5
Duke of Beaufort's Vigil.....		6
Mr. Fitzwilliam's Aepasia.....		7
Mr. T. Walker's Orlando.....		8
Mr. F. Fisher's Cantrip.....		9
Mr. Sutton's Hegira.....		10
Lord Glasgow's Miss Whip filly.....		11
Mr. Osborne's Augury.....		12
Lord Anglesey's Tricolour.....		13

[Betting—5 to 4 on Blink Bonny, 8 to 1 agst. Imperieuse, 10 to 1 agst. Sneez, 13 to 1 agst. Mœstissima, 25 to 1 agst. Vigil.]

Vigil was first off, but after going a short distance she was passed by Hegira, and went on second, with Sneez third, Tricolour fourth, Orlando fifth, Imperieuse sixth, the Miss Whip filly and Cantrip being several lengths in the rear. Blink Bonny, who had up to that period bided her time in the centre of the rack, ran to the front, came away by herself, and won in a canter by eight lengths.

The GLASGOW PLATE, handicap, of 50 sovs. was won by Nereus, 5 yrs., 5st. 11lb. beating 10 others; and the DERBY and OAKS STAKES Lord John Scott pocketed with Bobby B; and Anton walked over for the SURREY FOAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 22 subs., thus bringing to a close one of the most successful Meetings that has been held on Epsom Downs for years past.

MANCHESTER—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8.

What with the Exhibition, the races, and the holidays together, Manchester never exhibited greater bustle.

The PHILIP'S HANDICAP of 70 sovs. was won very easily by Plausible.

The PRODUCE STAKES of 440 sovs. for 3 yr. olds, one mile and three-quarters, was won by Wardermarske from Sir Colin, Norton, and Glede Hawk.

The UNION CUP, handicap, of 325 sovs. was a fine race for the fielders; Fright, 3 yr. 5st. 5lb., winning by a-head, beating a baker's dozen.

The SAPLING STAKES of 265 sovs., for 2 yr. olds, was won cleverly by the Sister to Ellington; and for the TRAFFORD HANDICAP of 120 sovs. there were 7 runners, Manganese proving No. 1 after a good race.

Thursday was the principal day of the meeting, and although the fields were not large, the races were well contested.

The TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 185 sovs. was the first race on the card, and odds were laid on Mainstay, which were justified by his beating three others.

There were 8 runners for the HANDICAP of 70 sovs., which was carried off by Martlet.

For the MANCHESTER TRADESMEN'S CUP of 625 sovs., with 50 sovs. for the second, one mile and a-quarter, there was a good race with the four placed. Underhand, 3 yr. 7st. 10lb., winning by half a-length from Janet, 3 yr. 7st. 8lb., who beat Commotion, 3 yr. 8st. 2lb., by two lengths for second money.

For the CHESTERFIELD HANDICAP Glede Hawk had it all his own way, and Sir Colin had no difficulty in beating 4 others for her MAJESTY'S PLATE.

ASCOT.

This Meeting went off most successfully. The sport each day was of a first-

rate character, and her Majesty's visit, accompanied by a numerous suite, on the Cup Day, gave additional eclat.

Six races were decided on Tuesday; the Trial Stakes, weight for age, bringing out 18 runners. York and Polly Johnson were the favourites. The Early Bird, however, proved i' the vein, and won in a canter by 3 lengths, proving himself the best "miler" in England when he likes.

Sydney galloped away from Turbit and Rhesus for the ASCOT DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each.

The ASCOT STAKES of 25 sovs. each, was won by a complete outsider; Claude Lorraine, carrying 5st. 3lb., beating Redemption, 6st, 7lb., and 12 others.

Arsenal defeated Strathnaver and Mary for her MAJESTY'S VASE, with an ease which showed how well founded was the confidence his owner had entertained of his Derby chance.

Mr. Howard followed up his luck by winning the BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for 2 yr. olds, with Clydesdale, who won like a race-horse.

Aleppo made all the running for the TRIENNIAL STAKES, and won, after a fine race in with Pitapat, by a head.

Wednesday's racing was fatal to all the favourites, Ayacanora running most unkindly in the CORONATION STAKES of 100 sovs. each, and allowing Lord Exeter to pocket a good stake with Beechnut.

Odds were laid on Zaidee for the WINDSOR CASTLE STAKES, which was easily won by Sidney.

The race for the ROYAL HUNT CUP produced a field of 20 starters. Lord Londesborough's Rosa Bonheur, 3 yrs., carrying 5st. 10lb., won easily; Cotswold, 4 yrs. 6st. 7lb., came at the finish, but could not quite get up.

Another large field was brought out for the HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs., which Amelia, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb., carried off; and the FERNHILL STAKES finished the day's racing with a most exciting set-to between Polly Peachum and Sister to Ellington, and won by the former by a-head.

Thursday—Blink Bonny walked over for a 50 sovs. SWEEPSTAKES; the owners of Bird-in-the-Hand and Dundas saving their stakes.

The GOLD CUP, by sub. of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes. About two miles and a-half. 33 subs.

Lord Zetland's Skirmisher, by Voltigeur, 8 yrs., 6st. 10lb...Chariton	1
Mr. John Robson's Gemma di Vergy, 8 yrs., 6st. 10lb.....	2
Mr. John Jackson's Saunterer, 8 yrs., 6st. 10lb.....	3
Mr. Snewing's Polestar, 5 yrs., 9st.....	4

Pretty Boy, Tasmania, Winkfield, Wardermarske, Leamington, Rogerthorpe, Chevalier d'Industrie, and Warlock started, but were not placed.

Vandyke and Lord of Lorn, were pretty equal favourites for the NEW STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for 2 yr. olds, but Sedbury, with his 5lb. extra, again landed Mr. Howard's colours in triumph.

Captain Christie won the VISITORS' PLATE of 100 sovs. with Lawn, and a HANDICAP PLATE of 60 sovs. with Kestrel.

Friday—The 150 sovs. OLD MILE SWEEPSTAKES for 3 yr. olds, reduced to a match between Keepsake and Bannockburn, ended in a victory for the former.

The RAILWAY HANDICAP of 300 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 36 subs., had 18 starters, was won by Fright, 6st. 7lbs.; Lawn, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb., running second, and Turbit, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb., third.

For the first-class WOKINGHAMS, value 80 sovs., there was a good race between Nouget, 3 yrs., 5st. 13lbs., Beechnut, 3 yrs., 6st., and Kestrel, 4 yrs., 8st., placed as named; 10 others starting.

Fright was a second time victorious, winning her Majesty's GUINEAS; and the second-class WOKINGHAM STAKES, Eardrop won, carrying 7st. 9lb.

HAMPTON—JUNE 17, 18.

The sport was very good for a Meeting of second-rate pretensions. Odds were laid on Fright, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb., for the BETTING-STAND PLATE handicap, one mile, but he had to give way to Nereus, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb., who won by a-length; Maid of Athens and Libellist also started.

For the SURREY and MIDDLESEX STAKES, value 300 sovs.; 20 for the second, 2 miles, Fulbeck, with 8st. 12lbs., made the running, and won easily by a-length from Vulcan, 8st. 5lb., who beat Rush for second money by 4 lengths; Evening Star and Paula Monte beaten away.

Odds were laid on Spinnet, 3 yrs., 5st. 11lb., for the INNKEEPERS' PLATE, but she was beaten 3 lengths by Dramatist.

The CLAREMONT STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50*l.* added for 2 yr. olds, fell an easy prey to Polly Peachum, with 3lbs. extra.

On the second day Amelia won the VISITORS' PLATE, Good Friday the BUSBY PLATE of 60 sovs., and her Majesty's GUINEAS, the latter in a canter, by 30 lengths; Barbarity the RAILWAY, and Usurer the SCURRYS.

CURRAGH JUNE MEETING.

This Meeting came off, both as regards sport and weather, in a very favourable way; the attendance was both fashionable and numerous. There were five races set for the first day.

The SCURRYS, of 5 sovs. each, with 25*l.* added, the Arab Maid, 7st. 6lb., beat Sans Culotte, the Hawk, and 7 others.

Lance won her MAJESTY'S PLATE for 3 and 4 yr. olds, in the same style as when over here in April.

The KIRWANS, of 15 sovs. each, with 100 added, afforded a very exciting race, Newton le Willows, carrying 7st. 7lb., beating Walterstown, 7st. 4lb., Agitation, 6st. 10lb., and three others not placed; Agitation the favourite.

The STEWARDS' PLATE of 100 sovs., Waterford post, Dunboyne, 7st. 9lb., and the Arab Maid, 7st., 3lb., ran a severely-contested race, the former winning by a-head; Alfred, 7st. 11lb. third; 7 others not placed.

The MILITARY SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 sovs. added, afforded three well-contested heats, and was won by Major Willis's, 1st Royals, The Nore, by Don John.

On the second day there were five events, the first, the SELLING STAKES, Sœur de Charité, who was entered for sale at 25*l.*, carried off, and realised 25*l.* to the Race Fund.

Her MAJESTY'S PLATE, Red post, in the absence of Lance, was carried off by Prizefighter.

The NURSERY STAKES, so interesting to parties connected with the Turf, as the debut of a lot of 2 yr. olds, fell an easy prey to Sam Spode. Unfortunately for his owner he is not entered for the Derby. Mr. Disney's Knight of Malta was the favourite, but evidently backward in his preparation.

Mr. G. Taylor carried off the STEWARDS' PLATE of 50*l.* with Alcyone, 8st. 12lb., beating 10 others.

The SCURRY CORINTHIANS was won by Miss Bessie in three heats.

The third day's performances commenced with Newton le Willows, at 7st. 7lb., including 7lb. extra, carrying off the KILDARE HANDICAP, beating The Chicken, 8st. 9lb., Gamekeeper, 8st., and five others not placed. Prizefighter again won HER MAJESTY'S GUINEAS, three miles, and Sunbeam the MAIDEN STAKES of 5 sovs. each. The COFFEE-ROOM STAKES, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.—Mr. Quin's *f.* by Bandy, out of Wheel, first; Mr. M. Dunn's Daisy Queen, second; Reuben, third; and the Marquis of Waterford's St. Patrick and Magnet (filly) not placed. Mr. Maxwell's Sirocco, 7st. 7lb., won the STEWARDS' PLATE of 50 sovs., and Mr. Taylor came out a second time as winner with Newton le Willows for the Challenge of the KIRWANS. The sport during the three days was first-rate.

YACHTING.

"It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free;
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warn'd them to crowd or slacken sail."

—*Lord of the Isles.*

On Tuesday, the 2nd of June, the Royal Thames Yacht Club held their Cutter Match over the usual course, viz., from Erith to the Nore and back. The Prizes were, for first-class cutters exceeding 35 tons, a Silver Tankard and Salver, of the value of 100 sovereigns, for which were entered—

Mosquito, 59 tons	T. Groves, Esq., jun.
Extravaganza, 49 tons	Sir P. Shelley.
Cyclone, 48 tons	W. J. Patterson, Esq., jun.

For the second-class cutters exceeding 20 tons, and not exceeding 35, there was a Prize of a Silver-gilt Claret Jug and Six Cups, and for which were entered—

1. Glance, 35 tons	E. G. Bankes, Esq.
2. Thought, 29 tons	T. O. Marshall, Esq.
3. Phantom, 27 tons	T. Lane, Esq.
4. Emmet, 32 tons	E. Gibson, Esq.
5. Silver Star, 25 tons	J. Mann, Esq.

Half-minute time allowed for difference of tonnage.

! From the names of the above vessels, it may be easily imagined that a great deal of excitement existed as to the issue of the contest: the Glance being the favourite.

At 11^h. 35^m. 30^s. the start was effected, with a light and variable wind at S.S.E. The Extravaganza took the lead, with the Glance and Cyclone in close attendance, Mosquito well up. In Erith Roads the Emmet (Wanhill's recent launch) began to show what she was made of, and raced up to the leading vessels. Off Purfleet the Mosquito, Glance, Extravaganza, and Cyclone had a very pretty game of nautical jockeyism, which eventuated in the Extravaganza retaining the lead, and the Emmet and Thought taking second place, followed by the Mosquito, Cyclone, Glance, Phantom, and Silver Star. The breeze now settled to the southward, and the gallant little Phantom, with her eyes all abroad, caught it up eagerly and raced past Glance and Cyclone. Off Gravesend the hardy old Mosquito challenged for the lead, wrested third place from the Thought, overhauled Emmet, raced beam-and-beam with Extravaganza. and apparently with much ease to herself went into the first berth. The Cyclone and Glance again overhauled Phantom, and passed her. The Nore was rounded as follows:—

	H.	M.	S.
Mosquito	2	35	30
Extravaganza	2	36	40
Emmet	2	37	30
Thought	2	42	50
Cyclone	2	47	40
Glance	2	49	10
Phantom	2	50	10
Silver Star	2	58	10

It will be perceived by the above placing that the Emmet highly distin-

gished herself on the run down; but on rounding the Nore her bobstay bowsprit-shackle burst, and brought the well-sailed little barkie to grief. Meanwhile the Mosquito was quietly and steadily increasing her lead, her dangerous antagonist the Extravaganza waiting upon her with jealous care. Nearing the Lower Hope, the Glance tried hard for leading the Cyclone; but 'twas not ship-shape nor Bristol fashion, so Cyclone would stand no nonsense, and held her own saucily. In turning through the Hope the Thought at last succeeded in wresting third place from the Emmet, and the Glance and Cyclone again had a set-to; whilst, in the midst of their manœuvring, the Phantom shot past the Glance, and immediately after passed the Cyclone, and took fifth place. In Long Reach the Glance at length achieved her purpose, out-maœuvred and passed Cyclone; and, after an intensely exciting contest, the Flag-ship at Erith was reached in the following order and time:—

	H.	M.	S.
Mosquito	6	3	0
Extravaganza	6	13	35
Thought	6	21	20
Emmet	6	26	0
Phantom	6	29	30
Glance	6	31	30
Cyclone	6	32	0
Silver Star	6	50	0

Where—oh! where was the Glance, the pet of the season of 1856, during this match? To witness her coming in sixth, after her hitherto brilliant performances, is a thing almost incredible, particularly when the man who so often carried her to victory stood by her tiller on this eventful day. She must be sadly altered, or Penny hath forgotten his ancient cunning. The Extravaganza proved herself altered too, and much for the better, and the Emmet showed that speed has not yet departed from the Wanhill stocks. The Mosquito and Thought were duly and deservedly hailed as the winners. The Mosquito, judging from her performance, is again restored to her pristine vigour by getting her new mast of the original length; as it will be remembered that when she went to Sweden she was curtailed of some of her fair proportions, in order to prepare her for the North Sea Passage.

The Birkenhead Model Yacht Club first Sailing Match of the season came off on Saturday, the 30th of May, for a Cup of the value of 20 sovereigns. The following little clippers came to the starting buoys:—

1. Wasp, 2 tons.....	J. S. Bishop.
2. Elfin, 3½ tons.....	A. Whitworth.
3. Glide, 7½ tons.....	J. Wilkinson.
4. Mayflower, 7 tons.....	G. Harrison.
5. Snake, 7½ tons.....	J. Wilkinson.
6. Charm, 7½ tons.....	J. Poole.
7. Electric, 7 tons.....	J. A. Clarke.
8. White Squall, 4½ tons.....	W. L. Lutherby.

Of these vessels the Glide is the present holder of the Challenge Cup, and has won two other cups. The Electric is the winner of three cups, and the White Squall won one cup. The remaining five vessels were new and untried. The course was from the Woodside Pier to Eastham and back. At 2H. 12M. an excellent start was effected by G. Harrison, Esq., the Rear Commodore; the Glide went away at once with the lead, followed by the Charm second, with the Elfin, Electric, Snake, Mayflower and Wasp, in the order of their names. The wind unfortunately fell to nearly a calm, and the qualities of the new yachts could by no means be tried, whilst the old stagers, profiting by past experience, jogged along with a quiet grin, and in they went to China again, leaving a considerable tailing-off astern.

They arrived at the Flag Ship at the following times :—

	H.	M.	S.
Glide.....	6	23	15
Electric.....	5	31	4
Mayflower.....	6	36	14
Snake.....	6	40	40
Charm.....	6	41	11

Mr. Wilkinson appears to be the champion owner of the Birkenhead Club, as whenever he owns a successful boat he builds another to beat her, so as to anticipate his antagonists; he first built the Electric, won his three cups, and then built the Glide to beat her; now we have the Glide winning a fourth time, and we see a new vessel, the Snake, under Mr. Wilkinson's name, so that it will take a flyer to wrest the Challenge Cup from him; there is nothing like doing a thing well when one goes about it.

On Thursday, the 18th of June, the Royal London Yacht Club Cutter Match came off, for a liberal show of prizes, being, for the first-class yachts, a silver inkstand, value 50 sovereigns, for the first vessel; a silver tankard, value 20 sovereigns, for the second; and a purse of 10 sovereigns for the third. For the second-class:—A silver claret jug, value 30 sovereigns, for the first vessel, and a purse of 10 sovereigns for the second. Course from Erith to the Nore and back; allowance of time, half a minute per ton. The following vessels came to the starting buoys:—

FIRST CLASS.

Thought, 29 tons.....	T. V. Marshall, Esq.
Silver Star, 25 tons.....	J. Mann, Esq.
Phantom, 27 tons.....	S. Lane, Esq.
Rose of York, 22 tons.....	R. Clay, Esq.

SECOND CLASS.

Z-pherine, 19 tons.....	W. Chillingworth, Esq.
Cormorant, 11 tons.....	J. T. Talmadge, Esq.
Mystery, 18 tons.....	J. P. Dormay, Esq.
Kitten, 13 tons.....	R. Leach, Esq.

It is a most admirable arrangement of this Club dividing their prizes in the way they do, as it incites much more to competition, and five vessels have to do the work, which, under ordinary circumstances, is reserved for the gratification of two.

At 11 H. 42 M. 15 s. the start was effected, with a fresh breeze at E.N.E. and a bright sun. The Kitten took the lead, followed by the Phantom. Shortly after starting the Thought burst her bob-stay chain, which materially interfered with her otherwise likely chance of winning, as from the way she sailed on the 2nd of June, success might reasonably be expected. Through Long Reach the little fleet lay well down to their work. Passing Greenhiths the Phantom increased her lead considerably, with the Thought second, evidently suffering from her disabled bob-stay, and her bowsprit in consequence heaven-directed, though doing anything but its duty; the little Kitten was close upon her quarter, the Rose of York well up, and the remainder of the fleet admiring the manner in which their main-sheets were rove. In Northfleet Hope the Thought judiciously shifted jibs, in order we suspect to ease her complaining bowsprit. It was a dead beat down Gravesend Reach, and as the river opened out the wind freshened considerably, forcing the Phantom to haul down her gaff-topsail, and the Kitten to reef, examples which induced those astern to shorten canvas pretty smartly. The hardy little 19-tonner held her own well with the wounded Thought; in Sea Reach it was a dead turn to windward, similarly as in Gravesend Reach, with a pretty heavy, lumpy sea on. Off Holehaven the Phantom came to

grief, the outhaul of her mainsail giving up, but in no time she had a reef hauled down, and was spanking away up to windward again, as merrily as ever. As they passed Southend, the tailing-off was so considerable that the Commodore considered the match pretty fairly decided; and, accordingly, a short distance below Leigh, the steamer was brought-to, and the leading vessels rounded as follows:—

	H.	M.	S.
Phantom.....	2	41	0
Thought.....	2	46	30
Kitten.....	2	50	0
Zephyrine.....	3	9	0

Immediately upon, top-masts went aloft as if by magic, and balloon canvas, of dimensions vast, made the tough spars crack again, the Phantom still leading, but with the Thought rapidly gaining upon her, and the Kitten third. A novel expedient was resorted to by the officer in command, as the steamer proceeded up the river after the leading yachts:—As she met any of the competing yachts on their way down, she was brought up until they rounded her, a most unprecedented performance, and one which might have been productive of most unpleasant consequences had any of the leading vessels been disabled, and those astern claimed a prize. The flag-ship at Erith was reached in the following order and times:—

	H.	M.	S.
Phantom.....	5	15	0
Thought.....	5	17	30
Kitten.....	5	34	0
Rose of York.....	5	52	0
Zephyrine.....	5	55	0
Cormorant.....	6	3	0
Mystery.....	6	8	0

The preparations for the Dublin Bay Regatta, under the management of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, are completed, and the following crack vessels may be expected to contend:—The Oithona, Cymba, Crusader, Foam, Vigilant, Surprise, Antelope, Atalanta, Banba, Electric, Flirt, &c.

Already a large fleet of yachts is upon the station.

A purse of 100 sovereigns will be given at the Galway Bay Regatta, open to all yachts, and various other valuable specie prizes will be shortly announced. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant will be present, and will be received by Robert Batt, Esq., Commodore of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, on board his beautiful new schooner yacht, the Heroine. He will also preside during the same week at the inauguration of the Russian guns presented by Lord Panmure, and the depositing of the battle-stained, but laurel-wreathed colours of the gallant 88th, the celebrated Connaught Rangers, in the City of the Tribes, the capital of the West.

The Isle of Man Regatta, on the 8th and 9th July, and the Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta on the 14th and 15th July, will command an extensive attendance of yachts; neither have the brethren of the oar been forgotten, as valuable money prizes will be given at all these Regattas; and steam-packet companies, and railways, have kindly consented to carry their frail craft free of charge.

LIFE'S FORESHADOWINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES."

CHAPTER XII.

It was in the early summer that Christie gained possession of his pretty abode. Late in August he obtained from Mr. Henderson, who was still absent in Belgium, the agency of Moorlands estate. Why the selection should fall upon a comparatively inexperienced man to fill such a responsible office will appear from many prudent reasons presently to be set forth.

Mr. Pierce Henderson, now engaged in frequent correspondence with Christie, had from time to time employed him upon various affairs, to test, as it appeared, his capabilities for business; and the method and energy which young Roach brought to bear upon everything he undertook—the industry and shrewd observation he employed in acquiring a knowledge of country affairs—proved him to possess the highest qualifications for the position he had obtained.

As business connexion with the absent landlord began to extend, it dawned upon Christie that Moorlands estate was nothing better than a large wreck—that it was like the huge old tree that overshadowed the lodge, flaunting in foliage and mighty in girth, but hollow and worm-eaten through its trunk. The impending emergency had driven Mr. Henderson to many acts of apparent cruelty towards tenants in arrear, which were rendered still more unpopular by the administration of a stranger in carrying them into effect.

As a near relation of their parish priest, and one born amongst them, Christie was in a position to perform the duties of his calling under far better auspices than poor Mr. Falkener; and it seemed likely to Mr. Henderson that an amicable understanding would prevail between the tenantry and their new agent, which would facilitate the success of some hard measures yet in contemplation. Determination and energy were the chief requisites Mr. Henderson needed in the practical management of his affairs. He held but very little land in his own hands—what he did, was skilfully managed by his steward; and he was himself so thoroughly aware of every circumstance that occurred, demanding any more experienced supervision, that he was able to direct what should be done by letter, whenever any doubtful question arose.

No sooner had the rumour gone forth of Christie's promotion, than he became much troubled by the congratulations of the country people, inclusive of the middle-class farmers, the labourers of the place, the shrewd and truthless squatters. They touched their hats—they made long speeches whenever they could catch hold of him—and their half-clad sons and daughters cheered him heartily as he passed. A few weeks, however, abated their triumph. Christie was kind, firm, and just, but, furthermore, he was close-handed, vigilant, and ubiqui-

tous. They had by no means bargained for these troublesome qualities. It was expected of him to connive at their petty dishonesty—to digest the grossest lies—to minister to the facilities afforded them by the absence of their landlord—and they found themselves quite mistaken in their man. Thus was it that Christie's sudden popularity as suddenly declined.

There was one who regarded Christie's choice of an employment with unmixed disappointment and displeasure—who expostulated with him often and earnestly, but in vain; so that at length a coldness, almost an estrangement, followed between two old friends.

The good priest, Father Roach, had often contemplated his nephew's brilliant career in College with proud expectation—he had fondly looked forward to seeing him a man of science—a fellow, perhaps, of some foreign University. When, therefore, Christie declared his determination to accept Mr. Henderson's offer of the agency of Moorlands, the poor old man met the declaration with abrupt astonishment and much warm expostulation. Once he said coldly—

“I don't draw on your gratitude in this entreaty, though you owe me something, lad. I appeal to your sense of prudence. You will place yourself in a false position,” he said, raising his trembling arm; “you will place yourself in a wrong position,” he cried, bringing his hand down with violence, “where duty must run counter to humanity, and the hatred of the people will be your wages.”

Many such prejudiced arguments did he urge, which were answered by Christie, as they arose, with such gentleness as was consistent with unaltered will, till at last the old priest grew angry, and ended with these words—

“You have spurned the advice of the first and truest friend you ever had; and what you have made me feel this day I shall keep to myself. Go, lad; you are too wise, too learned, for me. I tell you, something has happened to your heart since you sat at that window long ago, with your books and your globe, the boy of my pride and my hope.”

How frequent and how sad is this estrangement of hearts which should be loyally knit till death, when youth begets a discretion of its own, and emancipates itself from control!

It is surely natural that when the pinion is full-fledged and lusty that its flight should be free—that when full maturity has been reached, a man must depend on his own judgment if it be reasonably liable to the gentle influence of an elder generation. The personal duty we owe to a parent must, of course, always stand sacred and alone. But the kindly anarchs of our youth are sometimes narrow and dogmatic, like other mortals, not considering over what a small section of the great Ecliptic of life their own experiences have crept. Those we looked upon as towers of wisdom when our heads were on a line with the table, sometimes disappoint us sadly when we have reached a thinking level ourselves—we look in vain for the infallible judgment, and find that the oracle has quite departed. In point of fact, Christie was, or thought he was, better able to judge of his own future chances in life than his simple, loving uncle, and held to that opinion.

Mr. Henderson had received a signal warning from the people. He

felt it to be dangerous to meddle with those tenants who, like Peg White, had an ancestral standing in the place. Indeed it had become apparent to every landlord that such instances of hardship were peculiarly under the protection of the Ribbon administration, and vindicated by its agency with fearful consistency.

Squatters and under-tenants, however, were still transferable, with tolerable security, to the roadside and poorhouse, especially if they were in hopeless arrear, or were suspected of skiuning sheep o' nights, houghing cattle, stealing fruit, or such light accomplishments unsuitable to their station.

There came an order from Mr. Henderson to serve notices on two families, one of them of very suspicious character, and nearly connected with the woman, Peg White. Christie summoned the steward, and placing the notices in his hands, bade him serve them on the parties named upon the morrow. The man had often, in the course of his long service, performed such invidious duties without a moment's hesitation, but now he grew pale, and shook his head gravely—

"These are dangerous customers, the Whites, sir. There's bad blood in them, and the master's a foolish gentleman stirrin' it up against us."

"You've no business questioning your master's orders. Take these notices, man, and leave them to-morrow before any one is up. No one can blame you for doing your duty."

Kavanagh took the notices, but he still hesitated and lingered near the door.

"Well, Kavanagh, what are you waiting for?"

"Mr. Roach, I have got a wife and family depending on me ——" He stopped here.

"My good fellow, go home to your wife, by all means, and let her take care of you," said Christie, laughing. "Give me those notices, and I will serve them myself."

The man seemed a little ashamed; he still held the papers, and, that he might divert ridicule, he began to remonstrate with the new agent on his rashness.

"You say that carelessly, master; but if you'll take a poor man's advice, and one that has some experience among the people, you'll think the matter over before you meddle wid these fellows; they're dangerous men, them Whites, I repeat, and the worst characters in the country."

"The more reason to get them out of the place. Come, be off," said Christie, still banteringly. "Tell Mrs. Kavanagh from me she'd better overlook the men herself, and let you rock the cradle."

The man left the room with a foolish shrug, as he muttered that Mr. Roach was mighty pleasant, but it might not turn out to be such a joke after all.

The next morning Christie was up before the sun, and having saddled a horse, took his way by the road through the lower wood; and the withered leaves, disturbed by the horse's tread, gave up a wet, earthy smell.

Grave thoughts crowded upon him as he went, touching the new duties and ungenial profession he had chosen. Misgivings, such as

might have shaken a feeble will, fell upon his heart. His main object in accepting the vacancy offered by the Scotchman's death was the means it seemed to open of a regular and substantial livelihood. Men who have lived for any part of their lives by the sweat of the brain will ever crave after an active, open-air life, in which the physical powers might be healthfully employed and the weary mind be at rest.

Christie found himself engaged in a profession he was unqualified to fill elsewhere—and not even here, but under very special circumstances. It had suddenly broken upon him that the employment it afforded would only last for a few months more; and yet during that time he was likely to have provoked an amount of odium in the country which would render his residence there far from safe; meanwhile, also, his command of lucrative employment at the University would have been very much weakened, if not wholly lost.

He was placed, indeed, at present in a position of power and importance; but he little supposed when accepting it, that the walls he was to guard were to crumble around him, or that his command, though less honourable, was like heading a forlorn hope.

Occupied with these thoughts, he had reached the foot of an extensive furze-hill; a lark was poised above him on trembling wing, and before him, on the summit of this hill, lay the gold tiara and purple robe of Sunrise.

At the moment a man's voice rung clear and hearty through the air, and Christie thought he had heard it before.

"Are you at home, ma'am—are you at home? I've come to leave a cartridge on you, ma'am."

Such were the words that saluted his ear, and immediately after there emerged a brisk figure from the concealment of the adjoining hedge, which left Christie no longer to wrestle with vague memories. Mr. Boakes stood before him in the flesh, as if a year had never rolled over his head since these two stood together last—the same fresh colour in the cheeks—the same vigilant eye—the same rotundity to a nicety—the same voice that rung like a peal of chimes. For some twenty strides he did not notice the presence of the horseman who was scanning him with such interest, and he kept along at the same rattling pace, kicking every little scrub of furze in keen expectation of a hare, whose imaginary presence he apostrophized.

"Are you at home, ma'am? How did you sleep, ma'am? Where are you, you skippin' red thief?"

Suddenly his quick eye was attracted by the presence of a stranger, and he stopped short in his eccentric monologue. He bestowed a very shy look upon his old companion as he returned his salute, and Christie could not resist the mischievous pleasure of giving Mr. Boakes a salutary fright, by encouraging the delusion which he saw was upon him.

"You are on Mr. Henderson's ground, my man. What are you doing here?"

Christie anticipated his answer, and could not help smiling when it came.

"Killin' blackguard crows—killin' crows."

"What do you want crows for at this season—the harvest is all cut—eh?"

"Breedin' a young hawk, sir. Would you *believe* me, sir, she'd eat a rookery for breakfast! Breedin' a starving young hawk, sir—pon honour!! [*In a small voice*] What's the hour, sir?"

"You never kill a salmon for her in the schoolmaster's pool, I suppose?" said Christie, with difficulty calling up a grave, accusing gaze.

"A salmon! Bless you, sir, there's not a salmon in Ireland—not in it, sir. Eh—au—not—Master Christie!"

Christie burst into the laugh he had been smothering for so long, and held out his hand to his old friend.

Huge was the bluster of Mr. Boakes in his effort to realise the fact of this reunion. He strutted, emphaticised, roared, and then, for no apparent reason, fell into a little feeble key, starting from its quietude. All this outlandish excitement finally terminated in a wringing of Christie's hand; after which Mr. Boakes girded up his loins, and told him how Mrs. Boakes was dead and gone—died the same summer as Mrs. Pierre Henderson, grand a lady as she was; that he was once more thriving in the hosiery line, and just rushed out of a morning now and then, like the present, to bag his dinner and feel his legs under him.

"And so you're the identical Mистер Roach they say is to be agent here?" asked Mr. Boakes, with unusual sanity of demeanour, when his first excitement had abated.

Christie allowed the fact.

Then Mr. Boakes, after gazing into the two barrels of his gun for many seconds, introducing his little finger into the same, and withdrawing it suddenly, so as to produce a clucking sound, laid a hand on Christie's arm, and bade him stoop that he might whisper. It was a deep, thick, mysterious whisper, too, as if the grouse were *roding* before him, and listening.

"I'm your friend, sir—I say, sir, I'm your friend. You're spoken of, sir; the people aint satisfied with you; they expected great things; don't provoke them. I'm in the way of hearing the rascals talking. Would you *believe* me, sir, they'd think no more of sending a slug into the back of your head, than I would of peltin' a skippin' red hare."

With this warning, further amplified and illustrated by much original gesture, Mr. Boakes pursued his devious way, just as the Wandering Jew might be supposed to have done after one of his centenarian appearances.

About a quarter of an hour's slow riding brought Christie to the gate of a small farmyard, inside which, and not very distinguishable from the cowhouse and barn, at either side, was the thatched dwelling-house of the Whites—a family consisting of the old mother and two sons, men of ox-like strength and aspect, and bearing very suspicious characters. Here Christie dismounted and climbed the stile, where he was immediately saluted by the bay of a large, heavy-jowled mongrel, who fiercely contended every step with him till he reached the door.

He knocked with the handle of his whip, and called more than once before there was any sign of life within. At length there were grunts and groans as from a deep chest, and a surly voice inquired who was there.

"I am Mr. Roach, and am here on the part of your landlord, Mr.

Henderson, to serve you with notice to leave this place. You need not disturb yourself; I have put the notice under the door."

There was no answer; but for the sound of eager whispering it had appeared that the important announcement had been unheeded; so Christie, deeming it imprudent to delay, retraced his steps through the oozy yard to the gate, furiously menaced by the mongrel with howl, and grin, and irresolute snap.

Further on he went through the same form at another house, and then turned towards home.

When he came in sight of the Whites' gate again, he felt some misgivings at observing two heavily-built men standing on the road, opposite to the gate. One fellow, the taller of the two, stood well forward, with his arms folded, and his red sullen eye upon the ground.

Affecting a calm, unconcerned air, which he did not quite feel, Christie quickened his pace, and was about to pass them with a civil good morning, when the elder man stepped in his road, and held up the legal paper.

"Is that the way wid' ye, Mr. Roach. Isn't that nice conduct to poor men. Would you plaze explain this thratement to us, that we may know who we have to dale wid'."

"Certainly," said Christie, with unshaken voice. "In the first place, you are three years in arrear; secondly, you and your brother are, by all accounts, the greatest rascals in the country. Have a care of the horse, he's vicious."

As he spoke he drove his spurs sharply into the horse's side, whose shoulder striking the fellow unexpectedly, threw him violently back. A curse and a muttered threat were all that followed Christie as he rode briskly home.

It is curious how often a slight aggressive act, well-timed and unflinching, will avert a blustering danger. It is possible that these men intended only to expostulate—at most, to intimidate; but had Christie shown a trace of indecision, it is more than probable he would have suffered ill-usage before he had done with them. Nothing inflames a brutal nature so much as the cowardice of one in its power.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Now, Mr. Roach, we've come to take you prisoner. Annie Brandon is coming to us to-night," cried Miss Jay Henderson, as she suddenly surprised her friend fast asleep in the sunlight at his parlour window.

Christie was dreaming of Annie Brandon. Now, the inhabitants of our dreams are not often very importunate upon our waking thoughts. He had heard very frequently of this Annie Brandon at Moorlands, and had unconsciously seen her once; but, if truth be told, he felt much more interest in thinking of the fine Durham cow that was ruminating yonder in the field. Nevertheless, this young lady walked coolly into his afternoon dream, and the apposite mention of her name had a very peculiar effect.

He dreamt he was at the seat by the river; the leaves were all glimmering, and the water a glad, flashing lapae, when this Annie came

up, touched him on the arm, and asked him some anxious, hurried question he only half heard; then she passed out of sight among the shadows. "Annie Brandon will be with us to-night!" cried Jay, and Christie woke with a start.

"I'm very glad to have your example for a doze after dinner, Mr. Roach," said Miss Putney, who now came up, "for I'm ashamed to confess I take one now and then. We are come, as Jay says, to take you prisoner, and we can promise you a new face at last at Moorlands. You must be quite tired of Jay and me."

"Speak for yourself, Miss Putney," said Jay, with a pout; then running into the hall, she took down Christie's hat, and placed it upon his head in a mock-peremptory manner.

"Now, come along; don't keep us; we have a great dish of burgamots to-night for you, and Annie Brandon besides."

"I wonder which of them I'll like the best," said Christie, laughing, as he accompanied them back to Moorlands.

"Miss Brandon has been away for some months," said Miss Putney, "and she has come back to stay at last. We are all delighted; for you know by this time, I suppose, that she's a perfect household word with us all."

"And I can tell you, Mr. Roach," put in Jay, "that she would be very glad to know you; she said so. Do, Miss Putney, just tell Mr. Roach, in your learned way, you know, what Annie is like."

"Pray do, Miss Putney," said Christie, with a polite affectation of curiosity.

MISS PUTNEY'S OPINION OF ANNIE BRANDON.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Roach, though I believe I'm a very quick reader of character, I don't quite understand what constitutes the charm she possesses for all of us. I often think we are very lonely, and it is likely we feel undue admiration for what, in a larger sphere, would have comparatively little attraction. Let me see now—clever? She really is not clever. She is by no means a good converser. She's just simply one of those people you get very fond of, and make your confidant on every subject—don't you understand? She does not give you the impression of being an entirely amiable person."

"Oh! Miss Putney," said Jay, in a tone of deprecation.

"Very sweet, simple manner; but there is often a gulf set between high-art simplicity and the guilelessness of very early girlhood. The fact is, she is one of those beings whom you don't think so much of when you are with her, but somehow you long for her to come in the evening, or to meet you in a walk—don't you see?"

"She is very pretty, I suppose?" inquired Christie, rather worried by this interminable topic.

"Surely pretty," replied Miss Putney, with a disciplined enthusiasm; "very lovely eyes—and a play—a character in her face which is, in my mind, the most inestimable of charms; *her face upon repetition is lovely*. Well, then, I should say, though you might disagree with me, her hair grows too low on her forehead, and, the fact is, I've have seen

her lips quite chipped in cold weather ; of course, I only mention this as being a sign of delicacy ;" said Miss Putney, concluding her eulogium with bathos and true womanly depreciation.

N.B.—Miss Putney had very pretty red lips, and a high, polished forehead, on which the light fell in a focus.

They returned to find, much to Jay's satisfaction, the tea-table most temptingly covered with fruit ; clusters of Hamburgh grapes, and the fragrant Muscatel, were feebly interspersed with the less interesting tea-cake, in all variety of shape and brittleness.

While Jay ran up to put on her evening dress, Miss Putney observing Christie looking at the picture of a melancholy lady, that was dimly visible in the recess of the room, inquired if he knew who it represented.

"I suppose it to be Mrs. Pierce Henderson," he replied ; "but I have a very slight recollection of her."

"What a sad, *sad* thing that she died," said Miss Putney ; "the house would have been so different had she lived. And, oh, dear ! how different that child might have been, poor thing. The picture was taken only a few months before her death, and she had been fretting a great deal for some years ; it is a faded cheek, you see. Oh ! she was wretchedly lonely here," sighed Miss Putney, as one who could sympathise with the position.

"Was she fond of society ?" inquired Christie.

"Oh ! by no means ; very, *very* quiet in her tastes. You see, she was greatly attached to old Mr. Henderson, and he to her ; they quite lived for one another, until the poor old man quarrelled with his son on some foolish point of pride, and left the house in anger. Poor Mrs. Henderson took his departure very much to heart, and was never the same after."

"Is old Mr. Henderson alive yet ? inquired Christie.

"Oh, yes ?"

"Is he ever here ?"

"Gracious me ! we never even talk of him ! Be very careful with Mr. Pierce, how you allude to his name."

"What a pity they are not reconciled."

"I'm afraid there's not a chance of it. The old man, you see, was very extravagant, so I have heard ; he was brought up in a bad school, and went very much beyond his narrow income. When he parted from his son, poor Mrs. Henderson used to send him small supplies, and Mr. Pierce was very angry when he heard of it. I believe the poor old man has made every attempt at a reconciliation ; his pride is quite broken by age and infirmity, and he often writes letters here which are never opened. I just tell you all this, as it might be awkward to you not to know how matters stand."

"Mr. Henderson is a very agreeable man, I have heard," said Christie, anxious to seize on this opportunity of learning what he could of his employer.

"Delightful, fascinating, if he pleases to be so. Between us, I fancy there is a cold nook in his heart, somewhere or other. His mind is like a beautifully-furnished mansion that has the convenience of an ice-house attached. They say he was harsh to his wife."

"Was not Miss Brandon frequently here as a child?"

"Every day, I believe. Poor Mrs. Henderson was so fond of her. I believe that's what first made Miss Brandon so intimate at the house; it grew quite a habit her coming here. Indeed, Mr. Pierce feels a natural sentiment towards her, not wholly distinct perhaps from remorse for his neglect of his wife. Many of her tastes have been formed by him, and a most interesting friendship has sprung up between them. He writes such delightful letters to her from abroad. I was telling her the other day they would print charmingly."

Here Jay entered the room, arrayed like a white fairy, and put an end to this chat on family affairs.

"I wonder why Annie is not here by this; don't you, Miss Putney?"

An hour passed, the tea was growing cold, the fruit was untasted, Jay had fidgetted as if there were seven Jays in the room; but Annie did not appear. At length, a livery servant rode up and handed in a note containing due apology and regret. Whereupon Jay and the Ham-burgh grapes became immediately intimately acquainted, as one party at least had ardently desired.

That evening Miss Putney and Christie had a metaphysical argument. Miss Putney was imaginative and theoretical, and she provoked Christie into many an attempt to scatter her pyramids of chaff.

It would have been an amusing discussion to those who could have followed them; for ourself, we confess our inability. Their opinions were extreme to one another, and almost, as a consequence, both were in some measure wrong; for, as Christie would have put it in his paradoxical spirit, *there may be two wrong sides to a question that shall be directly opposed to each other*, the narrow view and the lax.

Indeed, in more serious questions than ever came between our present combatants, there is little else than froth on the swelling crest of controversy—truth lies in the subsidence of the two opposing waves.

Christie was, as are most young men of talent, rather argumentative and prone to paradox; furthermore, he was very practical, and he angered Miss Putney, who was fond of gazing at all nature, physical and moral, through her transcendental prism.

The Governess was of opinion that dreams symbolized the ultimate spiritual enfranchisement, and contained within their bodiless whisperings some dim revealings of the unsphered future of the soul.

Christie asserted, startlingly enough, that then had the cutlets he ate at dinner a high office to perform, inasmuch as these dim revealings originated in the cutlets, it being a fact in physical science, that if the stomach were wholly unoppressed we should not dream at all. At this point Miss Putney coloured violently, and refused to reply till Christie clothed his paradox in less offensive disguise; and we scarcely blame her.

Certainly, the most repelling aspect of truth is that of paradox. It may startle us indeed into noticing a sober old fact to which we have long given the "go by," but it is by rigging out the veteran with asses' ears.

During this argument, not a word of which Jay comprehended, she listened to Christie with the profoundest attention, an elbow on either

knee, and her big eyes fixed on his face. Whatever might have been the merits of the vexed question, she was well pleased that Christie was fighting Miss Putney, and she nodded her foolish little head to give emphasis to his words. At length her champion rose to take his leave, having brought the argument to a more good-natured *misunderstanding*.

"I am disappointed," he said, as he was leaving the room, "at having missed seeing Miss Brandon."

"Indeed, then, Mr. Roach," said Jay saucily, "you might have been very well content with your company."

"For shame, Jay," cried Miss Putney. "I'm sure I don't pretend to be an agreeable companion."

"I never accused you of it, I'm sure. Good night, Mr. Roach."

It may be needful here to state, to the sorrow of all well-minded readers, that Miss Jay was not given a task to learn, or well boxed, or deprived of sugar in her tea, for the last audacious remark.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTIE was walking home, having been engaged on very anxious business for Mr. Henderson, which had considerably depressed him. The road had been desolate for several miles, few people were to be seen on it, and its grassy margins were undisfigured by an Irish hovel, until he was almost in sight of Moorlands: then he came upon one of the blackest and unsightliest of the species—broken roof-tree, creel chimney, and a reek of smoke and of grime. Some people were grouped at the door; among them Christie recognised the men on whom he had served the notices, and they sullenly forbore the slightest token of respect toward the young agent as he passed.

Of a sudden a woman came running out of the cabin, and called after him in a piteous voice.

"Misther Roach, might I spake to you?"

Christie stopped and turned.

"If you care for the prayers of the poor, Mr. Roach—and it's a good thing to have 'em when one's stretched in sickness—you'd help us this day. Poor Peg is dyin' inside; she that was turued out of her comfortable place by the Scotchman—and now 'twould scald your heart to see her; the crather is in rags, an' hasn't a taste of comfort or convanicy, an' she on her dyin' bed this day."

"What's the matter with her?" said Christie, compassionately; for he had known the sick woman in her better days.

"It's the fever she's got, sir, and no mistake—the same that tuk of ould Bill Fogarty yesterday, and the child at the Carrols the day before, and the workin' boy of the Doughertys last week. Sure, av' they knew the state of the poor crathur at the big house, they wouldn't see her childher come to harm, and maybe if you spoke for us, the young lady would send down tay, sugar, and a few shillins to get the little dacency for the wake."

"For the wake!" echoed Christie, somewhat shocked—sure poor Peg is not dead yet?"

"Sure, my dear gentleman, your uncle, Father Roach, was wid' her this morning, and gave her last unction."

Bidding the woman lead him to the room, so that he might judge of the truth of her statement, he fearlessly entered the palpable foul air of the cabin.

Beneath a filthy patch-quilt lay the sick woman, vacantly gazing, her breath difficult and audible. She must have been handsome, for there remained still the broad-lidded Irish eye, and the faded comeliness of feature; but now she was wasted, haggard, and grey.

A look satisfied Christie that she was in a very dangerous state, and the misery of the place seemed almost to bar any hopes of recovery. He took out money, and having whispered to the woman that he would do all in his power for them, he was about leaving the room with a half-formed charitable design in his heart, when there was a slight stir outside: the door opened, and a withered hag shuffled into the room.

"Her mother," whispered Christie's companion; and the stiff old figure moved towards the bed, as on wooden joints. Her white hair was rolled up beneath a handkerchief—passionless age was on the pendulous cheek—in the filmy eye—about the shapeless mouth. Not a greeting did she offer or receive—not a word did she speak—but she stood there shaking with febleness and age.

As she looked, however, the palsied fingers clasped together—the filmy eye glistened—a sudden impulse of grief braced up that old frame—she stretched out her hands, and swayed herself wildly to and fro.

"Mother of children, and support of my old age, is it *you* that are going to leave us! Is it because the grief, and the hunger, and the bitterness is come upon us, that ye are goin'? It's I that should be stretched there, Peg, darlint, and not you. It's I that made it my prayer, day and night, that I might die before my children; and is it come to this? I'll be lookin' for you, and listenin' for you the long, long day, Peg, darlint; the children will be cryin' for you, and my withered lips cannot kiss them asleep. Stay with them, acushla; stay with the mother that nursed you, till you close her ould eyes. 'Twas my prayer, day and night, to die before my children, and is it come to this?"

The sick woman rolled her eyes, and muttered as if in deep distress, but no words were audible. Christie thought it right—though much touched by the mother's grief—to interfere, lest the noise and excitement in the room might be fatal to the patient; he spoke very kindly and gently, laying his hand on the old woman's arm. She turned suddenly and looked at him; her face changed, and she shook him off.

"How dare you spake to me; how dare ye stand in the presence of that dyin' woman, Christie Roach? You! that are goin' the same coorse as Sandy Falkener, who made a beggar of my darlint. You! that are turning men and women out on the roadsides, where they must feed and sleep like pigs!"

"Whisht, Nell, whisht! take your noise out of this," said the woman in attendance.

"What for, Mary White, shall I whisht?" cried the hag; "an' who'll stop me from spakin' my mind, and splittin' his ears with the bitter, bitter, bitter truth?"

"You will be the death of your daughter, my good woman, if you make this noise," said Christie. As he was leaving the room he added, so that he might be heard by those outside, "I shall always do my duty whilst I act for Mr. Henderson; and be sure I shall never exceed it."

"Ah, then, is that your answer, Christie Roach," cried the old woman, following him fiercely, and shaking her palsied hand after him; "is that your answer; you that used to run barefoot thro' the country, when I had my thirty milch cows, and a slated roof to my head? Is that your answer aenent that dying woman? It's a dirty duty you've got then, Christie Roach. You'll have your beef and your mutton, your tay and your wine, maybe, when I'm famishin' and soakin' in the fields; but take something from the ould widow that won't sweeten your victuals—take her curse wid you, as you are going home to your parlour; may the"—

Christie reached the open air, and strode rapidly out of hearing; but the curse of that old woman seemed to be caught up, and borne along on the low wind.

There was a very unpleasant impression left upon his mind by this vision of misery; he could not rid himself of it. Immediately when he got home he seized on a large basket, and collected within it all the comforts he thought a sick room could stand in need of; and, packing them, he dispatched them by the steward to the wretched cottage he had so lately left. Then, wearied, and low-spirited as he was, he put his horse to the car, once Mr. Falkener's, and drove off to Roscommon. There he secured the services of a young doctor, who had on many occasions shown much skill among the poorer classes. To Peg White's hut they drove; and whilst the doctor went stooping in through the darkness, Christie remained outside on the dreary high-road. He was a poor man, and could afford but little from his own wants; yet he had opened his purse to the poor that day, in a proportion the lords of those suffering townlands never taught him to do, and that night he opened something else they never sought to do—he opened a rough Irish heart, and found it quite soft within. Through the dusk of the hut, as Christie gazed in, loomed a great figure, and big White stood behind him, his horny hand outstretched. Christie took it frankly, for all the evil report about the man.

"Pardon the liberty, sir," he said, with the tone of a heavy gun, "I'm thankful to you for your kindness, sir; don't take offence at the ould woman, what she said to-day; she's had a heavy life of it, an' her temper's nigh wore out—she's sorry for saying it now. I'm thankful to you for your kindness, your honour!" and, full of respect and heartiness, the dangerous character retreated out of sight. Christie drove home with a burthened heart that night. "I must turn that poor fellow out in a few months," he muttered, "'twill be a hard wrench to me to do so. Would that I could lay down this profession to-morrow without injury to Mr. Henderson, and I would shake off these odious duties from me."

About this time occurrences, trivial in themselves, threw his thoughts into a different channel, and diverted this moodiness and foreboding.

He interested himself still further about the poor sick woman, whose

life he had been the means of saving; and having heard that one of the smaller lodges on Mr. Brandon's estate was about to become vacant, he wrote to Mr. Henderson to use his interest in favour of his late tenant, urging the prudence as well as the humanity of the step. He received an immediate answer. Mr. Henderson had written a letter to his friend, Mr. Brandon, making the request, and Christie was directed to call and learn the result.

He did so, found Mr. Brandon at home, and in a very pleasant mood. He at once said that he would consent to the arrangement with all his heart, but he thought it as well that the woman should have shaken off all infection before she took possession, as he disliked the idea of fever at his gate-house.

"And let me tell you," said he, laughingly, "you carry your philanthropy very far indeed, Roach, poking into those pest-holes; I wouldn't enter one of them with a fever patient inside if you gave me a hundred-pound note down."

"I'm not nervous about infection," said Christie, "and that is the best security against catching it."

"Well, I was never thought a timid man," said Mr. Brandon, still in a half serious tone. "I'd ride over a stiff country, by the Lord Harry I with any man living; but, like the king who was afraid of nothing in the world but a tomat, I confess I'm not easy about this fever that's going;" then he changed the subject, and finally asked Christie to stay to dinner.

"Dine with us to-day, Roach, and I'll tell you what, I'll give you as good a bottle of claret as ever you tasted in all your life. I shall be out till seven, but my daughter will take care of you, and you can look about the place when you're tired of her. Here, Annie—ho, Annie!" he shouted without any ceremony—"here's my friend, Mr. Roach; come in here and show him the greenhouse. You're a professor in botany, I suppose, Roach?"

Christie was modest in his pretensions.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Brandon, "I dare say Annie will pass muster; she knows bad Latin for all the long names; but, between ourselves, I don't think she knows an orchid from a tiger-lily."

During this speech, the young lady in question entered the room quietly.

"Papa has not given me a good character, Mr. Roach," she said, when introduced, "but he's not so far wrong, I'm afraid."

"Latin names degenerate where the turf grows—eh, Boach, too many bogs in the neighbourhood!"

With this placid old joke, roundly delivered, Mr. Brandon hurried off, and Christie was alone with Miss Brandon.

"In here, Mr. Roach, if you please," she said, as she opened a glass door, and passed on before him down the long greenhouse, stopping at various plants, and turning upon Christie her bright, unembarrassed gaze, as she told him of the flowers. Christie was able to observe her slightly for the first time.

She was not tall, but her step was graceful. She had a broad, quiet eye—quiet as a shadow on water, with a frequent ripple of light. A slight curl played about her mouth, not disdainful in its meaning, but resembling rather a quick sense of humour.

We had nearly forgotten her voice : sometimes there is a measure of character in the voice. Her's was a low and pliant tone, with a plaintive note in it at times ; it was calm and pleasant to the ear, but nothing more. Yet there was one who avowed, and doubtless foolishly enough, that it came back on his memory with a longing, like the turn of some forgotten air.

There she stood, a quiet contrast to the tropic blaze of colours around and above—brilliant orchids, giant cactus, scarlet sheets of geranium, green festoons waving their tendrils with languour.

Christie had now an open for his talents, and an auditor, too ; yet he was silent and ill at ease. He felt he was talking stiffly, and he knew there was a grim ugliness in his smile. He was relieved when the show was over at last, and with an apology she had left him alone. Then occurred to his mind, as if suddenly let loose, all the clever points he might have made—all the pleasant information he might have given, if his intellects had not been busy in the sheep-fields, and his wit standing aghast at a pretty face.

At dinner were a few strange gentlemen. Christie was placed beside old Mrs. Wolsey, who was mother-in-law to his host, and would assuredly have found her a very pleasant companion, but that he was from time to time absorbed by a conversation going on opposite him between Annie and a gentleman of unexampled nerve ; for he looked at his pretty neighbour languidly, as if she were a mere matter of course.

Christie was in the drawingroom long before the other gentlemen, notwithstanding the allurements of the claret, and found Mrs. Wolsey by herself. He sat down beside her, resolute to be agreeable, yet shrewdly watching the door. But for this preoccupation of his attention, Christie might have seen in this old lady beside him a strange eventide beauty, the gentle eye of a dove, serene temple, over which her snowy hair was meekly braided, Care's gentlest tracery on her cheek, and a fitting blush on it when she spoke.

"What is that distant white spot on the grass, Mr. Roach ?" she said ; "you see it near those distant trees."

Christie had been watching this dot of white for many minutes through the dusk, and he was quite aware that it was the figure of Annie Brandon gliding away out of sight. He told his companion so, and was in hopes, for the first time, of hearing the old lady speak of her granddaughter.

"I'm sorry Annie is out in the heavy dews. She is going to see the gardener's sick child, and it is very foolish going into any sick house in these times. Would you, Mr. Roach, if it is not asking too much, just overtake her, and beg of her, from me, to come back ?"

Christie put on his cap very hastily—a symptom of eagerness, perhaps—and paced the wet grass with rapid strides. Annie had not reached the gate before he overtook her ; she turned round and recognized him with a look of good-humoured surprise. When she received his message, she walked beside him leisurely towards the house.

There was a restless breeze out that set everything in gentle motion. Miles above the grey herds of cloud scudded freshly before it ; the short grass was everywhere astir ; the fir-trees nodded politely ; large branches were writhing softly ; there was a flurry among the myriad

autumn leaves, so that broad gold pieces sometimes drifted away. Everything was gently astir, and Christie's tongue went faster than it was wont.

There was an unconscious excitement upon him. Annie Brandon said very little, yet it was through her imperceptible guidance that their conversation turned upon Christie's college life, and there was a delicate *appui* in her manner and her comments which persuaded him that she was interested.

"I cannot help thinking," said he, now in full swing on his theories about life, "that it is better for a man who would succeed not to be entangled by many friends at the start. He is sure to be harassed by intrusive advice, and have his patience tried by false estimates of his talents. Officious friends are enemies in the chrysalis. You will surely see them some fine day walk forth from their disguise as insects with wings, and very often a poisonous sting. They are sure to cast you off, or you them, unless you receive their oracles. After all, the two best friends for an adventurer are himself and the wide world."

"But I have heard," said Annie, "that the world is cruel toward the poor."

"Never believe it, Miss Brandon. I don't instance myself as evidence to the contrary, though I might; but I had a friend in College whose history would prove what I assert; he was a poor, helpless cripple, and the only real friend I possessed."

"You must be unsociable, Mr. Roach."

"This man had to be driven about the courts in a bath-chair. When he attended commons, or the hall, or chapel, a porter would just take him under one arm, as you might lift an infant, and place him on his seat within. He was of obscure birth and friendless, yet he gained a scholarship, it was said by favour of the examiners, and was treated with gentleness by all. Of course he had a painful struggle to support himself at first.

"Well," said he, in continuation, "I gained great courage from that poor fellow's parting words. He had been up in my room the whole morning, and we had a great deal of conversation on the future." Here Christie became deadly heavy for some minutes, and was half conscious of it, too; a long story, in unskilled hands, is like a fish-weir—easy to enter, but woefully hard to get clear of. "I lifted him down stairs to his car myself, and said all I could think of to encourage him. He did not answer me, and was driven away; but he had not reached the gates, when he returned and said, with some bitterness, 'You have implied, Roach, that I am helpless and deserving of pity. Don't pity a man that does not pity himself. No doubt my scholarship has expired, and with it my present livelihood, yet I have no fear. There is a great crowd rushing to and fro, outside those gates—I account them all my friends. Have you as many? I meet sympathy wherever I go. I never met a man who did not give me the wall. The great world is credulous and kind, man, and Charity is throughout it like the sunlight.' I thought it a grand thing, Miss Brandon, to hear that brave little man, whom a rude push might kill. He was driving away again, when, thinking he had spoken coldly, he ——"

"You don't mean he's coming back again?" said Annie, quickly.

As a small scimitar might cut through a bolster, so did this little ejaculation sever Christie's tale. His eyes were opened, and he perceived that he had been prosing intolerably. Why should Annie care about his crippled friends? Yet was he a little piqued and somewhat disenchanting till he bade her good night.

"By the way," said Mr. Brandon, accompanying his guest to the door, "you'll be glad to hear that Mr. Pierce Henderson is to be home to-morrow. I had a letter from him this morning."

"It will take a great deal of responsibility off me," said Christie. "His presence is very necessary just now."

"Good night, Roach; you have found your way here, and I hope we'll see you very often."

CHAPTER XV.

THE moon was broad and low on Christie's road as he returned, and his shadow stalked after him as gaunt as Giant Despair. All the way he was busy reacting the evening he had passed. Snatches of what he had said, and what Annie had replied, were coming back upon him busily, till he laughed at himself for this trifling mood.

Crossing some fields which divided him from his home, he came out on the wide sheepwalk, which had been the state-avenue to old Moorlands Hall. Gay chariots had rolled smoothly down this way ere now; rustling silks had swept along it, even as now the eery moonlight breeze. The quaint old ancestry have waked and slept, ate and drunken, laughed and prosed, within yon antique gables. Merry children, troubled age, young brides, lovelier faces far than Annie Brandon's, have bloomed, withered, and died here.

Up under yon mullion, where the ivy is crowding most thickly, have been dreams—vain night-dreams that were dreamt by the dead and gone. The quaint old ancestry themselves, with all their joys and sorrows, are but vain dreams now—not a trace of them amid the ivy, not a vestige of them on the grey stones.

As Christie approached the house, he thought he heard a distant murmur of distress, and he paused. It gradually swelled into a cry of female grief; it seemed to be shaken with agony for a moment, came nearer, and then appeared to float away: he stood still and listened for it again, with suspended breath, but it came no more.

"It is the baying of a dog at the moon; or, surely, since it is not repeated, it is the cry of an owl," so spoke Reason. "I must visit Uncle Roach to-morrow. God keep sickness and death from us," whispered the still voice of Superstition which lurks in every heart.

Once within his office the impression soon left him, and he fell to reacting the evening yet again, condemning himself for one piece of conduct, and congratulating himself upon another—in fact playing the fool in private, as the wisest of us are prone to.

"This won't do," he said at length; "now for work." Seizing on pen and letter-paper, he dauntlessly covered two sheets, and had only stopped for a word with suspended hand, when his thoughts wafted

gently off, without warning, into his late discussion with Annie Brandon, and he lost half an hour while on the excursion.

Presently he commenced another letter, and wrote desperately forward, until he detected himself writing down, with unfaltering decision, a remark of Annie Brandon's which would have puzzled the worthy old grazier to whom the letter was addressed.

He savagely crushed the pen on the desk, and walked impatiently up and down the room.

"I could laugh at myself," he said, "but that idleness just now is rather too serious a mischief. I shall go to the Brandons no more."

Much relieved by this explosion, he turned to look out of the window, that he might cool and collect himself by a gaze over the dark country, when he was considerably startled by seeing a grizzly face set up against the pane, and watching him eagerly. For a second he connected the apparition with the wild cry he had heard, and his blood grew chill; then it hurriedly occurred to him that this was some ruffian hired to murder him on account of his fidelity to Mr. Henderson; and stepping aside to his desk, he seized a loaded pistol.

"Master Christie," said a man's voice, "it's me; I was afraid of startlin' you; you're wantin', sir."

"Who wants me, and who the deuce are you?"

"Mick Flynn, sir, the priest's boy. His Reverence is very bad, sir, and onasy, an' he wants to see your honour immadiately."

Christie, having ascertained the identity of the messenger, threw on his coat with a foreboding heart, and hastened out to revisit his old home.

"He tuk ill yesterday evening, sir, but he was battlin' up against it the whole day. May heaven protect him from anything bad; it's he'd be the loss to the poor. I put him to bed nigh sunset myself, and ever since, he tuk to talkin' of you, sir, quare-like, as if he was dhramin'. I never seen the like."

"Was he at any of the houses where the fever was lately?"

"Indeed, an' sure he was, sir; an' I think that's just it."

"You must be in Roscommon by break of day, Mick, and bring out the doctor. You can put the mare to my car, and you will ring the night-bell till it is answered. Before you go you must send over your mother, as we may want assistance if he grows worse."

When they reached the house, Christie ran noiselessly up stairs and entered the little room, expecting to find his uncle in bed. He was surprised to find him seated over the darkening embers of the turf fire, with his heavy-caped cloak around him. He scarcely seemed conscious that any one was in the room.

Christie approached softly, and spoke cheering words; he got turf and brightened up the fire. Then he stole a look at his uncle's face, as the firelight leaped fitfully up. He was shocked at the change that was there: the cheek had an unnatural flush, the lip was parched, the eye was heavy and staring.

"Is that Christie?" he said feebly; "I've been wanting you all day—I'm weak and anxious, boy—I'm lonely without you. Sit by me, sit by me; get your globe, lad, and sit by me."

Christie's heart filled, for he knew the old man's thoughts had drifted

back over many desolate years. Taking his hand, he drew his chair closer.

"I can't think of it, Christie. Stay!—its an old Latin rhyme about the stars; shall I teach it to you? What is it, let me see? There's been unkindness between us, Christie. Its all over now, don't leave me to die alone."

"Uncle, you must go to bed; you'll get better there, and I'll sit beside you to-night."

The priest turned slowly round, and said, in a low tone which trembled—

"I remember it all now, Christie, and the tears have often stood on my cheek when I thought of it. I've had a longing to see you to-day, my own dear boy, and maybe its a token that we're goin' to part in this world."

Christie put an arm round the old man's neck, and pressed his hand in his own; he spoke to him with tenderness and comfort, and persuaded him to lie down. Then the mind began to wander again to the old Latin rhyme about the stars. He fancied there was a child seated at the window, and that the stars were twinkling on the walls. Once he seemed to be praying, and soon after that he sunk into a troubled sleep.

Christie watched by him all night in the yellow twilight of the sick room, listening to his mutterings, and watching the dawn steal on, till the infant light entered the room and glimmered on the bed and its tenant, so that it seemed but a fading picture of Sickness unto death.

At last the Sun rose, flushed and eager as if he too had been keeping haggard watch through the night.

The doctor came and did whatever skill could suggest; but already fatal symptoms had appeared; and, in answer to Christie's anxious questionings, he whispered those words, so sadly familiar to poor mortality—"No hope."

It was about noon; the sick man was in a state of troubled stupor, and Christie watched by him still. He was absorbed so deeply in anxiety and grief that he did not note the steps of two persons on the stairs, and only looked when he heard their voices in the room. Two gentlemen had entered unannounced—Mr. Brandon and Mr. Pierce Henderson. The former apologised as he held out his hand.

"Mr. Roach, I think? We found the door on latch and no one to answer it. I heard at your lodge that you were here and——"

Christie made a rapid signal of silence, and whispered hastily—

"Poor Father Roach is dying—typhus! You ought not to be here, sir."

Mr. Henderson looked shocked at the intelligence; then going lightly up to his companion, who stood near the door, he said with some abruptness—

"Brandon, are you afraid of fever?—there's infection in the room, and you stand in the draught. We'd better go."

Mr. Brandon started and changed colour; he grew deadly pale, and left the room hastily. Then Mr. Henderson went over to Christie again, and whispered in a feeling voice—

"This is a sad meeting, Roach. I sympathise with you very deeply,

and I respect your noble fidelity." With these kind words he followed his companion, and Christie listened to the horses' hoofs as they hurried away.

In the vigour of the day, when the glad sunshine was without, the old priest died.

The stupor had left him, life had flickered up for a moment; with an anxious look he stretched out his pale hand, as if groping in the darkness, and whispered falteringly—

"Præbe Jesu lucem!"

And the light he sought for came, but it was no earthly light that tranquillised his features! A heavy sigh—another—and the pain, the fear, the fever were all over.

Christie rose and looked at the old man; those pale, unsightly relics might have revolted others, they were inexpressibly dear to him. Choking with emotion, he closed the poor eyes, and then hastened out into the sunlit air.

A bright calm smile was over the land; there were distant murmurs of men, and tinklings of sheep, and the invisible rapture of the larks—a gentle din of life and gladness everywhere. Christie hurried on, leaving grim Death behind him. The fragrance of the yellow furze, the perfume of the meadow-sweet, was in his path; woodquests were fleeing across the blue heavens; the river slid beaming along, sparkling at times, as if a myriad diamond fireflies were alighting. Everything before him was exultant with life and beauty—not a crushed butterfly on his path to hint of death; but it was behind him, like a latent plague-spot in the scene.

Let him pause and look back. This joyousness of nature is surely false and on the surface, and Truth lies deeper still. In all this living beauty the taint of death is hidden. But when Christie left the fever-stricken house, an Immortal had passed out before him!

JOHN CHINA-MAN AT HOME.

EVERY one is off for the summer to Macao, that most fashionable watering-place of China. As Brighton is to the worn-out citizen of London, so is Macao to the far-off merchants of Canton and Hong Kong, who have left for a while the wharf and the counting-house, to enjoy with their families the cooling breezes which sweep in from the Southern Pacific. It was thus I soliloquised in my quarters in Hong Kong, at a very early hour on an intensely hot morning in March, wondering much how I should be able, under existing circumstances, to kill the enemy, "Time," which hangs so heavily on the hands of a luckless European soldier during the first heats of a tropical summer. I was momentarily expecting to be roused from my bed for the early parade, which was necessarily formed before sunrise; not that I had recklessly omitted to send in a respectfully-written application for furlough, but somehow or another the Colonel had been most awfully rusty, and as the present weather was hardly calculated to sweeten the acidity of his temper, it was not only with delight but surprise that I learnt from my comrade, Wentworth, who just then burst into my quarters, that the asperity of our chief had relaxed, and that our military fetters were loosened for the space of one week.

Charley Wentworth, who was of a practical turn of mind, having "shunted" me out of my bed, had arranged in a few minutes the preliminaries for an immediate expedition. As neither of us had yet paid our respects to Canton, we were first to visit that celebrated city, and if time allowed, go from thence to Macao, which place we should doubtless find getting into the full swing of its summer festivities. As one of her Majesty's steamships was going down to Canton in about a couple of hours, and we were sure of a passage if only in time, we lost not a moment in arraying ourselves in all the splendour of a Chinese summer costume—panjamas, blouse, pith hat, &c., &c.—and we were soon prepared to withstand the intense heat of a celestial sky, unfecked by a single cloud. My servant Caliban and myself quickly managed to stow away in a couple of light portmanteaus necessaries sufficient for a week's campaign in a friendly country, taking care, however, among other "friendly" implements, to stow away a couple of first-rate revolvers, well cleaned, oiled, and ready for immediate use; for without these "articles of war" nobody dreams of going anywhere in China.

Wentworth and I were soon seated at breakfast, and managed to get through a tolerable amount of iced champagne and chaff in a limited period, and having then laughed an exulting adieu to our less fortunate comrades, who were arrayed in all the stern paraphernalia of war, we lit our mild Havannahs, and leisurely sauntered down to the quay, fully concurring at the time with the epigrammatic joke of our assistant-surgeon, that the two most delightful recreations in China are "Whiffin and Tiffin."

We found her Majesty's ship "Tartarus," from the sharp, whizzing sound of the steam, the coiling away of cables on the deck, and every

now and again the heavy plash of her paddles in the glassy water, evidently about to let go, so we lost no time in transferring ourselves and luggage to the snowy deck of the "infernal" ship, as Wentworth, who was anything but a good sailor, insisted on calling our mythological vessel.

On the present occasion he might have spared the caustic remarks he generally felt inclined to indulge in, when casting his lot upon the waters, for the sea now looked more like a polished mirror than the angry giant I have sometimes seen it; but Wentworth, besides being generally sea-sick, on his voyage out had been caught in a cyclone off the Malabar reef, and what he could never forget he could never forgive.

We were soon under weigh, and as the day was excessively bright and clear, had a good view of the coast, which is extremely fine: green fields of rice, laid out in terrace over terrace, and stretching away for miles, running down to the very edge of the water, and intersected by numerous canals; groves of waving trees, looking down on richly cultivated valleys; neat country houses, white and glistening in the morning sun, with here and there a picturesque little village rising from a sea of luxuriant vegetation: such was the general aspect of the scenery we enjoyed, until we passed by the now dismantled Bogue Forts, about twenty-five miles from Canton, when the heat upon deck, even under the awning, became so oppressive, that at last a general movement was made for the gun-room, which a couple of coolies with immense fans contrived, through untiring exertions, to keep at a somewhat reasonable temperature. Sangaree, and various other complicated drinks, were in immediate requisition, and in sipping these cooling beverages, retailing the stock-in-trade of news going the round of the Hong Kong society, we managed to overcome the monotony of the remainder of our smooth run, and at last, after the use of many nautical expressions, which would not bear repetition, we found ourselves laid alongside the principal quay of Canton, and effected a disembarkation in perfect safety.

Canton! you may be a very princely city, with your noble river, your junks, and your flower-boats, picturesquely floating up with one tide and down with another; with your temples, your gardens, and fish-ponds, but your crowded and narrow thoroughfares, along which one is unceremoniously hustled, smothered in dust, and parched, next door to suffocation, with heat, go a great way to soften down the beauties both of your city and your river. What a motley set you encounter in the streets—fruit-men, with trays slung on horizontal poles; vendors of puppies and chickens; mandarins of the red, white, and blue button, with a more or less number of peacocks' feathers, denoting the rank which they hold in the empire, taking up nearly the whole of the street as they are borne by in their sumptuous palanquins, attended by a train of gaily attired coolies, some with music, some with huge umbrellas, while others are busily engaged in fanning their guinea-coloured faces. For the stranger, the epithet of Fang-ki, which means something more than foreigner, is the only exclamation his august presence elicits from the thick lips of the orthodox Chinaman, who is engrossed by feathers and buttons, and who looks down upon the sturdy sons of the West with the most supreme indifference.

Caliban, who had accompanied us, and whose even temper nothing

had ever been known to ruffle before, lost all self-control whilst we were trying to make head along the thronged streets, letting loose, every now and then, some very heavy expletives in unmistakable English, which, accompanied as they were by heavier kicks with a pair of stout ammunition boots, were anything but agreeable to the shins of the offending Chinamen. It was lucky for both ourselves and our baggage, over whose removal Caliban was thus anxiously presiding, and perhaps also for that worthy himself, that the Chinese, however much they may abuse and wrangle, are not in the least inclined to come to blows, or to resent any injury they may receive, except with that weapon which is generally ascribed to the softer sex as belonging only to them. A Chinaman may dog about a person who has offended him for hours together, but he rarely ventures on an assault, unless he chances to find his victim in some lamentably defenceless position, which precludes, in his mind, the idea of anything like a fair "set-too."

After a great deal of exertion and trouble, we at length reached the Chinese hotel at which we had determined to put up; and after a tolerable plain dinner of chicken and rice, and a stroll through one of the principal gardens of the place, we tumbled in for the night.

Arising very early the following morning, and wishing to see the sights of the place, we hired a small but active and intelligent lad, who had a smattering of English, for an interpreter, and made him comprehend that we were desirous of visiting the different objects of interest in Canton. From this sagacious youth we learned, much to our astonishment that a part of Tai-ping's rebel army had formed an encampment about five miles from the city, and that in a couple of hours or so the Imperial troops, who were the best and bravest soldiers in the world, would turn out to scatter this illegitimate scum to the four corners of the earth. With the enemy so near at hand, the aspect of the place seemed remarkably quiet; and looking at the unconcerned faces of the passers-by, all fear of a state of siege being proclaimed—gates of the city closed—no one allowed to pass without the walls, and other such lively proceedings—immediately vanished from our minds.

Having full two hours to spare before it would be time to set out for the battle-field, we proceeded, with our juvenile guide, to the Tyburn of Canton, where immense numbers of victims are weekly led to the shambles and slaughter with a *sang-froid* which, exercised in a better cause, would be perfectly admirable. It seems strange, but Chinese prisoners during their confinement are treated with uniform kindness, being under the special care of a visiting mandarin, who is again overlooked by a mandarin of letters—that is, a mandarin of the highest order—who is accountable for their well-being to the Emperor himself; but once their sentence is pronounced, they are butchered with the utmost indifference. To-day there were about sixty prisoners, who were all, for various offences, to suffer the punishment of death. Most of them were to be decapitated, which is looked upon in China as the most degrading method of execution, whilst the rest were to suffer the most cruel of tortures. We saw them march quietly out of the prison in which they had been confined (some of them only the night before), and defile, without the least semblance of fear, into a circular yard, in which the executions are always conducted. With the excep-

tion of a light wooden cross, and the three executioners, who were already there leaning composedly on their heavy-looking swords, there was nothing to denote the terrible use to which this slaughter-house was appropriated—no headsman's block, no gallows with its dangling rope.

I must confess that as I looked upon this scene, and saw the mechanical manner in which the few simple arrangements were made, a cold shudder went straight to my heart; not that I have been unaccustomed to look death pretty closely in the face, but there was an absence of excitement about this spectacle which seemed to render it doubly hideous. To judge of Wentworth by his face, he, too, seemed to feel it as deeply as I did. There the poor wretches of criminals stood, seemingly careless of the doom which awaited them; patient they looked, as a parcel of unconscious sheep cooped in a pen—more than fifty men—and yet only two or three guards were present to usher them from life to eternity. Fifty against three, yet no attempt to avert the terrors of the dread king—no execrations muttered in rage—no mutinous lifting of the arm to strike! Stolid as the Russian soldier when his column is swept by the enemy's grape—their large eyes fixed upon vacancy, as though they were trying to peer through the vista of death—they stood helpless, inanimate. The executioner now takes his place, and playfully beckons to the foremost of this miserable herd, who steps to the front with a degree of careless alacrity which made it appear as though the last scene he was now enacting had been thoroughly rehearsed. He slowly bends his neck; the executioner lifts up his sword with a jaunty laugh, and measures his stroke. He then begins, jokingly, to taunt this victim; to place his head a little more this way or that; and having thus amused himself for a few seconds—but to us the time seemed immeasurably longer—the executioner brought up his sword to its full height. It came down with a sharp “thwick;” a jet of dark red blood spouted into the air, as the head and trunk, still exhibiting unequivocal signs of vitality, rolled into the centre of this dreadful arena.

Wentworth and myself stood spell-bound with horror as, one by one, these doomed wretches placidly bent their necks to the sweep of that fatal sword, now reeking with blood to the hilt. Marat, in the whirlwind of the French Revolution, ensanguined with the blood which streamed from his murderous guillotines, hardly presented to my imagination such a terrible picture as this. There—there was the excitement of passion and hatred worked up into a fearful storm—you beheld the fury of the tempest as it came rolling along, and, in some measure at least, anticipated the ravages it was about to make; but here was a tragedy enacted without an effort; there was no pity, no anger, no appeal to divert the attention of those who looked on, no scornful heroism illuminated by a brilliant speech, such as Danton or Verginaud addressed to the National Assembly or the rabble of Paris, nor was there abject cowardice, which might have given rise to some feeling of contempt; all was passive obedience—the neck was bent, the sword fell, and, with about as much concern as Tarquinius Superbus cut off the tops of the poppies in his garden, the heads of these unfortunate Chinamen were severed from their bodies; and the Emperor, Hien Fong, whose name signifies “complete abundance,” reckoned a few subjects the less in his wide-spread dominions.

Wentworth and I staggered, rather than walked, out of the place as soon as we had recovered our senses sufficiently to make any exertion, firmly but respectfully declining the solicitation of our guide to remain and see the ringleaders of the party suffer the agonizing tortures of the cross, to which, he informed us, they would be fastened, and then flayed alive. It required a good deal of time and fresh air to remove even partially the oppressive feeling which now weighed upon our spirits; and I have no doubt that had it not been for the excitement of visiting the battle-field, to which we now began to look forward, that the rest of our furlough would have been spent in the most gloomy meditations.

It was now, however, high time to leave the city of Canton behind us, if we wanted to view the expected engagement between the Rebel troops and those of his Celestial Majesty; so, filling our flasks at our hotel with generous wine, and encumbering poor Caliban with materials for a light repast, we commenced our march in quick time, determined, if possible, to occupy a front seat in the theatre of war, and enjoy, in the fullest manner possible, the novel spectacle of an hostile encounter between two Chinese armies.

We started under the happy auspices of a fine day. The air was clear and fresh, for a light breeze came sweeping down from the mountains, rendering bearable the heat of the sun, which blazed away in an unclouded firmament. The road which we traversed, however, was shockingly bad, being nothing more, indeed, than an ill-paved path, along which a quantity of loose flags were scattered, resembling rather, in their irregularity, stepping-stones thrown across a stream, than a public high-road. However, as we got farther and farther away from the city, we were more than repaid for our exertions by the beauty of the scenery with which we were surrounded. There lay the river coiling away through an emerald valley, the deep blue of its moving tide relieved by the stately junks which were gliding on its surface; behind us, and more to the right, was the city of Canton, with its light grotesque appearance, protected on the east by a part of that chain of hills from which we were now looking down admiring the sublimity of the panorama stretched out before us, and mentally bewailing that fate which bestowed such a gorgeous land on so craven a race as the Chinese. As we proceeded we sprung several coveys of quail and pheasant, such as we were in the habit of bringing down in considerable quantities whilst shooting in the neighbourhood of Hong Kong.

At last, pretty well heated and tired after a rough walk of about three miles, we arrived at a very likely-looking place for a passage of arms, and having called a halt, we sat down upon the broiling rocks, produced our flasks, and lightened Caliban of the provisions, which we proceeded to discuss whilst awaiting the arrival of the celestial army. Wentworth, seated upon a sharp-pointed rock, was just, as he funnily expressed it, about to "whet his beak," while I was engaged in attending to the other department of the collation, when all of a sudden we beheld, much to our amazement, about half-a-dozen Chinese cavaliers, mounted on strong active-looking ponies, come dashing round the angle of a gorge at the distance of about five hundred yards from where we were seated. They evidently did not perceive us as they came swinging across the rocky ground at a hand gallop, occupied

in a most earnest conversation. Wentworth and I, although we neither of us had any intention at the time of siding with either Rebel or Royalist, nevertheless fervently hoped that the rapidly approaching cavalcade might be composed of Imperialists, who would certainly be the least likely to molest us. We both, therefore, hastily sprang to our feet, and levelled our pocket telescopes at the same moment to ascertain, if possible, the "names and colours of the riders." If Charley and I had been surprised when we beheld the party rise, as it were, out of the depths of the mountain, the Rebels (for such they turned out to be) were much more disconcerted at our unexpected appearance, and the sight of what no doubt appeared to them a couple of blunderbusses pointed straight into the centre of the party. For they no sooner saw us than their ponies were reined back upon their haunches, wheeled round in the most laughable hurry, and in another minute nothing denoted the existence of this terrified band save the distant clatter of hoofs, as the steeds, urged by their frightened riders, plunged madly down the broken side of a rocky ravine.

The first thing we did after this unexpected little adventure, which certainly exhibited in no very favourable light the character of the Rebel leaders (for leaders they must have been to be mounted), was to burst into a hearty laugh, and even Caliban, usually the most circumspect of servants, could not restrain himself from uttering a few pleasantries at the expense of the Chinese forces.

Having finished our repast, which did not take us many minutes, we again strolled on, but had not gone an hundred yards when, to our intense delight, we saw the heads of the enemy's columns (as we now termed the Rebels) appearing over the crest of some rising ground about two miles distant. Through our telescopes, which were again called into requisition, we could form but a very inaccurate idea of the manoeuvres in which they were engaged. After a little while, however, they deployed into line, and occupied a position which they had previously fortified, their right resting on a deserted-looking village, and their left protected in some measure by a light chain of hills which, gently sloping into the plain below, ran along from their lines, and connected themselves about a mile to our right with the higher range upon which we were standing. From the movements now visible in the rebel camp it was evident that they were using every exertion to make a vigorous defence, and give the enemy, whenever he should approach, a warm reception. We could plainly perceive their artillery busily employed in getting their guns into position in the centre of the line, and about an hundred and fifty yards in advance of the intrenched position of the rest of the troops, who were protected from any sudden assault, except on their flanks, by a deep ditch which ran along the whole length of their line.

The Imperial army, which had set out from Canton soon after we had started, now began to make its appearance, marching along the same impracticable road as that we had so recently trodden. As it came rolling over the the hill, it certainly gave one the idea of a circus scene at Astley's, so great was the display of colour and tinsel. The first regiment, which was now marching past us in double file, wore that peculiar Chinese hat with which everyone is conversant, a long loose-

fitting coat of light blue cotton, panjamas reaching down to the calf of the leg, and awkward-looking slippers turning up over the toe. As for their appointments, they were poor enough, only every tenth man being armed with a firelock, and that of such a clumsy description, that an English soldier in the days of Marlborough would have certainly looked upon it more in the shape of a relic than as a weapon fit for service. The remainder of this corps-d'élite were armed with spears which would have better suited the days of Parmenio and the Pyrrhic phalanx, than the later systems of Vauban and Jomini. The rest of the troops which passed us were of much the same sort as those I have attempted to describe, with the exception that they were dressed in different coloured coats, some red, some yellow, and some pink. There was one regiment whose coats were very peculiar, being white, plain at the front, but having on the back a large black ring with a bull's-eye in the middle, causing the men when they were marching from us to have the appearance of so many perambulating targets. The only use which Wentworth and I could see in so clothing this regiment was to prevent it from running away, for if the men turned tail they would have presented a most deadly mark to the enemy. If this was the object in selecting so grotesque an uniform, it was certainly a novel expedient—a new phase in the art of military equipment.

After the infantry came the artillery, which was wretched in the extreme, consisting as it did of half-a-dozen light field-pieces slung in ropes, and carried by coolies, attached to the separate guns; the carriages were detached and were dragged along by the artillery-men. How they managed to get them over the Canton road seemed a perfect mystery; the Chinese, however, are adepts in the art of lifting or pulling tremendous weights, not by sheer strength, but by method. The music which accompanied this host was anything but calculated to soften down the asperities of the battle-field, being a sad jumble of deep-toned gongs and high-treble clarionets.

As the troops reached the summit of the hill they defiled to the right, and having marched in that direction for about half-a-mile, they countermarched to the left; and when the rear divisions and the artillery were disengaged from the road, a halt was made, and coming to their front the Imperialists found themselves exactly opposite, and two miles distant from the enemy. And here it struck me as very remarkable that there were no cavalry on either side; indeed with the exception of a few mandarin officers there was not a mounted man in the field. The Imperialist General took up his position on an eminence more than half-a-mile to the rear of his troops, from which elevation, without the slightest cause for alarm, he might issue his orders with coolness and decision.

We were now full of expectation, and were not long kept waiting, for an order was soon given to advance; so placing ourselves near the artillery which, like that of the enemy, occupied the centre, we commenced a move in the right direction, protected by a body of skirmishers, the most curious certainly I ever have seen. Instead of being armed with Minie or Enfield, they crawled along carrying a few miserable rockets, which they every now and then knelt down to fire, and instead of discharging them at the enemy, they sent them nearly straight up into the air, where they burst and fell harmless as though they were only

intended for a pyrotechnical display. The Rebels, meanwhile, seemed to take very little notice, if any, of our approach, although the distance between us was now being rapidly lessened. Wentworth and I both looked at the locks of our revolvers, and tightened belts; and though we were acting contrary to orders, and also contrary to our previous intention, in joining the ranks of a foreign army and fighting under its flag, we both felt that having gone so far in the matter, it would appear nothing but sheer cowardice if, at this particular moment, we were to withdraw ourselves from the reach of harm, and rest contented with being mere spectators of the deadly conflict about to ensue.

All prospects of an immediate action were however soon blighted, for a halt was ordered when we were as yet more than half-a-mile from the enemy; and from the preparations which were commenced, such as unslinging the field-pieces, mounting them on their carriages, and getting them into position, it was very evident that the Imperialists intended to go thus far and no farther; and as on the other hand, the Rebels seemed equally determined not to quit the favourable ground which they occupied, it certainly appeared, as Wentworth facetiously remarked, that the lines of the two armies being parallel, according to a proposition of Euclid, could never be expected to meet. Our surprise at this unlooked-for termination of what we thought was about to be a dashing attempt upon an intrenched position, was only equalled by our indignation, when we saw one of the lowest of the mandarin officers of the Imperial army advance some hundred paces to the front of the line, and commence in a most vociferous manner to abuse the Rebel army in language such as is only in general supposed to grace the precincts of Billingsgate—the banner-bearers of the different regiments making the most hideous grimaces, and, at the same time, shouting torrents of invective at the enemy. After witnessing this oratorical display, I could well imagine that the vaunting words which Homer puts into the mouths of his Grecian and Trojan heroes were only won from the ridiculous by the elegance of the poet's language.

The return of this valiant Chinese hero was a signal for the commencement of the battle (which up to this period had only been carried on by the skirmishers), and also for a burst of triumph in honour, I suppose, of the villainous slang with which he had indulged the enemy. The common soldiers now began cheering, shouting, and waving their spears, while those who were armed with muskets let fly an irregular volley which, owing to the awkwardness of their weapons, inflicted much more damage on themselves than the enemy, for fully half-a-dozen of these intrepid warriors were severely injured by the discharge. The Rebels returned our fire with very little success, few casualties occurring; but whenever a Chinaman was hit, unless he was killed outright, there was no mistake about the matter, for he immediately set up a most dismal yell. I saw one man, who was wounded in the finger, making the best of his way to the rear, and roaring most lustily until a mandarin ordered him to be placed in a palanquin and taken down to Canton.

The enemy's artillery which, taking advantage of a slight inequality in the ground, had, as I said before, been pushed on over an hundred yards in advance, now opened its fire, but with the exception of a slight tendency to unstring the nerves of the Imperialists, with very little apparent

effect. For the next hour or so there was no change in the disposition of the troops, who kept up a most desultory fire. At last our artillery, having been got into position, was ready to reply to that of the Rebels, whose balls were now being pitched most unpleasantly close; one of them as nearly as possible took off my head, burying itself in the ground only a few yards from where I was standing. As Wentworth and I had been drilled into some knowledge of gunnery during the time we were stationed at Hong Kong, we were specially anxious to witness the manner in which the Chinese artillerymen worked their pieces; so having made up our minds with regard to the enemy, we laid ourselves out for intent observation. The practice of the artillery was, I must say, much on a par with the evolutions of the infantry. The guns and the carriages were both of Chinese manufacture, and I should say, from the look of them, that their lines must have been laid down by Confucius; they were unwieldy, badly bored, and excessively heavy for the weight of the shot they carried. Most of my readers are I am sure aware, from seeing our artillery work their guns at home, of the exact precision and order perceptible in every movement. Here there was no order, no precision. After a long time spent in hurry and confusion the guns were inaccurately fired, never going near the enemy, for whose edification the wandering missiles were doubtless intended. The Rebel fire was certainly more vigorous and correct than ours; nor was this much to be wondered at, since the balls served out for our cannon were not half large enough for the bore; the windage occasioned by this circumstance might therefore account for want of accuracy.

The Imperial artillery now tried the effect of their rockets, but they turned out a most miserable failure—in fact, a second edition of the skirmishing affair which I have already noticed. It reminded me of Vauxhall, and I sighed over sweet recollections of iced champagne, and sandwiches at five shillings a plate.

I was thus engaged in Dreamland, watching the rockets bursting high up in the air, when of a sudden the firing on both sides, and as if by a mutual agreement, ceased, and much to our astonishment, we saw the Rebels and the Imperialists break up into small detached parties, gathering fuel, with which they soon kindled some fires; and then the soldiers, who always carry their measure of rice, which forms part of their daily pay, round their waists, began to cook their "chow-chow" quite as deliberately as though they were in their barracks at Canton. They divided themselves into messes of about ten men; each mess was provided with a large iron pot, in which the rice was boiled, and when it was sufficiently done, it was equally distributed, every man being provided with a tin, which he handed in to the chief of the party to be filled.

When "chow-chow" (as this meal is called) was ended, and all trace of chop-sticks and rice had disappeared from the scene, the battle again commenced by a general salute on both sides, and the same languid firing, at the distance of half a mile, of muskets, whose probable range was about fifty yards, was continued as before.

Seeing that nothing was likely to ensue from this state of affairs, I determined to seek out the Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial forces, who was posted, as I stated before, at a safe distance from the

belligerents. I soon effected this junction, and then began, through my interpreter, and by means of all the Chinese of which I was master, to recommend him, by a march of columns along the range of hills on which the left of the enemy rested, to turn the flank of the rebels, and so force them to abandon the favourable ground on which their army was then drawn up. The General, who was most sumptuously clad in satin and gold, seemed perfectly to comprehend the practicability of the manœuvre, and in a few minutes an order was conveyed to the three regiments on the right of our line, among which were our old friends the target-backs, to carry out the plan I had suggested (with the exception of forming in column, which they did not understand), to move rapidly up the side of the hill, and having gained the summit, make a dash at the extremity of the enemy's position, and having broken the left of the line, hold their ground until the rest of the troops advanced to their support. This was the advice given by me; and it was therefore with no small satisfaction that I saw the right of our line break off and commence their ascent, which they did in tolerable order. But, alas! for all human hopes and anticipations, they had hardly faced the enemy, and marched two hundred yards towards the point of attack, when they first began to waver, and directly afterwards broke entirely and fled in the utmost confusion, and this merely because the Rebels jumped upon the parapet of their intrenchment and yelled at them. Oh! how I wished then for the grenadier company of the —th, to teach these wretched imposters, both Royalist and Rebel, what they may expect from British daring and British bayonets, should we ever meet them on the field of battle.

It was now growing late, and as the Commander-in-Chief did not deem it expedient to re-attempt the manœuvre which had just so signally failed, the amusements of the day may be said to have come to an abrupt and unsatisfactory termination. The order was now given to the troops to withdraw to the shelter of Canton; and about the same time we saw in the distance the Rebels preparing to quit the field for their encampment, a few miles to their rear, and I have no doubt that they marched off, as did the Imperialists, under the rather false impression that they had gained a great and glorious victory.

On an examination of our returns, it appeared that our loss was thirteen killed and about three times that number wounded—the Rebels, I am sure, could not have had even so many casualties—which, considering that there were about five thousand men engaged on either side, and that the battle lasted for five hours, was as few as could be rationally expected. The homeward march was now commenced, and a beautiful evening it was for the trudge back, which, notwithstanding the disappointments of the day, we thoroughly enjoyed. Moreover, we consoled ourselves in some manner with the idea that we should have a plentiful stock of the ridiculous for relation at mess when we returned to Hong Kong; for never had been enacted, in warfare, a greater farce than this Chinese battle. Our minds necessarily recurred, at the time, to the glorious days of our own civil wars—to the desperate struggles between Cavalier and Roundhead—the dashing charge of Prince Rupert's cavalry, and Cromwell taking the king's infantry in flank, and turning the fortunes of the day at Naseby. The comparison was any-

thing but favourable to the soldiers of the Flowery Empire, whom we were now gradually leaving behind us, their conical hats and long coats melting away in the shades of evening, which was now coming rapidly on.

We were not sorry, in the lapse of time, to find ourselves safely seated at a table in the hotel of mine host, at Canton, discussing a dish of chicken and rice, which we washed down with copious libations to the "jolly god," which proved very acceptable to our throats, parched and dried as they had been by the sun and dust. After dinner, of course, we fought our battle over again, and "thrice we slew the slain;" and, in fact, I do not know when our engagement would have terminated had not one of the waiters interrupted Wentworth, who, in the excitement of the moment, in describing the Rebel position, was busily cutting an intrenchment in the mahogany table with his pen-knife. The next move, however, which was to bed, was anything but disagreeable, and, curious to say, we both slept soundly, notwithstanding the excitement through which we had passed during the day.

The only other circumstance, at least of any particular interest, which occurred during the remainder of our furlough, was a rather exciting affair with some of the well-known piratical junks, which all the efforts of the Chinese government have failed to put down, even in the Canton waters. Their manner of action is pretty well known—they lie hidden in some secluded nook, but, like tigers, are ever ready to spring out at a moment's notice from their coverts upon any unsuspecting and defenceless enemy. Should anyone happen to fall into their clutches, he may make himself perfectly easy with regard to all his worldly concerns, for he may be tolerably certain that he will never be troubled with them again. The way in which we fell foul of those depredating gentry was rather unfortunate. We started early in the morning from Canton, on the last day but one of our leave, in a nice little yacht of twenty tons, with a spanking breeze which carried us down the river at seven knots an hour, and as it was about five when we started, at ten we were at a considerable distance from the place of embarkation, and began to think of bringing-to, as it would take us a long time to work back to Canton.

However, whilst we were deliberating on the matter, the wind of a sudden died away, and to our inexpressible mortification we saw both flag and sail flapping idly against the mast. In vain did we strain our eyes to windward, in the hope that we might gather some consolation from a rising cloud, or other sign of a returning breeze, to fill our languid sheets; but no, there we lay hour after hour,

"Nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Unfortunately, also, we had no oars in the boat, or we might have made the two Chinese coolies, who formed our crew, pull us on shore, where we might have had a ramble through the green rice-fields which stretch down to the very edge of the water. We were just arriving at that blank state of desolation which results in gloomy thoughts and deep silence, when Wentworth, who had just risen from his seat and

was standing on the gunwale, holding the mast with one hand and enjoying the luxury of a good stretch, sung out to me to look at the mouth of a creek a couple of miles distant. After giving my eyes a preliminary polish, I looked in the direction he intimated, and plainly perceived three of those horrid Chinese pirate boats pulling down on our quarter, and, as there appeared to be about thirty or forty men in each boat, the odds against us seemed too preposterous to hope for a chance of success, even if the pirates turned out to have no more pluck than the soldiers who were engaged in the battle I have already described. We had nothing to prevent them boarding us directly they pulled alongside. Had we even been provided with netting, we might have had just one glimpse of hope, that before they could "settle" us a breeze might spring up and enable us to engage them at advantage in a running fight. In that case, as Wentworth was about the best rifle shot I have ever seen, we could most likely have so disabled the boats by picking off the rowers, that we might have escaped altogether; but now there certainly appeared no prospect of success. We were only two, for we could not rely for any assistance on our coolies, who would be sure, as afterwards turned out to be the case, to lie down at the bottom of the boat as soon as the fighting commenced, thus taking up a safe and neutral position. We now began in our minds to abuse our Colonel's good nature for allowing us to go on leave, and for not being contented to remain at Hong Kong, attend to our regimental duties, and keep out of harm's way. The sailors say that there is always a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to look after poor Jack; and in this instance, as it afterwards turned out, the angel transferred his good offices to us. As Wentworth and myself were well armed with rifle and revolver, we determined that the pirates should at least pay dearly for their expected plunder; and so we set to work to examine arms and put up a long sight, so that we might lose no advantage and neglect no opportunity of making the enemy aware that we intended to make him feel the full weight of our metal, and to fight to the last. We arranged that I should load both pieces as quickly as possible, and hand them to Wentworth, who was the best shot of the two, to fire.

The boats, which had been rapidly approaching, were now only three or four hundred yards off, and I must say that I felt my heart beat rather more quickly than usual as I saw Wentworth raise up his rifle for the first shot, and take a steady aim at a horrid-looking scoundrel who was standing up in the bow of the foremost boat, ready to be the first to spring on our almost defenceless deck; and I was, therefore, all the more chagrined as Wentworth, who said he would take the fellow between the eyes, dropped the muzzle of the rifle with a chuckle, and said he could'nt hit the beggar he squinted so. However, he soon raised his piece again, and I was glad to see that his little pleasantry had not spoiled his aim, as at the same instant with the crack of the rifle the Chinaman fell heavily into the bottom of the boat, creating not a little confusion amongst the crew, who had no idea that they were within range. We very soon managed to undeceive them upon this point, for every time that Wentworth pulled a trigger a Chinaman dropped dead, either into the bottom of the boat or into the water; but notwithstanding the confusion which our quick and accurate firing occasioned, the three junks

were rapidly closing in upon us, and were evidently determined at any sacrifice to board and finish us. When they got within fifty yards, Wentworth fired his last shot with the rifle, and we both took up our revolvers and let fly a dozen bullets, nearly every one of which told with more or less effect on the savages, who were now, with the exception of a few rowers, all standing up in the boats yelling, some with fury, others with pain, and brandishing their sharp and glittering knives in a most uncomfortable manner. We had now no time to load again, so we clutched our rifles by the barrels with a last-despairing effort, fully expecting that in another moment we should be overwhelmed by numbers, trodden down, mangled and bleeding, and finally tossed overboard for the benefit of the finny tribe, when, no less to our delight than to our astonishment, we saw that the Chinese had experienced a panic, and before we had time sufficiently to think over the matter, were settling down to their oars, and endeavouring with the utmost expedition to sheer off. However flattered we might have felt at first at having defeated, after so hard a battle, so large and disproportioned a force, we soon became aware of the real cause of their flight, which was the appearance of a steamer coming round a point about three miles away from the scene of action.

This providential circumstance, without doubt, saved our lives; for the rascally pirates (whom we indulged with a few parting volleys) made off for the shore in a greater hurry than when they came out to attack us; and when the steamer, which turned out to be our old friend the "Tartarus," came alongside of us they had made such good use of their time, that it was thought useless to commence a pursuit. I must say that I think the rough treatment which they received at our hands was a lesson which they are not likely to forget in a hurry. Steady hands, true rifles, and Colt's revolvers, are not to be trifled with with impunity. I am sure that when the crews of the three boats assembled that night at chow-chow, a good many chop-sticks were dispensed with, and that there were but few votive offerings at the temple and Joss-house.

After giving a full and true account of our engagement, the captain of the "Tartarus" kindly took us in tow, and so lent us a helping hand, until a light breeze springing up, rendered further assistance unnecessary; so we cast off, spread our white sheets, which were quickly filled to the gale, and before evening had set in, found ourselves safe and sound at Canton.

"GATHER UP, GATHER UP!"

Hark! a cry is in the streets—
 "Gather up, gather up!"
 Everywhere the ear it meets—
 "Gather up!"
 "Gather up!"—but what, and why?
 Things deemed waste by thriftless eye,
 Gold are to Economy—
 "Gather up!"

Nought created should be lost—
 "Gather up, gather up!"
 Least is oft in God's eyes most—
 "Gather up!"
 Every atom He has made,
 Under contribution laid,
 Lends to man some special aid—
 "Gather up!"

Nothing scorn, however small—
 "Gather up, gather up!"
 Crumbs that from your table fall—
 "Gather up!"
 He who once five thousand fed
 With one meal of fish and bread,
 And had abundance left, yet said—
 "Gather up!"

No such word as "refuse" own—
 "Gather up, gather up!"
 Nought can profitless be shown—
 "Gather up!"
 All the faculties of mind
 And matter application find,
 When they are suitably assigned—
 "Gather up!"

The paper, treasuring holiest thought—
 "Gather up, gather up!"
 From the foulest rags is wrought—
 "Gather up!"
 Acorns form the forest pride,
 Drops compose the ocean tide,
 Years are minutes multiplied—
 "Gather up!"

Spurn not mean ones of the earth—
 "Gather up, gather up!"
 All have souls of priceless worth—
 "Gather up!"
 Those the world may now despise
 God shall, at the great assize,
 To His courts beyond the skies—
 "Gather up!"

DUBLIN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Is any apology needed for introducing to the unwary kindness of our readers an article on the Ragged Schools of the Irish metropolis? We think not. Whatever may be written or said of the cruelty of hunting and fishing, we have found that true sportsmen are generally possessed of the finer feelings and quicker sensibilities of our common nature; and the pleasing characters of Sir Roger de Coverley and old Izaak Walton are types and pictures of those who love the sports of flood and field. The mere literary loungers, and others who read the pages of a magazine to while away an idle hour, will not disclaim all sympathy with a subject which has recently excited such general and fashionable attention as the education of the lower classes; and the fair sex, whose hearts are ever open to the gentler emotions of charity, will assuredly not turn contemptuously from our humble attempts to narrate the exertions made, by woman aided, to minister to the helpless and instruct the ignorant mind of childhood. To every class of our readers, therefore, we hope that the subject, which we intend to treat without religious bias or sectarian prejudice, may prove not unattractive, and that even to many it may be interesting.

We must confess to a certain weakness in our sympathy with the "ragged" and with beggars, always excepting a blind man with a tin instrument of unwelcome noises, led by a dog in the day-time, but whose eyes in the morning and evening seem miraculously restored to sight, and a woman who will thrust into your face cocoa-fibre mats and Brussels-carpet slippers. Kind-hearted Charles Lamb, whose lament for the decay of beggars in the metropolis is so quaint and natural, would even except these two social nuisances; but yet it is to his influence that we trace much of the lenity, or even compassion, with which we tolerate mendicity. Rags are the badges, the honourable exterior distinctions, of this lowly state of mankind: they silently solicit the tribute of our sympathy, and mutely appeal to the better fortunes of the well-dressed, to show some more active benevolence to their wretchedness than by the mere words—

"Be thou warmed and be thou clothed."

But there is a stern repulsiveness about rags which few can resist. The impulse to give may be yielded to, but few can patiently inquire into the weakness and wants of the wearers, still fewer kindly associate with them to instruct their ignorance, and endeavour to awaken the dormant powers of mind of those apparent outcasts of a social state, in which it might seem to a casual observer all laws were designed for the advantage of the rich and the oppression of the poor. Yet there are some who conquer nobly the instinctive aversion to these attendants on abject poverty, and who see in them only the more pressing claims on active charity, and who strive to show the claimants the way to render their minds and hands instrumental in raising "the poor out of the mire." To such gentle spirits is due the establishment of "Ragged Schools" in Dublin, the very name indicating the unpromising exclusiveness of the classes selected to receive instruction.

In every large city there must, we fear, always exist a vast amount of destitution, crime, and wretchedness. All State provision for the relief of poverty, the punishment of crime, the alleviation of wretchedness, will yet leave much of these forms of human misery unreached, and perhaps unregarded. Hospitals cannot receive all patients suffering from disease or accident. The National and parish schools, useful and wide as the spheres of their influence are, do not open their doors to those very beings who are most in need of instruction. There is a class whose very appearance would almost contaminate, while it offended, those but a little removed from this unfortunate *caste* — the “ragged.” They dwell apart; they must be educated, if at all, alone; and for such the schools we shall now attempt to describe are benevolently opened. We must select a few from the many we have visited; not that those we shall name are more useful or better regulated than others, but simply because it were impossible to notice all; and a selection by choice or chance, it may be, is all we can accomplish. They will serve to give the reader a general insight into their management and peculiarities.

Let us commence, then, with the Ragged School of Mill-street.

A drive of a few minutes from the central situation of the Four Courts speedily exhibits all the riches and poverty of the Irish metropolis. To reach Mill-street we must proceed in a direction nearly due south, and pass through streets once the favoured localities of the city, before it extended to the east and surrounded Trinity College, formerly described as “near Dublin.” The streets are at first crowded thoroughfares, exhibiting marks of business and life, if not of great opulence. Gradually we leave those indications behind, and advance to clean, well-paved, and unworn streets, indicating only that energy and wealth had once been there, and had long departed. The eye is at once struck with the desolation of all around—the listless apathy of the gazers, the joylessness of the children, and the dejection of the adults. Mill-street, an irregular collection of old tumbled-down houses, is reached, and the car stops before the entrance to what was once, perhaps, a favoured country villa residence. It is detached from the houses in the street, is even in its exterior attractive to the curious in architecture, being built in the old “decorative brick” style, and still looks rather proudly on the less pretending neighbouring specimens of modern art. Inside a number of small rooms, ornamented with wood-carvings and mouldings, have been now converted into schoolrooms and workshops for the “ragged.” A more appropriate edifice for such could scarcely have been selected. It was on a week day we visited this school, quite unexpectedly, and found the work of instruction in full activity. In one room very tiny and ragged children were being taught, by a kind-faced young woman, letters; and, lest the attention of such juvenile scholars might be fatigued, they were, after a short time, made to join in singing a hymn, or exercise. Pestalozzi deserves all the credit of discovering the marvellous effects on youthful minds of the principle of “kindness,” and the pleasurable feelings enjoyed by children in the performance of concerted or simultaneous noises of singing or marching. The little ones seemed to take much delight in singing, and we did not too curiously inquire what was the hymn, or who the author. The rooms in which the more grown children, boys and girls, were instructed separately, we next visited, and

were shown very creditable specimens of the needlework executed by the girls, and of tweed and cocoa-fibre mats manufactured by the lads who were instructed in these branches of industry. The school seemed to us to be admirably managed, and much attention paid to the ventilation and cleanliness of this wretched old house, in which it is established for some years. Just praise is also due to the kindness and fraternal care bestowed on the scholars by the master and assistants.

The hours of attendance on week-days are from ten to three o'clock. The poverty and general circumstances of the "ragged" do not, of course, admit of their procuring food for themselves during their stay at school; and the governors humanely furnish each child with a piece of bread, or other slight meal, previous to their departure from the schoolhouse. It would, perhaps, be impossible to separate from the instruction of the mind the care bestowed on the bodies of the children. It is, however, to be regretted that the sad necessity exists for this double provision for intellectual and bodily distress. Sad, indeed, must be the want which would submit to five hours' confinement in school for the portion of bread allotted to each child on leaving it; sadder still the fact that the bestowal of such charity may give rise to the charge of proselytism, and provoke the angry religious feelings of those who should rather delight in relieving the necessities of the miserable recipients of this small bounty.

We regretted to observe that many of the children were afflicted with ophthalmia, or other diseases incident to living in unwholesome atmospheres, and with insufficient food and clothing. It was, perhaps, to be expected, from a glance at the localities through which we passed, and which furnished the pupils of the Mill-street School—

" Not one of those innumerable house-tops
But hides some spectral form of misery—
Some peevish, pining child and moaning mother,
Some aged man that in his dotage scolds,
Not knowing why he hungers."

It is, therefore, not much to be wondered at that the "ragged" scholars exhibit the plainest marks of their squalid abodes and habitual privations; but they appeared gentle, kindly, docile, and to love as well as respect their teachers.

The Coombe has recently attracted some attention, from the riots which took place in connexion with the school built by the Irish Church Missions Society. Thither we bent our steps from Mill-street. The presence of several listless policemen, walking drearily in short beats, at once pointed out to us the building, which, erected to promote peace and good-will, had served to inflame discord—the New Schoolhouse. All about was ancient, decayed, solitary, peaceable; and we entered without having run the gauntlet of volleys of stones or imprecations. We found the schoolhouse a really handsome and commodious building, admirably planned, and capable of accommodating from seven to eight hundred children, with separate departments for boys and girls. The ventilation and cleanliness of the several rooms were carefully attended to; and a feeling almost of envy arose in our minds at contrasting the school-rooms of our own youthful days with those we were then inspecting, built by charitable hands for the relief and instruction of the "ragged."

The resources seem ample, and we trust time and experience may direct the zeal which supports them, and enable this and similar schools to be productive of much more good than they are now effecting amidst opposition and riot. We could not but confess to some natural repugnance to this establishment. It has a proud, pugnacious, and polemical look—a provoking air of prosperity about it, demanding attention by its display of wealth in the midst of poverty, and contrasting superciliously with the meek, appealing, time-worn aspect of its near neighbour in Mill-street; and to this contrast, we have little doubt, it owes its not happy reputation of “preaching Christ” more of contention than good-will, and we rather gladly left it to behold the working of more humble ragged schools in other localities.

That part of Dublin extending from the quays to the north, and bounded eastward by Capel-street, is very densely populated, but is not prosperous. It is a busy scene enough, but the business transactions are small in value and amount; and lanes, displaying a continuous series of shops for the sale of old garments, old shoes, old iron, give a general character of decadence to the region. One of the streets, the ancient glory of which has long passed away, is Lurgan-street, unknown, perhaps, to most of our readers, as was Russell-square to the once witty and fashionable secretary to the Admiralty. Thither, on a Sunday, though week-day schools are also held there, we wended our way to visit a ragged school, maintained in what was once a “savings’ bank,” no inapt representative of the transition from wealth to poverty of the surrounding district. We found nearly four hundred pupils receiving instruction in the Scriptures. In one large room the adults were assembled; in two others the youths and children. There were classes of men who had nearly attained the age when strength is but labour and sorrow, of women far advanced in life, and of children scarce emerging from babyhood. These were all divided into classes, consisting of from eight to twenty, and were lectured by the ladies and gentlemen who on Sundays kindly devote their time and talents to this most charitable occupation, giving food to the hungry, knowledge to the ignorant, and to all the bread of life. Never did we witness a more striking sight, at once gratifying and mournful. It was impossible to look on the aged forms before us without perceiving how greatly inferior they had become in their capacities to the little children. There was a vacant expression of face, a helpless effort at comprehending the teachers’ meaning, a puzzled, desponding fixity of gaze, which contrasted painfully with the lively, animated, intelligent faces of the younger pupils. It seemed a hopeless task to insinuate, even with the greatest care, into the minds of those aged ragged ones, the very simplest elements of religion. They had been neglected and uncared for all their weary lives, and now we feared the kindest intentions to supply the want of early instruction would prove all in vain. In truth we almost deemed the aged figures before us not human, so much had the neglect, the penury, and hardships of their lives—

“Unmoulded Reason’s mintage characterized in the face.”

Sorrowfully were we compelled to acknowledge, “that the child is father of the man.”

The aged ones, whose mental degradation we were thus painfully wit-

nessing, had been as children utterly neglected. It was then too late to attempt the cultivation of this sterile soil ; it was, in truth, an attempt to trace durable characters in sand.

Great difficulty seemed to be experienced by the teachers in bringing down their own minds to the inferior capacities of the pupils ; and even after all their exertions, it struck us that they had not been altogether successful. The total ignorance of both old and young was something which highly-educated and talented persons could scarcely comprehend, and this rendered the task of accommodating their style of lecturing to the understandings of the hearers more difficult. There was an appearance throughout all the classes of anxiety to learn something, and the teachers were treated with respect, but at the same time with that confidence and familiarity which kindness from superiors invariably produces in the poor. Some pleasing instances of the good effected by the school in improving the usefulness and intellects of the casual pupils were narrated to us by the master. Two or three of the adult boys had been enabled to save, what was for them a large sum, seven or eight pounds each, by working at the trades taught them at the ragged school, and a subscription had been received in aid of the funds of the institution from another who had formerly been a ragged scholar within its walls, and who thus gratefully recorded his sense of the benefit derived from it. Sunday-schools, similar to that at Lurgan-street, and at which ladies and gentlemen of rank instruct the classes, are also held at Mill-street and the Coombe. How forcibly does such kindness contrast with the elegant fastidiousness of others, who shun the near approach of the ragged as if they were physically, and not merely morally, plague-stricken. Indeed we have heard of an English clergyman forbidding, until he was remonstrated with by a high-souled and noble-hearted lady, the attendance at the parish school of an humble little docile girl, whose boots did not present sufficient evidence of respectability and fitness to receive instruction. At ragged schools is rather fulfilled the injunction to go into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind.

The ragged schools which we have just described are, with others, supported and conducted chiefly by lay members of the Established Church. The children and adult scholars are, however, of all religions, or of none ; and though, with the exception of the Coombe School, no attempt at proselytism or religious controversy can be charged against the supporters, they are yet considered as rather Protestant institutions. Gladly, then, do we record the fact, that the efforts made to instruct the "ragged" are not confined to one Church or sect, and that there are several ragged schools in Dublin maintained almost wholly by Roman Catholics, and most creditably conducted. Detached and desultory efforts are not, it is well known, likely to produce considerable results. The strength of combined action, of mutual league, united thought and council, is necessary in all great movements ; and on this principle the Roman Catholics proceed in their organization of ragged schools. All their schools are under a central or general committee, who superintend the management of all, directing their attention to the localities where their exertions are most needed. The committee consists of clerical members of the Roman Catholic Church, who exert themselves most laudably to extend the utility of the ragged schools

under their control, and to improve the moral and social condition of the "little city Arabs," that class whose destitute condition exposes them to become the prey of ignorance, vice, and crime. These schools are not, however, altogether dependant on voluntary subscriptions, as they are afforded considerable aid from the Commissioners of National Education. They may, however, be properly considered as "ragged schools," as they are especially frequented, and, indeed, are opened for the education of the very lowest classes only, and to whom also it is found necessary to give food—one meal each day—as at Mill-street and Lurgan-street schools. The principal schools are in Linenhall-street, Francis-street, and Westland-row. There is no necessity for describing this latter locality to the reader. In the richest quarter of Dublin are the most crowded ragged schools. Truly do the rich and poor meet together; for "there is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give."

It was to get this latter half of the seldom-read lesson that we visited the ragged school in Westland-row. Fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen were hurrying through the street on foot or in carriages; all was life, animation, and apparent prosperity; yet within a few yards, separated indeed only by a wall, are the largest ragged schools of the Irish metropolis. We visited them, and found two large schools—one for boys, the other for girls—in separate detached buildings, with which there is connected a good-sized playground. The schoolrooms are large, commodious, clean, and well ventilated, and capable of accommodating from six to eight hundred children. There are, however, at present only about five hundred "ragged" children, in nearly equal proportions, boys and girls, attending. The numbers fluctuate considerably, and the children composing the minimum attendance are migratory. There was something painful, after the first impression of satisfaction at the sight of so many little wanderers receiving the rudimentary instruction they were alone fitted for—in the contrast between the wealth of the exterior, the adjacent streets, and the poverty of the school-children. It was too evident that the one daily meal provided by the liberal hand of private charity for the children was to many of them the only food of which they regularly partook. The faces were in so many instances wan, pallid, and sickly, that the struggle between life and death must have been severe, and, perhaps, not very long to be sustained. All the children were docile and gentle, and apparently well-behaved. Many of them were of such tender years as to be quite incapable of receiving even the most elementary instruction, and were sent to the schools more for shelter and protection, to be "kept out of harm's way," than with the hope of learning their letters. But with every drawback of limited funds of the supporters, occasional and irregular attendance, great poverty, and early familiarity too probably with crime, of the children, these schools must produce an amount of good which it is at least pleasing to hope and anticipate, though they are not yet long enough established to be able to produce many examples of their usefulness.

The most peculiar ragged school we visited is that in Linenhall-street, close to Lurgan-street, the situation of which we have already described.

An old, dilapidated-looking house, without playground or yards, is, from ground-floor to top, used as a schoolhouse. In one set of rooms are the adult girls' classes, instructed by a most intelligent mistress and assistant; in others the boys, under the care of competent masters; and at top the very juveniles, as yet scarcely able to be taught letters, but joyous and happy in the dignity of learning, and in the delightful occupation of performing simultaneous noises and gymnastics. We scarcely ever saw a happier or busier-looking collection of children; and the crowded state of the rooms seemed, we thought, to be more favourable to the sympathetic and emulative feeling so necessary in the education of numbers, than the more commodious, but comparatively less unfrequented, school-rooms of Westland-row and the Coombe. We were much struck with the bright, intelligent features of some of the children in this school; and, on inquiry, we ascertained that many of them displayed much quickness, and talent, and aptitude for learning. The experiment of teaching adult and aged classes had been tried both at Westland-row and Linenhall-street schools, but the result had not been encouraging, and, indeed, much could not be hoped from it. The examples are few of persons who, late in life, commenced the difficult task of learning, without, at least, some early instruction having previously disciplined the mind. The child may be trained, but not the man. Nor has it been found possible to connect with these schools instruction in useful occupations or handicrafts, by the exercise of which the pupils might afterwards support themselves, or even advance their position in life. The combination of industrial and merely educational schools is rarely successful, and the high prices of the raw material, and the competition of prison labour, have checked the efforts formerly made at the ragged schools to bestow some useful training on the hands as well as the minds of the scholars. This is much to be regretted, and we trust that ere long some effective plan may be devised by which instruction in the rudiments of the more common arts or industrial pursuits may be systematically taught to the lower orders. At all the schools we visited the ordinary elementary branches of an English education—reading, writing, arithmetic, &c.—are taught, and the senior classes had attained very creditable proficiency in their respective departments. No school can wholly ignore religious instruction, and the greater or less degree of prominence given to it. The adoption of the "National Board" rules, or those of "Kildare-street," is that which chiefly distinguishes the two sets or systems of ragged schools we have thus cursorily described.

We do not purpose contrasting the merits or noticing the imperfections of the several ragged schools which we visited, and have thus briefly noticed. Our impression is, on the whole, most favourable to their utility, as well as to the benevolence which has prompted their establishment. But they are only in their infancy. Within their sheltering walls are many hundreds of children, whose condition was previously the most wretched and desolate, now receiving, at least, the first lessons of education, the rudiments of progressive civilization, and obtaining also partial relief for their most pressing necessity—that of food. The beneficial influence which, in after-life, even these will exert on the future generations, is likely to be great and durable. But without are still very many thousands unreached by the benevolence which has extended aid to the others. No one can walk even through

the best streets of Dublin, and at any hour, without being struck with the great number of "ragged children" whom he meets in groups, and who have never received the least instruction. There is "vernal intelligence," which, under the slightest fostering care, might be cultivated to fruitfulness—

"From Nature's hands, like plastic clay, they come,
To take from circumstance their woe or weal;
And as the form and purpose may be given,
They wither upon earth, or ripen there for heaven."

The withering process was but too painfully exhibited to us by the adult class in Lurgan-street. It showed what a wretched and almost offensive thing is human nature left to itself; and the conviction was forced on our minds of the utter inadequacy of the means at present in existence of preventing a vast multitude of our civic poor from "crawling from cradle to the grave" in any condition superior to that of mere animals. Our ragged schools are doing much; and if they were organized like those in London, under central control and supervision, with a clear appreciation of the difficulties to be encountered and of the objects to be achieved, their agency would be mighty in checking the evil of an ever increasing tribe of human creatures growing up to maturity, and "perishing for lack of knowledge." The merging of religious dissensions, the careful avoidance of the least tendency to proselytism, should be the first steps in promoting this desirable result. But, perhaps, the time has not yet arrived for effecting such an organization. Much deference is due to the deep religious feelings of our Roman Catholic brethren. Their recent exertions in promoting the education of the poorer classes have been most laudable, and respect is to be paid to what others may even deem unworthy prejudices. Daily, however, are the fierce animosities which formerly divided the two religions in Ireland diminishing, and we are not without some faint hope of witnessing their total extinction. To this period, not impossibly a distant one, we must, perhaps, postpone the vision of a "Dublin Ragged School Union." Meanwhile we trust that the separate and somewhat rival exertions of all may be increased. We cannot look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow, and which will not; but with great confidence we might predict that the spread of knowledge would also produce virtue, and that the labourers in this field would reap a bounteous harvest. But in every attempt to advance the condition by improving the education of the lowest classes there is much danger of sudden failure and discouraging interruptions. The earnestness of those who undertake this good work is thus slackened, and apathy, or rather total despondence, follows, and prevents the repetition of any exertion to alter what is deemed hopelessly unchangeable. The degraded and ignorant state of the "ragged" is the result of ages of neglect, and will only yield to the continuous efforts for their amelioration steadily persevered in for successive generations. Patient continuance in well-doing is equally essential to the improvements of nations as of individuals, for the final success of many as of one.

And now we must relieve our kind reader, and dismiss him to the perusal of some more entertaining article, but with the hope that even these few pages may induce him to visit and assist the "Dublin Ragged Schools."

MY LAST DAY'S HUNTING.

WOULD that it were reserved for me, as it is for the great and blessed of the western warrior tribes, to wander hereafter over those hunting-grounds, where life's sweetest moments have passed away—that in me again the spirit of the Wild Huntsman might revive—that my ghost might haunt the old ruins of Kilrue, and in wintry nights to come, my view-holloa might arouse the slumberers in Kilbride! With a phantom pack before me, and my grey mare under me, I might float from headland to headland o'er the gaping chasm of the bay, or by the flowing waters of the Ward; that Aungier's dreaded farm, the treacherous meadows of Lagore, or Corbalton's bottomless abysses, where ere now many a gallant stranger has succumbed, might fail to oppose my enchanted steed!

Melancholy, we are told, is he who treads a banquet-hall deserted, but what are his feelings compared to mine when I look round my empty stalls! Never again, with the pleasures of hope, can I gaze upon my hunting paraphernalia, or the faded glories of my once scarlet coat; for, thanks to matrimony, I have grown obese and heavy, and not even the wizard wand of the great Anderson, or any other magician, could encompass me again in those well-beloved garments. Would that my life had been spent in those regions of perpetual winter which poets are so apt to abuse, for it was summer and its *ennui* that led me on to seek that destiny which has put such an extinguisher on my hunting. In vain, about seven years ago, did I try to fall back upon the usual resources of a summer idler—rides in the Phoenix, a day at the Curragh, flirtations at the band, hours wiled away in the Bay, an evening at the theatre, perpetual locomotion on the Kingstown Rail—all failed to annihilate our old enemy Time, whom many an idler like myself has ere now assaulted in vain. Joyfully did I accept the invitation of a friend in London, highly connected in the mercantile world, to see a little life. The glories of Ascot, Greenwich, Vauxhall, and the Opera, all passed in quick succession, and at last there came a dinner at Richmond, where I was introduced to Her. Descriptions of heroines have now got so commonplace that I will not describe her; suffice to say, that she had £40,000, was rather goodlooking, and that her chief characteristic was decision both in countenance and in manner. My friend, I fear, gave descriptions of my patrimony that would not have disgraced the imaginative Robbins; but, be that as it may, I found favour in her eyes, and, thanks to that eloquence for which Hibernian suitors are so famed, succeeded in convincing her that I was a more eligible bridegroom than the stout monied party whom her guardians had determined should lead her to the hymeneal altar. Towards the end of June I wooed her, and ere July closed had won her. She was her own mistress, and, deaf to all the entreaties of her friends, who, of course, gave me the usual character young men anxious to better themselves generally receive, persisted in accepting me for her lord and master. What *chateaux en espagne* did certainly haunt me! What bliss was mine

to be! A stud of hunters was to fill my stables, my hacks should be the neatest at the meet, four days a-week at least would I go out, my subscriptions would be increased, in order to give me weight and authority in the field, my phaeton should be seen flourishing in the Phoenix, and perhaps also a drag, and a house in that *sacrum sanctorum* of squares, Merrion, was to be mine. There would crowds throng around me; officers, aide-de-camps, and peers, lounging about as my guests; then dinners, dances, pic-nics, were all to follow; my wife and myself the stars of fashion. All such phantasies floated in quick succession before my delighted imagination.

The day was fixed, the ceremony concluded, and a trip up the Rhine arranged. I found my wife charming, but evidently possessed of a strong will of her own, and imbued with a fearful amount of common sense. A stern English education has certainly, in her, borne the fruit that its most sanguine admirers could expect of it—in fact, in all matters where finances were concerned, I soon found out that she was to be No. 1. Reader, if ever you marry an heiress get the money down on the nail. Be warned by what happened to me. The alluring bait of ten per cent. proved too much for my wife, and we left her £40,000 in the house of — and Co. Homeward bound, the intelligence reached us that the much-respected firm had just offered to compound for 2s. 6d. in the pound—in fact, there had been a total smash. The news came on me like a thunderbolt. I was totally prostrate, and an effort on my part to console myself by drinking, was speedily suppressed by my better half, for such she soon convinced me that she was. Not a murmur escaped her lips, and to the future only did she look. Sprung from a purely mercantile race, and not brought up as an heiress (for she inherited from a distant relative), she was intimately acquainted with the value of £ s. d.

’Twas on a dark day in November, not a flattering light to our metropolis, that I ushered my wife in as proud mistress of the family mansion in one of the Great Georges-streets. There it was, just as it had been for many a year. A bachelor myself, only two rooms did I occupy, but at the same time I had confused ideas that it contained everything that a family could require (my wife thought differently). Had not mine occupied it for many a long year? Was not my mother connected with some of the first families in the land? Had they not been entertained there? Had not my father spent two-thirds of his patrimony in hospitality? Certainly the efforts that our expected arrival entailed on that matron who was called house-keeper, did not reflect much credit upon her in that capacity. The work of reform soon commenced in earnest under my wife’s auspices, aided by a host of charwomen. Cobwebs that had reposed from generation to generation were ruthlessly removed; layers of dust, venerable from antiquity, shared the same fate. Short clay pipes and long-necked empty bottles, relics of gone-by saturnalias, were consigned to the dust-hole. Soap and paint had, in a few days, done their duty. The bright brass knocker, the cleaned windows and green blinds, the whitened threshold, and the newly-painted door and rails, came out in bold relief from among the more dingy locations that surrounded it. This accomplished, the ruthless hand of the invader fell with redoubled

severity on the unfortunate inmates. The old terrier was expelled; the housekeeper was pronounced as idle, dirty, and given to company, and an abrupt visit of my wife's into her domicile, wherein a strong flavour of the national liquor was redolent, sealed her fate. Lastly, the pride of my house, the coveted of all my friends, the unrivalled griller of bones, the mixer of untold jugs of punch, the best cleaner of tops in the city, the stern upholder of his master's looks, riding, and good name, the skilful president over my equine establishment, was pronounced unbearable, and it was stated that his Augean occupations rendered him unfit to appear in apartments frequented by my wife. I made a slight resistance, but it was in vain; he was banished to the stables. A Saxon youth in buttons, a tea-boy of the lowest grade, and two maidens unmindful of their *Hs*, were imported—the one to rule in the culinary department, the other to assist in loftier regions.

I managed for some time to escape notice, but at last the reformer's hand fell on me. Caudle! often did I think of you; for rest assured that in length and severity the lectures you received were as nought compared to those inflicted upon me. The evils of idleness and idle company, together with the degrading effects of the slightest self-deviation from sobriety, were carefully explained to me, and the necessity of keeping regular hours, and having a due regard for the value of time was duly inculcated; not a moment was to be left without some useful occupation attendant on it. What suggestions to me, whose only literary occupations were a look at the morning papers, or a more careful perusal of *Bell's Life*, on a wet Sunday! Then came money, money, money; how much had I spent during the day? What had become of that heap of silver that was seen on my dressing-room table in the morning? In vain did I try and tot up sixpences that I had given to cads or carmen, odd glasses of sherry, shillings lent to friends, pairs of gloves bought in a hurry—in fact, I was pronounced reckless, intemperate, and extravagant, and was informed that this state of things could not go on, as the whole of our income would soon be dissipated to gratify my selfish and frivolous tastes. My little extravagancies in dress were soon curtailed; a walk with my wife on all auction-days at Dycer's, precluded my favourite lounge there; she had actually found this out! The evening cigar was gradually suppressed. The little Sunday afternoon rendezvous with my bachelor acquaintance was pronounced sinful, and afternoon church substituted. One evening, on my coming home a little fresh from a select party, a veto was put to all egress after dinner, and that this enactment might be more fully carried out, my latch-key was surreptitiously purloined. This put the climax to my enslaved condition; the stable-yard alone remained my castle. I had sold the bay horse, and was keeping Patsy and the grey mare on the proceeds of the sale. My hunting days were my only solace, but little did I think that even they were numbered. A single knock on one of those days, of that suspicious character with which Patsy was so well acquainted, heralded the contractor who had supplied me with forage, and in a few moments his bill for the last three months was in Her hand. Of all the storms which had as yet fallen on my devoted head, none equalled that which awaited me on my return. With studied and bitter eloquence I was portrayed as the most selfish of

men, given up to my own pleasures and extravagancies. The certain ruin entailed upon my family and myself by this "horse-racing," was eloquently described, for my wife had heard of gents and clerks having been ruined by betting in the city, and she put all sporting pursuits in the same category as racing; then as usual she reverted to the £ s. d. How a family could be supported on what it cost to keep a horse and groom. But on this occasion I was obdurate, for I had this day covered myself with glory, and had been one of four up at the take.

Until bed time I made feeble and argumentative efforts to keep the mare, but then came the curtain lectures, occasionally varied by a torrent of tears, until at last, wearied out by many days' exertions, I gave a sulky consent to sell my hunter, nor did I for the next few days obtain a moment's peace until it was fully explained to my wife that the fate of the mare was sealed in a *Saunders'* advertisement, which went on to state, that on a certain Saturday a grey mare, well known with the Ward Hounds, and that has carried a lady (I was severely catechised as to who the lady was) was, owing to the sudden illness of its owner, to be put up to auction, and would become the property of the highest bidder at the fall of that hammer brandished in the hand of him styled the auctioneer.

One more day I was determined to enjoy; and despite of a strict order to accompany my wife on a shopping expedition, I arranged to breakfast with a friend, and to be the more secure from interruption, under pretext of just going to the stable at a very early hour, I escaped from home, and took a stroll in the streets. Never did the sporting resources of my native city appear so numerous. Horse-breakers, hunters in body clothes, animals in training for Confy or Kilrue appeared from various quarters, *en route* for the Phoenix. Then came through Sackville-street several of our most illustrious citizens, all making their way to the north side of the town with such rapidity as would lead one to suppose that some great calamity had befallen the inhabitants in that quarter; but such was not the case, for, with Harlequin rapidity, those demure-looking men will be changed into fully equipped sportsmen, and would ere long be at the tail of the Doctor's pack, following them in the same form as a worthy baronet whose gallant performance at one of our most dreaded fences elucidated from the admiring horse-breaker the happy compliment of "May I never die 'till you set a leg for me." Breakfast over, I mounted for the last time my gallant grey, to meet the "Wards" at the seventh mile-stone, and soon came up with a select knot of brother sportsmen. Reader, although a Nimrod you may be, our ideas on hunting, and the details of a day's sport with staghounds, are somewhat different from what you may be accustomed to, so let me transport you alongside of myself, and give you a detail of our day's proceedings.

We are a social set, and generally proceed to cover *en masse*, for the sake of conversation. Our horses and their merits we fully canvass as we go along; they are certainly better than they look, for being hunted twice a week, and doing a little "titty-pattying" in the Phoenix on Sundays, does not improve an animal's personal appearance. *Chacun à son goût* is, as you may perceive, the motto for our get-up. Hats, caps, coats, and breeches may be of any shape, form, or colour you think proper;

the latter ought to fasten at the ankle, and are to have false buttons at the knee. Should you wear ordinary breeches, be careful that there be a vacuum between the boot and breeches. Your boots ought to be long in the tops, which might terminate about four inches above the ankle. As there are no thorns in the hedges, a bright yellow knee-cap is sometimes desirable. To be an accomplished stag-hunter, ride on a snaffle and martingal—it makes your horse look like racing. A cutting-whip adds an air of business to the rider. Ride three holes shorter than is comfortable, and be careful that your feet be always home in the stirrups. By sawing at your horse, make the field believe he is pulling you awfully; shout at him when going at the fences, for steeple-chase celebrities are much given to this practice. Remember that it is decidedly slow to think of the hounds, or how they hunt; and bear in mind that your great object in going out is to ride before your neighbour. To “drop” him, when following you over a fence, is a circumstance which ought to give you extreme satisfaction; and to pound or to cut down a field is decidedly the summit of human happiness. Now, fully to excel in the above achievements, you must cross people deliberately when going at a fence, and never for a moment think of waiting for your turn. Do not hesitate to ride over a prostrate friend, but be comforted by the reflection that he would do the same to you. Do not go an inch out of your way to avoid a hound, for it loses time to let him go through the fence before you, and you may chance not to kill him. Be perfectly deaf to the cry of “Hold hard!” for this is quite indispensable to the stag-hunter. When beat, have an excuse always ready—losing a shoe, or stopping to assist a friend, have been too much worked upon; but carefully avoid the truth, which was, that you funked, or that your horse got beat. Lastly, entertain a solemn contempt for fox-hunting and fox-hunters.

Now we approach the meet. There are the farmers, the most liberal fellows in the world, and who allow any number of packs to hunt any number of times over their lands. Each one of them is mounted on a young-one—of course by far the best they have ever bred. These, with a few men from Meath, the Dublin division, and a detachment from the Bellinter hunt, form the numerous field. The latter gentlemen, by desire of the master, do not wear their green collars, the badge of their own hunt; for when it appears Nemesis reigns supreme, and all semblance of order among the riding men is at an end. The rivalry is desperate. Hounds are ridden over—three were killed on one occasion; and the argument as to who went best in any particular run is not to this day decided. Around a considerable quantity of chat, Anglice “chaff,” is going on. A really well got up inhabitant of the banks of the Boyne is informing us, who come from the city, that we shall never see the white-legged chestnut's equal, even if we were to live for a thousand years. The municipal orator, who lightens our darkness, is dilating to him who has supplied us with many a soothing luxury, on the excellency of the last day's sport. Near him the twenty-stone purveyor of the staff of life is giving a flowery description to a crusty-looking individual (mounted on a well-known grey mare) of the animal he intends to win the “taypot” with. Further on, a tall, thin man, on a tall, thin chestnut—both of whom may be seen out four days a week—

informs the company that they had better beware of their optics, for the old horse had had a day's rest with the fox-hounds yesterday, and felt uncommonly fresh in consequence. Under the wall, a demure, middle-aged little man, "*tendens ad sidera palmas*," is invoking every saint to bear witness to the merits of the horse he now bestrides (it is seldom he has a bad one). His oration is disturbed by a shrill voice proceeding from some one in a gig, drawn by a black horse, who is not always accustomed to so lively a load, inquiring whether any one has seen his hunter. At this moment cries of "He's kilt" attract general attention; and an officer, who is trying a recent leggy importation, is seen to fall heavily from off the narrow back into the Ashbourne-road. A friend congratulates the man in the gig on the prospect of a bit of business in his line; but he was premature, for the wreckers soon run to the fallen equestrian's rescue, have him mounted in no time, and they are again holding hacks, tightening girths, or rejoicing that there was plenty doing with the "Garrisons" at the Lough of Rathragan yesterday; or else they may be heard complaining that times were right bad (on the number of falls that the field get are these ideas of good and bad times regulated), and offering to give you credit for their next job on receipt of a small silver coin.

But the plot is thickening. The hounds, a capital close-hunting pack, are now slowly walked off, and this is now the most miserable period of a stag-hunter's existence, especially if he be on a bad beginner at the wide ditches which abound in the country; and the countenances of those who have not taken inward precautions (I knew a man who had his twenty-five and forty minutes' flasks) express considerable anxiety. We stand still near the deer-cart to allow two unpunctual gents time to get up, and to give every one a fair start. The first fence looks practicable, but at the next the wreckers are clustering thickly. There is no more time for reflection; for, after a repeated "gently, gently there," addressed by Charley to the more eager portion of the pack they are laid on; the crossing, changing, and crashing at the first fence is awful, but no serious results take place; at the next the real grief commences. The two leading men instantly disappear; the third and fourth clear it in gallant style; the next rides at it, but pulls off when near it. I take a line to the right, and pull off into a trot at a place that the mare, who is a good standing fencer, is sure to creep down and get over; but when about a length from the fence, I hear a shout, and at the moment feel the same sensations as if I had been shot out like a cannon-ball. The officer's horse had broken away with him, and caught me in the quarter. I am chucked high and dry on the opposite bank, but my mare falls back. She is soon on her legs, and there am I angling her, as one would a salmon, with the crook of my hunting-whip, to a spot where she can jump out. Up she struggles with a moan, for she has been much injured in the shoulder, and is dead lame. Near me the other luckless rider is getting scraped by Mr. Holligan, for he has fallen under his horse, and was half smothered by the black mud of the river of the Den. Oh! Hammond, Poole, Thomas, and Co., could you but now have seen that handiwork, which, not a month since, reposed as triumphs of art and taste on your fashionable counters! Other wreckers are fishing for a spur and stirrup-

leather : the latter has been purposely concealed until ample payment has been received.

The hounds are now about six fields off; a pass, a field off in the brook, has let up the majority, who already form that tail so indispensable to a gallop. About ten men are with the hounds; ten have now taken a wrong turn; a pause soon after proclaims an ugly place; one man gets over, and then three more; the next falls: this deters the remainder, who are looking out for another place. In the ruck some are making for the nearest roads; others are jumping every fence, and struggling hard, but have not got the gift of riding to hounds. Not a few who have performed that duty which fashion has entailed upon them are thinking of home. The hounds, now no larger than specks, have, with the leading men, disappeared over the crests of Kilbride; and, with tears in my eyes, I lead my lame animal to the nearest road.

Never since that day have I seen a pack of hounds; in fact, that was "My Last Day's Hunting."

TEMPORA.—No. III.

"RETURN!"—CHAPTER I.

"Is there then no hope?"

"None."

That one word was burning into his heart as he turned away to the lake side. He stepped into his skiff, seized the oars, pulled vigorously for some time, and then flinging them aside, buried his face in his hands, and allowed the boat to drift before the summer's breeze.

His thoughts went back through many long years, and he saw her as she first met his gaze, clinging to his sister's arm, a little trembling orphan.

"She is all alone in the world, Bertie; we must love her now."

His heart had opened to her from that moment. It had loved her ever since—his own Cousin Mabel. It had been the dream of his life, the cherished hope of many years, the master passion of his soul, and now this day her lips had told him that for him there was no hope. He felt the sentence was irrevocable. The very sympathy she exhibited for his bitter disappointment was conclusive. A fluttering heart may stammer out a negative it would gladly recall—an indifferent heart may, at some future time, warmly accept the love it now rejects—but the heart that for love returns pity is never to be won.

"Dear Bertie, believe me I feel deeply for you. Believe me it grieves me to the heart to be obliged to cause you pain."

These words were fatal. As they swept across his mind they stung him to the very core, and recalled him to himself. The oars were once more dipped in the water, and before long the boat was moored by the little pier of Lindwellstown, and the master of Lindwellstown was slowly and gloomily ascending the steep path that led to his solitary home.

Any one passing down the lake in a fortnight from that day could not have failed to notice that the windows of Lindwellstown were closed up and the chimneys smokeless, and would have learned on inquiry that the owner had gone abroad for one year, perhaps for two.

When this became first known in the neighbourhood, many were the conjectures and great was the amazement; for of all the stay-at-home people in the world, Hubert Lindwell had, up to this time, been the most so. He had lived at Lindwellstown ever since he left College, and had lived alone. His parents died when he was a child, and his education had been superintended by his only sister, who was ten years his senior, and had been as many years married to Mr. Hewson, of Ballycraig, the proprietor of those magnificent woods and picturesque mansion on the opposite side of the lake.

And so Hubert had lived alone in the old family place, and until now had never wished to leave it for a day. His heart clung to the paternal acres, and yet it was no show place. The house, though comfortable, was unsightly; the grounds, though lying well, had originally been

laid out with but little taste. But still, was it not Lindwellstown, and was not he the descendant of those Lindwells who, centuries ago, had given their names to the place? It gave him but little uneasiness that it did not boast the finest shrubs, or the largest conservatories, or the most costly exotics, or that it afforded no themes of admiration for gaping tourists, or rendezvous for sentimental pic-nickers. It was enough for him that it was dear old Lindwellstown, the home of his fathers. And so, day after day, for years, he had plodded through the fields and plantations, and never wearied of them. That he was doing anything out of the way—that he was acting the part of a model landlord—never entered into his head; he had but followed in the footsteps of his ancestors; and that a Lindwell could like any place better, or wish to live anywhere else, was impossible. Every man, woman, and child on the Lindwell estates, would have inveighed against such heresy as monstrous and unnatural.

Hubert's departure, therefore, excited no little astonishment amongst his neighbours.

"What can have come over him?" said old Major Davis to his brother-magistrate at petty sessions. "I thought he had escaped the prevailing epidemic of locomotion with which all young fellows are now-a-days afflicted. They leave their comfortable homes and social circles to wander in herds from this foreign mountain to that foreign lake and river, and what do they gain in return? Wherever they go they are ridiculed and plundered. Do they enjoy themselves? Not a bit of it. An Englishman abroad is the personification of sulk and misery. Are they influenced by a love of the picturesque? Not they; they fancy they are, but they deceive themselves. Look down that lake, O'Brien—there, far as the eye can reach, is scenery on every side such as I have rarely ever seen, and I have been in every part of the world. But it is not in Murray's Guide Book, sir—it is not foreign. A visit to it does not, in fact, necessitate what modern Irishmen most delight in, Expatriation, and, therefore, its very existence is ignored. I thought better of Lindwell."

"Yes," replied his companion ruefully, "and he will be coming home with some confounded stuck-up English wife, to snub and jeer at us, and make us all feel uncomfortable. Couldn't he find a girl good enough for him here?" And he thought of his own four olive branches, and how well any one of them would rule the roast, and dispense the hospitalities of Lindwellstown.

"Well, good luck attend him wherever he goes. His father went *wanst* to Dublin," said one old crone to another, with a dubious shrug.

There was but one who approved of Hubert's departure.

"Poor fellow," she thought, "it will do him good. Time and change of scene will restore him to peace of mind."

Perhaps she was right.

And so he went; and before long a letter was received, stating that he had joined a friend of his in an expedition to Africa, for the purpose of shooting lions and exploring unknown countries in the interior. A year passed away without any further intelligence. A letter at length arrived, but not from Hubert. His friend wrote, and the letter was a sad one. It told an idolizing sister that her only brother would never

return to her. In crossing a river on the eastern coast, Lindwell's canoe had been upset, and he and the negro who was paddling him were swept down a rapid, and dashed to pieces amongst the rocks and eddies beneath. Every effort was made to save him—every exertion used to recover his remains—but in vain. A few broken fragments of the boat, and a shred or two of his clothes floating on the tawney foam, told the fate of Hubert Lindwell.

A sister's sorrow is too intense for scrutiny—we will not intrude upon it; nor will we pry into Mabel's heart, or conjecture what feelings may not have struggled for admittance at the door of that secret chamber of the soul, where hopes, and memories, and regrets are treasured, never to be revealed to mortal eye.

On the fourth morning after the receipt of this fatal letter, a car drove up to the door of Ballycraig, and a spare, sallow, elderly gentleman, with a business air about him, alighted, and inquired for Mrs. Hewson and Miss Lindwell; and on being ushered into the drawing-room, was recognised by both ladies as Mr. Burke, who had been the tried friend and agent of the Lindwell family for nearly half a century.

"I have come on business matters respecting your poor brother's affairs, Mrs. Hewson. Pray remain, Miss Lindwell, you are very nearly concerned in the matter. You are not, perhaps, aware that the dear boy made a will before leaving Ireland on that deplorable expedition. With your permission I will now read that will to you, or" (he saw a pained expression on Mrs. Hewson's countenance) "rather tell you the substance in a few words. He has left all his personal property, with the exception of some trifling legacies, to his sister, Mrs. Hewson, and Lindwellstown, with all his other landed property, is bequeathed absolutely to his cousin, Miss Mabel Lindwell."

Mabel started from her chair, and her face and neck flushed crimson. She appeared at first about to speak; but suddenly covering her face in her hands, she brushed hastily by Mr. Burke, and left the room.

"Ah! overcome, poor thing!—very natural, very natural," said the attorney, whose quick perception was for once at fault. "I have only further to acquaint you, Mrs. Hewson, that you and Mr. Hewson are appointed guardians to Miss Lindwell during her minority. It is certainly rather extraordinary that our poor friend should have made such a disposition of his property," added Mr. Burke, who considered that he owed some apology to Mrs. Hewson for being the bearer to her of intelligence which he naturally supposed was unexpected and unwelcome.

"Not the least extraordinary, my dear Mr. Burke," said Mrs. Hewson, quietly; "I was acquainted with my brother's intentions, perhaps even sooner than you were, and fully approved of them. I think it will be better for me to speak to my cousin upon this subject; and, in the meantime, I will leave you with Mr. Hewson; he is in his study, and I know that he will be very glad to see you."

She found Mabel in her bedroom, pacing restlessly up and down the floor.

"Margaret," she said abruptly, turning her head away from Mrs. Hewson, as she spoke; "Margaret, I cannot, I will not take this property."

“ Mabel ! ”

“ It is yours, Margaret, yours. I have no possible right to it, or desire for it, and I will not take it.”

Mrs. Hewson took the excited girl's hand, and drew her to her side.

“ Mabel,” she said gently, “ I have ever felt towards you as if you were my own child ; listen, then, to me now—You will do injustice to no one by your acceptance of this property. I am more than amply provided for ; Providence has blest my husband with wealth, and we have but one child. You are the next heir to Lindwellstown, and dear to us all as if you were our very sister. You are, moreover, the proper person to inherit the family estate—in our hands it would but fall into decay ; we could not live there, and the old house would become a ruin, and the place a wilderness. You alone are left to preserve it, and you should do so, and you and Aunt Janet could live there, and we would ——”

“ You must not urge me, Margaret—you cannot understand my reasons,” and she hid her face on her cousin's neck as she spoke. “ I did not think of the injustice to you so much as—— Oh ! I cannot tell you ; but if you knew all you would not blame me.”

Mrs. Hewson raised the blushing girl's head and kissed her fondly.

“ Dear May,” she whispered, “ I do know all.”

Mabel burst from her embrace, and stood before Mrs. Hewson with flashing eyes and quivering lips.

“ You know all, Margaret ! ” she said, reproachfully, “ and can you ask me to accept *his* gift ? To refuse himself and take his property, is that your counsel to me ? To receive favour from one I could not love—the last man in the world I could ever ——”

“ Oh ! Mabel, war not with the dead ; oh, my poor brother ! ”

The choking sob, the deadly pallor, the drooping form, the hands pressed tightly to the brow, all told how intense was the sister's love. She could not enter into Mabel's feelings ; she could not understand that a sensitive and high-minded girl would naturally shrink from the acceptance of a gift proffered under such peculiar circumstances ; she thought but of the chubby boy, whom her dying mother had entrusted to her care—the boy whom she had fondled, and watched over, and prayed for day after day, for many a long year—the darling brother in whom all her family affection was centered, and who was (though she knew it not) even dearer to her, and closer to her heart, than husband or child. She could but feel that his last request was petulantly rejected, and the slight to his memory stabbed her to the heart.

Mabel was wayward, and resolute of will almost to obstinacy ; but her generous nature was not proof against that agony. She flung herself on her knees, and clasped her cousin round the waist—

“ Forgive me ! oh, forgive me ! my more than mother. Take your own Mabel to your heart again—all shall be as you wish. I was thoughtless, cruel, unjust ; I will do anything you wish ; I will not war against the dead ; I will take Lindwellstown. Look but on me once more as you ever did—let me be but your own dear child again—and I will do all you ask.

By the next morning it was known for many a mile that Mabel Lindwell was the heiress of Lindwellstown.

CHAPTER II.

THE guardianship of Mr. Hewson and Margaret is at an end. Mabel has attained her majority, and on this day the event has been celebrated—very quietly, indeed, for a year has scarcely elapsed since Hubert's death—and Mr. Hewson, and Margaret, and their little daughter Fannie, with Mr. Burke, who came down expressly from Dublin for the occasion, are Mabel's only guests. It is a gala day, however, for the Lindwellstown tenantry. Since early dawn the lake has been dotted with cots and boats, all steering towards the big house, and grey frieze, bright flannels, and gaudy shawls, have been streaming along every road, and byway, and path, leading to the place. And not mere pleasure-seekers are the wearers. These are the people of Lindwellstown, the occupiers of its soil, and they are come to assist not merely at a festivity but at a solemnity; without them the day's proceedings would be incomplete. Are they not assembled to instal a Lindwell in her inheritance?—to rally round the representative of the "old stock;" and to testify their approval of, and to proffer their devotion and almost their protection to, the young girl who fills the place of him whose memory is still dear to all their hearts?

And so they have been clustering round Mabel all the day, and she has been much occupied, and hurried, and excited, and is glad at last to be able, unperceived, to slip away from her guests, and steal to the quiet, cool arbour by the little pier, where she had often before passed many a thoughtful hour, and to which she now retires to indulge for a few minutes in uninterrupted musings. It is a fitting spot for calm reflection, and a fitting hour—the first hour of evening. The glaring July sun has sunk behind the western hills, and the melancholy evening star glimmers feebly above the horizon; but night has not yet fallen, and the last flush of day lingers on the still lake—all nature slumbers. A muffled hum of distant voices from the heights above her, a solitary boat creeping languidly towards the wooded point, alone impart vitality to the scene. It is a fitting spot and hour for the young heiress to look into her own heart; and as she communes with herself, what a flood of memories and anticipations rush across her soul. Thus it is always. At each vital era of our existence, at each turning-point of our lives, Reflection comes to us—a Panorama. We halt upon Life's pilgrimage, and the Past, the Present, and the Future appear and pass before us. Perhaps the vision has an interpretation which, if rightly rendered, might not be altogether meaningless or unprofitable.

And thus, in Mabel's reverie, memory wanders far back, and she is again a little child under the burning suns of India. A barrack-square—a hushed darkened room—a feverish kiss upon her lips—a manly form, stiff and cold—a pale, fragile woman weeping beside it—all flit before her. And then a wide ocean and homeward-bound ship, and for a short time the fragile form—and then the ship speeds on, and a dusky ayah is her only

comforter. Then gentle Margaret's sympathy, and care, and love, and Hubert's unhappy passion and untimely fate, all pass in rapid succession before her mind. And as the Present appears, the cares, and duties, and responsibilities of her strangely altered destiny crowd upon her mind, and weigh heavily upon her. They were assumed reluctantly, but (so ran the current of her thoughts) they should not be lightly regarded. Her stewardship should not be to her a thing of nought. High-minded and conscientious, with family sympathies strong upon her, she could never regard the people amongst whom her lot was cast as mere sources of revenue. Her interests and theirs were identical, and she would identify herself with them. Her mission should be to study their happiness and promote their welfare; her reward, to live not only with them, but in their hearts. Such, such should be her Future. And if, as she reflected how wide was the area for her exertions, a flash of proud satisfaction gleamed from her eye, who will blame her? Goodly indeed was her heritage, and others than a Lindwell even might well have been proud of it. Hark! to that faint whistle far to the southward; it is from the lips of one who all day long has been shouting "Long life to Miss Mabel." Let your eye rest on that light flashing on the northern horizon—it is a bonfire blazing in honour of the "young Mistress." From North to South, far as the eye can reach, all, all is hers.

Hers?

If the interlacing branches that surround her could part asunder, what would meet her gaze? No spectre, no phantom, no illusion of fevered fancy, but a living man. There, so altered indeed that none would know him, and in the garb of a common sailor—but still there, within a step of where Mabel sat—so close to her that his hot breath stirred the wild flowers in her hair—stands Hubert Lindwell!

He had escaped from the torrent, but by what means will never be known until he himself shall tell the tale. He had escaped, and there he now stands on his native soil, and by the side of her he loves best on earth. Often in distant lands he had prayed that he might once more behold home and Mabel. His prayer is granted! Why does he linger? It is but a step, a word, and his return is proclaimed. Can he not imagine how joyfully that return would be hailed? Cannot he think of Margaret? And Mabel—will she still be cold? Will he not trust to a woman's sympathies, and now, at this moment, cast all his sufferings and all his love at her feet, to plead once more for him to her heart? He stirs not, and yet he is strangely agitated, and his cheeks are wet as he gazes earnestly on Mabel. There is a pensive, thoughtful expression on her features, but the unruffled brow, the radiant eye, bespeak the tranquil heart. She is happy, and through him—is it not enough? If he were to stand before her this moment, what might not be the result? What if he were to bring back those troubled looks that still haunt and madden him? What if she should again reject him, and the heiress of Lindwellstown become again the dependant orphan? Could he be instrumental in causing such a catastrophe? Better she should think him dead, better that she should possess all his broad estates, than that he should live one hour again in Lindwellstown, and Mabel not be there. And yet to abandon

all without a struggle? Can he do it—can he leave her, and for ever, without one word, one last appeal? Reason reels amidst the raging storm within his breast—his brain burns like fire—his limbs totter under him, and self-control is leaving him—

A child's voice comes ringing down the path leading from the house.

"May, dear May! where are you? Ah! my truant chieftainness, where have you been hiding?" It is little Fannie who is playfully chiding. "You must come back to your disconsolate vassals. The great event of the day is about to take place. All the girls of the country have formed in grand procession, with little Pebbie Tansy at their head, who is to make a grand speech, and present you—But I promised not to tell—so you must come with me; and won't it be delightful? And oh! how happy I do feel!"

The child's elated spirits were infectious. Mabel laughed as she resigned herself to her impetuous little cousin, and they chattered merrily together as, hand in hand, they wound up the steep path.

"Mabel!" cried Fannie, as they neared the summit, "stop for a moment!—do just listen to the sound of those oars in the distance— isn't it nice?"

Mabel turned to listen.

"It sounds like soft, sweet music," she said.

How fell the harmonious cadence on the ears of him who, at every measured plash, was hurrying into the dark night, away from Hope, and Home, and Love?

CHAPTER III.

THE little speech was made, the simple offering presented, the night closed in, and morning broke, and another, and yet another, and Mabel reigned peacefully at Lindwellstown; but a startling rumour had spread amongst the people. A boatman from Athlone had told a strange story, and this was his tale:—

"On Miss Mabel's birthday a stranger, dressed as a common sailor, engaged myself and another man to row him up the lake to the wooded point at Lindwellstown. He landed at the point, and leaving directions with us to await his return, proceeded along the path leading to the house. We were curious to know what brought him there, so I followed him, and came up to him at the summer-house near the pier. He did not mind me, but kept looking in through the trees very hard, and seemed in great grief, for he shook like an aspen leaf. He staid there near half an hour, and then turned away and came back very fast towards the boat. It was getting dark at the time, and we could not well see his face; but his voice trembled so that he could hardly give us the word to row him back to Athlone. All the way down the lake he never spoke a word, but sat with his hands over his face, and appeared in great trouble. When we got to Athlone he paid us without a word, and took the road leading to the railway-station, and we have neither seen or heard anything of him since. He was a spare, thin man, very tanned in the face, and all covered with beard, and looked poor and

careworn ; but for all that, there was something in the voice and figure, and in the long, slinging gait-of-going, that brought back to our minds one that was always a good friend to the boatmen of Lough Ree."

The boatman's tale reached Mabel's ears, and her mind at once jumped to the conclusion that Hubert still lived. Nothing could shake that conviction. She hurried across the lake to Ballycraig, and threw herself into Margaret's arms.

"He lives! Hubert lives! He has been at Lindwellstown within the last four days. My heart told me all along that he was not dead, and that I was but a usurper; but I will not be one any longer. Margaret, I have come back to you. Take me, oh! take me back again; let me be the orphan girl you so long protected. I will not live another hour in Lindwellstown. Hubert is alive. I will not wrong him. He shall not wrong himself. I will never rest until I have restored his own to him again."

Poor Margaret was speechless between doubt, and fear, and hope. She was too bewildered to do anything but weep and press Mabel to her heart. But Mr. Hewson took a more practical and energetic course. He was not carried away, like Mabel, by a mere rumour, which might prove to be altogether groundless; but he was not the less prompt in making inquiries that might throw light on these strange circumstances. He wrote at once to Mr. Burke, and received a reply conveying intelligence which, when coupled with the boatman's story, seemed to confirm the public rumour.

On the morning of Mabel's birthday, a man answering to the description given by the boatman had called at Mr. Burke's house, and inquired for him, and seemed much astounded on hearing that Mr. Burke had gone to Miss Lindwell's, of Lindwellstown, and had repeated the words, "*Miss Lindwell's*," three or four times over. The servant, attracted by his uncouth appearance and strange demeanour, had, after shutting the door, watched him from the window, and observed him lingering about the steps, apparently lost in thought. After remaining in that position for nearly an hour, he abruptly left the door and hurried down the street.

This was a strange coincidence, and strengthened the belief, now generally entertained, of Hubert's safety. Every exertion was, therefore, made to obtain additional information. Large rewards were offered, and the agency of the detective force in every part of the United Kingdom was employed. Every seaport, too, was ransacked, but no distinct trace was found. In Liverpool, indeed, a ship's crew reported that, some months previously, a boat from their vessel had picked up, on the eastern coast of Africa, a European, half naked and nearly famished, who had attracted attention by his cries and gestures, and who told a tale of escapes, and sufferings, and privations, almost incredible. He had worked his passage home with them, and had left the ship as soon as she arrived in port, and nothing had been seen of him since. Beyond this no information could be obtained. Days and days passed away, and no further clue was found. Margaret, and even Mr. Hewson, began to despond.

But Mabel's strong belief was not to be shaken.

“He lives,” she said, “and I WILL bring him back;” and she wrote as follows:—

“RETURN! HUBERT, RETURN! All is known. Continued absence is unavailing. Think of the unspeakable misery you are causing to us all. Return! dear Hubert, return! All will be well. It is MABEL who implores you.”

That passionate appeal, day after day, from the columns of the *Times*, calls on the wanderer to return.

But the windows of Lindwellstown are still closed, and the house is vacant.

Has he not seen it?

Margaret thinks he has. Latterly she appears less desponding, and has become much more mysterious. Can she be in communication with him?

Will he return?

Margaret cannot tell, but looks anxiously towards Mabel.

Does he await a more explicit summons? Was the first too vague? Is he in doubt as to the reception he would meet with?

And if he did return, what would he find?

The high-minded girl who scorns to receive a favour from the man she cannot love? The proud girl who will not be outdone in generosity? The just-minded girl who will not suffer a man with high-flown sentiments to be unjust to himself? The tender-hearted girl who could not bear that, on her account, there should be aching hearts around her—that Margaret's brother should be a homeless wanderer?

Is this all? Is this the Mabel he would find?

Or—— But why conjecture? As yet the windows of Lindwellstown are closed, and the house is vacant.

THE FRITHIOF SAGA.*

THANKS to Miss Bremer and Hans C. Anderssen, the field of Swedish literature is no longer a terra incognita to the English student. A *poem* in the Swedish tongue is, however, something rather new; and we do Mr. Blackley but justice when we say, that so far as our means of judging extend, he has, on the whole, faithfully acquitted himself of a task by no means easy, viz., that of representing in English verse ideas and images for which our language can hardly be said to possess the requisite terms. The tales of the Sea Kings of Norway may have a great charm for a Norwegian whose tongue is well fitted to grapple with their hard names and Neptune-like sentiments; but they hardly come home to an English reader, islander though he is. We know not how it is, but romances seem to demand a warmer clime than 60 degrees, N. latitude, to ripen them for general consumption. We are suckled upon Aladdin's lamp, and nursed by Ali Baba and his forty thieves; Cinderella with her glass slipper carefully closes the eyes of our extreme youth, and we are weaned upon the fascinating pages of Washington Irving's tales of the Alhambra. All these belong to sunny lands, and are the offspring of Oriental fancy. It is no small credit, then, to Mr. Blackley that he has been able to put his cold Northern "Frithiof Saga" into anything like a palatable form; and although in many places we think his versification false in measure, and cannot approve of the frequent transposition of words for the sake of rhyme, which a more judicious choice of those to be employed would have rendered unnecessary, we should yet, on the whole, pronounce the volume (the subject and language considered) a creditable one to a young translator, and an amusing one to any reader, young or old. As for the story of Frithiof (Frithiof Saga, or story), it is the old one in which two young people—an only daughter of a king, and only son of a powerful noble—fall desperately in love with each other for no other apparent reason than the very common and satisfactory one, that they were precisely the very pair who ought not; this, of course, is the old Romeo and Juliet principle carried down from the earliest times to the present hour. Ingeborg, the fair one in question, however, had unfortunately not only one "big brother," but two, who snubbed Frithiof sadly, and insisted on his rejection. The day of vengeance however was at hand; King Ring, who seems to have been a very troublesome man in his way, and as constantly in hot water with somebody or another as the Bishop of Exeter himself, made war upon the two brothers one day, who, in their need, applied to Frithiof

* "The Frithiof Saga; or, Lay of Frithiof." By Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Wexiö. Translated by the Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A. Dublin: McGlashan and Gill. 1857.

for aid. The latter, when the envoy arrived, was carrying on a mimic war of his own ; for he

“ Sat with Bjorn the true
At the chess-board, fair to view ;
Squares of silver decked the frame,
Interchanged with squares of gold.”

A pastime which he had naturally no mind to relinquish for a real war in aid of those who had treated him so scurvily. Frithiof accordingly metaphorically snapped his fingers in the Envoy Hilding's face, with the words—

“ Go let the sons of Belè learn
That since my suit they dared to spurn,
No bond between us shall be tied ;
Their serf I never shall become.”

The brothers were beaten and taken prisoners. King Ring, as usual in such cases made and provided, making possession of the lovely sister's person the price of the brothers' freedom. There is no knowing what might have happened, had not Frithiof fortunately, but sacrilegiously, met Ingeborg in the holy grove of “ a tender god ” called Balder, and there exchanged rings and other endearments. All this is described in a light, flowing, romantic strain, which carries the reader pleasantly on through flood and field, and hard Norse names, worse than either. Tender as the god was, however, the consequence of Frithiof's intrusion upon his privacy was the infliction, as penance, of a two years' sea voyage to the Faroes (Færoe Isles), with the additional duty of enforcing a tribute from their inhabitants, which, to judge from our own experience of getting in rents at the present day, must have been about the hardest part of all. King Yarl, of the Faroes, however, seems to have been a very soft, or at any rate a very agreeable kind of yearly tenant, whose example we regret to say is but little followed in the 19th century ; for he let Frithiof have the tribute for friendship's sake, and because he had the bother of coming so far to fetch it. After many storms and other dangers, wherein the fair Ingeborg's ring always preserved him, Frithiof returned to find a very discreditable scene of dissipation going on on the part of Ingeborg's brothers in the very sacred grove which he had been transported for defiling, by making love therein to their sister. This was more than flesh and blood could stand ; fire and sword became the order of the day, and this done, Frithiof took a turn on the sea as an Avenger-General of wrongs. The great Sea Kings were “ put down,” and he paid Ingeborg and her husband, King Ring, a visit in disguise, which both very soon penetrated. The effect of the discovery seems, however, to have been rather unusual in its nature, inasmuch as not only did King Ring insist on Frithiof's remaining as his guest, but he completed the hospitality by making over to him his wife, the fair Ingeborg herself. So discreet a monarch, and generous a friend, could not long be guilty of the want of taste of living in a world where he was manifestly *de trop*. With great judgment, accordingly, he died one morning,

giving utterance to the expression, "It scarce can be harder to die than to live;" a very natural sentiment it appears to us, coming from a gentleman who had plac'd himself in such peculiar circumstances. Not to be behind-hand in his part of the transaction, Frithiof forthwith mounted the throne, married the fair Ingeborg, and wound up the whole business to the satisfaction of all parties, by killing one brother and making the other a serf; an arrangement to which not even the sufferers, whose views of the matter might have been expected to have been least favourable, appeared to have had the slightest objection.

So much for the story itself—next for the way in which it is related. This, in our mind, is very unequal, the opening being certainly the least good portion of the whole. The youth of Frithiof and Ingeborg is described in the old arborescent style, he

"Strong as the oak and towering high,
Straight as a tall lance towards the sky,
She, like the fragile rose,
When winter, parting, melts the snows,
And spring's sweet breath bids flowers arise.

.
So grew they, glad in childhood free."

There is nothing novel in all this; in fact, it recalls to us too much the fate of Lord Lovel and Nancy Bell. The dying advice of King Belk to his sons Helge and Halfden, is almost Shakesperian—

"Be not severe, be firm alone;
By bending most, the truest sword is known.
Mercy adorns a king, as flowers a shield."

And again—

"Thy confidence to many shun to give;
Full barns we lock, the empty open leave.
Choose *one* in whom to trust—more seek not thou—
The world, oh! Halfden, knows what three men know."

The account of Frithiof's inheritance follows next, and then Frithiof's wooing; but as we do not perceive that his wooing differed very much from other people's wooing, we shall not trouble the reader with the love-passages in question. Then comes the parting, which, to our mind, Frithiof, for such a warm lover, takes remarkably cool. Poor Ingeborg, on the contrary, passes four dreary seasons in lamentation. Ere long, however, a storm comes on at sea, which convinces Frithiof he had changed rather for the worse in giving up love for danger; and he very sensibly remarks—(p. 77)—

"Sweeter were the kisses
Of Ingeborg in the grove,
Than here to taste in tempest
High sprinkled briny foam.
Better the royal daughter
Of Belè to embrace,
Than here, in anxious labor,
The tiller fast to hold."

We entirely agree with him, that a mouthful of sea-water and a pair of tiller-ropes was about as indifferent an exchange for the rosy lips and lovely arms he was raving of, nine pages back, as could well be. We have already said that Ingeborg proving false, Frithiof continued to wander o'er the earth, on the Spanish proverb principle—either to take another, or to travel about.

“ En cosas de amor,
 No hay remedio
 Que tomar un otro,
 O poner tierra por medio,”

used to be said or sung in our days in the sunny South. To our mind the concluding portion of the tale—Frithiof's return, his temptation, and, best of all, his visit to his father's grave—are the portions of this volume most deserving of notice. The translation is evidently the work of one not much used to the task of translating, and, perhaps, a little too much inclined to borrow from the imagery of older writers. But this last is both a natural and a trivial fault; and we therefore consider Mr. Blackley entitled to *much* credit for this effort on his part to bring us more into acquaintance with the romance and the literature of Northern Europe. His work bespeaks our favour from the modesty of its preface, and merits success by having overcome the great difficulty of rendering its original in a foreign tongue. We wish it that success.

THE GUM-CISTUS, OR FLOWER OF LOVE.

Behold yon gaudy, painted flower,
 Quick opening to the morning's rays,
 It springs and blossoms in an hour,
 With evening's chill its bloom decays!
 Yet thoughtless maidens, as they rove,
 Mistake, and call it Flower of Love!

But Love's true plant before it springs,
 Deep in the breast its fibres shoots,
 And clasps the heart and round it clings,
 And fastens with a thousand roots.
 Then bids its towering branches climb,
 And brave the withering hand of Time.

HOG-HUNTING IN WESTERN INDIA.

"WELL, which do you prefer—fox-hunting or hog-hunting?" This question is one commonly asked in the Mofussil in India, and it gives rise to animated discussions at messes, and in the quarters of young officers in every cantonment placed in a hog-hunting country. The point is never settled, never exhausted, and furnishes an ever-exciting topic of conversation with the enthusiasts of either sport, when lolling about on sofas in the heat of the day in pyjamas, and with cheroots, and a well-made, well-iced "mug" on the table, under discussion; and it is, after all, a very pleasant subject to gossip upon in a country in which conversation is rarely animated, necessarily very limited, and never very novel. According to my experience I should say that, in general, young fellows who have been riding ponies to hounds when home for the holidays, and who, before coming to India, have had a hunter or two, are so imbued with the delights and excitement of fox-hunting, that they never will allow that any other sport ever can come near it. They do not acknowledge that there is any other pleasure in the world comparable to a burst with fox-hounds, which they are perpetually sighing for during the first two or three years that they are in India; and there are many who retain this opinion to the end of their days. On the other hand, those who have begun their acquaintance with hunting of any sort in India, and who, after some years of hog-hunting, come home on furlough, and then try fox-hunting for the first time, generally give the preference to the Indian sport. But, in truth, the two sports will not bear comparison. As our French neighbours so constantly say, "they are not the same thing." There is one thing certainly that is common to both, and that is, the sportsmen are mounted, but there the similarity ends; and it would be just as reasonable to compare grouse-shooting with deer-stalking, or snipe-shooting with bear-shooting, as to draw any other comparison between hog-hunting and fox-hunting.

Hog-hunting may be seen in various ways; but when you speak of it as a sport, you must suppose it carried out in its very best style, and that rarely can be near a military cantonment. If three or four regiments are posted in a country in which hogs are constantly found within sixteen miles of camp, either a station-hunt exists, with a secretary who manages all the details of it, and Shikarries (men who mark down and report the game) attached; or, if there is no station-hunt, some half-dozen sporting men keep separate Shikarries, each of whom brings to his master separate intelligence of there being hog in a particular locality; and in this latter case, before the news can become generally known, the sportsman and a few of his friends, keeping the information to themselves, hasten to the spot and kill their hog. The country never is quiet. The rival Shikarries, eager to bring to their masters the earliest intelligence of same, turn hearsay, conjectures, and possibility into sounders of hog, which they have actually seen with their own eyes, and the sportsmen are constantly disappointed. No one ever can insure

sport on any of these expeditions. Many get disgusted with the number of blank days that occur, and declare that their more fortunate friends are great poachers and sneaks, or that the Shikarries are liars, and that "hog-hunting is all d——d nonsense."

Where there is a station-hunt, the country is not disturbed to the same extent. No one goes out on his separate account. The hunt meets at no particular time, but is regularly summoned by the secretary, whenever there is a prospect of one or two days' sport, and such as can go and like to go, generally do so. If there is a probability of sport lasting beyond one day, it becomes necessary to send out a messman and his cooks, and a mess-tent. The members of the hunt send out their own sleeping-tents, and carry with them every possible convenience. Nothing can be more picturesque than these little encampments. The hunt-shikarree, who has brought the news of game being in the neighbourhood, is told by the secretary that the hunt meet there at some particular hour, perhaps the next day, to breakfast; and he is desired to have the hog marked down, and to summon one hundred, or one hundred and fifty, or two hundred beaters from the different villages in the neighbourhood, by eight in the morning at the meet. Now begins a scene of bustle in the camp. Carts, oxen, village tattoos (small Dekkan ponies), are called into requisition to convey "kit" to the ground. Farriers are actively employed examining the hunters' feet. A young griffin trots his pony out "to see if the beggar is still lame," and winds up with saying, "Oh, he must go; I can't help it. He'll go very well when he's warm." Spear-heads are examined and sharpened, and then carefully covered with leather, and given to the "Ghorawallas" (the grooms or horse-keepers) to take with them; and presently the hunters are seen coming out of the different stables, each led by a Ghorawalla, who carries the horse's kit and his own, tied up into bundle, on his back, and also his master's spear; and sometimes the wife of the Ghorawalla is seen in company, all moving in the direction of the morrow's meet.

Early the next morning, sportsmen, equipped in all sorts of ways—some mounted on hired ponies, and some on their own—may be seen riding to the meet to be there at breakfast-hour, punctually eight o'clock. On reaching the ground, a very pretty little camp may be seen. Planted generally in front of the secretary's tent is a staff, with the flag of the hunt flying. My memory vividly calls to mind a blue boar villainously painted on a white ground, with three or four spears sticking in him. The camp is always pitched near a village, and not far from water, and, if possible, under trees. The mess-tent usually occupies a central position; and the other tents, pitched about thirty yards from it and from one another, are more or less around it, and the horses of each sportsman are picketed generally close to him. In a convenient spot the cook and his attendants may be seen doing generally the most of their work *sub dio*, with a little scanty tent near them, in which the messman keeps his plated-ware and stores; and plated dishes may be seen lying on the grass around the cooking, which is going on at two or three fires, prepared to receive the contents of the cooking pots when ready. In another spot the farrier of the hunt, with the materials of his craft, has planted himself, and perhaps he is removing a doubtful shoe. Seated at a little distance, or rather squatted down,

are a group of men and boys, with coarse cumlees over their heads, or round their bodies, or on the ground under them, and by their sides good stout sticks. This group, which is every moment being increased by twos and threes coming from different quarters, are the cultivators assembling from the nearest villages, as beaters.

As soon as our sportsmen arrive on the ground, the first question asked is, whether the Shikarries have come in with intelligence of hog marked down? If not, each man walks off to look at his own, and then his neighbours' horses. Each gives his orders for the day, and breakfast is lustily demanded. As eight o'clock approaches men become impatient for news from the Shikarries, and some begin to prophesy that there will be no sport. "It is always so when we come to this place." Others say, "If we do find, I'll take a bet we don't kill. Hog always get away from us in these hills;" and everybody is desirous of venting a little spleen in some quarter. At last two men, like the beaters, with dirty white turbans, a dirty cloth round their waist, and loose cumlees thrown over their backs, are seen coming at a trot towards the little camp from the right quarter. Their presence is duly announced by the servants, and they come to the door of the mess-tent to report the result of the morning's work. It may be that a solitary boar has been marked down in a particular ravine four miles off, and that in another ravine about three miles off from that, there is a sounder of five hog—a boar, a large sow, and three "squeakers." Sometimes the hunt-shikarree comes and reports these things himself; sometimes he remains near the game, and sends in men with the information, and who are to conduct the party to the ground where the Shikarree will meet them. Sometimes the message is urgent as that the hog have been disturbed and are moving, and that the Sahibs must come immediately. In this latter case, loud shouts issue from the mess-tent to the Ghorawallas to saddle the horses; breakfast is made short work of.

The secretary now musters the beaters, and divides them into parties of eight, giving to the head man of each party a percussion-cap, or a wad, or any other mark; and in the evening this man has to produce his seven comrades, and he then receives one rupee to divide between them and himself, which in English money is three pence for each man for the day's work. The horses being all saddled and the Ghorawallas ready, they are dispatched with the beaters and the two guides to the appointed place of meeting. The sportsmen, if ready, generally mount their hacks (ponies), and ride by the side of the party; if not, they canter afterwards to the spot. Here, well out of sight of the ravine in which the hog are lying, the Shikarree is awaiting the party, and a consultation is held by him and the most experienced sportsmen as to the best mode of beginning the day's proceedings. I have generally found on these occasions that the Shikarrees propose that the party should remain at the bottom of the ravine, either together or in two and threes at different spots, and as much as possible out of sight of the game, and that the Shikarrees should take the beaters round by one of the spurs of the hill to the top, and begin beating down the hill with the view of driving the hog into the plain where the sportsmen are. This plan, strange to say so often proposed, rarely succeeds.

The hog, when disturbed, run up the hill through the beaters, and disappear over the top never to be seen again. The Shikarrees are, therefore, generally overruled, and it is settled that the beaters shall remain at the foot of the ravine, and the hunters be conducted by a circuitous route to the top, there to remain out of sight till the hog are afoot. Strict injunctions are given to the beaters to keep quite quiet, and not to commence beating until a signal is made from above that the sportsmen have arrived at their destination, and all is ready.

The sportsmen now proceed silently by a by-path, and conducted by the Shikarree or one of his people to the top of the hill. Arrived at the summit, and keeping well back on the table-land, which generally tops the Deccan-hills, they now dismount from their hacks, and after examining their hunters' shoes, and satisfying themselves that the girths are secure, the curb as it should be, and the stirrups the proper length, each man fixes himself in the saddle, and taking the spear from the Ghorawalla, awaits with a feverish anxiety the coming event.

There are three important personages connected with the expedition who have not yet been named. The first is a cooley (one of the villagers), who is carrying on his head a goodly basket filled with cold meat, fowl, tongue, potatoes, hard-boiled eggs, bread, biscuits, plates, knives, and forks. Another has a similar basket with bottles of pale ale, claret, sherry, soda-water, and water, all packed up in wetted straw, and he generally has orders to dip the basket bodily, from time to time, in any pool of water he comes across, to keep its contents cool. It is quite astonishing how cold liquor may be made in this manner in a dry wind which finds its way through the basket, and causes constant and very rapid evaporation of all the moisture the straw has imbibed. The third important personage is the farrier, who, mounted on a little Decan pony with a very picturesque saddle, and the implements of his trade carried by a man by his side, accompanies the sportsmen to the field. The spare horses and the hacks, and the men carrying the tiffin-baskets, and the farrier, are now ordered to remain at some particular spot until further orders. They are generally turned to account by being directed to show themselves conspicuously at some particular point to which the hog might run, and from which it is desired to keep them.

All being now arranged, the signal is given, and presently a low murmuring of men's voices and distant shouts come up the ravine to the spot where the huntsmen are placed. The beaters are slowly advancing in line through the jungle with which the ravine is clothed, now and then shouting, now groaning, now beating the bushes with their sticks. The shouts become more distinctly heard; the voice of the Shikarree calling to them to preserve the line can be distinctly made out. Sometimes, if the ravine is very large, or the jungle is very thick, but generally only on these occasions, a few matchlock-men are amongst the beaters, and a shot or two is heard at intervals. Sometimes, also, village tom-toms are used. But these are extreme resources, not, in my opinion, to be recklessly used, for they are often injurious; and the hog, instinctively apprehending danger ahead, either lie quiet or break through the beaters. Presently the comparatively quiet ravine rings from one end to the other with every uncouth, unearthly noise

that can be imagined. Every man at the top of his voice is indulging in the most frantic shouts—the line of beaters is broken—the whole ravine is alive—“Hell is empty; all the devils are here.” The hog are seen, and are afoot, and are running up the hill or along the side. The sportsmen ride to the front—“There they are; they are coming this way; there is a deuced fine boar amongst them; keep back, youngster, for God’s sake.” The hog now, seeing their danger, break up; some dive down a little and are turned again, but in an incredibly short space of time every hog has got his point where he can get out of the ravine with the least danger, and puzzle his pursuers. It is perfectly marvellous, but every sportsman knows the fact, how quickly hog suddenly roused from their quiet bed under a bush, taken up for the day after moving about and feeding all night, and with no height from the ground to command an extensive view, perceive with perfect accuracy their real points of safety. They are never confused, but exhibit a decision and resources that would be invaluable to a military commander; and then, if they must fight, they will do so, and most gallantly. “After the boar, after the boar!” shouts the leader; and away the party of sportsmen set off, riding in every direction in which there is a chance of getting a spear.

The Deccan, at least that part of it to which I refer, is a vast, rocky plain, about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. There is very little cultivable ground, and of that the soil is exceedingly poor. In different parts there rise up long ranges of rocky hills, five, six, and seven hundred feet high, with a series of wide ravines, crescent-shape along the sides, and more or less of table or cultivable land on the top. The hog, feeding in the fields during the night, move at day-break into the ravines, and lie quiet during the day; the Shikarrees follow them stealthily at daybreak to mark where they lie down. The ravines are filled with large blocks of rock and loose stones, and in the intervals are stunted bushes and small trees. The only paths along the sides are those made by the cattle and wild animals—the deer and hog. Down the centre of the ravines are generally deep, dry, stony water-courses, called nullahs, which run sometimes far into the plain. At the foot of the span of the hills, which jut out in all directions, the ground is very much broken—masses of rock, and broken stone, and smaller nullahs are in every direction. In the plain below, the ground is frequently intersected by small nullahs, and sheet rock, and loose stones, large and small. Sometimes near these hills in the plain rise smaller hills, covered with blocks of stone and thorny bushes. The thorns in some parts of the Deccan are very severe. The Baubul bushes, frequently met with, have strong thorns three inches long, which are very severe to the horses, and to riders, if their legs are not properly protected. It is not uncommon to see a grey horse come out of a run through a Baubul country covered with blood, and his legs and chest full of thorns. On the following morning his forelegs will be as round as his body, and the thorns are often not got rid of under a fortnight or more. I remember persuading a young lieutenant, an Irishman, and a very bold and good rider, to accompany me to join a hunting party in the Deccan. He had hunted in Kildare frequently before coming to India. The very first run that we had quite put

him out of temper. He declared that it was ridiculous to call such a thing sport; "It would ruin all his horses, and was like hunting in a churchyard." However, having once tasted blood, he was as eager afterwards to join a party as any old hand could be.

The hog, when once started, generally run up to the table-land above the ravine, cross over to the other side, descend and run along the side; and as they come to a spur, they turn it by mounting again, crossing over, and descending into the next ravine. If they are not much pressed they will always take the most difficult ground. It is an axiom with the most determined Deccan hunters, that where a hog will go a horse can follow. I confess I cannot subscribe to that axiom. However, in riding hog in the Deccan Hills you must get on good terms with them as soon as possible, and give them no opportunity of choosing their ground—they then keep to a track along the side. They are very soon lost; and being, unless very grey, the same colour as the masses of rock lying about, if they squat suddenly unperceived, under a bush, they are lost for the time, and they steal away when all is quiet, and perhaps are caught sight of down in the plain, making off to an opposite range of hills. Generally speaking, however, if you have a hog in front of you riding through jungle, and you suddenly lose him, or if you lose him along the side of the hill, gallop on in front some distance, and pull up. In the case of a hill, get on to the top immediately, if you are near the top, and sooner or later you will perceive your friend coming along after you, not having changed his point. When hog are running, the beaters disperse over the hills, run to all likely points, and shout and wave their cumlies to indicate the direction they have gone in; still the ground is so difficult and the jungle so thick in the Deccan Hills, and the animal is so clever, that he often contrives to get away and elude the wonderful eyes and activity of the beaters, and all that horses and men can do to get up to him.

But what are our sportsmen doing all this time? The boar is going his best along the side of the ravine, near the top. Some ambitious young fellows are trying to ride him along the path he has taken. The old hands see that it won't do, and remain on the top, riding well in the rear, to coax him up the hill on to the table-land. He is now approaching the spur of the hill; he makes a dash up, crosses the point, and descends into the next ravine. The party on the top cram at him, but are too late. Now, then, he is being hotly pursued. Some go down to him, and press him so that he mounts the hill again. There the sight of his enemies again drives him back, and down he goes as if for the plain. All know that he will come up the hill again as soon as he can; but all go down after him, some riding above him, some in his track, some underneath him. He is pressed so hard he dare not mount the hill again. He comes to a nullah leading into the plain, down he drops into it, and runs along the bed. Some are into the nullah; some are along the sides: the hill is deserted. The nullah takes a turn that throws the sportsmen out. The hog is lost for a moment, and is presently seen, legging it with all his might back to the hill again. He is too blowy to mount it; he skirts the foot of it. Now you see one or two well-known sportsmen gradually but cer-

tainly closing with him. One is in advance, riding a little to the left of the hog, so as to bring his right hand well into play. The small eyes of the unclean animal have a vicious brightness, his bristles are erected, his tusks displayed, and his head slightly turned so as to command the horseman who is close on his left quarter. Immediately in rear of the hog, and on the right hand of the man in advance, but half a length behind him, another hunter is in vain doing all he can to get the spear of honour. He lengthens his spear-lance, holding it by the extreme end, with his arm extended between his horse's ears, standing up in his stirrups, and leaning well over the neck of his gallant horse, in vain tries to reach the hog's quarters; but the leading sportsman edges a little to the right to shut his opponent out, and having got within a few feet of the panting boar, you see the head of his spear go down in the direction of the hog, and leaning slightly forward, he crams the spurs in on both sides. The little Arab, who knows his work as well as his master, bounds forward, and the spear goes in as lightly as into a pot of butter—"First spear!"

The hog now generally brings up, and turns and faces his foes, and as the sportsmen come up, charges them one after another, until he sinks beneath a multitude of wounds. Then begins an amount of talk enough for a dozen such runs—"I nearly got the spear in the nullah." "Did you not see me close to him going along the side of the first ravine." "I thought I should have the spear, but my horse cast a couple of shoes." "There, send for the tiffin-basket and the Nalbund (farrier)."

A run is hardly finished ere the Shikarree and the beaters come up. It is quite incredible how soon these worthies appear on the ground. A Babel ensues for a while. In time, the tiffin, the farrier, and the spare horses arrive on the ground, and our friends, under the shade of a tree, make themselves very jolly, talking over the run, chaffing one another, and drinking mug and other liquids delightfully cool. Meanwhile the beaters squat down under the surrounding trees, and eat their little flat rice-and-water cakes, and drink from any little pool near at hand. The horses are ordered their grain, and the farrier is busily at work. *Postquam exempta fames et amor compressus edendi*, up starts the leading man of the party—"Now we must go and kill these other hog;" and the Shikarree is called, and asked if any of the people saw where the other hog went to, and some likely ravines are, perhaps, beaten on spec before the party go to where the single boar was marked down in the morning.

After the day's sport, and the party have returned home, the secretary musters all the beaters in line, and all are paid and dismissed, and the Shikarree takes his leave, and goes to the village to make arrangements for the following day. Our young friends are now all at their horses' legs, standing about in pyjamas and slippers, superintending the extracting of thorns, carefully examining blows on the legs, and surrounded with hot water leg-buckets, soft-soap, hot bran poultices, and flannel bandages.

"Do come and look at my horse; what the devil is the matter with him; he's dead lame; is it a thorn, do you think?"

"You'll know to-morrow morning sharp enough."

These arrangements came, like all other things, to an end; and our youngsters, having all indulged in delicious baths, and made themselves cool, comfortable, and tidy, reappear at the dinner-table, where everyone being very thirsty, and in high spirits, and out of the sound of drums and fifes, thoroughly enjoys himself, and laughter and good humour prevail till a late hour.

Now I have given your readers, Mr. Editor, a slight sketch of a cantonment-hunt in the Deccan, in my opinion, the best hunting country in Western Indian. The same sort of thing exists, more or less, in Gujerat; but there the country is very different. It has difficulties of its own, but very little rocky ground. But I do not consider a station-hunt as by any means the pick of hog-hunting. The party is in the first place too numerous, sometimes ranging to sixteen or eighteen men, and comprising all the wild youngsters of the station, who go out on ponies, and help to mob a hog without taking any real part in hunting or killing him; who carry their spears at the charge, in spite of all you can say to them, and ride recklessly here and there, in danger of spearing every body near them. In one of these hunts there are generally three or four men who are very jealous of each other, very good riders, and who being *blasé* with the sport, are rather more intent on adding to the list of first spears they have taken during the season, than in contesting a spear with one another. Thus, a sounder of six or eight hog are put up; instead of the whole party taking after the largest boar, as they ought to do, they split up frequently in twos or threes, as the hog disperse, and take after the particular hog that they are on the best terms with at starting; and it rarely happens in a large party that you have any really contested spears. The whole sounder is killed, the game bag is large, and the dons of the party have each taken so many first spears, and return into camp with their reputations preserved.

My own idea is, that a hog-hunting party, to be successful, should never exceed four. Two or even three may have great fun, and six men who really understand each other very well, and who agree all to take after the same hog, may not be too many. It is very important that the Collector of the district should be one of the party. Being the great man of the place, he commands a ready assistance. He can get beaters when private parties cannot, also baggage-carts, oxen, ponies. If you do not like the Collector, or do not wish to have him of your party, or if he cannot come, you get him to lend you one or two of his peons, and to write to the native officials in the district in which you are going to hunt, to give you every assistance. It now becomes necessary to get hold of a good Shikarree. You tell him that you want ten days' or a fortnight's hunting, and he goes for a month into the district, visits all the villagers, and learns from them and the village-watchmen what hog there are in the country, and where they generally are to be found. He returns, and is prepared with all information on the prospects of the campaign. He names the place of meeting, and has arranged, according to his information, how the camp shall be shifted from time to time, so as to ensure you always sport. A day of meeting is fixed; and if you and your friends are in different localities, you agree to meet to breakfast on a particular day. To do the thing well you require four good

horses and a hack, for a fortnight's hunting. I was generally 150 or 200 miles from the place of meeting, and had to part with my horses for a good fortnight before it took place. My Ghorawallahs carried with them plenty of flannels for bandages; some cordial balls and aloes, alum, blue-stone, soft soap, leg-buckets, reaching above the knee, shoes, nails, and indeed everything one was likely to want, and which you could not procure in the middle of the jungle. The friends I generally met made similar arrangements, and were always, like myself, well mounted. We always selected the rainy season, and generally met about the 1st August. At this time, the bulk of the rain having fallen, the country becomes exceedingly beautiful, and the air is very cool. Everything looks green and fresh; and sometimes, at this season, hogs are found lying in the plain. When the grain has risen about five or six feet, they are always in the plain. It is difficult, however, to follow them. They go at a tremendous pace through the fields, and you keep sight of them by the moving grain. You often cannot see where you are riding to, and you come suddenly on nullahs between the grain-fields, and other most awkward places. The little Arabs, however, even the first time you take them out, are wonderfully quick, clever, and sure-footed; they get you out of trouble—how, you know not—and there are no such horses in the world for taking you down hill. At the parties I have referred to, we had the perfection of hog-hunting, always good sport, always contested spears, and no jealousy; at the same time, most agreeable evenings and mornings; more pleasant rides when changing our camp; and I own I look back to these meetings as days during which I think I was more happy than I have ever been in my life.

The above is hog-hunting as I have seen it. It is different in different parts of India. Perhaps a few general remarks about it in conclusion may not be unacceptable. In Bengal the hog are very fierce. A Bengal boar rarely runs far without turning and showing fight. In Western India a hog rarely fights until he has been speared. Sugar-cane hog, however, are an exception; they are frequently very fat and cannot run.

I believe in Bengal they at one time threw the spear; but now they use a short, sharp spear, about six feet long, loaded at the end, and job the hog as they come along side, or as he charges them. In Gujerat the Bombay sportsman used, at one time, to throw the spear, and some old hands consider that the sport lost half its charm when this practice went out; but, unless hogs are very plentiful, you would run a great risk of losing your game if you had to dismount to pick up your spear every time you delivered it, and the hog did not carry it away, to say nothing of the certainty of blunting it. This practice has now given way to a light-made bamboo spear, about nine feet long, with a small laurel-shaped blade. The spear should be as sharp as possible, for, although it goes in imperceptibly when you are pursuing a hog, it is a very different thing when he charges you. It won't go in then unless sharp. The Bombay sportsmen carry the spear lightly in the hand, and either thrust with it, or holding it in the direction of the hog, ride into him.

After a long run, or when a hog is closely pressed, he very often turns off at a sharp angle, and with wonderful rapidity; and the turns a hog

then takes very often throw out the man who has had the lay in, and has done all the hard work. When two men are riding for the spear, and one evidently must have it, if the hog does not turn, the other generally remains a length behind, looking out for the turns which frequently bring him in, to lose the spear again perhaps by the same process repeated by the hog. Generally in approaching a hog, you keep him well on your right hand, to get up alongside of him. I confess I used humbly to think that keeping directly in his wake, if anybody was near you, was preferable, as your horse following the hog was more likely to turn as he turned, and the hog with you behind him, is bothered which way to turn. However, by being on the one side of him you sometimes tempt him to charge you and thus get the spear.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY SEEING A PRINT REPRESENTING THE IMPRISONMENT
OF ONE OF

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

A RAY OF LIGHT STREAMS THROUGH THE NARROW WINDOW OF HIS CELL, AND
BEAMS ON HIS HEAD AS HE KNEELS ENGAGED IN PRAYER.

I.

In the prison hold
Of that fortress old
There shone a heavenly ray ;
'Tis Freedom's light,
Through the dungeon's night,
That finds resistless way.

II.

On the martyr's head
That ray is shed—
On his darkened cell it lay ;
And his brow is bright
With the quenchless light
Of everlasting day.

III.

With lock or chain
Ye seek in vain
His spirit's flight to stay,
For free and far
From bolt or bar
It wings its heavenward way.

IV.

Beyond control
That ransomed soul
To God in prayer has risen ;
The captive's cry
Is heard on high,
And registered in heaven.

A. S. M.

ANOTHER SAXON IN IRELAND.

“ So bold and frank his bearing, boy,
 Should you meet him onward faring, boy,
 In Lapland's snow,
 In Chili's glow,
 You'll say, ‘ What news from Erin, boy ? ’ ”

PART I.—WHICH SETS FORTH CIRCUMSTANTIALLY THE CAUSE AND MANNER OF
 MR. SMITH'S DEPARTURE FROM THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

IT rains awfully at times in St. George's Channel. A hurricane in the Mauritius whirls houses about like shuttlecocks, and pitches whole niggers head-foremost through impenetrable cane-brakes. When it rains in the tropics it rains practically and earnestly, the primary object being to make universal mud. In southern Spain, Italy, and Turkey, the same effect is attained in a similar manner. A Killarney shower is also a business-like affair, six weeks or so of inexorable soakage. Yet all and each of these visitations are characterised by a certain straightforwardness of purpose that meets you honestly, generally by premonitory symptoms which warn you that you are in for it, and tell you what you are in for. But, a wet night in St. George's Channel, a cross sea, and a mail steamer—ugh ! it is an oasis of misery in the midst of civilization. Every aggrieved sense becomes a channel of affliction—sight, hearing, smell, feeling, taste—the prevailing external sensation being a kind of general stickiness. Somehow everything is sticky, except the deck ! *that* you can't stick to, and—you have given up your goloshes ; for twice, when you essayed to go forth from the sheltering companion, the deck gave way beneath you, and you sat upon the wet mat, so now you totter helplessly about in your thin boots ; they have got tight with the wet, and you expect they'll have to be cut off when you get in ; but you don't much care about that ; in fact, you don't want to argue upon any subject : you feel relief in a sense of utter imbecility. Hope is said to be the best remaining friend of the unhappy, but I never knew it of any avail in sea-sickness ; I imagine she gets sick herself.

Gentle reader, it is under these distressing circumstances that I crave permission to bring before your compassionate notice the heroes of my narration, not that I wish to parade their misfortunes, or to insult their misery. We won't make them talk ; they do not, in fact, talk to one another ; they have quite enough to occupy their attention in endeavouring to keep their feet, as they rush reluctantly down an apparent precipice, to be met suddenly in full career by an unexpected hill, carrying their knees into their mouths.

It is usual and orthodox on the introduction of the principal personages of a narrative, to give an accurate physical description of their appearance, &c., such as, in case they turned out criminal or dangerous on your hands, in the course of their history, might serve for purposes of identification in bringing them to justice. Under present circum-

stances, however, I would defy the most detective Bow-street officer to analyse the personal attributes of those two mysterious objects.

That oblong bale of wet broadcloth represents Clarkson Smith, Esq., himself the representative of an ancient and distinguished Anglo-Danish family; but where is the punctilious neatness that was wont to indicate the favoured son of civilization? The many-patterned railway mantle enfolds with rugged drapery the broad expanse of his British shoulders, and thence, depending diamond-wise, trails a drabbed tail behind. His head has sunk upwards into the sheltering wide-awake; the graceful umbrella of light and durable alpaca long since collapsed, inverted by an envious squall, and now hangs drooping from the stalk like a torn banner, yet the hand of its owner grippeth it, like a useless institution, more closely than ever.

The hand of necessity or danger can always rend away the flimsy veil of convention, and reveal untrammelled nature; and nature when untrammelled reverts to first principles. So is it now, and so was it when on such a night, one thousand years ago, his ancestor, the mighty Smid, drove darkly in his hollow war-ship through nightly seas towards Erin's streamy vales. Call up the warrior from his revels in Valhalla, wreath the low curling mist into the shield-hung galley, and let the Viking stand on his airy deck beside his great descendant. Now look on the pictures twain. Mark the low-pointed helm, the falling draperies of the cross-barred war-cloak, and the hard hand close gripping the battle-flag. The same the bulky form, the same the wilful bearing, defiant in danger, self-dependent in extremity, and yet of a truth, one of them at least is exceeding sick and in much discomfort. Their destinies alike great and world-wide: *his* hand bears aloft the earth-ravaging raven, carrying death and doom to effete refinement and degraded empire; *his* grasps with equal tenacity the goats'-hair result of successful speculation, the type of commerce, the shelter of art, fit emblem of the true age of gold, when the hand that it adorns can impose stern peace on rampant barbarism, and shelter with the ploughshare the untempered blade of despotic violence.

But why has the honourable gentleman left the sunny lawns and luxurious mansions of merrie England? and wherefore does he come to seek his pleasure in "Ultima Thule?" In answer to the question, permit me to introduce his accomplice in the enterprise, who stands beside him, and who has the honour to be your most devoted servant, Thaddeus O'Kelly, travelling philosopher and uncompromising critic. For obvious reasons modesty forbids me to dwell on *his* personal appearance, further than to state, that he is long-visaged, grizzle-headed, and long-legged. This description you will kindly take on assertion, for nothing can be distinguished of the individual save a long frieze garment, such as the profane denominate a wrap-rascal, and an extinguishing sou'-wester.

Now, our companionship was on this wise. Many years before, I had made Mr. Smith's acquaintance on the Continent, and had had the good fortune to be able to render him a service, a circumstance which he never forgot, and we became in consequence firm friends. A year seldom elapsed, some months of which did not find us trudging, knapsack on shoulder, the mountain paths of Switzerland and Savoy, galloping our half-trained barbs over the flowery *deheeds* of dear old Anda-

lusia, or dreaming away the burning hours under the green elms of cool Granada, ever flush in the wild luxuriance of immortal spring. We had shot snipe together at the Piræus, and woodcocks in Albania, killed salmon in the Namzim, tracked wolves in the Pyrennees, and slain boars in the Maremma. Last year we were up the Nile, for we are both getting a little heavy in the body and a little stiff in the joints, and we take more kindly to the *dolce far niente* than we used, so we hired a boat, sat in our shirt sleeves and smoked, and ate melons, and saw Thebes, and photographed the Pyramids, and shot wild turkeys, and cursed the Arabs, and were eaten of fleas.

Many a merry Christmas have I passed with my friend in that dark old parlour over his bank in the city; but of late he has given up the duties of the "*caisse*" to younger partners, and ruralises in a Richmond villa. He has two old maiden sisters, who keep his house in apple-pie perfection, and periodically arrange his museum of curiosities in physical order, to the utter confusion of classification. They object strongly to his taste for statuary and objects of classic *vertú*; they can only account for it by the fact of travel having perverted his imagination, for he was strictly and morally brought up. It is with much difficulty that he has succeeded in establishing two favourite statuettes in the drawing-room, and these were a cause of much distress to the ladies on one occasion.

It was the custom of my friend to leave his sisters to continue the usages and hospitalities of his house during his continental tours, and the society entertained at such times was occasionally of a more exclusively clerical type than he was used to appreciate, as being somewhat of a fusionist. 'Twas one of those days when there are mighty meetings at Exeter Hall (I speak it with all respect), and the Misses Smith had invited a select few of the reverend gentlemen to a social demonstration at Tusculum (so the villa was called). They were to bring some interesting Chinese with them; and a quondam cannibal (who, we regret to say, subsequently relapsed) was expected to communicate much useful and entertaining information connected with his former experiences. Every fitting preparation was made for the reception of the guests: the rooms had assumed a becomingly demure appearance, but the objectionable statues remained, a contrast to the universal propriety, and remain they must. Their brother had wished them to be there, and the kind, conscientious old ladies held his desire, if he was absent, to be as unalterable as a Median law. They occupied too conspicuous a position to be concealed, and the ladies felt great reluctance to permit that shock to the delicate feelings of their visitors which the shameless condition of those benighted heathen deities would not fail to communicate. A jury of discreet friends was summoned, and by an ingenious contrivance the difficulty was surmounted. The result was so successful that it was determined to leave matters *in statu quo* until their brother's return, and then to submit the alteration as a proposed permanent arrangement. He related the whole story to me most circumstantially, on my arrival some time afterwards, mischievously taking the opportunity of the ladies' presence for the purpose.

"What do you think, Thaddy," said he, "was the contrivance of those two indecent old persons from Exeter Hall? I'm hanged if they didn't put a pair of linen galligaskins on poor Venus de Medicis

(mistaking her sex), and they stuck Apollo into a long sort of dressing-gown affair. Egad, sir, he looked like Noah going to the ark in a mackintosh."

As I said above, we had explored and re-explored every known and unknown region in continental Europe, but I had never been able to induce Mr. Smith to turn his face towards the setting sun, and yet he always had a strange affection for everything Irish. The very trampers knew his house; and many a wearied reaper left his door on his road westward with fresh strength and lighter spirit. The tear would glisten in the fine old ladies' eyes when he blessed the kind Sassenach in his native tongue; and then they always put sixpence and a tract into his pockets, and he went on his way rejoicing. Nothing would tickle my friend like an Irish joke—nothing would interest him like a strange tale of social wrong, wild affection, or wilder vengeance. But much as he liked the romance of the country, no persuasion could induce him to visit the reality. "I have destroyed every other illusion," he would say, "let that survive. The orange-groves and Moerish palaces of Spain were once my dream: I found the Guadalquivir a muddy stream, the Alhambra a white-washed ruin. Then Italy and Greece rose before me immortal in ruined beauty. I looked for the models that inspired Buonarrotti, for the types of divine Phidias. I saw the Coliseum and the Acropolis, and lo! 'Paradise is inhabited by devils.' At present I am acquainted personally with only the sunny side of your national character, and you know that I admire it. The impetuous warmth, the wild imagination, the whimsical fancy, the lightning quickness, all refresh my old matter-of-fact nature. My ideas of the country represent but round-towers, picturesque abbeys, tall wolf-dogs, and Arcadian woods, filled with innumerable Patricks and Shelahs, who consume the day in alternate dancing of jigs and singing of melancholy love ditties. I know nothing of the kind exists, but I have had no personal proof of the contrary, and I don't want to disprove myself. No, sir, I don't want to visit Jim Reilly's *alebeen*, as represented by the *Illustrated News*, or to attend the execution of Ryan (*Puck*) for overshooting somebody with a blunderbuss full of slugs. I should never recover the shock of finding myself such an enthusiastic ass, and should certainly drown myself in the first boghole, out of disgust, if I escaped doing so by accident." He was a most unmanageable man whenever he set himself steadfastly in an opposite course to other people, more especially if that course was unreasonable, so I had been obliged to relinquish the subject long since, and had for years submitted to this one-sided system of hospitality, wherein I always enacted the part of guest.

The small buhl clock on the chimney-piece had just struck the hour of nine on the evening of 25th December, A.D. 1856, and we sat in his snug little study (his sarcophagus he used to call it) smoking our eastern narghillies, in that state of meditative satisfaction which a civilized Christmas dinner should always induce, and Smith piqued himself on having achieved perfection in this matter. He held that moral excellence derived a mysterious support from proper management of the physique, that in its turn depending on the description of nourishment supplied. He would reproduce the pure system of Epicurus—a system which

annihilated gluttony by refinement, and maintained temperance by taste. His table, therefore, displayed diversity of choice rather than abundance in quantity. "Let everyone," said he, "live when they can on the substance which they most fancy. It is treason to happiness to disobey Nature's wise suggestions; and when Nature intimates a sufficiency in the supply of that which is homogenous, it is wanton wickedness to disturb her placid retirement by further experiment. Selection is the soul, and Temperance the life of optimism." So I always brought my contribution to this model repast—salmon, woodcock, and sometimes firewater from the far West. On this occasion we had done fitting justice to all, and, as aforesaid, were reflectively inhaling the fragrant weed, pending the arrival of Giorgio, Smith's Greek rascal, with the soothing balm of Moka—none of your grocers' abomination, coffinwood, chicory, and lies, but the fresh, aromatic berry, still redolent of the odours of Araby the Blest, and imported under the watchful care of mine host himself.

Smoking does not promote conversation, and yet Smith displayed more taciturnity of mood than the fumes of Nicotine are wont to induce, and it was evident that many thoughts were warring within him. At length he broke silence and spake—

"Thaddy," said he, slowly and solemnly, "were you ever in love?"

"Whee-e-e-ew!" whistled I, "is this the matter you've been inditing? What a ridiculous question to ask an Irishman! Why, I should be puzzled to say when I was out of it."

"Sir!" said he, with Johnsonian emphasis, "I put a categorical interrogatory, and I expected a straightforward English reply and not a Celtic prevarication. Of course I do not wish you to criminate yourself; you are still at liberty to decline an answer in toto."

"Well, I can give no other answer than that I have been in love, am in love, and shall be in love while there are bright eyes and sunny faces in the world. I never saw a pretty girl that didn't take away a bit of my heart with her, till it has been all dragged different ways, like that chap that was torn in pieces by wild horses in —"

"None of your libertinism, sir; speak like a conventional being and a gentleman. Do you profess yourself to have ever felt honourably, steadfastly, and practically prepared to take unto yourself any one person whom you have selected, for better, for worse, &c, according to those particulars set forth in the Book of Common Prayer?"

"Freedom forbid," said I; "that would be chronic lunacy affecting all my actions; I but plead guilty to occasional recurrences of temporary insanity. But it appears to me, my good friend, that your case requires more attention than mine. Permit me, as a man of some experience, to become consulting physician. I do not, indeed, detect as yet any violent inflammatory symptom, inasmuch as there is no falling off in the appetite (a very fatal sign); but there is, nevertheless, an appearance of internal distress, and —"

"You need not proceed further with your diagnosis," said he, "you mistake the case; I am not in love." He puffed quickly and violently till a thick vapour enveloped him; then, carefully laying down his tube, he turned towards me and said solemnly, from amid the smoke, "Sir, somebody is in love with me;" and, as the wreathing clouds

curled upwards, the manly, massive features and earnest eyes loomed out like a patriarchal Jove from the shades of Olympus, or Fingal bending from his hill of mists. I forbore to smile.

"And who, sir," asked I, "is the Cleopatra that has lost her heart to old Cæsar?"

"True," said he, "do I not look more like a grandfather than a gay Lothario or a curled Adonis? And yet is it a grievous fact—one of those nightmares which the realities of the world sometimes intrude upon the calm dreams of our philosophy. Listen, then, brother mine; lend me thine ears, open thine understanding, and assist me with thy counsel."

Here the door opened, and Giorgio's olive face appeared, his cunning black eyes twinkling patronizingly upon me as he placed the tiny filagree service between us. There was a precious Turkish liqueur, too, which Giorgio used to procure mysteriously from another Greek rascal and close ally of his at Leghorn, the principal mystery of which consisted in the enormous commission which he (Giorgio) added to the original cost, when he forswore himself in presenting the account to his master, and called all the saints to witness that he left his friend no profit on the rare commodity.

One wave of the hand, and the supple figure and sleek black head vanished, and the divan resumed its sitting. Smith slowly and deliberately drank his coffee to the dregs, his eyes fixed on me, thrust his cup far in upon the table, crossed his legs, folded his arms, and spake as follows:—

"Thaddy, if the devil failed in the temptation of St. Anthony, it was from want of human experience, and neglect of the means at his disposal. He surrounded him with young and lovely beings, who dazzled his eyes with their beauty, bothered his understanding with their raillery, and ravished his soul with their softness; but the old fellow shut his eyes, stopped his ears, told his rosary internally, and the tempter was baffled. Had there been one widow there, Thaddy, Anthony had been a gone saint—one modern widow, sir, trained in the *science* of war. By all the snares of Cupid! it would have been a waste of material. I have an acquaintance who, had there been ten Anthonies, could have executed the commission with ease—tied them all, like antique charms, to her watch-chain, and implicated them, besides the sin of forsworn vows, in the superadded crime of polygamy.

"To begin at the right end of my story, I should go back some ten years, fixing a period when Miss Helen Mayplant was a lovely, laughing girl, in her eighteenth summer, and Mr. Splinter Griskin a dashing young *roué*, who had gone honourably through his university career—*i.e.*, had matriculated, been plucked, and expelled in the course of two years. So his kind old uncle paid his debts, and sent him abroad, with a handsome allowance, to complete his education, then made a will in his favour, and, like a dutiful relative, gave up the ghost. The young gentleman, immediately on receiving the afflicting intelligence, returned to induct himself in his estates, set up a racing stud, affected the groom, wore tight trousers, drove four-in-hand, drawled his conversation, and bolted his drink; in short, started in every way as became a model sporting gentleman of the nineteenth century. The sins of a man who tells his income by thousands are never

conventionally mortal, so a crusading spirit of charity came upon ladies, young and old, to rescue him from the dangers to which, as a single and unprotected youth, he was exposed. Why should I tell of intriguing mothers and simple daughters? Miss Mayplant, or rather Miss Mayplant's mamma, drew the prize. The rest of the story is stereotype. Marriage *a-la-mode*, town-palace, country-house, dinners, balls, hounds, racers, debts, misunderstandings, and squabbles; the husband became a gambler and drunkard, and was found one morning smothered in a mud pool, where his horses, going to drink the night before, had decanted him. Long before the *denouement*, Mrs. Splinter Griskin had undergone petrefaction of that portion of her heart which her education had spared. The shock to her nerves once over, she calmly surveyed her position, collected her resources, and shaped her future accordingly. She would not twinkle a dim star in the hemisphere where she had blazed as a comet, so she trimmed her light carefully, and revolved, a planet of first magnitude, in lesser circles. Bath, Cheltenham, Ramsgate, Tunbridge, Brighton, witnessed her evolutions during five successive seasons, and then a change came o'er her. Theological empiricism came into fashion; so she went the round of every *ism* and *ology*. Universalism was at first found very soothing, but it was given up on account of its indiscriminate vulgarity; then Universal Damnationism, by a natural reaction, came into vogue, until it was discovered to involve a similar confusion of classes—so Separative views were favoured, and exponents of doctrines to suit all exigencies were found. Mrs. Splinter Griskin considered herself called to sit under a deplorable gentleman, who told off a select few of his followers to reprobate and bewail the condition of the remainder.

"Mrs. S. G. having attained the happy pre-eminence of being numbered among the favoured ones, dropped anchor in those calm moorings. A personal change became immediately apparent; the hoops of her flowing skirt collapsed, the rippling torrent of flounces subsided, and she combed her hair flat, and had "experiences." My sister Euphrosyne fell in with her about this time, and was much taken with her fresh beauty and engaging manners, as indeed every one must be. She was staying here with the girls the greater part of last summer, while we were in Egypt. And now we arrive at that period when the thread of her history becomes interwoven with mine. I returned to find the house lighted up *colour de rose* by the presence of a lovely fairy, who seemed to assimilate to beauty all she touched. None of your sniggering, you old cynic, I don't believe you would have been half as steady under the ordeal as I was, nor am I going to anatomize my private sensations for your ridicule; suffice it to know, that her society became as soothing and necessary as my daily pipe. Our evening family *tableaux* would discover the elderly ladies writing innumerable reports, or working gloves and black gaiters for the Feejee islanders, while I talked Art to the fair widow, as she rambled about on the piano, or taught her Spanish *sequidillás*, and accompanied her on the guitar. In the innocence of my paternal feelings, I was totally unaware of the intentions of the enemy, till the sudden springing of a mine threw a light on all, and revealed the danger of my position.

"Some mighty expounder of dark prophecies was at this time thrilling

his congregations with explanatory programmes of the fate of Europe, and my sisters, having received tickets of admission, insisted on my taking charge of the party thither. 'Twas a strange scene that: eighty per cent. of the assembly were ladies, the building was ill-lighted, and the constant rustling of silk created a strange and awing sensation, as if winged animals were uneasily roosting about, and flapping peevishly when they were disturbed. Then there came a sudden hush, and the great man himself floated slowly up through the midst, his black wings distended behind him, and settled himself on his perch. He commenced by stating that he was a vessel of wrath, and he continued by behaving as such. His grape and canister very soon began to tell; little smothered cries were heard at intervals, and the slight subsequent bustle told of the wounded being carried out. My young friend bore up nobly for a long time against the heat of the atmosphere and the excitement of her feelings; however, a crisis arrived when eau-de-cologne and salts of Preston were not of further avail, and with one little premonitory squeak, she went over on my side. To snatch her up in my arms and carry her out, was, as the novelists say, the work of an instant, which means, in matter-of-fact, that ten minutes hard fighting brought me to the door, having been walked over, set upon, and dragged every way at once; every corn in my foot burning with indignation, and an inanimate bundle in my arms.

"Now, Thaddy, I am not St. Anthony, but a sinful, elderly gentleman, given, I fear me, to irascibility under adequate provocation; but if I condemned conventicles and their frequenters in unsaintly terms, the circumstances of my temptation must be considered. An old fellow, who luxuriated in slipshod sandals, and never felt the pressure of leather, is entitled to no manner of credit for equanimity under any circumstances; and here be it observed, that the devil never enjoyed greater advantages than at present, when every improvement of civilization creates an additional snare, and becomes a fresh mesh in the network that surrounds us. Vanity, Thaddy, vanity, and enamelled leather, worked my woe. If I had not worn tight boots, I had not lost my temper; had I not lost my temper, there would have been no need of apology or reconciliation; had there been no reconciliation, there could have been no misconstruction of my expressions, and I should not now be meditating a clandestine flight from the bosom of my family, like a criminal absconding from justice. How the widow became aware of my expressions on the occasion has been a mystery to me, inasmuch as she was inanimate during the period of letting off the steam, but I suppose they must have remained in her ears, and afterwards filtered through to her understanding; for the next day, on our first meeting, she fell into a mist of tears, and accused me of cruelty, heartlessness, and all those other villainies wherewith man is wont to requite the confiding affection of the weaker sex.

"My nerves had rather lost their balance that day; the excitement of the night before, combined with the unwonted exercise after dinner, and the scrooding which I had undergone, had produced some derangement of the digestion. I had a succession of nightmares that night, wherein I seemed to be undergoing a process of disembodiment at the hands of frightful-looking objects in black gowns and spectacles, with a

view to being potted down like preserved ham, and sent as a relish to the Cannibal Islands. All this tended considerably to weaken my moral energy, and to produce a disposition to succumb under the assault. I am not quite clear as to my exact expressions on the occasion. I know I endeavoured, to the best of my power, to re-assure the poor lady; this I found difficult, and in the midst of my renewed protestations, my sisters came in suddenly with a visitor, and I was discovered, I believe, much in the same position as Mr. Pickwick in that little affair of Mrs. Bardell. That great man himself was not more the victim of circumstances than I have been since. No tyranny can equal that of false public opinion, and under that *prima facie* verdict, I have sunk, Thaddy. My present position I have well considered, and I see no resource save immediate flight. Three days since the enemy, calculating on my prostrate condition, drew off her forces; three days hence she returns for the final assault. I do not know at what moment I may be called on to name a day, and even that form will be a mockery, seeing that I feel convinced she has already arranged the date and manner of all preliminaries. I am well aware that this flight will increase appearances against me at first, but I will wait for the reaction, and return like Coriolanus. We'll go to Ireland, to-morrow, Thaddy. You need not stare, I have my character for unaccountableness to preserve. For twenty years I have refused your invitations, and now I come to test your hospitality, an unbidden guest. To tell the truth, it is the only safe course: the moment my disappearance becomes known, that villain Giorgio, whom I have not dared to intrust with my intention, will be cross-questioned on the matter. He being the personification of corruption and bribery, will undertake, 'for a consideration,' to guide the widow to all my Continental haunts, and will track his master like a faithless bloodhound. All know my objection to visiting Ireland, so that my short double in that direction will throw them out completely. Besides, I must see the country some time or other, and there is so great a change going on there now that, a year or two hence, no one I believe will recognise it as the country of which Lever wrote and Lover sung. Money-making has superseded head-breaking as a national pursuit, and you are becoming *Anglicis ipsis Anglicior*. You, individually, Thaddy, are too stiff in the neck to change your idiosyncrasy, and will probably be in a few years the sole representative of the old school. Should I survive to publish your posthumous memoirs, they shall be entitled 'The last of the Aborigines.' Come, let's liquor—one grace-cup to invoke the drowsy god. Morpheus loveth a libation.

“ ‘Nunc, vino pellite curas,
Cras, ingens iterabimus æquor.’ ”

Thirty hours after this, placed us in that situation, which, courteous reader, has already claimed your sympathies in the commencement of this narrative (the circumstances of which, I trust, your worship bears in mind, for otherwise, as with Sancho in his tale of the goats, fore god, there is an end of my story), and having progressed so far backward, as to have arrived safely at the point from whence we started, I will respectfully take leave for the present. Had I a vocabulary of those

bright colours which tint the brilliant palette of a wood landscape painter, I might mingle sky, sea, and earth in a description of the breaking dawn, and land Mr. Smith unnoticed in the confusion of elements ; but alas ! my brush is clogged with lead colour, and I should never get beyond the priming-coat ; and yet it is a scene that might inspire even a dauber. Look there, sir, on the original, and judge for yourself. Behind you, the dark weltering water, jagging with its rugged waves the bright sky line, and the lurid glimmer of the light-ship sickening in the pure, pale dawn. In front, the brow of Howth frowning over his single eye, like an old solitary Cyclops that has waded far out into the deep, to stand sentinel against invaders, and away behind him, stretching southward, the soft, grey coast, the first rays of sunlight tinting with gold the far mountain tops of Wicklow, like the few bright spirits in the dark tale of Erin's sorrows, that have shone out in the glory of true patriotism, while round them and below them rolled the heavy mists of Ignorance and Selfishness, hatching the black spawn of Tyranny and Demagogueism, heirlooms of the cold Norman curse, "*Divide et impera.*"

But all this time poor Mr. Smith has been exceedingly unwell, and can't make out in the least what I am talking about. He says my geography is incomprehensible, and my nationality fustian ; and though I feel some regret at leaving him in so unchristian a frame of mind, I must reserve the circumstances of his landing, and the manner in which he regained his equanimity, for a future occasion.

A LOVE MISSIVE.

Have I not wealth—have I not all in thee ?
 A woman's heart—the noblest boon of Heaven ;
 And hope, and light, and strength vouchsafed to me,
 And peace, for which so long my soul hath striven.
 O, what a glorious world thy love hath given !
 A wide domain, unlimited, secure,
 And full of holy thoughts and happy feelings,
 And joy so deep it must for aye endure,
 With all the freshness of Love's first revealings.
 Thou gavest me all—a full, a boundless store ;
 I am too rich, too proud to seek for more.

What if Earth's gifts were showered at my feet,
 And honour, fame, and station, too, were mine,
 Would thy dear voice, thy kisses be more sweet,
 My soul have closer intercourse with thine ?
 Whate'er betide, I never shall repine.
 Strong in thy faith, and breathed on by thy love,
 I feel a sacred calm is stealing o'er me,
 And deem my bliss transcendently above
 The wildest dream which Fancy brings before me ;
 No more forlorn and desolate to roam,
 Thy breast my pillow, and thy heart my home.

Come to me in the silent midnight hour—
 In spirit come, or in sweet dreams appear !
 Come when the sunbeams kiss the op'ning flower—
 Come when the earth is bright, the heavens are clear !
 Then, as I wander, may I feel thee near.
 Beloved one ! if my lines seem cold and weak,
 Turn to my heart and read their hidden meaning ;
 All speech is feeble when the soul would speak.
 Of its rich language, words are but the gleanings ;
 These scattered sheaves might well be scorned by thee,
 Yet since Love sends them, may they welcome be.

J. D.

HAWKING IN IRELAND.

"Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark."

A SUCCESSFUL attempt having recently been made in the South of Ireland to revive this ancient sport, a short account of it may be acceptable to those who have never seen a "flight."

It must be left to pens like those of Walter Scott to tell of the days when "bold knights and palfrey'd dames" followed the noble falcon over moor and common, in pursuit of the heron; mine be the task to describe the minor feat of magpie-hawking—an amusement as exciting, and rather more noisy, than the sport of the days of chivalry.

Captain Salvin, well known as the author of "Falconry of the British Isles," visited Fermoy early in this year, attended by his falconer, and the cadger, bearing the cadge, or wooden frame to which the hawks are attached by their jesses, their tiny brass bells tinkling, and pretty little hoods, decorated with tufts of bright-coloured wool and plumes of feathers, reminding us of some of the pictures of the Dutch school. The arrival of this ardent falconer, who had with him several casts of well-trained hawks, was welcomed by a large neighbourhood, and his "meets" became at once a centre where numbers congregated daily on horseback and on foot.

The sports always commenced with the selection of an open country, without trees; the bushes were then scanned to find a magpie, and as soon as her half-mourning costume was descried, two hawks were transferred from the cadge to the wrists of the falconers, unhooded, and cast off. The hawks soared aloft, and remained circling or poised in air till the quarry was driven from the covert, and forced to take wing, and try the chance of flight.

A scene of wild excitement ensued. The quarry, endeavouring to make up in cunning for what it wanted in strength and speed, sought, by a variety of artful shifts, to avoid its fate—in vain. Horsemen galloped up at full speed, leaped over hedge and ditch, and with long hunting-whips drove her out; men on foot, and ladies, too, assisted; while the falconers, with deafening shouts, cheered on the hawks, who stooped by turns at the luckless quarry.

A "flight" sometimes lasted half an hour, and generally ended with the death of the magpie, whose tail was presented as a trophy to one of the ladies present. The hawks were then taken from their bleeding prey, hooded, replaced on the cadge, and another flight commenced.

The first day's sport was marred by an unlucky accident—a beautiful and valued tiercel was accidentally shot by a peasant boy. The following lines were written to commemorate the fate of this noble bird, named "Dhuleep Singh":—

"Right merrily the sports begun—
The knightly sport of olden days—
But, ere the sun his course had run,
'Twas mine a sad lament to raise,
And strike my harp's long silent string
To mourn thy fate—

Lost Dhuleep Singh!

“ From peasant rude a random shot !
 The falconers pause with anxious fear ;
 They lure, they watch, but see thee not—
 Thus ends a noble bird's career.
 In vain their voices loudly ring
 To call thee back—
 Lost Dhuleep Singh !

“ No more upon thy master's glove,
 With jesses, bell, and hood so gay ;
 Or, poisoning in the air above,
 With eye intent upon the prey—
 Alas ! no more thou'lt soar thy swing,
 For thou art gone—
 Lost Dhuleep Singh !

“ Unknown thy fate—for Rumour's tongue
 Still tells some new and varied tale ;
 At first, to Hope we fondly clung,
 And sought thee over hill and dale.
 Would that our search could tidings bring
 Of thy dark fate—
 Lost Dhuleep Singh !

“ 'Tis hard to think that thou hast died—
 That thou art lying stiff and low ;
 So lately soaring in thy pride
 Above Dunmahon's furzy brow.
 Now, feathers soiled and nerveless wing,
 All still in death—
 Lost Dhuleep Singh !

“ Good hawk, farewell ! my lay is done—
 Would that more worth the theme it were ;—
 Thy master grieves thy race is run,
 But bears thy loss as brave men bear ;
 For *thou* wert falcon for a king,
 And thou art gone—
 Lost Dhuleep Singh !

O. M. B.

BOSWELL'S LETTERS.*

A VOLUME of letters by James Boswell would have been considered, a short time back, as a very unlikely publication. The manner in which such a collection of curiosities has been obtained is somewhat singular. The story of the discovery, as told by the present editor, is as follows:—

“A few years ago a clergyman having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection, a date and some names were discovered; and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence, carried on nearly a century before, between the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his early friend, the Rev. William Johnson Temple. On making inquiry, it was ascertained that this piece of paper had been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker, who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year, for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper. Beyond this no further information could be obtained. The whole contents of the parcel were immediately secured. The majority of the letters bear the London and Devon post-marks, and are franked by well-known names of that period. . . . At the death of the purchaser of these letters they passed into the hands of a nephew, from whom the editor obtained them; and in the present form they are now submitted to the public.”

One does not know exactly what to think of this story. The purchaser of the letters, his nephew, and the present editor are all anonymous personages; and though it is possible, if we knew their names, they would all appear creditable and trustworthy individuals, yet, in the existing obscurity of the matter, we can hardly help doubting the authenticity of the collection. The pretended letters of Shelley, published a few years back, were proved to be audacious forgeries, notwithstanding their resemblance to the poet's style of composition. Then, we can all remember the story of Ireland's Plays, which he ascribed to Shakspeare, and the no less notorious Rowley manuscripts, by Chatterton. How can we tell, without something in the way of direct evidence, that these letters of Boswell are not fabrications of a similar cast and character? They look exceedingly like Boswellian productions, but, for all that, they may be only successful imitations. Before the public can be thoroughly persuaded of their genuineness, we must know the names, and be assured of the trustworthiness, of the persons who have collected them and brought them into notice. There is at present no sort of guarantee by which any one could be justified in pronouncing them authentic. Who, we are compelled to ask, was the reverend clergyman that discovered the first fragment in his wrappage of “small articles,” purchased at Madame Noel's shop? Who was his nephew?

* “Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple. Now first published from the original MSS., with an Introduction and Notes.” London: Bentley. 1857.

And who is the present editor? On the veracity of one or all of them the whole value of the collection hangs. One cannot conceive how any reserve of modesty in such a case ought to prevent a man, or any number of men, from obliging us with their names. If the original discoverer can be shown to be a person of integrity, his name would give precisely that authority to the publication which is wanted. It seems a suspicious circumstance that he should have kept the letters all his life without making any public mention of his possession of them; but this, if we were acquainted with his reasons, might, perhaps, be adequately explained. Nevertheless, it wants explaining. What object could he have in buying that quantity of "waste paper," if he never thought of turning his purchase to account as a literary curiosity? Then, how long has the "nephew" had these papers? Will he kindly condescend to inform us why his respected uncle came to preserve them so long in secrecy, and publish, in the *Times* newspaper or elsewhere, his own respectable address, that the world may be assured that he is not altogether a nonentity? The present editor, at any rate, is a man of flesh and blood, and might give some account of himself, if he were so minded, which would help us to form an opinion respecting the genuineness of the documents which have so mysteriously fallen into his hands.

Other questions might reasonably be raised, demanding a direct or approximative answer. Is there, or was there ever, such a person as "Madame Noel," keeping shop "a few years ago" at Boulogne? If so, can it be proved that she had dealings in waste paper? Can she remember, or can anybody belonging to her remember, a clerical-looking gentleman, speaking French with an Anglican accent, purchasing on the spot her newly-imported stock of wrappage which had been recently supplied to her by a certain hawker, who passed through Boulogne "once or twice a year for the purpose?" Of so singular a transaction there ought to be either some positive recollection or reliable tradition. That mythical-looking "hawker," too, ought to be inquired after. If it is only "a few years ago," he may still be living, and be able to certify where he obtained his packet of epistolary waste paper. At any rate, it ought to be shown us that he is not totally a myth. The story may all be true, but it requires substantiating by evidence. In regard to a set of important papers, written nearly a century ago, it is not enough to be told by an anonymous editor that he obtained them from an anonymous gentleman, who inherited them from an anonymous uncle, who acquired them from a possibly imaginary shopkeeper, who bought them of a mythical-looking hawker, who got them from nobody in the world knows where! A statement of names, and dates, and places is absolutely essential to their being accepted as authentic documents; and until this is forthcoming, their authenticity cannot but remain problematical and questionable.

We must be excused, therefore, from pronouncing any opinion on the genuineness of these letters. We cannot say they are *not* genuine, nor can we say they *are*. The most we can admit is, that they have a genuine appearance; that if they are only imitations of Boswell's style of correspondence, they are decidedly *clever* imitations. They do not greatly alter the impression of the man which we derive from his

acknowledged writings, and the various stories and anecdotes recorded of him by his contemporaries; but supposing them to be really Boswell's letters, they afford us additional particulars in relation to his vanities, his humours, his love-matters, and his professional and literary pursuits, which are curious and amusing. To his correspondent, Mr. Temple, he appears to have unreservedly communicated everything that interested him, and to have made that gentleman a confidant in some matters which most persons would have instinctively kept concealed. This, however, in Boswell, does not surprise us; his exceeding egotism, and a certain thick-skinned insensibility to the ridiculous or the improper, being among the most prominent of his known personal characteristics. He very well describes himself in the jovial little song he was accustomed to sing at the Soapers' Club:—

“Boswell is pleasant and gay,
 For frolic by nature designed;
 He heedlessly rattles away
 When the company is to his mind.
 This maxim, he says, you may see,
 We can never have corn without chaff;
 So not a bent sixpence cares he
 Whether *with* him or *at* him you laugh.”

Boswell's general history is too well known to require more than a passing reference. To almost everybody his name is thoroughly familiar; and almost everybody has heard or read that he was the son of a crabbed old Scotch judge, who was also Laird of Auchinleck; that he was himself trained to the Scottish bar; travelled in various parts of Europe, and in particular visited Corsica, where he became acquainted with General Paoli; returned to England, published his Corsican journal, mixed in gay society, and got introduced, or introduced himself, to celebrated artists and men of letters; spent the rest of his life partly as a barrister in pursuit of practice, and partly as a landed gentleman—living chiefly in Scotland, but making frequent and prolonged visits to London—and finally becoming famous as the biographer of Dr. Johnson. At no period of his life was Boswell entitled to be regarded in the light of a model character. Sensual in his habits, coarse and even vulgar-minded, sycophantish, and every way loose in his morality, he was rather a man to be tolerated for his lively social qualities, than honoured for any practical merits on the score of worth or respectability. His leading passion seems to have been a rage for popularity—for cutting a distinguished figure; not minding much in what character he appeared, so long as he could be gratified with the sense of notoriety. He was probably the greatest coxcomb of the eighteenth century. No day of his existence passed, perhaps, in which he did not do or say something which rendered him ridiculous, believing it, at the same time, to be something which made him conspicuously important. Everybody laughed at Boswell, and yet everybody liked him. He was good fun in company, and good fun *for* the company—a convenient block for breaking all sorts of jokes upon—an unconscious scapegoat for all manner of social levities. But the poor fellow had some good in him notwithstanding. He had a lively reverence for great men—a

genuine admiration and profound love for them, such as is scarcely noticeable, in the same degree, in any other person of his generation. It was this which made him bend with such humility before the majesty of old Johnson, and set him upon privately reporting his conversation. For this act of service the world is greatly indebted to him, and in return may reasonably excuse him all the vanity and ostentation that was mixed up with its performance. By virtue of Boswell's work, Johnson is more intimately known to us than any other distinguished person of his age; and in no other book has the image and body of the age itself been so faithfully and completely represented.

It is on account of his successful delineation of Johnson that Boswell's delineation of himself in these letters (assuming them to be his) is likely to be acceptable to English readers. As the author of, perhaps, the most entertaining biography in the language, and as a man who mixed largely with the wits and other notabilities of the eighteenth century, anything he has to tell us, illustrative of his own life, or of the lives of his contemporaries, is pretty sure to be interesting. Let us see, therefore, how Boswell paints himself, or is represented to paint himself, in this Temple correspondence. The first two letters appear to have been written when he was eighteen years of age; and in one of them he tells his friend (as young men of that age are apt to tell each other) that he had recently fallen in love with a very bewitching damsel. The lady's name is not given, but, perhaps, that is no great matter. Yet it is curious she should figure as Miss W——t, when it would have been more natural in Boswell to mention her name in full, there being no reason for making a mystery of her identity in a confidential communication. Here, however, is the passage which refers to her:—

“I gave you a hint in my last of the continuance of my passion for Miss W——t. I assure you I am excessively fond of her, so (as I have given you fair warning) don't be surprised if your grave, sedate, philosophic friend, who used to carry it so high, and talk with such a composed indifference of the beauteous sex, and whom you used to admonish not to turn an old man too soon—don't be thunderstruck if this same fellow should all at once, *subito furpe obreptus*, commence Don Quixote for his adorable Dulcinea. But to talk seriously, I at first fell violently in love with her, and thought I should be quite miserable if I did not obtain her; but now it is changed to a rational esteem of her good qualities, so that I should be extremely happy to pass my life with her; but if she does not incline to it, I can bear it *æquo animo*, and retire into the calm regions of philosophy. She is indeed extremely pretty, and possessed of every amiable qualification; she dances, sings, and plays upon several instruments equally well, draws with a great deal of taste, and reads the best authors; at the same time she has a just regard for true piety and religion, and behaves in the most easy, affable way. She is just such a young lady as I could wish for the partner of my soul; and you know that it is not every one; for you and I have often talked how nice we would be in such a choice. I own I can have but little hopes, as she is a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. Heaven knows that sordid motive is farthest from my thoughts. She invited me to come and wait upon her, so I went last week and drank tea. I was kindly entertained, and desired to come when convenient. I have reason to believe she has a very good opinion of me; and, indeed, a youth of my turn has a better chance to gain the

affections of a lady of her character than of any other; but (as I told you before) my mind is in such an agreeable situation, that being refused would not be so fatal as to drive me to despair, as your hot-brained romantic lovers talk. Now, my dear friend, I sincerely ask ten thousand pardons for giving you the trouble of this long narration; but as it is a thing that concerns me a good deal, I could not but communicate it to you, and I know, when I inform you how happy it makes me to open my mind, you will forgive me. . . . How happy should I be if she consented, some years after this, to make me blest! How transporting to think of such a lady to entertain you at Auchinleck!" . . .

One can readily conceive that the young Boswell may have written in this strain. That touch about retiring "into the calm regions of philosophy," in case of disappointment, is quite in the Boswellian manner, as also are some other turns of expression which will be noticeable. In the same letter the writer relates his first impressions of Mr. David Hume, to whom he had just obtained an introduction; but here the traits of the Boswell individuality are not so strongly marked:—

"Some days ago I was introduced to your friend, Mr. Hume; he is a most discreet, affable man as ever I met with, and has really a good deal of learning, and a choice collection of books. He is indeed an extraordinary man—few such people are to be met with now-a-days. We talk a great deal of genius, fine language, improving our style, &c., but I am afraid solid learning is much wore out. Mr. Hume, I think, is a very proper person for a young man to cultivate an acquaintance with. Though he has not, perhaps, the most delicate taste, yet he has applied himself with great attention to the study of the ancients, and is likewise a great historian, so that you are not only entertained in his company, but may reap a great deal of useful instruction. I own myself much obliged to you, dear sir, for procuring me the pleasure of his acquaintance."

The date of the letter is the 29th July, 1758, and it purports to have been written from Edinburgh, where Boswell was then pursuing his legal studies, and mingling a good deal in tavern jollity. The second letter, written in December of the same year, seems to fix Mr. Temple's residence at Cambridge, where he was probably a student, preparing for holy orders. He afterwards held preferment successively in Devonshire and Cornwall; and being a man of literary tastes, appears to have published a few small books and pamphlets, which are now forgotten. He is said to have been the same Mr. Temple who is mentioned in the correspondence between the poet Gray and Mr. Nicholls, and who contributed a short criticism on Gray's character, which appeared in the *London Magazine*, and is quoted in his "Life," by Mason, as well as subsequently by Dr. Johnson. The latter refers to it as being "from a letter written to my friend, Mr. Boswell, by the Rev. Mr. Temple of St. Gluvias, in Cornwall," which seems to make it certain that Boswell and Temple had formerly corresponded. In one of the letters in this collection Boswell exultingly relates that he had copied the passage, and procured the insertion in the *London Magazine*, "of which," says he, "I am a proprietor." He does not appear, however, to have named the circumstance to his correspondent till after the publication of Mason's "Life," which may be one of the points

worth considering in regard to the probability of the present letters being genuine. The passage was published in March, 1772, and Boswell does not allude to it till three years afterwards (April, 1775). This does not very well assort with Bozzy's habitual officiousness; bearing which in mind, we can hardly suppose he would have omitted to notify to his friend the honour he had done him by the publication of his letter.

After the two letters already mentioned as written in 1758, there are no more till 1761, when Boswell, having in the previous year for the first time visited London, writes again, to give to his friend some account of his impressions, and to assure him that his regard for him remains unabated. He writes, as before, from Edinburgh, which seems now to have become a dull place to him:—

“Consider,” says he, “a young fellow, whose happiness was always centred in London, who had at last got there, and had begun to taste its delights; who had got his mind filled with the most gay ideas—getting into the Guards, being about Court, enjoying the happiness of the *beau monde*, and the company of men of genius, in short, everything that he could wish—consider this poor fellow hauled away to the town of Edinburgh, obliged to conform to every Scotch custom or be laughed at . . . his flighty imagination quite cramped, and he obliged to study *Corpus Juris Civilis*, and live in his father's strict family; is there any wonder, sir, that the unlucky dog should be somewhat fretful? Yoke a Newmarket courser to a dung-cart, and I'll lay my life on't he'll either caper and kick most confoundedly or be as stupid and restive as an old, battered post-horse. Not one in a hundred can understand this; you do.”

And therefrom, apparently, Boswell derives a little consolation. Sympathy with genius preposterously misplaced is at least comforting, and so he takes the flattering unction to his soul as one very much requiring it!

Next year, however, he is again in London, carrying with him a little poem, entitled “The Club at Newmarket,” which appears neither to have gained nor merited any great success. Nevertheless, on the strength of it, Boswell might style himself an author, and send presentation copies of his performance to his friends. Having never seen this poem, we cannot pretend to give any opinion of it; but we understand, from the editor of the present letters, that “its perusal will not repay anyone, unless he may desire to satisfy a special curiosity as to what some persons *could* write and others *could* read, under the name of poetry, in the middle of the last century.” The same is not exactly to be said of a humorous correspondence which he was at the same time carrying on with the Honourable Andrew Erskine, and which was published in 1763. These letters reflect the manners and humours of a couple of jovial young gentlemen in an amusing fashion, and illustrate some of the social characteristics of the times. Nothing but the vanity of the writers could have induced them to publish such frivolities; but as the same may be said in regard to many another publication, they do not, in such respect, stand singular. The year 1763 was more memorable to Boswell, on account of a circumstance of greater importance to his reputation—namely, his obtaining the acquaintance of

Dr. Johnson. The graphic description of their first meeting in Mr. Davies' back parlour is familiar to all readers of the "Life of Johnson," and need not here detain us. It is somewhat singular that in his correspondence with Mr. Temple there is no account of this first meeting, and no mention of his acquaintance with Johnson until two months after the introduction, when Boswell refers to supping with him, as if his friend was aware of their growing intimacy. It appears, however, that Temple had lately been in London, and it is possible he was there when Boswell first saw Johnson, and so may have received from him a verbal account of the interview. This being supposable, the following passage, which contains the first allusion to Johnson in the letters, will be intelligible:—

"I had the honour of supping *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Johnson last night. . . We sat till between two and three. He took me by the hand cordially, and said, 'My dear Boswell, I love you very much.' Now, Temple, can I help indulging vanity? . . . Mr. Johnson was in vast good humour, and we had much conversation. I mentioned Tresnoy to him, but he advised me not to follow a plan, and he declared that he himself never followed one above two days. He advised me to read just as inclination prompted me, which alone, he said, would do me any good; for I had better go into company than read a set task. Let us study ever so much, we must still be ignorant of a great deal. Therefore the question is, what parts of science do we want to know? He said, too, that idleness was a distemper which I ought to combat against, and that I should prescribe to myself five hours a day, and in these hours gratify whatever literary desires may spring up. He is to give me his advice as to what books I should take with me from England. I told him that the 'Rambler' shall accompany me round Europe, and so be a Rambler indeed. He gave me a smile of complacency."

One perceives that Johnson's advice about reading coincides precisely with his own acknowledged habits. Other particulars, in relation to the intercourse between the sage and his disciple, are brought forward as the correspondence goes on, but, so far as we can see, nothing of any moment that is not wrought up in the "Life." Boswell was at this period (the summer of 1763) on the point of setting out upon his travels; his immediate destination being Utrecht, where he was to devote himself to a further study of jurisprudence. His correspondence was just now very copious: there are three letters to Temple in July, dated successively the 25th, 26th, and 27th. In the first he gives some account of his preparations, in relation to which we extract what follows:—

"I have this night received a large packet from my father, with my letter of credit, and several letters of recommendation to different people in Holland. The letters have been sent open for me to seal, so I have been amused to see the different modes of treating that favourite subject *myself*. Sir David Dalrymple has written to Count Nassau. His letter is in French, and is exceedingly genteel. He recommends Mr. Boswell as *un jeune homme de famille et de mérite*, and hopes he will find in the Count *le guide et le protecteur de sa jeunesse*. My father writes to Mynheer Abrahamus Groen-vius, an old *litteratus* at Leyden. It is an excellent letter, and recalls their old ideas with more liveliness than you would imagine. I have several other letters, so that I can be at no loss where I am going, especially as I have got

some relations of the first fashion at the Hague. My father has allowed me £60 a quarter—£240 a year. That is not a great allowance, but with economy I may live very well upon it, for Holland is a cheap country. However, I am determined not to be straitened, nor to encourage the least narrowness of disposition as to saving money, but will draw upon my father for any sums I find necessary. My affairs being thus far settled, I must set out soon. I can have no excuse for indulging myself in a much longer stay in London; and yet I must own to you, my dear friend, that I feel a good deal of uneasiness at the thoughts of quitting the place where my affection is truly centred, for there I enjoy most happiness: however, I am determined to go next week. I hope I shall not be feeble-minded, but pluck up manly resolution, and consider that I am leaving London in order to see the world, store my mind with more ideas, establish a proper character, and then return to the metropolis much happier and more qualified for a solid relish of its advantages."

So Mr. Boswell proceeds upon his travels, his venerable friend, Johnson, going down with him to Harwich to see him off. The winter was spent at Utrecht—how much of it in study and how much in various dissipations need not, at the present date, concern us. He appears to have written no letters to Temple in his absence. After visiting different parts of the Netherlands, he proceeded thence to Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Corsica, returning by Paris, in February, 1766, to London. He was thus abroad about two years and a-half. With his passion for knowing and being known to celebrated persons, Boswell sought out, on his tour, the two most noted of literary Frenchmen, Voltaire and Rousseau, both of whom received him with appropriate civility. But the most remarkable event of his travels was, as all the world knows, his visit to Corsica, and the acquaintance he there made with Pascal Paoli. This event, indeed, seems almost to have turned his head. On his return to England, he for some time talked of nothing but Corsica and Paoli, and thereby made himself "a bore of the first magnitude." Johnson, for his part, could not help wishing he would "empty his head of Corsica," and "mind his own affairs." However, when Boswell had published his "Journal" and "History" of the island, his grave mentor could not but admit that he had produced an interesting book. "Your History," said he, "is like other histories, but your Journal is, in a very high degree, curious and delightful. There is between the History and the Journal that difference which there will always be found between notions borrowed from without and notions generated from within. Your History was copied from books; your Journal rose out of your own experience and observation. You express images which operated strongly upon yourself, and you have impressed them with great force upon your readers. I know not whether I could name any narrative by which curiosity is better excited or better gratified." The book attracted considerable attention, and on all sides the portion of it which contains the "Journal" was spoken of with approbation. Walpole, writing to Gray, says—"Pray read the new account of Corsica; what relates to Paoli will amuse you much. There is a deal about the island and its divisions that one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and, like Cambridge, has a rage for knowing anybody that ever was talked of." The lively Horace adds—"He forced himself upon

me in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore. He then took an antipathy towards me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and expected Rousseau to do so too; but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me: however, his book will amuse you." Walpole appears to have judged correctly, for Gray replied shortly after—"Mr. Boswell's book I was going to recommend to you when I received your letter. It has pleased and moved me strangely—all (I mean) that relates to Paoli. The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained—that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of the kind." Boswell, of course, was not aware of these compliments at the time; but he was, perhaps, sufficiently compensated for his ignorance of them by the rapid sale of the work, proving its general acceptability.

A few characteristic passages from this journal have been extracted by the editor of the present letters, which may be repeated here for the amusement of readers who may not happen to have seen the book:—

"Before I was accustomed to Corsica," says Boswell, "I sometimes forgot myself, and, imagining I was in a public-house, called for what I wanted with the tone which one uses in calling to a waiter at a tavern. I did so at Pino, asking for a variety of things at once, when Signora Tomasi, perceiving my mistake, smiled, saying, with much calmness and good-nature, 'One thing after another, sir.'"

He mentions, also, that he at first felt timid in talking with the General, but that by degrees this feeling subsided. "My timidity," says he, "wore off—I no longer thought of myself." He has recorded the like effect when conversing with Dr. Johnson. As to the style of hospitality with which he was entertained, he relates—"I had my chocolate served upon a silver salver adorned with the arms of Corsica." He seems to have confided to Paoli sundry portions of his mental history, dwelling especially upon his tendency to hypochondria, with which he frequently bothered Johnson, and which he appears to have regarded as a complaint indicative of unusual intellectuality. He thus, on one occasion, makes confession:—

"With a mind naturally inclined to melancholy, and a keen sense of inquiry, I had intensely applied myself to a metaphysical research, and reasoned beyond my depth. . . . I told him I had almost become for ever incapable of taking a part in active life."

He gave proof, however, that he could still take part in its amusements, when, on a certain convivial occasion, he sang, for the entertainment of his friends, "Hearts of Oak are our Ships," actually fancying himself for the time "to be a recruiting-officer," with all his "chorus of Corsicans aboard the British Fleet."

There is one more passage which must not be omitted:—

"One day when I rode out I was mounted on Paoli's own horse, with rich

furniture of crimson velvet with broad gold lace, and had my guards marching along with me, I allowed myself to indulge in a momentary pride in this parade, as I was curious to experience what would really be the pleasure of state and distinction, with which all mankind are so strangely intoxicated. . . . I became a great favourite among the peasants and soldiers. I got a Corsican dress made, in which I walked about with an air of true satisfaction."

The dress here referred to may be supposed to be the one in which he afterwards occasionally paraded on his return to England.

Boswell's father was not particularly pleased with the result of his son's travelling. The crabbed old bubby-jock of a laird had no respect for hero-worship. Neither Paoli nor Johnson excited his veneration in the slightest conceivable degree. On the contrary, according to the well-known anecdote, he asserted, "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon: Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done with Paoli; he's off wi' the laud-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon? A dominie, mon, an auld dominie; he keepit a schule, and ca'd it an academy." The old gentleman, to be sure, lived to somewhat modify his opinion; but he and Jamie remained for a long time signally at variance with respect to the young man's associates and pursuits, and were, in fact, never altogether reconciled.

The correspondence with Temple was resumed in 1767; Boswell having then gone back to Edinburgh, and commenced the practice of his profession. His friend had meanwhile become settled as a clergyman at Mamhead, in Devonshire, and was apparently contemplating matrimony. On this interesting subject Boswell remarks:—

"Such an institution becomes a pious clergyman." But in regard to himself, he adds:—"I cannot think of it while my father lives; his notions and mine are so different, that the wife whom I would choose would, in all probability, be very disagreeable to him. If he does not marry again, there is a duty upon me to live with him and be careful of him. His character is such that he must have his son in a great degree of subjection to him. Were I to marry, he could not alter his ideas; so I should be in a most awkward state between the subjection of a son and the authority of a father, which, as a father and as the master, I ought to possess. Perhaps it would be better for a man in my situation to keep himself free. A bachelor has an easy, unconcerned behaviour, which is more taking with the generality of the world than the behaviour of a married man possibly can be, if he acts in character."

So as Boswell cannot marry, he does worse, and keeps a mistress—a poor unhappy woman, whose husband, after using her "shockingly ill," had deserted her. "Is she not then free?" asks Boswell. "She is, it is clear, and no arguments can disguise it. She is now mine; and were she to be unfaithful to me, she ought to be pierced with a Corsican poniard; but I believe she loves me sincerely." The more fool she; for it by no means appears to be included in the compact that he is to maintain faithfulness to her! This unfortunate creature is several times alluded to in the correspondence; but how the relationship ended we are not informed, and perhaps few would care to know.

What makes the matter singular is, that Boswell all along keeps writing about fair, respectable ladies, to whom he is paying, or is on the point of paying, his serious addresses. There is a little Dutch damsel, whom he calls "Zelide," with whom he had half fallen in love while in Holland, and whom he seems to have occasionally thought of afterwards as a lady who would make him a good wife. She comes up frequently in the correspondence, but in the end is dismissed, as, upon the whole, unsuited to a fellow of Boswell's temperament. Then there is a Miss Bosville in Yorkshire, a distant relation of the Scotch Boswells, who seems eligible for the honour he is inclined to pay her; but he is hindered by circumstances from making her direct proposals. With another lady, nearer home, who is thus introduced to Temple's notice in March, 1767, he seems to have had a pretty long flirtation:—

"There is a young lady in the neighbourhood here, who has an estate of her own—between two and three hundred a-year—just eighteen, a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, cheerful, pious. You know my grand object is the ancient family of Auchinleck—a venerable and noble principle. How would it do to conclude an alliance with the neighbouring princess, and add her lands to our dominions? I should at once have a very pretty little estate, a good house, and a sweet place. My father is very fond of her; it would make him perfectly happy. He gives me hints in this way:—'I wish you had her—no bad scheme this; I think a very good one.' But I will not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time. I will take to myself the advice I wrote to you from Naples, and go to London a while before I marry. I am not yet quite well, but am in as good away as can be expected. My fair neighbour was a ward of my father's; she sits in our seat at church in Edinburgh; she would take possession here most naturally. This is a superb place: we have the noblest natural beauties, and my father has made most extensive improvements. We look ten miles out upon our dominions. We have an excellent new house. I am now writing in a library forty feet long. Come to us, my dearest friend; we will live like the most privileged spirits of antiquity."

The letter is dated from Auchinleck. Three months later there is a letter from Edinburgh, in which the subject is renewed:—

"The lady in my neighbourhood," says Boswell, "is the finest woman I have ever seen. I went and visited her, and she was so good as to prevail with her mother to come to Auchinleck, where they stayed four days; and in our romantic groves I adored her like a divinity. I have already given you her character. My father is very desirous I should marry her; all my relations, all my neighbours, approve of it. She looked quite at home in the house of Auchinleck. Her picture would be an ornament to the gallery."

We learn, from a subsequent epistle, that the lady's name is Blair—Miss Blair, of Adamtown. In the summer of 1767, Mr. Temple appears to have visited Boswell in Edinburgh, and to have been sent down to Auchinleck with letters of introduction to her, together with instructions for his conduct in the way of advancing Boswell in her good opinion:—

"Give Miss Blair my letter. Salute her and her mother; ask to walk. See the place fully; think what improvements should be made. Talk of my mare, the purse, the chocolate. Tell you are my very old and intimate

friend. *Praise me for my good qualities—you know them; but talk also how odd, how inconstant, how impetuous, how much accustomed to women of intrigue. Ask gravely, Pray don't you imagine there is something of madness in that family? Talk of my various travels—German princes—Voltaire and Rousseau. Talk of my father; my strong desire to have my own house. Observe her well; see, how amiable! Judge if she would be happy with your friend. Think of me as the great man at Adamtown—quite classical, too! Study the mother. Remember well what passes. Stay tea. At six order horses and go to New Mills, two miles from Loudoun; but if they press you to stay all night, do it. Be a man of as much ease as possible. Consider what a romantic expedition you are on; take notes. Perhaps you now fix me for life."*

Whether Temple performed all this we are not informed; we are led, however, to infer that he saw Miss Blair at Adamtown, and was not so successful in his character of Boswell's eulogist as had been expected. There seems to have been another suitor, by whom he was in danger of being supplanted. Temple having returned to Mamhead, the next letter he receives contains the following:—

"I have not heard from Adamtown since you left me. I wrote to Miss Blair above a week ago, and thanked her for the polite reception she gave my friend. I told her how much you were charmed with her, and that I should not probably get a letter from you without some fine thing said of her. I made your compliments to her and Mrs. Blair. What can be the matter? Probably the letter you carried has been thought so strange and so distant from any rational scheme, that it has been resolved no longer to carry on so friendly and easy an intercourse with me. Or what would you say if the formal Nabob whom you saw there has struck in, and so good a bird in hand has made the heiress quit the uncertain prospect of catching the bird in the bush? I am anxious to see how this matter will turn out. The mare, the purse, the chocolate—where are they now? I am certainly not deeply in love, for I am entertained with this dilemma like another chapter in my adventures, though I do own to you that I have a more serious attachment to her than I ever had to anybody; for here every flower is united. Perhaps the dilemma will be agreeably solved; so let me not allow my mind to waver."

A fortnight passes over without any solution of the perplexity, and we find Boswell writing again, confessing himself at a loss what to think of it. His friend having just got married, he begins his letter with a congratulatory compliment:—

"My dear Temple," says he, "I sincerely congratulate you on your marriage, which, from your manner of writing, I take to be a very good, comfortable situation. You have removed half my apprehensions, and I suppose I shall likewise by-and-bye experience the agreeable union. But what can you say in defence of this heiress? Not a word from her since you were there. You carried her one letter from me, and I wrote her another a week after, neither of which have been answered. You must know that my present unhappy distemper, joined with a cold, brought on a most terrible fever, and I was for several days in a most alarming situation. I am not up yet, though I am in a fair way of recovery from every evil. Well, to return. I wrote Miss Blair on Wednesday, the 5th, that I was afraid Mr. Temple had told her my faults too honestly, so that she was mistaken in having too good an opinion of me; that, however, she had punished me (only think of that, Temple!) too much; that I felt it the more because I had been for some days

confined to my bed by a feverish disorder, and had been dreaming a great deal of her. Now, my dear friend, suppose what you please; suppose her affections changed, as those of women too often are; suppose her offended at my Spanish stateliness; suppose her to have resolved to be more reserved and coy, in order to make me more in love; nay, suppose her betrothed to that man of copper, the formal Nabob, still, politeness obliged her to give me some answer or other; yet it is now four posts since that answer might have come. Is it not strange, after such frankness and affability? What shall I think? As I am quite in the dark, I will take no resolution against her till you advise me; for I still cannot help thinking she is the best woman to be my wife I have ever seen. Perhaps her mysterious conduct may be quite cleared up."

Another fortnight passes, and he then relates that all has been cleared up quite to his satisfaction:—

"On Monday se'nnight," says he, "I had the pleasure to receive a most agreeable letter from her, in which she told me that my letter to her had lain eight days in the post-house at Ayr, which was the occasion of her seeming neglect. You see, my friend, how appearances are often deceitful. This never occurred either to you or me. I have refrained from communicating this to you from a curiosity to see how you would endeavour to excuse her conduct; but since I have waited so long in vain, I now make you as easy as myself. I would send you the letter; but it says so many fine things of you, that I will not give you so much pleasure till I hear from you again."

Three days later he renews the strain in a state of highest jubilation:—

"It seems you and I, like the magnetic needles of the two friends, have turned towards each other at the same time. You would receive, the day before yesterday, a letter from me, complaining of your long silence; and I have, by the same post, received a very kind one from you. Are you not happy to find that all is well between the Prince of Auchinleck and his fair neighbouring princess? In short, sir, I am one of the most fortunate men in the world. As Miss Blair is my great object at present, and you are a principal minister in forwarding the alliance, I enclose you the latest papers on the subject. You will find the letter I wrote her when ill, where you will see a Scots word *roving* from the French *rêver*, as if to dream awake. I put it down as a good English word, not having looked in Johnson. You will next find the lady's answer; then a long letter from me, which required an extraordinary degree of good sense and temper to answer it with an agreeable propriety; then her answer, which exceeds my highest expectations. Read these passages in their order, and let me have your Excellency's opinion. Am I not now as well as I can be? What condescension! what a desire to please! She studies my disposition, and resolves to be cautious, &c. Adorable woman! Don't you think I had better not write again till I see her? I shall go west in a fortnight, but I can hardly restrain myself from writing to her in transport. I will go to Adamtown, and stay a week. I will have no disguise; we shall see each other fairly. We are both independent. We have no temptation to marry but to make each other happy. Let us be sure if that would be the consequence. Was it not very good of my worthy father to visit my mistress in my absence? I have thanked him for it, and begged he may send his chaise for Mrs. Blair and her to come and stay some days with him. I am recovering well, and my spirits are admirable."

By the side of this it is curious to read the following, written the

next day, and in which reference is made to the unfortunate lady at Edinburgh whom Boswell had under his "protection." He is observing that before he can marry, a few things must be attended to:—

"My health must be restored, in the first place; then I have Mrs. — to take care of. You may say what you please, but she is a good girl; she has a contented, cheerful temper, and is perfectly generous. She has not had a single guinea from me since you were here, nor has she given me the least hint as if she wanted money. I am, indeed, fond of her; but some tender feelings must be forgotten. She comes and drinks tea with me once or twice a week. Next month will probably fix our alliance [meaning, of course, the alliance with Miss Blair], which may be completed next year."

Though with the Adamtown beauty all is going prosperously, Boswell does not long maintain the elation he displays in some of the foregoing extracts from his letters. The Laird of Auchinleck stands between him and happiness. Writing in September of this same year, 1767, he says:—

"In this strange world it is hardly possible to be happy; if uneasiness does not arise from ourselves, it will come to us from others. How unaccountable is it that my father and I should be so ill together! He is a man of sense and a man of worth; but, from some unhappy turn in his disposition, he is much dissatisfied with a son whom you know. I write to him with warmth, with an honest pride, wishing that he should think of me as I am; but my letters shock him, and every expression in them is interpreted unfavourably. To give you an instance, I send you a letter I had from him a few days ago. How galling is it to the friend of Paoli to be treated so! I have answered him in my own style: I will be myself. I have said, 'Why think so strangely of my expression of being *Primus Mantua*? Suppose I were married to Miss Blair, would I not be *Primus Mantua* at Adamtown? and why not? Would you not be pleased to see your son happy in independence—cultivating his little farm, and ornamenting his nuptial villa, and filling himself one day, as well as possible, the place of a much greater man?' Temple, would you not like such a son? would you not feel a glow of parental joy? I know you would; and yet my worthy father writes to me in the manner you see, with that Scots strength of sarcasm which is peculiar to a North Briton. But he is offended with that fire which you and I cherish as the essence of our souls; and how can I make him happy? Am I bound to do so at the expense, not of this or the other agreeable wish, but at the expense of myself? The time was when such a letter from my father as the one I enclose would have depressed me; but I am now firm, and, as my revered friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson, used to say, I feel the privileges of an independent being. However, it is hard that I cannot have the pious satisfaction of being well with my father."

This seems almost to out-Boswell Boswell; and if he really wrote it, he must have been a more preposterous coxcomb than the world has hitherto considered him. Perhaps it was written when he was a little too much inspired by the good old claret, which he confesses to have been in the habit of drinking to excess. In the same letter there is a curious trait presented in reference to his pride in authorship. His "Journal of a Tour in Corsica" was then going through the press, alluding to which he says:—

"The proof sheets amuse me finely at breakfast. I cannot help hoping

for some applause. You will be kind enough to communicate to me all that you hear, and to conceal *from me all censure.*"

"*Sic in original,*" says the editor. Boswell, however, confesses that he should not dislike to hear "impartial corrections," and hints that "perhaps Mr. Gray may say something to you of it." We have already seen what Gray *did* say to Walpole, which was probably not quite what Boswell would have liked.

We pass over several letters, containing nothing of much moment, to push on to one written from Adamtown, on the 5th of November, in which the reader will expect to find further intelligence of the "heirress." It will be seen, that though the lovers are on terms of tolerable intimacy, they have not yet arrived at a perfect understanding.

"My dear Temple," says Boswell, "the pleasure of your countenance, in reading the date of this letter, is before me at this moment. I imagine it cannot be less than I felt glowing in my eyes when I received the last of your letters, with the elegant, and, I am fully persuaded, sincere commendations of my 'Corsican Journal.' In short, I am sitting in the room with my princess, who is at this moment a finer woman than ever she appeared to me before. But, my valuable friend, be not too certain of your Boswell's felicity, for indeed he has little of it at present. You must know that Miss Blair's silence, which I mentioned to you, was a silence notwithstanding my having written three letters to her, and (here supper interrupted me; the rest is written in my own room, the same where you slept) when a former quarrel should have taught her that she had a lover of an anxious temper. For ten days I was in a fever, but at last I broke the enchantment. However, I would not be sullen in my pride; I wrote to her from Auchinleck, and *wished her joy*, etc.; she answered me, with the same ease as ever, that I had no occasion. I then wrote her a strange Sultanish letter, very cold and very formal, and did not go to see her for near three weeks. At last I am here, and our meeting has been such as you paint in your last but one. I have been here one night; she insisted on my staying another. I am dressed in green and gold. I have my chaise, in which *I sit alone like Mr. Gray*, and Thomas rides by me in a claret-coloured suit with a silver-laced hat. But the princess and I have not yet made up our quarrel; she talks lightly of it. I am resolved to have a serious conversation with her to-morrow morning. If she can still remain indifferent as to what has given me much pain, she is not the woman I thought her, and from tomorrow morning shall I be severed from her as a lover. I shall first bring myself, I hope, to a good, easy tranquillity. If she feels as I wish her to do, I shall adore her while my blood is warm. You shall hear fully from Auchinleck. We have talked a great deal of you. She has made me laugh heartily, with her ideas of you before you arrived—an old friend, an English clergyman. She imagined she was to see a fat man, with a large white wig, a man something like Mr. Whitfield. Upon honour, she said so; but she and Mrs. Blair were quite charmed with the young parson, with his neat black periwig and his polite address. They send you a thousand compliments." . . .

Boswell appears to have done as he proposed, in regard to attempting to come to a better understanding with the lady, when, according to his account, she showed herself not in the least inclined to *own* she had been in the wrong. He therefore took leave of her in a somewhat sulky humour; but afterwards, wishing to give her "a fair opportunity" of explaining her conduct, he wrote her a note, desiring amongst other things to be favoured with a "lock of her hair." This her ladyship

refused, "because," said she, "in the eyes of the world, it is improper;" and, adds Boswell, "she says very cool things upon that head." Putting one thing with another, he comes to the conclusion that she is "cunning," and sees his weakness, which was very likely.

"But I now see her," said he, "and though I cannot but suffer severely, I from this moment resolve to think no more of her. Wish me joy, my good friend, of having discovered the snake before it was too late. I should have been ruined had I made such a woman my wife. Luckily for me, a neighbour who came to Auchinleck last night told me that he had heard three people at Ayr agree in abusing her as a jilt. What a risk have I run! However, as there is still a possibility that all this may be a mistake and malice, I shall behave to her in a very respectful manner and shall never say word against her but to you. After this, I shall be upon my guard against ever indulging the least fondness for a Scots lass; I am a soul of a more southern frame. I may perhaps be fortunate enough to find an Englishwoman who will be sensible of my merit, and will study to please my singular humour. By what you write of Mrs. Temple, I wish I had such a wife, though indeed your temper is so much better than mine, that perhaps she and I would have quarrelled before this time, had we been married when you were. Love is a perfect fever of the mind. I question if any man has been more tormented with it than myself. Even at this moment, as I write, my heart is torn by vexing thoughts of this fine princess of ours; but I may take comfort, since I have so often recovered."

After this one expects to find the affair broken off; but more letters follow, in which Boswell shows himself still undecided about his course, as well as about the drift of the lady's inclinations. He writes to her again, and gets no answer; but she sends by her aunt a not unfriendly message. At the end of some weeks he meets with her in Edinburgh, and the intimacy is renewed on terms of apparent cordiality. Boswell again declares that he "adores" her, and is convinced that she has been nowise to blame. "I told her," says he, "that henceforth she would entertain no doubt that I sincerely loved her; and, Temple, I ventured to seize her hand! She is really the finest woman to me I ever saw." Then follows a letter of more extraordinary contents than any we have yet looked into; and as we are now coming to the *denouement*, we must give it as near as possible entire. It appears to have been written on the 24th December, 1767.

"In my last I told you, that after I had resolved to give up with the princess for ever, I resolved first to see her. I was so lucky as to have a very agreeable interview, and was convinced by her that she was not to blame. This happened on a Thursday; that evening her cousin and most intimate friend, the Duchess of Gordon, came to town. Next day I was at the concert with them, and afterwards supped at Lord Kaimes's. The princess appeared distant and reserved; I could hardly believe that it was the same woman with whom I had been quite easy the day before; I was then uneasy. Next evening I was at the play with them; it was 'Othello.' I sat close behind the princess, and at the most affecting scenes I pressed my hand upon her waist; she was in tears, and rather leaned to me. The jealous Moor described my very soul. I often spoke to her of the torment she saw before her; still I thought her distant, and still I felt uneasy. On Sunday the Duchess went away. I met the princess at church; she was distant as before. I passed the evening at her aunt's, where I met a cousin of my princess, a young lady of Glasgow, who had been with us at Adam.

town. She told me she had something to communicate, and she then said my behaviour to the princess was such, that Mrs. B. and her daughter did not know how to behave to me; that it was not honourable to engage a young lady's affections while I kept myself free; in short the good cousin persuaded me that the princess had formed an attachment for me, and she assured me the Nabob had been refused. On Monday forenoon I waited on Miss B. I found her alone, and she did not seem distant; I told her that I was most sincerely in love with her, and that I only dreaded those faults which I had acknowledged to her. I asked her seriously if she now believed me in earnest. She said she did. I then asked her to be candid and fair, as I had been with her, and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What think you, Temple, was her answer? 'No; I really have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you.' Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue.

"Boswell.—'Do you, indeed? Well, I cannot help it; I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.'

"Princess.—'I like Jeany Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.'

"B.—'Very well; but do you like no man better than me?'

"P.—'No.'

"B.—'Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?'

"P.—'I don't know what is possible.'

(By this time I had risen and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation).

"B.—'I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blair, I love you so much that I am very unhappy if you cannot love me. I must, if possible, endeavour to forget you. What would you have me do?'

"P.—'I really don't know what you should do.'

"B.—'It is certainly possible that you may love me; and if you shall ever do so, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me, will you own it?'

"P.—'Yes.'

"B.—'And if you should happen to love another, will you tell me immediately, and help me to make myself easy?'

"P.—'Yes, I will.'

"B.—'Well, you are very good' (often squeezing and kissing her fine hand, while she looked at me with those beautiful black eyes).

"P.—'I may tell you, as a cousin, what I would not tell to another man.'

"B.—'You may indeed. You are very fond of Auchinleck, that is one good circumstance.'

"P.—'I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.'

"B.—'I have told you how fond I am of you; but unless you like me sincerely, I have too much spirit to ask you to live with me, as I know that you would not like me. If I could have you at this moment for my wife, I would not.'

"P.—'I should not like to put myself in your offer though.'

"B.—'Remember, you are both my cousin and my mistress, you must make me suffer as little as possible, as it may happen that I may engage your affections. I should think myself a most dishonourable man if I were not now in earnest, and, remember, I depend upon your sincerity; and whatever happens, you and I shall never have another quarrel.'

"P.—'Never.'

"B.—'And I may come and see you as much as I please?'

"P.—'Yes.'

"My worthy friend, what sort of a scene was this? It was most curious. She said she would submit to her husband in most things. She said that to see one loving her would go far to make her love that person; but she would not talk anyhow positively, for she had never felt the uneasy anxiety of love.

We were an hour and a-half together, and seemed pleased all the time. I think she behaved with spirit and propriety. I admire her more than ever. She intended to go to her aunt's, twelve miles from town, next day: her jaunt was put off for some days. Yesterday I saw her again; I was easy and cheerful, and just endeavoured to make myself agreeable. This forenoon I was again with her. I told her how uneasy I was that she should be three weeks absent. She said I might amuse myself well enough: she seemed quite indifferent. I was growing angry again, but I recollected how she had candidly told me that she had no particular liking for me. Temple, where am I now? What is the meaning of this? I drank tea with her this afternoon, and sat near four hours with her mother and her. Our conversation turned on the manner in which two people might live. She has the justest ideas. She said she knew me now; she could laugh me out of my ill-humour; she could give Lord Auchinleck a lesson how to manage me. Temple, what does the girl mean? . . . You know my strange temper and impetuous disposition; shall I boldly shake her off, as I fear I cannot be patient or moderate? or, am I not bound in honour to suffer some time, and watch her heart? How long must I suffer? how must I do? When she comes back, shall I affect any indifference, to try her? or, shall I rather endeavour to inspire her with my flame? Is it not below me to be made uneasy by her? or, may I not be a philosopher, and, without uneasiness, take her, if she likes me, and if not, let her alone? . . . It is certainly possible that all she has said may be literally true; but is not her indifference a real fault? Consult Mrs. Temple, and advise me. Amidst all this love, I have been as wild as ever." . . .

This last is a sad confession; but he promises amendment. He relates at the same time, with a lofty pride, that he has just received a letter from Paoli, inclosing an elegant letter from the University of Corte, and also an extract of an oration pronounced at the opening of the University that year, "in which oration," says he, "I am celebrated in a manner which does me the greatest honour." He goes on to say:—

"I think, Temple, I have had my full share of fame; yet my book is still to come, and I cannot doubt its doing me credit. Come, why do I allow myself to be uneasy for a Scots lass? Rouse me, my friend! Kate has not fire enough; she does not know the value of her lover! If on her return she still remains cold, she does not deserve me. I will not quarrel with her; she cannot help her defects: but I will break my enchanting fetters. Tomorrow I shall be happy with my devotions."

In the next letter, dated 8th February, 1768, we find the announcement, "All is over between Miss Blair and me." The particulars of the winding-up are given in the usual graphic and amusing manner. There was a rumour that she was going to be married to Sir Alexander Gilmour, Member of Parliament for the County of Mid-Lothian, a young man of thirty, with an estate of £1,600 a-year, who was formerly an officer in the Guards, and was then one of the clerks of the Board of Green Cloth. Boswell writes to her, with a view to learn if it be true, and gets no answer. Then he falls in with the before-mentioned Nabob, a Mr. Fullarton, and makes common cause with him, as with one who had been jilted like himself. They agree to go together and pay the lady a visit, to see in what humour she will receive them.

"I give you my word, Temple," writes Boswell, "it was a curious scene.

However, the Princess behaved exceedingly well, though with a reserve more than ordinary. When we left her we both exclaimed, 'Upon my soul, a fine woman!' I began to like the Nabob much; so I said to him, 'I do believe, Mr. Fullarton, you and I are in the same situation here; is it possible to be upon honour, and generous, in an affair of this kind?' We agreed it was. Each then declared he was serious in his love for Miss B; each protested he never before believed the other in earnest. We agreed to deal by one another in a fair and candid manner. I carried him to sup at a lady's, a cousin of mine, where we stayed till half an hour past eleven; we then went to a tavern, and the good old claret was set before us. He told me that he had been most assiduous in attending Miss Blair, but she never gave him the least encouragement, and declared he was convinced she loved me as much as a woman could love a man. With equal honesty I told all that had passed between her and me. . . . We sat till two this morning; we gave our words that we should both ask her this morning, and I should go first. Could anything be better than this? The Nabob talked to me with the warmth of the Indies, and professed the greatest pleasure in being acquainted with me." . . .

Boswell went according to this arrangement, and was told plainly that he had no chance of ever being accepted; so, said he, "I am thrown upon the wide world again; I don't know what will become of me." The Nabob, in his turn, went also, and was treated "with a degree of coldness that overpowered him quite, poor man!" And thus was ended this curious chapter of romance. Boswell endeavoured to make merry over his misfortune by writing "A Crambo Song" on the subject, in which he says:—

"For me the heiress never cared,
For she would have the knight, Sir Sawney;"

and he declares that, all being over, he could see many faults in the lady which he had not seen before. A clear case of the fox abusing the grapes that were beyond his reach. In conclusion, he remarks, "I am honourably off, and you may wonder at it, but I assure you I am very easy and cheerful. I am, however, resolved to look out for a good wife, either here or in England."

There is a great deal more in these letters about Boswell's loves and various flirtations, but what has been given will, perhaps, suffice to show the sort of figure he cut in such relations: Any one curious to know more of his amatory proceedings may be referred to the volume in which they are recorded. The world is generally aware that he at last found a lady who did not disdain to link her fate with his—a Miss Margaret Montgomerie, to whom he was married in the autumn of 1769. There is nothing in the present correspondence having reference to her before the marriage, so that we do not learn any particulars of the courtship. Readers of the published letters of Dr. Johnson may remember what the Doctor said of her in describing her to Mrs. Thrale; how that she had "the mien and manner of a gentlewoman and such a person and mind as would not in any place either be admired or condemned." "She is," adds the sage, "in a proper degree, inferior to her husband; she cannot rival him, nor can he ever be ashamed of her." If this be a correct description, the two were, perhaps, tolerably matched. There is little, however, in these letters

which can be said either to illustrate her character, or to inform us on what terms she and her husband passed their matrimonial existence. During the first years of wedlock he occasionally expresses himself well contented with his choice, and speaks of his wife as being to him an agreeable companion and an affectionate and peculiarly proper helpmeet. But the interest of the correspondence is considerably diminished after his marriage; and as we have already quoted from it largely, we must not indulge much further in the way of extract. The most that we can do will be to pick out here and there a few of the most characteristic passages, without attempting to keep up any continuity of narrative. The following, from a letter written at Grantham, on the road to London, in March, 1775, seems to be worth reading as a bit of complacent autobiography:—

“I am now so far on my way to London in the fly. It is Saturday night, and we repose here all Sunday. I have an acquaintance in Grantham, the Rev. Mr. Palmer, who was chaplain to the late Speaker. He is a worthy, learned, social man. I sent him a card that I would breakfast with him to-morrow, if not inconvenient to him. His answer has just come, which you shall hear:—As breakfasting will be attended with some inconveniencies in the present state of his family, he will be very glad of the favour of my company to a family dinner to-morrow at two o'clock. What can be the meaning of this? *How can breakfasting be inconvenient to a family that dines?* Can he wish to lie long in the morning, that Queen Mab may be with him, ‘tickling the parson as he lies asleep?’ or can his wife and daughter not dress early enough? Pray guess in your next, with a sacerdotal sagacity, what this can be. I shall try to learn and let you know. It is now early in the morning. I am writing in a great English parlour to have my letter ready for the post at nine. It is comfortable to have such an acquaintance as Palmer, so situated. I have thought of making a good acquaintance in each town on the road. No man has been more successful in making acquaintance easily than I have been: I even bring people quickly on to a degree of cordiality. I am a quick fire, but I know not if I last sufficiently, though surely, my dear Temple, there is always a warm place for you. With many people I have compared myself to a taper, which can light up a great and lasting fire though itself is soon extinguished.”

Part of Boswell's object in going to London this year was to enter himself of the Inner Temple, with a view to trying his fortune at the English bar. In another letter he informs his friend that he had already eaten “a Term's Commons,” and he then goes on to say:—

“I passed a delightful day yesterday. After breakfasting with Paoli and worshipping at St. Paul's, I dined *tete-a-tete* with my charming Mrs. Stuart, of whom you have read in my journal. She refused to be of a party at Richmond that she and I might enjoy a farewell interview. We dined in all the elegance of two courses and a dessert, with dumb waiters, except when the second course and the dessert were served. We talked with unreserved freedom, as we had nothing to fear; we were *philosophical*, upon honour—not deep, but feeling; we were pious; we drank tea, and bid each other adieu as finely as romance paints. She is my wife's dearest friend—so you see how beautiful our intimacy is. I then went to Mr. Johnson's, and he accompanied me to Dilly's, where we supped, and then he went with me to the inn in Holborn, where the Newcastle fly sets out. We were warmly affectionate. He is to buy for me a chest of books of his choosing, off stalls, and I am to read more and drink less, that was his counsel.”

The Mrs. Stuart here referred to is supposed to be the wife of the gentleman who, once joking Boswell about being ugly, was asked by the latter, in the way of pleasant retort, whether his *wife* thought so. Dr. Johnson's admonition on the score of drinking seems to have been very necessary, as Boswell over and over again confesses to excessive indulgences in wine, which, besides being injurious to his health and morals, sometimes exposed him to more immediate perils. Going home one night to his London lodgings in a state of superlative intoxication, he was attacked by thieves and plundered of his money. "The robbery," he tells Temple, "was only a few shillings; but the cut on my head and bruises on my arm are sad things, and confined me to bed, in pain, and fever, and helplessness, as a child, many days." On another occasion he relates:—"On Saturday last, dining at a gentleman's house, where I was visiting for the first time, and was eager to obtain political influence, I drank so freely that, riding home in the dark without a servant, I fell from my horse and bruised my shoulder severely." We are sorry to say both these accidents occurred *after* the date of Johnson's excellent advice. And if we were to quote all the allusions to the poor fellow's habit of intemperance, we could easily fill up several pages.

But though Boswell drank immoderately, he could boast of his religious orthodoxy, which, no doubt, he regarded as a respectable set-off against his frailty. He tells the following story of a scoffing clergyman in a manner which shows him to have been becomingly shocked at the reverend sinner:—

"Nichols was some days here on his way home. His foppery is unbecoming in a clergyman. But I was really much offended with him one night when he supped with me. M'Saurin, who, I fear, is an infidel, was the only other person in company. Nichols gave a ludicrous account of his ordination, said he applied to the Archbishop of York (Drummond), who asked him what books he had read on divinity. 'Why truly, my Lord,' said he, 'I must tell you frankly none at all, though I have read other books enough.' 'Very well,' said he, the Archbishop, 'I'll give you a letter to one who will examine you properly.' Accordingly he got a letter to a clergyman in London, who examined him. And, to cut short this disagreeable story, Nichols said, that he did not well understand what was meant when desired to write on the necessity of a mediator—that he wrote some strange stuff as fast as he would do a card to a lady, and that he had never read the Greek New Testament. He made a very profane farce of the whole. M'Saurin laughed exceedingly. I could only be grave, for if I had argued on the impropriety of the story the matter would have been worse, while they were two to one. Now, my dear friend, I do not believe, in the first place, that the Archbishop would be so shamefully unfaithful to his awful trust. If he had been so, it was dishonourable in Nichols to tell. Upon either supposition Nichols was avowing himself a cheat. Neither could it be true that he was so grossly ignorant as he alleged he was. I shall never receive him again into my house."

A resolution which will, no doubt, be commended by most people having a regard for religion and respectability. We can find room for only one more extract—a short, pithy passage, in which Boswell modestly lauds his own method of writing biography:—

"Mason's *Life of Gray*," he says, "is excellent, because it is interspersed

with letters to show us the *man*. His Life of Whitehead is not a life at all, for there is neither a letter nor a saying from first to last. I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a *history* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any work that has ever yet appeared."

This, though Boswell said it, who, perhaps, "should not have said it," is, no doubt, true; and notwithstanding all the ridicule and contempt which has been dealt out in no unsparing measure to his memory, it yet remains the most memorable thing about him that he wrote the best biography which, up to his time, had been written in the English language; and among all the biographies that have since appeared there are not more than two or three that can at all be said to equal it.

Boswell corresponded with Temple until his death, in 1795, his last letter being only partly written by his own hand, and finished, under his dictation, by his son. The value of the collection, of course, depends on the letters being genuine, which, as we said in the beginning, is a point not yet placed beyond a doubt. Should their genuineness be eventually established, they will take a permanent place in literature, and the editor will deserve the thanks of the community for his services in bringing them into notice; for, as Boswell once said, "the curiosity for reading letters is the most prevalent of all kinds of curiosity, and, in regard to few people's letters of the last century, is there likely to be a more general curiosity than about Boswell's. Being a man of no concealments, what he reveals to us concerning himself or others has all those qualities of interest which are uniformly attached to reality. If these are not his letters, they at least appear to us, for the most part, such as he might or would have written under the circumstances supposed; and notwithstanding their present lack of due authentication, we conceive it would be difficult for anyone, on the mere grounds of "internal evidence," to pronounce positively *against* their authenticity.

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING SEASON, 1857.

THE LONDON RACING MONTH.

BY ST. JAMES.

OF all the busy and exciting weeks in the year, and during the London season, there is none to be compared with that in which the Derby is run. The village, as it is facetiously called, is then full; the entrance to Tattersalls is like that of Exeter Hall; tables at hotels are as difficult to procure as at clubs; country cousins come up to you, trembling for the fate of the ponies you have invested for them in the winter; racing prophets cease for a time to pay for their own dinners, and live like dukes; at the opera the new tenor sinks into insignificance compared with "the tenner" of another description on the Epsom favourite, who for a time even takes precedence of the Cerito of the hour. The late Derby week was no exception to this description. All the old faces were seen at the corner, as usual; and in comparing notes with former years, they willingly admitted there had never been so open a Derby before. Of scandal there was the customary proportion, the principal topic being the feud which had broken out between those heavy bookmakers, Messrs. Hill and Jackson, relative to the now notorious Saunterer. "Lay as long as you can," said Jackson to Hill, "and put in whom you like to lay also." Nothing loth, the former began, and how he executed his task the returns from Tattersalls will tell. Of course it was not to be presumed that Mr. H. should lay all this for himself, without having a little "cut in" of his own; and one fine morning he was horrified to find this said Saunterer, whom he had sent to fifty-one, come back to fifteen to one, without his being able to "get out" a shilling, and therefore called upon Mr. Jackson (who, four years ago, was holding greyhounds in slips) to post 19,000*l.*, to cover the amount which he had laid against the horse for him, in the hand of "the Admiral," who is the ruling authority at Tattersalls. The gallant sailor, however, in these days of ticket-of-leave men and British Banks, grew nervous at the idea of holding such a sum of money; and at last, upon the guarantee of Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Hill expressed himself content, and the stuff went back into the London and Westminster iron safes. Anton was all the rage this afternoon, his trainer having backed him for a monkey, because he beat Rogerthorpe at nine pounds in a canter, and Wentworth was of no use to him. Sir Robert was also present, avowing his confidence in him, and backing him in every way the Ring would let him. Saunterer's friends stuck to him like sailors to their guns; but his enemies were unabashed, and presented too bold a front to be assailed. Adamas was gradually coming from the support given to him by "Argus" in the *Morning Post*; and from the exclusive nature of his information and the acquaintance that was known to exist between him and the owner, Mr. Mellish, and his jockey, Wells, many "a century" was put upon him. Blink Bonny looked up, as the Epsom reports of her improvement were favourable; and Hill had been nailed on the afternoon previously of forty hundred to one about her,

chiefly because the ill-natured portion of the community had said things about him and the mare that had better been unsaid. Glenmasson was almost scratched, as he was announced to have broken down; but Mr. Parr brought M.D. to a very short price by the outlay of a few hundreds, and by the expression of his belief he had never such a horse in his life. But the public differed from him; and maintaining no animal could win who was frequently stopped in his work, "hardened" on their deeds, and, as they say, "chanced it."

In the evening a steady rain set in for several hours, which revived the hopes of the Skirmishers; but little business was done, although the Clubs were crowded, and at the Ottoman there was a great run on the Beeswax colt, with whom his backers were regularly "stuck."

Tuesday opened with a fierce, blowing morning; and "the cars," as they call them in America, took a few thousands down to witness the rising of the curtain. The first piece played was the Craven Stakes, for which eight were cast, nothing going down but Gemma, upon whom the Irish Ambassador, through his commissioner, laid out 400*l.*, and saw the proceeds of it taken from him by a Blue Jacket. This horse, as good looking a one as ever had a bridle on, is the animal that had been laid against all the winter at sixty to one, in spite of Mr. Douglas' open opinion, that he was better than Tournament; and now the public, having seen him to be really a clipper, they rushed in shoals, like moths against a candle, to back him for to-morrow, and Davis "got" seven hundred and fifty in less than an hour. This fact coming to Mr. Douglas' ears, he immediately put the poor devils out of their misery, by sticking up against one of the pillars of the Stand the ominous death-warrant, viz.—"Blue Jacket is scratched for the Derby." Up to this period Mr. Douglas was a very chivalrous personage in the eyes of the racing world; but although he stated he merely took this step because Tournament had beaten him ten lengths in the trial, still those who were behind the scenes knew full well there was more money betted against him (not by Mr. Douglas, but by people connected with him) than ever could have been paid, and, therefore, striking him out was a matter of self-preservation to those connected with him. It is all very well for people to exclaim it is better to back the horses of a nobleman or gentleman that does not bet, in preference to those of an individual who does not mind going regularly into the market, but we hold to a contrary opinion; for if the owner, as in this case and that of a mare that ran in the Derby also, does not bet, the trainer, or somebody connected with him, does, and the result is generally unfavourable to the reputation of the innocent party. Of course after this race the Knights of the Tourney were so elated, that they took four to one about the little horse. Fordham, having made Tournament first favourite by his first mount, went on, and by his second on Huntingdon, in the Manor Plate, brought Adamas to twelve to one, although, in his own opinion, he had no chance.

The WOODCOOTE STAKES then came on, and a good looking field of youngsters the Ring had to bet about. Mr. Howard had the best of them in Sedbury, and knew nothing about it. Would it have been so in old John's reign? The other races were Plates, which few stopped to see; and when we left the Downs the ex-Lord of the Admiralty was filling his book with Anton money, and Jackson roaring like the Bull of Basan that he would back Saunterer first past the post for "thousands." In the evening the West End, from the illuminations in honour of the Queen's birth-day, was very animated, and the steps and staircases of every Club were crowded with Young Englanders, discussing the grand secret of to-morrow; and in the dreams of many a weary soldier, M.P., and man of fashion, were the names of Skirmisher, Adamas, and Saunterer mixed up.

As Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton would say, "Bright rose the sun on the last Derby," and from daybreak its usual symptoms prevailed. The metropolis

appeared to have taken a holiday ; and the two divisions of travellers—viz., the Railroaders, and those who patronised Drags, Hansoms, and spring-vans, flocked in continual streams to the scene of action. Fortnum and Mason required extra assistants to keep up the commissariat supply for the swells ; and it must be admitted that Filder could have taken a lesson from them. Poole had the clothing contract for the same class ; and everywhere "the Hall mark" was visible, from its *specialite* for neatness and exquisite fitting. All along the route, innocent mirth and hilarity prevailed, as the majority of the passengers had no pecuniary interest in the result, greater than a few sovereigns, or a pair of gloves. When the Downs were reached, the scene was surpassingly grand, and thoroughly English. Every square inch of the Grand Stand had its tenant, who showed the interest he took in the race by remaining in the same position, some three hours previous to its coming off ; and the boxes and stalls, which have been recently added, and which were hung with crimson drapery, added immensely to the *coup d'œil*. In the Ring down below there was the usual Tower-of-Babel confusion, which was not a little increased by the offers to give and take between the members of the Turf Club Stand and the dealers below them. The large book-makers looked anxious, for come what might, they knew they must pay ; while the adventurers, and the "welshers" (a class, like other reptiles, unknown in Ireland) put on a devil-may-care sort of aspect, from a conscious feeling that *they* could not lose. When we quitted the Ring for the Paddock, Tournament was a little shaky, Saunterer and Skirmisher ditto, Anton on the totter, but Adamas and Arsenal strong as brandy. In the enclosure all the horses, with the exception of Strathnaver and Blink Bonny, were walking, and here "their inventories were taken" by their backers. It was easy to distinguish the favourites, by the crowd around them. Thus Tournament, Skirmisher, Saunterer, Adamas, and M.D., had a regular levee, while Fobert and John Scott, having no Dutchman or West Australian with them, were allowed to saddle by themselves. Saunterer was dull in his coat, and had all the traces of recent indisposition about him, as much as his clever jockey, and he was also pronounced "too short" for a Derby horse. Tournament was not liked from the thickness of his crest, and from the way he lathered before he went to the post, indicating a short preparation. Skirmisher was dry as a chip ; but Adamas was admitted by all to be fit to run for a man's life, having a coat a dandy could have shaved by, and every muscle of his frame put out. Black Tommy's fine racing points did not escape observation from those who knew the difference between a horse and a hen ; but the supposition "Drinkie" wanted him for a big Handicap at the back end of the year, caused him to be passed over carelessly. M.D. we had not seen since Newmarket, and we descried him in the midst of a large circle of Mr. Parr's friends, both sets of which (for he has two classes), one called "the Frome Division," which includes Lord L——n, the Brothers Bl——d, and Captain C—— ; and the other "the City," comprised of the jolly, good-natured Commissioner of the Stable, the lawyer who worked him through his troubles, and a few mercantile and professional gentlemen who ever follow the puce-and-white jacket of Wantage. M.D. had grown into a very fine horse, but too light-timbered for so fast a race as the Derby, on a course as hard as Regent-street. Templeman was as fond of him as Mr. Parr, and knew he had been tried to be a clipper. Wardermareke was a clever little horse, and fitter than anything of Dawson's ; and Sprig of Shillelagh had evidently not been able to stand all the galloping requisite for a Derby winner. By this time the signal was given to clear the course, and each champion, accompanied by his friends, proceeded through an alley of spectators to Tattenham Corner. Anton, whom we had forgotten to state attracted immense attention, from his perfect fitness and racing-like cut. Tournament and Skirmisher were clearly the aristocratic horses of the day,

whilst Adamas was that of "the people;" and as he followed the lordly group, with Mr. Mellish, with Wells' great coat, on one side, and "Argus" on the other, each of them manifested unbounded confidence, Wells rubbing his hands, as is his wont when sanguine; and many a poor man breathed a prayer for his success. I'Anson's pair, saddled by Sherwood's cottage, was scarcely seen; but those who got a peep at them merely remarked that both went well, and that Blink, perhaps, was the best galloper of the two. It was long after the appointed time when the following high-bred racers went to the post for the Epsom Derby of 1857; and for the sake of perpetuating their names, we reproduce them as well as the official description of the race:—

The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Mile and a-half.

Mr. W. I'Anson's Blink Bonny, by Malbourne, 8st. 2lb.....	Charlton	1
Mr. Drinkald's Black Tommy, 8st. 7lb.....	Covey	2
Mr. Mellish's Adamas, 8st. 7lb.....	Wells	8
Mr. C. Harrison's Strathnaver, 8st. 2lb.....	Bumby	4

The following also ran:—Skirmisher, Lady Hawthorn, Oakball, Wardermarske, Zuyder Zee, Anton, M.D., Saunterer, Tournament, Sydney, Turbit, Lartez, Beeswax colt, Loyola, Newton-le-Willows, Commotion, Lambourne, Special License, Ackworth, Sprig of Shillelagh, Gleesinger, Arsenal, Chevalier d'Industrie, Bird-in-the-Hand, Gaberlunzie, and Dusty Miller.

Betting at starting:—4 to 1 agst. Tournament, 7 to 1 each agst. Skirmisher, Saunterer and M.D., 9 to 1 each agst. Arsenal and Anton, 20 to 1 each agst. Blink Bonny and Wardermarske, 25 to 1 each agst. Strathnaver, Lady Hawthorn, Zuyder Zee, and Sydney, 40 to 1 each agst. Bird-in-the-Hand and Commotion, 50 to 1 agst. Oakball, 1,000 to 15 each agst. Sprig of Shillelagh and Gleesinger, 100 to 1 each agst. Lambourne and Chevalier d'Industrie, and 1,000 to 5 each agst. Black Tommy and Newton-le-Willows.

The spectators became more and more impatient as false start after false start was made. Not until after a dozen ineffectual attempts were the horses dispatched from the post; and no sooner had Mr. Hibburt given the word "Go," than Chevalier d'Industrie took the command, with Gaberlunzie, Commotion, Oakball, Turbit, Anton, Arsenal, Strathnaver, Blink Bonny, Wardermarske, Adamas, and Lady Hawthorn, forming a cluster in his wake, Saunterer, Skirmisher, Tournament, and M.D., being in the centre of the ruck. They ran thus to half way up the hill, where Gaberlunzie went up to the Chevalier, and was soon in possession of a clear lead, the Chevalier lying second, Anton third, Strathnaver, Arsenal and Commotion, leading the next lot. No further change occurred until reaching the mile post, when Anton rushed to the front, Lambourne running into the second place, Chevalier d'Industrie going on third, Strathnaver and Arsenal next. On rounding Tattenham Corner M.D. emerged from the ruck, and showed in the third place, Lambourne at the same time joining Anton, with whom he ran nearly head and head round the turn; Adamas, Tournament, Strathnaver, and Skirmisher, keeping close company, and Lady Hawthorn, who had, up to this point, ran with the leading horses, gradually dropping away into the rear. When they had fairly landed in the straight, Commotion disappeared from the front, and Black Tommy, Adamas, Arsenal, M.D., Wardermarske, Blink Bonny, and Strathnaver, showed nearly in a line behind Lambourne and Anton. On crossing the road Lambourne gave way, and at the distance M.D. broke down, and stopped "as if he was shot." On nearing the Stand, Strathnaver headed Anton, with Blink Bonny waiting upon them, Adamas, Arsenal and Black Tommy, going on in close attendance. In a few strides further a most exciting set-to ensued, and Charlton "let out" Blink Bonny, who immediately rushed to the front, Black Tommy, Adamas, Arsenal and Anton, being well up in her wake, a close race-in ending in favour of Blink Bonny by a neck, the second beating the third by a head only, and a neck separating the third from the fourth. Anton and Arsenal were fifth and sixth, close together; so well up, indeed, that the rider of each thought he was either second or third. Wardermarske, Lambourne, Commotion, Zuyder Zee, Skirmisher, Saunterer, Beeswax colt, Tournament, and Sydney, formed the

next lot, but we were unable to determine their relative positions. The "tail" consisted of Laertes, Bird-in-the-Hand, Turbit, Gaberlunzie, Special License, Dusty Miller, and Loyola.

Thus it will be seen that the race was a true one from end to end, and the best public two-year old performer proved herself as much improved with her year as she ought to have been; and but for her having gone amiss prior to the Thousand Guineas, through being unable to take her corn from the shedding of her teeth, she would have started at two to one on her, so many persons having taken liberties with her. Blink Bonny, whose name was taken from a turnpike-gate near Edinburgh, through which I'Anson, when he trained for Mr. Ramsay, used regularly to pass *en route* to England, ought never, in our estimation, to have been beaten; and but for her owner's obstinacy in putting up his own son, an excellent lad, but a jockey who nine times out of ten does not know the telegraph-board from the winning post, we believe she would have got through every race, for her trial with the King of Scotland is almost too extraordinary to relate. And she has now proved herself the most wonderful filly ever seen on our Turf, as she is both speedy and staying, and I'Anson's infatuation about her may well be excused, when it is seen what she has done for him. And although we may smile when we think he even took the levels of the course himself, in order to direct Charlton (who, by-the-bye, would have preferred riding Strathnaver) where to "come" with her, yet it shows it was the nature of the man, like his countrymen, to leave no step unturned to carry out his scheme.

On his return from Newmarket, where, if Anton had won the Two Thousand, he had sold his mare to Sir Robert Peel for the mere trifle of seven thousand guineas, he despaired of ever doing anything with her again until the Autumn; but by giving her cut grass with her corn, and sedulously nursing her, she gradually went on improving, until the Friday before leaving home, when he bade his wife and children have some hopes of his bringing back the Derby and Oaks with him. And so it seems he was a true prophet, and netted some £14,000 or £15,000 to sustain the proud position of a man who has won the Derby and Oaks. Adanas ran so game and true a horse, that Wells, who rode him wide of everything else, and all the Epsom folks believe he won, and "the gentleman in black" could not have surprised the public more than Black Tommy. Arsenal and Anton, who both ran good and game horses, claimed the second and third places, but, in our opinion, without the slightest foundation. Skirmisher, we thought, outpaced, and Saunterer's and Tournament's chance was destroyed by the numerous false starts. M.D.'s leg was cut coming down the hill, when Templeman thought he was winning easily, and Anton was so very forward at the finish, that every one admitted the Two Thousand was lost for want of a pace. Lord Clifden's horses were nowhere, and Sydney hardly ran so well with David Hughes as he did with Charlton, who is now quite up in his strength again, and not worse for the rupture which took place between him and his old master. After the race, eating and drinking was the order of the day, and, in champagne and claret-cup, winners sought to rejoice, and losers to drown their luck. Thursday was a byeday, and only the professionals, and those who said they wished to find if Blink Bonny was going "for the money" for the Oaks, went down to Epsom. The racing was without general interest, and will be found elsewhere detailed.

Friday, the Oaks' Day, was quite as pleasant a one as the Derby, without the mob; and a few showers having laid the dust of the roads, those who were "on wheels" sensibly found out the difference. Imperious and Sneeze were the only mares fancied besides Blink, who looked ten pounds better than on Wednesday, and with whom Charlton could have literally walked in, had it been requisite. We verily believe, as it was he was laughing from the start to the finish, and was loudly cheered by his Yorkshire friends

on his return to scale, some of whom told him to return the Baron's cap and jacket to a well-known clothes-mart. After the race, two smart showers rather spoiled the pleasantries of the pic-nics, and the curtain fell upon Mr. Dorling's Dramas, amidst deserved applause, and may all our readers be present to witness their repetition.

The week between Epsom and Ascot is really quite a relief to those who do not make racing a profession. Supposing we have betted with none but Davis, Hill, Justice, "Lord Frederick," or Hargreaves, we have no anxiety about the settlement. Rumours of ex-Bankers' Clerks disappearing without casting up their balance affect us not. Publicans may shut up shop; we have nought to draw from them. We are at liberty to accept invitations to dinners and balls. We have time to pay our tradesmen, who, *mirabile dictu*, find out quicker than perhaps we could desire the sum we have drawn of "the Leviathan;" and we are enabled to exchange Piccadilly and Rottenrow for the Botanical Gardens of the Regent's Park, and the cricket-ground of St. John's Wood, where the household troops, in their flannel uniforms, are interesting their lady-loves and friends, by their proficiency in this purely English game. Whitebait are also now in their highest state of perfection; and Derby dinners, at Blackwall and Greenwich, cannot be fixed at a better period, when all the incidents of the race can be quietly discussed over the Claret Cup of Quartermine, and the chances of Ascot thoroughly sifted. And now, gentle reader, having seen how we pass our week's holidays, and having by our side enjoyed the warbling of Piccolimini, and the exquisite vocalization of Guiglini, we will ask you to accompany us to Ascot, to see how they race in Berkshire, and before the Queen of England.

ASCOT.

Hating all trouble, and caring nothing about expense, we are not going to take you up and down each day, by that admirably conducted branch of the South Western Company, which is quite a boon to the Cockneys of high and low degree; but you shall make one of our party at a villa in the neighbourhood of the course, for which for the week we are charged the moderate sum of eighty guineas, including, as a great favour, the use of the kitchen-garden. Still, as five is the number of our mess, when the bill is shared the division is not quite so outrageous as might appear at first sight, especially as each hopes that either by his book in the afternoon, or by the quiet rubber we enjoy at night, we may get off scot free. Well, on our arrival on the course, we found but very few of the aristocracy in the grand stand, and very few of the county families; still the tournure of the ladies who were there, were as distinct from what we saw at Epsom as chalk from cheese. The weather was dull and threatening, and the racing nothing very grand. The Early Bird won the Trial Stakes just as he pleased, because nobody backed him, and the great Rosa Bonheur gave indications of getting back her original two-year-old form. Arsenal beat Strathnaver so easily for the Queen's Vase, that his friends were mad enough to say he was second for the Derby, as if the Judge and all unprejudiced people did not know better.

Mr. Howard won a two-year-old stake with Clydesdale, one of the most splendid colts we have seen for many a long day, and which circumstance, being the second race in succession he carried off, was cheering to him, and did him as much good as Claude Lorraine's success in the Ascot Stakes, encouraged "The Autocrat" to "keep on," after his dreadful run of ill-luck. Then down came the rain, and off went the folks. Wednesday was showery, and the muster of the fair sex suffered in consequence. Lord Lonsborough was the hero of the day by winning The Hunt Cup with Rosa Bonheur in a walk; and although he did not win much by her, still it was a great thing for Smith to win a race for him, as, although enormously wealthy, his lordship is known to be capricious, and might give up in the

moment. Thursday was a day that will never be forgotten at Ascot, and beat "The Emperor's Day" by chalks. Hundreds paid for the Stand that could never obtain a seat in it; and the refreshments and liquors were all gone before the Cup was run. Lovelier women were never congregated together in England, and their toilettes "would have won their trial" at Chantilly, even by the side of Eugenie. The Queen's *cortege* was, as usual, splendid, and the reception it met was most enthusiastic, and, it was said, sensibly affected her Majesty, who enjoyed the day, according to the report of a noble sportsman, more than she had ever done before. Her future son-in-law also appeared to take a keen interest in the racing; but, as a true lover, we were glad to remark he never quitted the side of his betrothed. The Cup Race was the prettiest ever seen at Ascot; and Skirmisher, who had before signalized himself as the best three-year-old over a distance of ground, won it in a canter; the two notorious colts, Gemma di Vergy and Saunterer, pushing within a head of each other for second. Chevalier d'Industrie was started to serve Rogerthorpe; and as Fordham took him along some twenty lengths in front of the field, he gave one the appearance of a fox chased by a pack of hounds. Rogerthorpe went like a cat on bricks, and was nowhere; and the far-famed Leamington was last throughout. How are the mighty fallen! Mr. Howard won the New Stakes with Sedbury, the best public performer of his class known, as no two-year-old has hitherto won up the hill with the penalty. When the Queen departed she was cheered as much as when she came, and Lord Palmerston, who rode on horseback from the Castle, but who returned in one of the carriages, received unmistakable symptoms of his popularity. How the multitude all got off we are puzzled to know; but the railroad termini and the road were kept alive until a late hour by the return of the pleasure folks. Friday was a quiet, agreeable day's sport for the few that remained to visit it; but the details have already appeared, and were only of a momentary interest. Saturday brought us back to town, where, strengthened by our fresh air, we were better fitted to encounter the turmoil of the House of Commons, and the crush of the Opera and Willis's Rooms. .

HAMPTON.

Hampton is a Meeting so completely *sui generis* that it must be seen to be understood. Albert Smith would, perhaps, be the best exponent of its peculiarities, if he could be prevailed upon to undertake the task; and one day we trust to see him so occupied. As it is, the assemblage on the Hunt, which, from the number of prize-fights which formerly took place there, is regarded as classic ground "by the lovers of the noble art of self-defence," comprised most of the men about town, who came down in the drags of the Four-in-Hand Club, a host of the *Dames aux Camelias* in their private broughams, publicans and sinners in phaetons and stage-vans. Shows, with every description of male and female monsters; booths, with slashers, and "Pets," and "Novices," were assembled on the opposite side to the carriage folks, while in their rear, gipsies were ready to tempt you to try fortune with them, either with their cards, their rings, or their snuff-box sticks; and so wrapt-up is everybody in eating, drinking, and merry-making, that they care little for the racing, and, as it was this year very bad, we cannot think they were so much to blame.

Our task is now at end. Our racing month is over. Its features we have endeavoured to pourtray, and, we trust, not unfaithfully. Those who, like us, have travelled over the same ground for many a year, will, we trust, recognise the fidelity of our sketch, while those for whom the enjoyment of a London season is yet in store, will, when competent to form an opinion on the subject, we hope, avow that the picture has not been over-coloured by

ST. JAMES.

JUNE AND JULY, 1857.

The July Meeting at head quarters, the gathering at Liverpool, Newcastle, and the Stockbridge and Bibury Club Meetings, are the leading features of the month.

BIBURY CLUB.

This aristocratic meeting took place on the 26th June, and gave the amateurs an opportunity of witching the world with their noble horsemanship. Capt. Little carried off the ANDOVER STAKES with Alemboc, 11st. 10lb., beating Captain Price, on Lymington, and three others, and likewise won a sweepstake of 3 sovs., 30 sovs. added, with a weatherbit filly.

Mr. Harrison won, the BIBURY STAKES, on Turk, first; Rialto, second; Van Eyck, third, and three others not placed.

Barone beat the King of the Forest in a 50 sovs. sweepstake; and the CHAMPAIGNE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for 2 year olds, my Lord Portsmouth pocketed through the aid of My Niece, by Cowl, with the odds of 5 to 2 on her.

STOCKBRIDGE.

Considerable interest was excited by the first appearance this season of Lord Milton's Ignoramus, in the STOCKBRIDGE DERBY STAKES, which he pulled through with the odds of 7 to 4 on him, beating Anton, Slanderer, and the Beeswax colt; the winner lurched at the finish, and required a taste of the prickers.

Aleppo beat Rogerthorpe, Turk, and Wentworth, for the 4 year old TRIENNIAL STAKES, 5 to 4 on the winner.

Mr. Bowes's Star of the East, by Chanticleer, won the 2 year old TRIENNIALS, beating four other youngsters.

The STEWARDS' PLATE of 100 sovs., weight for age, with penalties and allowances, resulted in favour of Fisherman beating Polestar by a head, Brother to Homily beaten off. 7 to 4 on Polestar. The winner carried 5lb. extra.

The MOTTISFONT STAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 100 added, for 2 year olds, Alfred Day, on Sir L. Newman's Vandyke, beat Wilton, the Bald-faced Stag, and the Beacon. Anton finished the day's sport by walking over for the 3 year old TRIENNIALS.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

The running of Skirmisher for the ASCOT CUP, coupled with his previous first-rate performances, frightened many of the owners of horses who had accepted for the NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE, and only 7 started, and furnished a splendid contest between the 3 first—Underhand, 3 years, 6st. 1lb., first; Skirmisher, 3 years, 6st. 9lb., second; El Hakim, 3 years, 5st., third. Mongrel, Pantomime, Vandal and Barodo, placed in the order as set down. Betting—even on Skirmisher, 5 to 1 agst. the winner. Won by a head.

Norton beat the Sprig of Shillelagh, Commoner and Admiral Lyons, for the NORTH DERBY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for 3 year olds. 6 to 4 on the Sprig.

The TYRO STAKES, of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for 2 year olds, Honeywood, by Honeystick, the first of his progeny who has appeared in public, beat 5 others.

Imperieuse won a FREE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 5st. 11lb., beating Mangance, and 8 others; and Saunterer, with the odds of 5 to 2 on him.

won the GRAND STAND STAKES, and walked over for the GATESHEAD LOTTERY STAKES.

Plausible won the COMMERCIAL VISITORS' PLATE; and General Williams her Majesty's GUINEAS.

CHELMSFORD—JUNE 30.

The sports commenced with the GALLEYWOOD STAKES, which were carried off by Admiral of the White, upon whom 4 to 1 was laid.

For the CHELMSFORD HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, 6 put in an appearance, Renown, 3 yrs., 5st. 12lb., winning easily.

The BRENTWOOD STAKES, for 2 year olds, half-a-dozen went to the post. 6 to 4 was laid on Volatore; but Schoolfellow, after a good race with Miss Waters, won by a neck.

Another half-dozen went to the post for the COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs. handicap, won by Maggie Lauder, 7st.

The TOWN PLATE, the opening event on the second day, was carried off by Anemone.

Four started for the STAND HANDICAP, and Schoolfellow, on whom 2 to 1 was laid, won by a neck.

Shirah won the CUP STAKES, Marmion the SCURRY HANDICAP, and Mamelon, the first winner, for Wendischgratz, won the MAIDEN STAKES.

Renown beat Fright for her Majesty's GUINEAS—5 to 2 on the loosest.

CARLISLE—JUNE 30.

The CORRY CASTLE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, was won very easily by Intercodena.

John Osborne followed up his luck by winning the GRAND STAND HANDICAP of 50 sovs. with De Ginkel, 4 years, 7st. 2lb. beating Lough Bawn, and half-a-dozen others.

The great event of the meeting was the CUMBERLAND PLATE, which was won in a canter by old Pantomime, carrying 8st. 3lb., first; King of the Gipsies, 7st. 11b., second; Allwell, 3 yrs., 5st. 5lb., third; Greencastle, 7st. 8lb.; Norton, 6st. 11lb.; Maid of Derwent, 7st. 12lb.; El Hakim, 6st. 11lb., and Jollity, 5st. 11lb., also started. 2 to 1 against Pantomime, 3 to 2 against Norton, and 5 to 1 agst. King of the Gipsies.

Alma won the CITY PLATE of 30 sovs.; Sulphita, the COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' STAKES; Courtenay, the LOTTERY HANDICAP, and General Williams beat King of the Gipsies for Her Majesty's PLATE, with the odds of 4 to 1 on him.

Worcester—JULY 2.

Half-a-dozen started for the TRIAL STAKES handicap, which my Lord Chfden pocketed through the aid of his Jesuit.

Polly Peschum, carrying 7lb. extra, disposed of her brace of opponents in the TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES, of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, in a canter.

Eleven runners went to the post for the WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES, for which Oakball was a rattling favourite, Pantomime was likewise in great request; the former, however, pulled his backers through in a canter, with 6st. 12lb., and has since been in some demand for the Doncaster Leger.

On the second day, Polly Johnson won the FLYING HANDICAP, of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added, half-a-mile.

Pretty Boy, the BENTICK BENEVOLENT FUND HANDICAP, with 8st. 10lb., beating Kensedy and Robgil.)

Queen of the South, the CITY PLATE of 50 sovs.

The Typhon beat a field of 9, of all weights and ages, in a HANDICAP of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added; and Miss Harroway won the COMMERCIAL PLATE of 30 sovs.

TRAMORE.

The two days' racing at this pleasant watering-place was very good, five events being run for each day—the principal race on each day falling to the lot of *The Disowned*.

The **WATERFORD PLATE** of 20 sovs., weight for age, won by *Nelly Bly* in 3 heats.

The Disowned, the 5 sovs. **HANDICAP**, with 50 sovs. added, carrying 8st. 2lb., beating *Sunshine*, *Hawk*, *Meigh Dair*, *Miss Bessy*, and *Prudence*.

The **HUNTERS' PLATE** went to the *Unknown*, the **VISITORS' PLATE** to the *Frodsham Squire*, and the **TRAMORE PLATE** to *Sampson*.

On the second day, the sports began with *Wild Irish Girl* beating 4 others for the **HURDLE STAKES**; the 50 sovs. **HANDICAP**, *Capt. Burke's Disowned*, with 8st. 5lb., beat *Meigh Dair*, 8st 7lb.; *Surgeon-General*, 8st. 12lb.; *Veteran*, 8st. 10lb.; *Sunshine*, 7st. 6lb.

The *Captain* followed up his luck by winning the **TRAMORE PLATE** of 60 sovs. with *Uncle Tom*.

The **SCURRY CORINTHIANS** *Mr. W. Long* won with the *Frodsham Squire*, and the *Arab Chief* carried off the **FARMERS' PLATE**.

NEWMARKET—JULY.

The *debut* of *Cock-a-doodle-do* and *Coxwold*, a son of the renowned *Alice Hawthorne*, favourites in the next year's Derby, caused a considerable degree of interest in the **JULY STAKES**, and the former was backed at evens against the field. *Gin*, a 150 guinea purchase at the Royal Sale last year, pulled through by a head only. His sire, *Orlando*, won the same stake 18 years before; *Coxwold* second, *Greenfinch* third, *Cock-a-doodle-do* fourth, *Brother* to *Mary Copp* fifth, and *Betelnut* last.

A **HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each won by *Queen-of-the-East*, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb., beating *Bird-in-the-Hand* and *Paula Monti*; and a **Plate** of 50l. by *Neva*, 7st. 3lb., beating 5 others.

Mr. Howard's Comquot, by *Sweetmeat*, walked over for the **MIDSUMMER STAKES**.

Baron Rothschild won a **SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for two-year olds, with his filly *Georgie*, beating *Woodmite* and 3 others, and the **TOUR PLATE** of 50l. for 3 year olds. *B. M.* was won by *Huntingdon*.

Lord Clifden's filly, by *Surplice*, out of *Beeswax*, beat a field of 10 for the **CHESTERFIELD STAKES** of 30 sovs. each for 2 year olds, July second; the *Royal Sovereign* third, won by a head; a head only separating the second from the third and the third from the fourth.

Polly Johnson won a **SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each for 2 year olds; *Woodmite* again second; and *Huntingdon* a second time came off a winner in a **HANDICAP PLATE** of 50 sovs., with the steady weight of 8st. 12lbs. for a 3 year old.

BELLEWSTOWN—JULY 8, 9.

The sport on both days was well contested, the Judge's fiat of heads and necks showing how hardly each heat was fought.

Greyling won the **TRIAL STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added, weight for age—the *Tattler* in the second heat, with the race in hand, bolting for his stable.

Mr. Keating's Remedy won the **TRADESMAN'S PLATE** of 60 sovs. in 2 heats, beating *England's Beauty*, *Duchess of Alba*, and *Surgeon-General*; and *Mr. W. Long* on *Lady Emily*, won the **HUNTERS' STAKES**.

Her Majesty's Plate, 2 mile heats, produced a highly exciting race be-

tween the Chicken, 5 yrs., and the Tattler, 3 yrs. The odds at starting were 2 and 3 to 1 on the former, who won the first heat by a neck. The Tattler turned the tables the second go, and won likewise by a neck. The odds now turned to 2 to 1 on the young 'un, who, swerving on the post, was defeated by a head.

Piccaninny won the BELLEWSTOWN HANDICAP of 40 sovs. after running 4 severe heats; and Mr. Long, on Mr. Nolan's 4 year old Harkaway colt, took the CORINTHIAN STAKES; weight for age.

LIVERPOOL—JULY 16, 18, 17.

Fisherman opened the ball by beating Lord Nelson for the CROXTON STAKES in a canter, with 3 to 1 on him.

Seven 2 year olds went to the post for the MERSEY STAKES. Polly Peachum, from her previous performances, was the favourite, but was only placed No. 3. Sunbeam and Proud Preston Peg first and second.

Blink Bonny, with a 7lb. penalty, won the LANCASHIRE OAKS in a canter, with any odds on her, beating Augury, Lady Alboot, and Allswell. After the race 2 to 1 was taken about the winner for the "Sellinger."

Saunterer carried off the BENTINCK TESTIMONIAL HANDICAP; Conductor the NURSERY PLATE, for 2 year olds.

Lord Glasgow's usual bad luck in match-making followed him with his Clarissa colt, by Melbourne, who broke down, and Lord Derby's Whitewall cantered in by himself.

On the second day, Saunterer again came out a winner in a 15 sovs. sweepstakes, with 80 sovs. added, weight for age, beating York in a canter, with 5 to 1 on him.

Fourteen started for the LIVERPOOL CUP of 200 sovs. added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each.

Mr. R. W. Jones's, Bashu Bazouk, by Faugh-a-Ballagh, 3 yrs., 6st. 4lb.....	Withington	1
Mr. Jackson's Mongrel, 3 yrs., 6st. 13lb.....		2
Mr. H. Hill's Rogerthorpe, 4 yrs., 7st 8lb.....		3

[Not placed—Pantomine, the Chicken, Maid of Derwent, Grey Pyrrhus, Newton-la-Willows, Janet, Gilliver, Moore, Sir Humphrey, Hamlet, and Queen Bess. 3 to 1 each against Rogerthorpe and Grey Pyrrhus, and 7 to 1 against the winner. Won by half a length.]

Lord Glasgow was equally unfortunate with his 3 year old colt, by Surplice, out of Claussion, breaking down in his match with Mohawk.

Fisherman walked over for her Majesty's PLATE, on the last day.

Terrific won the STANLY STAKES, beating Massacre and Polly Peachum. 8 to 1 on Polly.

Sans Culotte, by Bryan O'Linn, a HANDICAP of 5 sovs., with 25 added.

Saunterer came out a third time a winner, carrying 7st. 12lb. for the LICENSED VICTUALLERS' PLATE of 150 sovs., beating 7 others, with 7 to 4 against him.

Mr. Bowes' Star of the East beat Sister to Ellington, for the great LANCASHIRE PRODUCE STAKES; and Adams won the LIVERPOOL LEASE, beating Augury, Blue Devil's colt, Wardermarske, and Sans Culotte.

LIFE'S FORESHADOWINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES."

CHAPTER XVI.

SIX thousand pounds on Mr. Brandon's life at a heavy premium, and he in the room with raging fever!—six thousand on his life, and the policy-holder himself at his side! How would the company of the Life Assurance Establishment have trembled and expostulated, could they have seen the assured standing in the very draught, and imbibing the foul particles of disease! What proof could have satisfied them so as to acquit Mr. Pierce Henderson of all dishonourable advantage? We know not what wild suspicions they might have harboured against their claimant, in the event of an appeal to their capital, which trieth men sorest of all things.

Mr. Henderson's unlooked-for appearance in company with his friend may be simply explained. He returned to Ireland to superintend an imminent crisis in his affairs. He was naturally impatient to see his agent, with whom he had preserved an unbroken correspondence, but to whom he had been hitherto personally almost unknown. He had repaired to the lodge in company with his friend, Mr. Brandon, who had ridden over to welcome his arrival. Not finding Roach at home, but learning there that he was at his uncle's, who was not well, they rode on together, and entered the infected room unawares. If Mr. Henderson displayed a want of consideration, an absence of his habitual tact, in apprising his friend so abruptly of his dangerous position, who that does not read the innermost heart will dare to infer the shadow of a suspicion against him.

Mr. Pierce Henderson had come on important business—business which has robbed him of sleep, and turned his heart to lead, for many a day—yet, before he entered upon it, he found leisure to condole with his agent on his affliction, to question him on his scientific tastes, and to plan an observatory for him at the lodge; nor did his eye ever grow vacuous for an instant—he walked with a jaunty step, and talked with a lullaby tone. Mr. Henderson's voice alone would have won a theatre—he was a beautiful actor.

Business came on blandly at length, as if it were a pleasure. Books were produced, and startling facts were shyly brought to light.

As we would put a veil over an ugly face, so did Mr. Henderson gauze over his ruin, and give gentle names to a terrible emergency. He still spoke of the resources of the estate, which by repeated executions had been sucked as dry as an old honeycomb.

"There have been some sales—many sales on the place, from time to time," said he; "I have found it necessary to sell away stock, that I might meet successive demands, but I am now in immediate need of a large sum, which *must* be raised within a month."

"And how do you propose to raise it, sir?"

"Well," said Mr. Henderson, drawing treble gauze over the proposi-

tion, "the people, you know, have not been acting very well, and it is no time for an indulgence towards them, which, I confess, I cannot afford this year. I intend, however, to renew their leases, and offer some other advantages to them, on the condition that they pay me the full year's rent when legally due."

Roach was startled.

"You mean to claim the hanging gale? they can't do it, sir."

"We've had many precedents among the gentlemen of the country, for the occasional enforcement," said Mr. Henderson, quietly; "never such necessity for it as in my case."

"But in such hard times."

"Hard times to whom?" replied Mr. Henderson, with a shrug.

"Well, sir, I know it is not my business to guide you or dictate to you, but it is due to both of us to tell you in time that, personally, I could not be a party to such a measure."

"We will talk it over again," said Mr. Henderson, good-humouredly, and broke up the conference.

They did talk it over again, and still again. Mr. Henderson adopted a firmer tone; but Roach, though he never proposed to resign the agency, was respectfully resolute at the close of each discussion; and Mr. Pierce found himself at his wits' end. He could not act for himself, for his stay was necessarily circumscribed and encompassed with danger. Roach was his own *élévé*, had professed gratitude, and proved it, too. The combined kindness and determination of the man—his associations with the people—his community in religion, and thorough comprehension of their character, made him, under his direction, the single effective man in the extremity.

And now, like a willing horse who suddenly trembles and stops at some dark object on the road, this man had taken an obstinate stand at the very moment when speed was vital.

One day, immediately after one of those arguments, they all met at luncheon. Mr. Henderson was gay beyond occasion—a nervous, reckless gaiety it seemed. He lavished high-flown compliments and romantic names upon his little daughter, who received them with the utmost composure. He drew out Miss Putney on her most speculative topic, ridiculed it, and tossed it cruelly about; but, though secretly hurt, she bore this treatment with temper, as she was most bounden to do, till Annie came to her rescue, and said something kind; then the eyes of the poor governess suddenly filled. The thrill of a kind word through a wounded spirit has often this strange effect.

Roach, though grave from recent affliction and reserved from recent acquaintance, was occasionally handled by Mr. Pierce in a strain of polite banter, which grew at times almost sullen—that is to say, he played at him with a velvet paw, from which was darted occasionally the keen nail.

But still Roach laughed freely and frankly, as if he enjoyed the lively battery. Among other facetious suggestions, Mr. Pierce was pleased to propose as an eligible mate to his young friend—not Miss Braudon, indeed, but Miss Putney herself, who had just left the room. He recommended her as one of an economic habit, of good family—some object, at least—not old, and very tender, having made a pretty saving, too.

"She is just the bower-anchor, my dear Mr. Roach, to one of your eminent prudence and humanity, when we all begin to drift to sea. Jay says you'd look very well together in an open chariot."

"No, I did *not*," said the young lady, haughtily, and withdrawing her arm from his thick neck. But Roach still laughed freely and frankly, as he rose and went forth to his business.

"Splendid temper that fellow has; I should be sorry to lose him."

"What will you do then, Mr. Henderson, now that you've made him your enemy?"

"My enemy, Annie?"

"Don't laugh at me, Mr. Henderson; you often told me a woman's eye is a microscope. Now I'm going to be very shrewd and deep; you've hurt Mr. Roach's vanity, and vanity never forgets a wound."

That very evening there came a knock to Mr. Henderson's door, and Roach was invited to come in. He stood in the same little apartment: the same in dusty books; the same in Gothic moulding; the same it appeared in the very cobwebs under the cornice, in which he stood a little trembling boy, cap in hand, and fascinated by the deep eye of the master. And there sat Mr. Henderson at his desk, with the same weary frown and open draft-book. Now Christie was strong and bold, and could look that master in the face without a flinch.

"Well, Roach, what now?"

"I'm come, Mr. Henderson, to return you my thanks for your late kindness to me, and to express my wish to resign this agency."

"Would you favour me with your reasons?"

"I have stated them in former conversations. I have only to add that, probably from fault of mine, the friendly understanding which should exist between principal and agent is, in some measure, wanting between us."

"When do you intend to resign?"

"By the end of this month, is my own wish; but ——"

"Oh! do not put yourself out for me, Mr. Roach; on the thirtieth, if you please, we shall close our accounts. Good evening."

Roach left the room with a cold return of the salute.

"When the house is falling the rats sneak off," said Mr. Henderson, as he tossed away his book and passed his hand over his forehead, with an agitated gesture.

Roach was pursuing his way home with mixed and unsettled feelings, when, having reached the road, he was accosted respectfully by two decently-clad men, one of whom inquired if he could see Mr. Henderson.

Christie looked at the man with instinctive suspicion; he replied evasively—

"Mr. Henderson has been absent for many months. I am Mr. Roach, his agent; you had better tell me your business."

"Thank you, sir, I'll not delay your honour now, but I'll wait on you to-morrow."

Roach passed on, and the man winked at his fellow, and put his finger on his lips.

"Well, Mr. Carroll," said the other, "our business is nigh ended here, I suppose, since himself's away!"

"Is that all you know about it?" said Mr. Carroll, a man of whiskered face and stout frame.

"Sure his agent has just tould us he's away."

"Get out, you fool. Did you never hear there's a sort of 'no,' that means 'ay'? I'm an ould game bird by this; Mr. Henderson is at home, that's certain; and what's more, we'll arrest him to-morrow, with all possible dacency and respect, before a hint of us is got out. Begor, we'd have a spade in our skull by this, if the workmen were to know what we kem about."

CHAPTER XVII.—ANNIE AT 'VANTAGE.

UNDER an ash-tree, close to Coneyfell Castle, sat Mr. Henderson and Annie. There was a genial autumn sun, and the boughs above them shook off a few orange leaves every other moment, with a mournful rustle. Mr. Henderson showed a pale and worn cheek, yet his voice and mien were lively even to briskness.

He had undergone fearful anxiety since his return, which it was impolitic to betray; and concealed anxiety is like the fox in the Spartan's vest.

It is a power to be respected that enables a man, whose mind is troubled and engrossed with coming disasters, to measure his words aright. There is an element of greatness in him who can smooth his front, and tranquilise his features, when the spirit has rent her robe.

He has been bearing up, and giving his companion many light accounts of his sojourn abroad. Annie stoops a little forward, idly plating the grasses, sometimes putting her companion to a pleasant cross-examination, sometimes listening to his suave voice, whilst his small, firm hand humours the detail.

He was somewhat swarthed from the sun, so that you might have fancied him like a thick-lipped Othello, telling his kindling adventures to that girl's eyes that were glittering beneath him.

Then came a lull in the stories, and Annie said—

"Confess, Mr. Henderson, that you are glad to be home again, notwithstanding all these sentimental experiences."

"Glad!" repeated her companion, rather dryly; "well, I'm glad to see Annie again."

"What an altered tone," said she, with a doubtful laugh; "it comes like a false note in a merry air."

"Yes," said Mr. Henderson, with a sombre gaze towards the house; "but it was you that struck the discord, Annie. I am returned on a very unpleasant business, my dear girl, and had nearly forgotten it in your society."

Annie overlooked the compliment in the abrupt confession which preceded it; she fixed her eyes upon his face, and was silent. Some of those scant red leaves drifted off the branches with mournful rustle. This ash-tree must soon be wintry bare.

Mr. Pierce was now in smiles again; but Annie laid her hand on his arm, and said before he could speak—

"Mr. Henderson, don't act cheerfulness yet a moment. Tell me, do

tell me, what is preying on your mind? I mean," she added quickly, and with a blush; "if—if I am not intrusive ——"

"A pleasant fancy strikes me, Annie," said Mr. Henderson, with an air of heedless whim. "Look in through the parlour-window, no one is in the room just now, you see."

Annie took this irrelevant speech as a hint to drop the subject, and she made some confused answer.

"Now I am going to people the room in there for your amusement. Fancy, Annie, all huddled into that room, a piebald crowd of ladies and gentlemen, servants and farmers. On an arm-chair, in their midst, stands a big man, vigorous and eloquent; he is reflected again in our mahogany table, every inch of which he is sullyng with fulsome commendation. See him tapping his desk with a hammer, and taking in all eyes with a glance. There never was a gentleman within the doors who so entirely appreciates the merit or quality of our glass, and china, and plate, and chairs, our statuary, our lamps and vases—a collection of which we have always been very proud, you know. How gratified we should be if we were there to hear. The generous creature is overflowing with admiration. There go the pictures, too. Look you, the rascal has laid my great-grandmother on her back across her own easy-chair, which remains there to this day, though the poor woman's skull was tossed on a spade a century ago, and he is flecking the dust from her little grey eyes and buxom corset. 'Here, ladies and gentlemen, here you have an inimitable portrait of the celebrated and beautiful Nell Gwynne, valued as a painting at 2000 guineas. Come, gentlemen, begin. Five pounds—five-ten—gone at five-ten—gone at five-ten——Six pounds—gone at six pounds—at six pounds going—and—at six—pounds—gone!' Then descends, in cobweb, and clouds, my remote ancestor, Sir Alfred Henderson, with his paralytic grin. My friend's buttery finger is on the knight's blue nose. 'Here, gentlemen, is the original portrait of Oliver Cromwell, having laid aside his armour, and in evening costume. There you see his red nose, and his own treacherous smile ——'"

"Do stop this folly, Mr. Henderson," said Annie, with the same uneasy laugh. "I never knew you so imaginative as you are to-day. I hope your invention is tired at last."

"Tired? You shall see. I've always boasted of the house, Annie, that it was the only residence in the country which looked summery and cheerful all the year through. This evening, somehow," he said, leaning back and gazing at the large red-brick pile with half closed eyes—"this evening I could fancy it had been sold to Government for a com-modious poorhouse."

"A poorhouse, Mr. Henderson; well that is a step more grotesque than your last effort."

"I can imagine a decent Elizabethan porch of grey stone—can't you?—and a host of yellow visages staring out of the windows, where the sun is striking—picturesque groups in grey frieze are scattered through the place, or working in the plots. There you observe a small forest of garlic, where Annie's glass shades used to cover the rarities she gave me. Beans, turnips, mangolds have turned out the ranunculi little Jay was so fond of, and the geranium aristocrats have actually yielded to an anarchy of cabbages."

"And what's to become of the master all this time?" said Annie, humouring him, but anxious still.

"You must look for him in America, my dear, where he has glided into an insinuating commercial traveller, employed by a monster mart. He has a short beard and a continual twang. He is always accompanied by an assortment of Leghorns, dyed muslins, beaver-skins, and stationery. Or stay," he said, looking full at Annie with significant pathos, "suppose we give him a ward in his own house as a respectable pauper."

"Really, Mr. Henderson, one would think you half serious, you harp so upon this subject. I have no right to ask your confidence, I know," she added, in a tone of gentle reproach. Then timidly again—

"Are you not, dear Mr. Henderson, under a great many difficulties?"

"Sweetly asked, dear, and you shall have a frank answer."

Then laying aside the strange flightiness of manner before the influence of a woman's sympathy, he let loose all the pent-up despondency; it fell like a sudden blight over voice, and face, and manner.

"Annie, I'm fairly run down at last; every sod is hollow under my foot. I'm come back to the old form in despair; I am ruined! There now, what a big look of consternation. Are you sorry, child?"

Sorry?—Then came a flush on her cheek as if she had been struck.

"I have money of my own—it would help. I'd give everything I possess to save you. Dear Mr. Henderson, tell me could I save you?" She stopped, for there was a smile on her companion's face.

He took her two hands in his own, and said in a full, tender voice—

"Annie, I won't insult such an impulse with my thanks. Come, I'll scold you instead. That's right—look me in the face undauntedly; I like the look. You make me, for the first time, question my belief in your best virtue, common sense, one which is worth all the romance and enthusiasm in the world. My dear girl, when you offer so simply and suddenly all your little savings from your allowance, you try to staunch a great wreck with a twelvepenny nail."

Annie had nothing to say. She withdrew her hands, and laid them before her in a quiet clasp.

"A man becomes very philosophic, Annie, when he is desperate. I have had a fancy, during the last two or three days, to measure the worth of my friends to me. I have even ventured to give them a tap or two, such as you administer to the glass of a barometer to see whether it is near change. Now your father, I have ascertained, would lend me on an emergency a five pound note—my friend Ffrench would lend me as many pence. My allies, the creditors, have formed a singular attachment to my person; and there is Mr. Roach, whom I made and fostered, has an equal inclination to run away from me at a symptom of danger. My poor Annie alone offers me all she is worth with a welcome."

"I think Mr. Roach's conduct hateful," said Annie, with emphasis.

"Some of his reasons may be fair enough," said Mr. Pierce, with moderation. "Self is a primary consideration, no doubt, and ought to be. It so happens that his loss to me just now would be irremediable. I confess his obstinacy is what troubles me most."

"I *wish* I could induce him to stay," said Annie, wanderingly, and vaguely conscious of what she was saying.

"Perhaps you could," laughed Mr. Henderson; "a few soft words of remonstrance from that pretty mouth would be worth all the logic in the world from my ugly, grizzled lips."

At this point in the conversation there was a soft, sliding step on the grass behind. Mr. Henderson started, and turned full upon that individual the reader may have been expecting to appear.

"Might I request a word with you, sir?"

"Eh! What do you want, my man? Some begging petition. I can't attend to you now."

"Particular business—won't occupy you long, but very urgent."

There was a latent determination in the fellow's manner which, though respectful, smote Mr. Henderson with sudden fear. He rose quietly, however, and, without a trace of further irritation, went aside with the intruder as unwillingly as that whilome wedding-guest. There was a secret spell in this instance too. A hand more compelling than the mariner's skinny grasp is lightly planted on his shoulder even now. He is an arrested debtor.

He returned to Annie's side a changed man. The whim—the levity—had gone, and his cheek looked damp and hollow.

"Annie," he said, in a low voice, "I must test *your* friendship now. Don't look so scared. I know you are not so silly as other girls to give way to any foolish agitation which would deprive me of your help. Come a little round the tree, dear, to be out of sight of those fellows. The fact is, that man you saw was a bailiff, and I have just been arrested for debt. You must go in and make some excuse to poor little Jay for my sudden departure. Find out Roach; I hope he is within. If that fellow deserts me now, I'm lost! Tell *him* alone of this affair, and impress upon him that if it gets wind until those Dublin fellows are paid, the whole army of creditors will be on me."

Mr. Henderson spoke very fast, and Annie's eyes watched him eagerly.

"I have no one to depend on but you. Those fellows have orders not to give me a moment. Use your influence with Roach; throw it upon his generosity; plead my utter helplessness. You do this for my sake, Annie. I cannot say all that I need, but think for me—there's a dear, loyal girl. Farewell!"

He kissed her twice on the forehead, and then, recovering his self-composure, he walked hurriedly away.

Annie stood where he had left her. And now let the reader take her at a vantage, and test this woman, what she is and what she can feel. She never looks after him; she stands fixedly still as the silver-skinned ash-tree, and as pale—not a trace of emotion yet.

She is looking quite idly at the grasses she had platted; she is listening to the death-sighs of the ash, as its scant red leaves let go and drift away—no emotion yet.

Now watch it coming—rising—rising like a tide-wave in that heave of the bosom. She leans her forehead against the tree. There is another great sob from a woman's heart, and then a panting flood of tears.

We have Annie at vantage at last. Let us hide this hour's weakness from the busy eye of the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROACH had, as we have shown, reasoned with his principal, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his desperate expedient of raising money, and in the heat of these discussions Mr. Henderson had met his scruples and opposition with momentary bursts of impatience; but Christie had not liked him the less, though he had responded himself with some independent heat. His inclination to give up such thankless occupation was, doubtless, by no means weakened thereby—still he had not taken the resolve. Hard work and difficulties he cheerfully encountered; but when Mr. Henderson chose to jest, and convey in these jests a distant inference of slight, he concealed his anger indeed in a laugh, but he coldly threw up the connexion.

The *amour propre* of an ambitious man is like the heel of Achilles—you can wound him there alone.

A decided act generally leaves behind it a relief—even an imprudent decision, if carried out with a will and a determinate forethought, is seldom dogged by the acute repentance which invariably follows the hesitating, half-voluntary act of folly; but Roach felt in this instance, without analysing his motives very closely, that his act was right and wise in effect.

Annie Brandon's face was vividly present to his mind while he was forming and executing this resolve. She had already become an uninvited and troublesome guest in his thoughts, and now he prudently determined, if possible, to see her no more until his departure.

The folly of a man in his station allowing himself to be enchained by a girl whose beauty and prospects must entitle her to some high match, was too glaring to escape his observation. He had had experiences of the pain which attends such entanglements of the affections, having, in his college days, come within the influence of certain demure blue eyes, and caught from them a weary distemper, which unfitted him for labour, made thought a burden, and filled him with sick cravings night and day. He recovered, but a prudent fear remained. And now he thought he perceived the same distemper growing on him again at every word and look of his late acquaintance, whose constant presence in the house gave imminence to the peril. With the caution, therefore, of the scorched child, mingled with pique at some little points of conduct towards him, he threw a reserve into his manner if he met her, and sedulously avoided a meeting.

It had latterly appeared to him, indeed, that Annie seemed to seek his society—that she courted his opinion, and listened to him with a *naïve* attention which he only half trusted. Did she intend a vain conquest? Was it possible she found an attraction in *him*?

Nothing could be more obvious than that Annie wants to speak to him to-day. He heard her enquiring for him eagerly, and knowing that she could have no very serious business with him, he had quietly escaped. He thought she signalled to him once from the gravel as he stood in a distant field; she met him, too, towards noon, and he loaded great haste. At length, however, he was puzzled, pleased, yet as of his peace of mind, when Jay ran up to him as he stood over

some workmen, and, taking his hand, told him that Annie was at the house, and wished particularly to see him alone.

He returned immediately, and Jay showed him into a little private boudoir, closing the door behind him. Here he found Miss Brandon awaiting him, and his heart grew quick and strong as she turned on him her anxious eyes.

"It is as hard to obtain an audience with you, Mr. Roach, as with the Queen," she said, with a half-saucy smile. "I've been wishing to see you very much."

"I regret I did not know it, Miss Brandon. I hope it is in my power to do something for you?"

"Of course you know far better than I do, Mr. Roach, how sadly Mr. Henderson's affairs are entangled."

Roach lifted up his eyebrows, and did not reply.

"You may guess, Mr. Roach, that the circumstances are very peculiar," she said, with a little hesitation, "which could bring you and me together on Mr. Henderson's affairs, but he has been obliged to leave home on a moment's notice. He has met with a misfortune."

"Arrested?" asked Roach, with a calmness which took Annie by surprise.

She nodded gravely, and watched if she had produced any effect by the announcement.

"Well, Miss Brandon, I'm very sorry, but the intelligence is not so startling to me as it must be to you."

She was angry he took it so calmly.

"You were, perhaps, expecting it, Mr. Roach? Excuse me, you could not have foreseen it, or you would not surely have proposed to desert Mr. Henderson.

"I certainly did not expect," said Christie, flushing, "we should touch on such a private matter. Mr. Henderson did wrong to allude to this."

"There was no one else in whom he could confide at the moment, Mr. Roach," she said, very coldly. "If you object to my alluding to this subject, under his direction, I have only to ask your pardon for my forwardness."

"Don't be angry with me, Miss Brandon," said Christie, repentant. "You are very kind; I accept you entirely as our negotiator. Let us consult what is to be done."

"Now, Mr. Roach, since you meet me so kindly, in the fullest trust that you are a friend of mine as well as of Mr. Henderson," said Annie, artfully, "I'll confess to you what I feared—surely without foundation—that—I will speak it out—that you might allow your pride to overcome your generosity, and that you would go away when you are so wanting here."

These were weak words—this was an ill-balanced sentence—yet how eloquent was the tone and the eye!

Roach was so fearful of committing himself, under the influence that was around him, that he answered shortly and guardedly—

"But, Miss Brandon, I fear I must go. My reasons are very strong, and still exist."

"Oh! if that be so, Mr. Roach, I have nothing more to say, only

this, that Mr. Henderson hopes you will be silent about his arrest. It would injure him if it got wind."

"He is safe with me," said Roach, with enforced coolness. "Once he is in the Marshalsea there is possibility of secrecy, but the news is likely to leak out if he is delayed in the county gaol."

Annie took up a book and turned away. The agent opened the door, and was leaving the room, when his resolution suddenly failed him, and he returned.

"I should be very sorry, Miss Brandon, to forfeit your esteem; very unhappy if I did so. I could explain to you my reasons for giving up my employment under Mr. Henderson. Come, you shall be a judge between us, instead of a partisan."

"Mr. Roach," said Annie, gently but boldly, "you have a great many grand theories about life and conduct. I have one or two of my own. One of them is, that zeal towards a friend in prosperity is another name for sleek prudence—another is this, that zeal for a friend in sorrow and ruin is the most beautiful and unselfish thing in the world."

"But, Miss Brandon, suppose it was feelings of common humanity which first inclined me to leave my employment. Mr. Henderson's measures towards his tenantry were of the harshest nature, and threatened to be harder still. I have been sickened from day to day meting out misery to the poor people instead of bread and clothes. I can assure you, Miss Brandon, zeal is a very dangerous medium through which to look at matters of fact and matters of business."

Annie repeated the words, "matters of business," slowly, and with a shade of contempt.

"Yes; the phrase is a good substitute for brave fidelity. Oh! Mr. Roach, were I in your position, I fancy how I could work night and day to save and shield a friend—a man who trusted me so frankly, and aided me so generously while it was in his power. I might flag in labour for myself; but for a friend in helpless extremity, to let all his interests go adrift, into robbery and ruin! Oh! Mr. Roach, I'm so disappointed in you."

Roach stood silently at the door, looking at her irresolutely. At length he caught her zeal—the infectious enthusiasm overcame him as his eyes sank beneath her beseeching gaze.

"Miss Brandon, you have convinced me—I shall keep to my post. There are certain severities to the people I need not accede to, but I shall labour for Mr. Henderson's interest. I shall vie in fidelity to him with you, Miss Brandon."

In fidelity to him with Annie? She coloured vividly. Then, with that glow upon her cheek, she came over to him with open hand, and thanked him gracefully and warmly. Surely there never was a more zealous advocate—never such a complete identification with a cause. Roach interpreted all this in his own way, and left the room—her slave.

He had yielded to an impulse, he had been shorn of his strength by a woman's voice, and shame was his first feeling when he contemplated what he had promised. Another meeting with Annie at her own house—the beaming welcome—the infectious zeal—the manner, half coy, half familiar—the gleam of her broad, grey eye overpowered all misgivings, and he yielded himself to her influence for weal or woe.

There are chains in which it is pleasant to be bound, and that we take infinite pains to rivet on ourselves; and yet such fetters as these have been known to wear to the bone.

He came repeatedly now—used to walk to Coneyfell Castle every day. He had a restless longing to be with her—to listen to her—to meet her calm eyes; and yet, when he found himself beside her, he was so restless and excitable that he would soon rise to depart. He made it a habit to refuse all invitations to remain for luncheon or dinner (an early meal when the family were alone), yet somehow he would stay after all. So often did this occur, that whenever Annie saw him entering the door she used to say, "Now here comes Mr. Roach with his excuse. What's the excuse for hurry to-day?"

Then she would sit beside him, brow on hand, and pore over ledger and rent-book—those broad, grey eyes gleaming quietly on him when he spoke, and her breath almost on his cheek. Mr. Brandon came in upon them so engaged, and wondered what in the name of fortune Annie was at.

"Mr. Roach is teaching me bookkeeping, papa; you must sit beside me and take a lesson," whereupon Mr. Brandon fenced at her frolicsomeness with his riding-whip, and left these busy students alone. Old Mrs. Wolsey used to steal in upon them full of mildness, and quietude, blushing if she was spoken to, and yet possessed of a quiet humour on occasions, when Annie used to rally her and call her a coquette. It was a pretty sight to see the old lady defend herself playfully when Annie challenged her to a battle, and drove her fairly to bay. Such were the only interruptions to Roach's consultations at Coneyfell Castle. With her own hands Annie would bring him refreshment when she had satisfied herself, or pretended to be satisfied, on the point of business about which he had come. Then she would tempt him winningly to linger, and by some means—perhaps it was sorcery—spread a subtle excitement around him, so that he spoke with fluent tongue and spark ling eye, and did not mark how time went till the dinner-bell would interrupt him, and Annie would laugh at the success of her tactics.

There was just enough familiarity in Annie's manner to make it very winning—it was rather, perhaps, a simple, direct way of saying and doing; for there was also a coyness about her, like the delicate protection of the eyelid, which closes at too near an approach. Haughtiness and vanity, those cardinal sins of womanhood, were far from her, and she had a vigilant sympathy which cheated you, you knew not how, of your confidence, and tempted you to talk of what was on your mind; but there was some other element in her manner which gave it this witchery more than all.

A gentle, common sense—not that hard quality which would rudely break all the pretty toys wherewith we delight ourselves—poor, grown children that we are—to prove to us that their tinkle is caused by a fragment of quill or wire; who wound us day by day with those ungenial things, truth and fact. But Annie laughed at Roach's theories, and Annie's laugh had no sting.

Much they would talk of Mr. Henderson's affairs—seldom of Mr. Henderson himself. Annie understood nothing of business, so that it

was marvellous how she kept pace with her companion; but she had one theme to which she was constantly recurring—sometimes directly, often indirectly—and that was no other than Mr. Henderson's desperate expedient of raising money. This she pressed with all her winsome skill—gently and remotely at first, then oftener and more urgently. Roach reasoned soundly on the cruelty of the proceeding, but Annie never attempted to meet his arguments; she would listen to them with apparent attention, and then, with mild, womanly unreason, return to her point again, as if the question had never been discussed.

"It is very, very hard, Mr. Roach; but then you know you have undertaken to save Mr. Henderson."

Sometimes, when Roach least expected it, a despondent look would be all her opposition—such a sad, disappointed silence as Roach could not bear to witness; and, at such a moment, though Annie knew it not, she was very near her object.

Once Roach said, with a burst of foolish enthusiasm he blushed for afterwards—

"Miss Brandon, reflect well on what you urge me to; you know I would do anything for *you*."

"Oh, but, Mr. Roach," she replied, with a peculiar quick glance, "it is not done for *me*; you must not forget—it is all for Mr. Henderson."

And this was his repulse; but she needed not to repeat the words—they were idle and formal; for it was not so. Annie's voice was like the lotus fruit—conscience and duty, ay, and a strong man's will, were drugged by its sweetness.

There was one plea he made use of at last; and, to do him justice, it was not so sincere as his former unregarded defence.

"There is a consideration, Miss Brandon, I unwillingly advance—but one which no sane man ought wholly to overlook. As a lady you, perhaps, do not fully understand the nature of the step you are advocating on the part of your friend, Mr. Henderson. In most instances I shall have to restrain for this money, and seize on property and stock; there will be a storm of vindictive feeling raised against me: you remember Mr. Falkener's fate?"

"Danger!" said Annie, with, as Roach imagined, a shade of irony in her voice, "Ah, Mr. Roach, this then is your real reason?"

"It is the one," said Roach, proudly, "that if you ask me I will relinquish the soonest."

"Mr. Roach, I will not ask you, indeed, if it be so; but tell me, is it not true that *you* can do with the tenantry what strangers dare not do. Besides you have made such a character for resolution and courage through the country. I have heard you spoken of in such terms, Mr. Roach, that I have felt proud to know you. But don't, pray, let anything I can say influence you, if there is danger. You can have effective assistance, can you not? My father is a magistrate, and would give you the protection of the police. How I wish a woman could do it!"

"There is no need," said Roach, with a smile; "you have put your request in a light which makes it impossible for me to refuse." Then, with strange warmth—"If there were certain death in the promise, Miss Brandon, I would make it to you now."

"Oh, but, Mr. Roach," repeated Annie, with the same half-frightened glance, "do remember it is not for me; it is for our common friend, Mr. Henderson."

"Miss Brandon," said the agent, rising from his seat, his strong frame a-tremble with some secret and powerful emotion, "let there be no mistake between us. I am weak before you; you have taught me to despise myself. For many days now I have dealt only with the present, and shut my eyes to the future. Let there be no mistake between us now. What I do in this business I do readily—zealously—with heart and soul. It is a trifle to what I could do for you, and never hint at a requital, but I do it *for your sake*."

Annie's eyes sunk before him. His secret was there openly exposed on his brow—it was throbbing in his temples—burning on his cheek—kindling in his eyes.

"Mr. Roach," she faltered, "I—I did not mean this."

She seemed to be making a great effort to tell him something, and to be casting about for words. Her pain was so evident that Roach was leaving the room, when she looked up quickly, and said, with circum-spect reserve, "Mr. Roach, don't think ill of me; I am very thoughtless. Act on your own judgment alone. I am sorry now I urged you so far."

"You must not regret it, Miss Brandon," said he, generously. "It is *your* wish to serve Mr. Henderson; that shall be the only understanding between us, and I shall do what you wish."

Annie's eyes beamed dangerously with gratitude, and he bade her a respectful farewell.

Annie was gone for a few days; notwithstanding which fact, people were heard to declare, on all sides, that they never saw September close so beautifully, or the country look so gay. The very beggars on the roadside—and there were enough of them—laid aside their shrug of misery, and basked on the white road.

Annie was gone, and to the eyes of one, all the land was in mourning—tree, and moor, and field, were steeped in sadness.

The very day after her departure Roach heard a rumour among the people that her father had been taken ill. Immediately he hastened to the castle to inquire, and he was readily shown up-stairs.

Mr. Brandon was in bed, and looked a little flushed, but nothing more. He received Roach cordially, though his manner was less buoyant than usual. He seemed inclined to make light of his indisposition, and Roach took the tone from him.

"Laid up, my boy, with a headache—a trifling attack of rheumatism. By Jove, I got a fright last night. Ever since I paid you that visit at poor Father Roach's, I'm not the same man."

"You're not looking very ill," said Christie.

"Eh—you say so? That rascal, Ned, wanted to send for the doctor—Eh! 'Let him come,' said I, 'but, by the Lord Harry, I'll be out cub-hunting when he comes, and he must physic me in Briarwood.' Ha! ha! ha! Eh!"

Christie endeavoured to echo the laugh.

"I'll send for a doctor," says Ned. "By the Lord Harry, let him come, but he must physic me in Briarwood." Ha! ha! ha!"

Roach left him in excellent spirits, and went thoughtfully downstairs. As he was leaving the hall he heard a woman's step on the stairs, and started round, thinking it was Annie's. It was not she. Annie had gone!

What gloom is this upon his spirits? He cannot sit down to work. He dare not sit down to think. Nothing but restless misgiving and gloom—nothing but impatient strivings against thought all day long. Surely this fit must soon wear off. Life would be intolerable if such despondency grew confirmed. Yet no effort can throw it off, unless for a few moments of resolute occupation. Then all this brooding gloom would rush on him again, and overpower him. Vague, wretched longings, and no hope.

Let no man mock him, till some potent anti-philtre can be found which may release the mooning wretch from a long and feverish durance. Let the reader with an ossified heart remember, that these secret pinings can kill!

The next morning Roach repaired to the castle again to inquire for its master. On the way he met the young hounds going towards Briarwood, this being the first day of cub-hunting. Some of the gentlemen pulled up, and asked for Mr. Brandon, wondering that he was not punctual, and finally expressing their regret that he was unwell.

At the gate stood one of the servants of the castle gazing up the road.

"I'm looking out for the doctor, sir. The master was bad again this morning."

Roach hastened on after a few rapid questions, and was passing the gate leading into the courtyard, when a startling scene presented itself, and fixed him to the spot.

Mr. Brandon, wild and flushed with fever, was up, booted and spurred for hunting. His horse was saddled at his side, and two of the grooms were entreating of him to return to the house, but he pushed them aside, with a passionate oath, cut at them with his loaded whip, and, mounting like a drunken man, he rode past Roach, lurching and reeling with the fever in his bloodshot eyes.

The agent was at his side in a moment, and had caught him before he fell.

"I must give up, Roach," he said, in an anxious voice. "I'm a dead man; can't battle it off. Your friend, Henderson, has done this for me."

Roach was very much shocked, and strove to silence him. "People might believe him if he spoke such idle, groundless words."

"I don't want to make it public; but Henderson brought me to a fever-house, and my life was insured by him—heavily insured."

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Brandon, hush!—the grooms will hear you."

"By — he has my death upon him," muttered the sick man, as he sank off the saddle into the arms of the attendants. Roach accompanied him upstairs, and saw him put to bed; he waited by him till the doctor came, who confirmed the fears of the household, and pronounced it to be a very bad case of fever; he feared, moreover, it had taken head from want of timely care.

Those wild words were not again repeated in Roach's hearing—and he strove to forget he had heard them, as he hurried away with a troubled mind.

“At his Castle of Coneyfell, of typhus fever, JAMES WYNNE BRANDON, ESQ., aged 46.”

Formal, short, and business-like, was the announcement in the daily papers, and so such an announcement ought to be. There is nothing that hardens human hearts more than frittering away feeling in words. The age and name on a coffin-plate has infinitely more pathos than the funeral sermon. Let the obituary ever be short and direct; let each of these records be but the dry argument of a sacred grief.

The next time Roach saw Annie was for a moment. The window was up in that little room in which he had passed with her such witching hours; as he went by outside he involuntarily looked in. There she sat, steeped in sorrow which might not be approached or addressed. Mrs. Wolsey was beside her, in her calm, eventide beauty, silently holding Annie's hand. He passed on, and it was just a glimpse of lovely anguish, sun-pictured on his mind.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROACH was like clockwork again. Up betimes in the morning, and resolute at work.

You would have seen him writing letters with mild industry—the firm set of his large features slightly relaxed, and the pen skirring away to its querulous tune. As methodically would he rise, place the letter in the press, and examine the duplicate he had struck.

Let us watch him a little longer still.

You would have seen him calmly fronting a throng of clamouring tenantry, with even colour on his cheek, and slow, light eye—an indignant throng are these—remonstrating, sometimes fiercely, sometimes piteously. He explains to them the necessity that exists for the demand made upon them; he reasons with them kindly, urging the advantages that were offered, and promising future consideration; his temper under resolute command, his language conciliatory, yet firm. Surely this man's spirit preserves a contented balance—no symptom as yet of a mind diseased.

You would have seen him out over the men—a broad-shouldered man, of middle height, in his light shooting-coat and clouted shoes, an habitual contraction on his sandy brows, and his huge, red whiskers straying wild—civil and collected in his address, and given to staring for an hour at a time at inanimate objects—a green clod, a withered branch, a distant farmhouse on the lone, blue hill. You would have seen him in the evening in his little parlour, leaf shadows playing over head and face, as he read a book or newspaper, like a contented country gentleman who had eaten his dinner, and had no care.

Then of a sudden he would toss the book aside, lean his forehead heavily on the square, freckled hand, and breath hard, as if a headache had just then commenced with a hammering throb.

Let those who would shun thought beware of the idle hours. To unhappiness Labour is Gilead's balm.

Time went on, and the mental struggle with it; opposing feelings were borne hither and thither in painful grapple. The sentiment which he felt for Annie, so foolish and feeble in mere statement, yet so imperious in its command of all his higher and truer emotions, carried everything blindly before it at first—for there is a mighty bigotry in love. But, as time began to intervene since he had seen Annie, her *strange* influence over him began to wane, and the infatuation, like a loosening coil, began to ease its festering pressure round his heart. He had registered a promise, however, in those evil hours, which, to fulfil, he must outrage his sense of right.

The first of November had passed. On that day one or two of the richer farmers had come forward heartily, when they heard of the pecuniary distress of their landlord, and paid up the whole year, but they were exceptions. The greater number, though ejections were remitted and leases renewed, displayed a dogged spirit, forbore further remonstrances, and seemed inclined to make a dangerous stand. Threatening notices were thrown in the very footsteps of the agent, and various devices of terrorism were employed.

On one occasion some sulky-looking fellows got round his house, and thought to frighten him by sending a large rough mastiff into the room by the open window, which, in escaping, bounded through the glass of the inner hall-door. Roach got his loaded gun, threw open the door, and shot the dog in their midst.

But, though resolved to exhibit no irresolution in his dealings with the people, their distress and misery were powerful inducements to hesitation. Before he engaged himself in the war of force, from which there was no retreat, he paused on the brow of the precipice.

"I will write to her," he said, often in thought. "She has a kind heart and a rare sympathy. I'll tell her the facts; explain to her the ruin and wretchedness this desperate course must bring upon the people; beg of her to cancel my rash promise. If she refuses—but she cannot!—she showed such grief for her father she must be full of pity. I'll write to her."

After this train of thought had passed through his mind often enough to develop into a resolution, he acted upon it, and addressed a respectful and not ineloquent appeal to Annie's sympathies, stating, in excuse for communicating with her, that Mr. Henderson himself had been quite silent in the business, and that she had professed herself to be the authorised medium between them.

Miss Brandon had returned home, he ascertained, within a few days, having been removed from the infected house by some friends of her father's, so he dispatched a special messenger with the letter, and confidently expected a reply.

He walked restlessly up and down his avenue, watching impatiently for the reappearance of his envoy, and framing in imagination the answer he should receive. At length he caught sight of the man coming leisurely round the hill, and he strode forward to meet him.

"Miss Brandon sent word there was no answer," said the messenger; and Roach returned to his home in gloom.

"I will see her myself," he thought. "If Miss Brandon has withdrawn from the whole business, she has shown her sense, and I shall extricate myself easily from Mr. Henderson. But," continued wounded vanity, taking up the thread, "this utter silence is a slight I have not deserved."

He walked up to Coneyfell Castle the ensuing evening, and waylaid Annie in a shady path along the garden-wall. She raised her eyes, and returned his salutation without a trace of unkindness.

"Mr. Roach, I received your letter," she said, with tempered graciousness. "Pray don't consider yourself under any promise to me," she added, with a slight laugh, "I see all your enthusiasm has cooled. I thought it would be so."

Roach stammered something, he scarce knew what, and she was gone; the coil had compressed on his heart once more. Would that he had not seen that face, or heard that voice again!

It was a rainy morning, such an one as our story has once wended through before—the dead leaves lay rotting on the ground, and dragged with clay. Again the mist wraiths were playing like phantom children through the ferny wood, over lawn and moorland.

The curse of the sleepless eye had been on Roach, as he rose at a very early hour to seek relief from the fret and anxiety of thought. He tried to find employment in letter-writing, in reading, in rapid exercise up and down his avenue, till the pearly rain was sown thickly through his whiskers, and trickled down his face.

About six o'clock the under-steward came to him by appointment to receive directions.

"A soft morning, sir. What are you goin' to do about the Farrells and Walshes?"

"To keep my word with them," said Roach, shortly. "I'll distract their stock to-day. Go yourself across the short-cut, and bring with you any of the boys you can depend upon. I'll meet you at ten o'clock."

At nine he prepared to set out on his distasteful duty, muffled himself in a triple-caped coat against the rain, and from the back window ordered the gig to be brought round. It was the same vehicle in which Mr. Falkener met his untimely fate. He was then about to lock up his papers and leave the house, when the quick, crabbed gallop of a pony down the avenue struck on his ear, and abruptly stopped at the door. Immediately after a slight figure peeped timidly into the room.

"Jay, what brings you here? you are not alone?"

"Is it very wrong, Mr. Roach? but—oh, it is a dreadful morning!" There was something comical in the look of horror she cast at the rainy sky behind her.

"A fine soft morning; you'll see how the turnips will relish it. I'm very busy this morning, Jay."

"Oh, Mr. Roach, sure you're not going to-day?"

"Going where?"

"You must—you *must* stay. The servants all say you will be murdered. I have been dreaming of you all night. Do come stay with us to-day, we are so lonely! You have forgotten us quite; and I know I could amuse you, if I tried; *do* come."

"You're a foolish little woman, that believes in ghosts and fairies. I am not in any danger, Jay."

"Will you stay?"

"I shall go to tea with you this evening, and you shall amuse me."

"Will you stay?" She held his hand coaxingly in both her own.

"I must go to the fair, you know; what shall I get for Jay? Come, now, don't be so silly. Good bye, dear."

"Mr. Roach, will you stay? Oh, pray, come with me!"

He gently disengaged himself from her, and placing his papers within his desk, he locked it.

Jay was suddenly silent, and stood fixed in the middle of the room. He turned to see what could have produced this unwonted effect, and beheld her as pale as death, her eyes starting, and her figure trembling from head to foot.

She clutched in her hand a piece of dirty paper, and Roach, looking over her shoulder, perceived it to be a threatening notice, which had probably been slipped under the door during the night.

"CHRISTY ROACH, *this is to tell you that your fate is sealed—you'll be a corpse to-night, if all the peelers in the county were at your back, and G—d have mircy on your soul.*

"CAPTAIN SLUG."

"Don't be frightened, Jay," he said, trying to take the paper from her; but she resolutely clutched it still. "This is only a trick; they send me one every morning as regular as the newspaper."

He went to his desk, however, and without Jay perceiving him, he slipped a brace of loaded pistols into his breast-pocket, and inwardly determined to take another road.

"Now, Jay, be a good child and go home. I have no more time to talk to you this morning, so good-bye."

The child burst into a passion of tears, and placed herself against the door, from which he was obliged to remove her gently. He did not try to condole with her further, however, supposing that any expressions of pity or reassurance might make her worse; he was mistaken.

Like a flash of light down went the slender hands from her face, and starting out before him, she said these strange words, in a ringing voice, unbroken by a sob—

"Very well, Mr. Roach, I see how it is; you think I am blind; but though you don't care for me, though you *hate me*, I know who will make you stay, and I'll go to her this moment. You'll see!"

She slipped out before him, mounted the shaggy little Shetland unaided, and galloped off with her black hair loosening behind her.

"Whom can she mean?" said Christie, thoughtfully, as he mounted to his seat; "surely, not Miss Brandon. Well, if there be evil or danger in this morning's work, I do it for her sake; I cannot reason on it any more—her wish is fate."

A YACHT-VISIT TO THE IRISH DIGGINGS.

THAT time of year had just come round when everybody that can so manage it, shaking off the dust of London from their feet, convert that city into a modern Petra. To be one of its Bedouins—being the last thing desirable, yet having the whole world before me, from which to choose a place of flight, without having a decided predilection for any one spot beyond another, placed me on the horns of a dilemma, in which uncomfortable position I might have long remained had I not been happily tossed from them by the advent of a letter bearing an Irish post-mark.

Harry — and I had been chums of old, and had suffered in the same birchdom, and when we parted to take our places in the outer world, it was with mutual protestations to keep alive the friendship so warmly commenced at school. But time and the vicissitudes of life having made a Cockney of me and an Irish landed proprietor of him, our intercourse had been interrupted, and I had seen nothing and heard but little of him for many years.

During our school-days he had enjoyed among his compeers a great renown for the manufacturing and equipment of various lopsided cutters, schooners, and luggers, which he navigated in the canal adjoining the school with great skill and with equal intrepidity—the said canal being contraband, as lying without the bounds allotted to us for recreation and exercise; and now he was enabled—his residence being most congenially situated on the south coast—to carry into effect the schemes and hopes of his boyhood, and become the owner of a real yacht, which was the occasion of his now writing the abovementioned letter, recalling our former intimacy, and claiming my society, for the more perfect renewal of our friendship, in a cruise which he purposed making to some of the extensive copper-mines lying along the southern coast of Ireland.

“In order,” ran the epistle, “that you may not imagine yourself taken in, let me fairly put the question to you without offence, Are you able to rough it? When I ask you on a yachting cruise, don’t run away with the idea that you will be shipped in a sort of floating Buckingham Palace. In the best and biggest of them it isn’t that, much less in a cockleshell of a craft like mine, where a man, to make himself tolerably comfortable, ought to possess the faculty of shutting himself up like a telescope, or taking himself to pieces like a dissected map. I have fifty reasons why I don’t keep a large yacht; however, as the first of them is that I cannot afford it, I may spare you the rest. One thing, however, I will say, and that is, that if you wish to take back with you to London any idea of seamanship, you will learn more in a day on board the ‘Fenella’ than you would in a month in a vessel of a hundred tons. The reason of this is, that in a boat that can accommodate so few hands everybody must work; so should you decide in my favour and come down to me, the sooner, old fellow, you get over your sea-sickness and land-lubberliness the better.”

Could I have any doubt as to my course? Pristine friendship, pleasant anticipations forbade it. It was my first nautical experiment, and yet all fears for the consequences, nauseous and otherwise, vanished into thin air, or were entertained but for a second, to be dismissed with scorn. What, ho—my portmanteau! Ireland aboo!!

Pass we over the journey. If I did feel a little squeamish on the passage from Holyhead to Kingstown, surely there was nothing in that derogatory to my name as a future British yachtsman. Is there not more than sufficient burnt tallow, horrible train oil, and, still more horrible, the very proximate neighbourhood of fellow-sufferers, to account for any amount of sickness to any living being short of an ostrich or a packet-steward? How this latter class survive a year's employment is to me incomprehensible.

Pass we by the hospitable reception that awaits me on my arrival at my friend's territory, and my raptures at the beauty of the spot, the "*Carberie Rupes*" of Swift, about which alone, with its wild legends and historical interest, might an attractive article be compiled. Let us merely glance at its first-rate capabilities as a yacht harbour, shut in, as it is, from all unkind blasts by towering cliffs; now rugged and barren, to the exclusion of a single blade of grass—and again clothed thickly, to the very water's edge, by trees, among which the arbutus and rhododendron grow and blossom, self-sown and indigenous. Let us hurry past all these attractions, I say, for a long day's Bianconicarring in the open air has predisposed me towards Harry's comfortable board, to which for a time all matters of a more intellectual or romantic nature must give place, and which must not be allowed to cool for all the literary aspirations in the world.

"Postquam exempta fames epulis mensæque remotæ,"

saith old Maro. In plain English, as soon as the cloth was removed, and the bottles commenced their orbital revolutions, Harry explained to me that it was a matter of considerable importance to him that our journey should commence at the first dawn of day next morning, as a regatta was to take place among the Islands of Cape Clear, at which he much wished to enter the *Fenella*. As yet she had never contested a race, but was declared by the nautical authorities of the place to be a boat of great promise; and as he foresaw that an event of this description would materially enliven our mining researches, he proposed that we should take up our quarters in our floating-house that very evening, and thereby ensure our starting betimes, and destroy the force of all slothful, bedward longings next morning.

The idea at first was rather of a startling nature. I was just arrived at that point when a person who has been travelling for two or three days begins to think that a day or two of repose, not to mention a night or two of a comfortable bed, are not the most uncomfortable things in the world; but remembering Harry's contempt of those unable "*to rough it*," I sighed an acquiescence, and after finishing our symposium with one, only one, tumbler of an ambrosial liquor, imperfectly understood within the sound of Bow-bells, but here not only understood but appreciated—'yclept, poteen-punch—I was by no means unwilling to be

punted over to the Fenella, and to stretch myself out as well as I could upon that bench which extended along one side of the cabin, termed by courtesy my bed, and which I was to occupy during the next six weeks.

The next morning, shortly after daybreak, I was aroused from my slumbers by the sound of heavy footsteps tramping hurriedly over my head, mixed with the hauling of ropes backwards and forwards, and forming a most sleep-dissolving din. Springing up on my elbow, and casting a glance to the other side of the cabin, I saw at once that it was untenanted, and Harry's voice without issuing some orders to the crew showed me that he was beforehand with me. I sprang out of bed, hastened on deck, and found Harry at the helm, tiller in hand, the two sailors engaged in coiling down the ropes and putting things to rights, and the Fenella slowly beating her way out of harbour.

"Turn in again, man, for the next two hours," sang out Harry, who had hastily drawn on a pair of trowsers, save which he was attired just as he had rolled out of bed; "I will be after you in a jiffey."

Obedience to orders being the first rule on board ship, and the morning being chilly for gentlemen in limited clothing, I hastened to comply. Harry soon followed, and as he rolled himself up in his bed-clothes, raised my spirits considerably by telling me, in a grumbling tone, that the sea was like a millpond, that the wind had almost all died away, what there was of it being in the same point as over night, viz., dead against us, and that he was much afraid that, early as we were, we should not arrive in Skull by eleven o'clock, at which time and place the regatta was to be held.

In my inmost soul I felt that the chance of immunity from seasickness nearly counterbalanced that of losing the regatta, and, therefore, whatever Harry's view of the case might be, it was with considerable equanimity that I turned my face to the side and finished my nap.

When we again awoke, which was not for some hours after, it appeared that we had made more progress than Harry expected. In fact we were off Cape Clear, the wind having not only freshened a little during our sleep, but chopped round to a propitious quarter; but, alas! it too had died away again, leaving us hopelessly becalmed. The sails were idly flapping about, barely filling sufficiently to prevent the strong tide from sweeping us back like the unavailing stone of Sisyphus. The sea looking in the fervid sun more like some molten metal than water. The crew in despair—actually in sight of port, yet not able to reach it. What was to be done? Why, in the first place, we had to get up. This being effected on the instant, Harry moved as an amendment a plunge over the side. Agreed to with trepidation, the result proving delicious beyond expression. Next came dressing—breakfast—a cigar—followed by a lesson in seamanship, whereby I learnt, with considerable astonishment, that a sheet was a rope and not a sail, that ladies' waists were not the only things tightened by stays, and that shrouds need not always have a funereal signification. Furthermore, I obtained a hazy idea—which time has done but little to clear up—as to the meaning of *leaches* and *luffs*, *sheets*, *haulyards*, and *tacks*, and elaborately committed to memory the distinctions existing

between "keep her away," "full and by," "port your helm," "hard a starboard," &c., &c. Lastly, I learned to pronounce tackle as *taycle*, and then I considered my naval education complete, and walked the little deck every inch the British tar.

I also fraternised with the crew, consisting of Johnny the skipper, and Jerry the boy, both models of what yachtsmen should be—cheerful, respectful, clean, and understanding their business. Both came from Harry's neighbourhood, for he indulged in a prejudice—whether well or ill-founded I must leave to older yachtsmen—that there was little or no good to be got out of your regular professed yacht-sailors, such as are to be met with in the principal yachting ports, who, he averred, like London flunkies, consider they are hired for appearance and not for work. At all events other matters were now about to occupy our attention; for while we had been thus occupied; the sky had been gradually clouding over, and that, too, precisely from the opposite point from which the wind had been blowing. A mass of portentous blackness kept stealing on, and soon a few large drops let us know that we were getting under its influence. The wind fell altogether, and yet the cloud seemed to gather swiftness every moment. The rain now began to fall heavily and perpendicularly, in drops as large as penny-pieces. Harry, in distrust of the nature of things, gives orders for shortening sail. Away flew the men to execute them, and the gaff topsail was in the very act of being lowered, when, with a roar, and suddenly as the rush of a wild beast, down came a hurricane upon us. In an instant we were laid flat with the sea, and the water poured in in torrents—surmounting even the peterboards which protected the little cockpit.

"Luff! luff!" shouted Johnny, letting the topsail down by the run, and rushing to the main-tack.

"Luff it is, Johnny, hard down, and she won't come up. Down foresail, Jerry. Stand by the peak haulyards."

I had—I may confess it as a greenhorn—I had been upset at the first lurch. With difficulty I regained my feet, and clutched hold of the weather-runner to keep me on them, and then, feeling somewhat more secure, I looked about to gather some idea as to our situation. The boat, relieved by shortening sail, had righted, and was now fixing fiercely through the water. The venom of the squall, however, was in the first puff; and although it was still blowing far more than was agreeable, we had now time to prepare against any fresh gusts which might be in store for us out of the black cloud that canopied us. Accordingly the Fenella was thrown up in the wind, and the operation of shifting jibs and double reefing the mainsail commenced—precautions which were considered sufficient for any weather we were likely to get until we reached the harbour, which was now no great distance from us, and only obscured by a long island which ran between us and it.

Everything was put in proper train, even I was allowed to take part in the preparations, and the business was about half completed, when a sight met our eyes that caused us the most lively disgust. Round the point of the island beforementioned, and close by us, swept the leading yachts of the fleet of racing-boats, followed in a straggling manner by the rest, and all of them looking rather the worse for the

weather; here and there some of the very small fry completely dismantled, and running away towards Cape, under a foresail or the skirt of a mainsail, and in the best of them doused foresails and scandalized peaks evinced that they had got a benefit. In vain did we endeavour to hasten matters sufficiently to have even the small satisfaction of a race in. Before we could get back again upon our course, all those boats whom the squall had not put *hors-de-combat* swept by, leaving us hopelessly in the rear, and giving us the pleasure of hearing from all parties on our arrival at port that we had been caught up, passed, and disgracefully beaten by all.

Very wroth was Harry. It was perfectly useless for him to attempt to explain matters; he was met on all sides by incredulous faces and hints that there were always excuses for beaten boats. And very wroth also were Johnny, the skipper, and Jerry, the crew, who flung defiance abroad in every shape, from challenges to race to those of personal conflict, but, to use the sporting phrase, "without takers." There was, however, consolation in store. That evening at dinner on board the flag-boat, the matter being again brought forward, and the proprietors of the other yachts being present, Harry proposed that he should stake a sum rather over the value of the cup, and run the winner. The offer was refused, the owner wisely considering a bird in the hand worth two in the bush. But by good fortune it so happened that Harry was by no means the only malcontent, as the owners of the second, third, and even fourth boat were also fully confident that, only for particular circumstances, they would have been the winners that day. This being made apparent, matters soon took a more tangible form, and it was agreed upon that another race should take place the ensuing day, each proprietor staking a certain sum, and the committee of the regatta very liberally adding a sum equal to the whole subscribed. Everybody was satisfied—everybody confident. The Fenellaites regarded it as a most delightful termination to a day of disaster and disappointment. Harry recovered his serenity—Johnny and Jerry theirs, and

"There was joy in Atzlan."

Eleven o'clock the next morning saw the rival yachts duly aligned and awaiting, with hearts beating high with excitement, the firing of the starting gun. The racing colours shiver from each truck; the head sails are all down, according to law; every person is at his post.

"Are you all ready?" sings out a voice from the flag-ship.

"Ay, ay!" respond a chorus of combatants.

"Then fire." Bang goes the miniature cannon.

It is a lovely day—there is just a pleasant breeze—the sun shines out brightly on the scene, and the course is such that it is visible in its whole extent to all shore-goers, an ingredient in the pleasure of those who attend regattas generally obliged to be omitted. The head sails fly up as if by magic, the boats gently cant round, and we are off.

Off! Yes, and what is better, gradually creeping ahead of our opponents. A few minutes of anxiety and we are palpably in advance of all save yesterday's victor. Johnny says she made a better start of it than we. Be that as it may, she holds her own. It is neck-and-

neck ; if anything, the advantage is in favour of our adversary, who bears the murky title of "The Bat."

"Give her a little sheet," whispers Harry, for the boats are so close as to be within easy conversation distance. "So, so, a little more—that will do."

"Now, then, blow wind," cried Johnny, and commenced whistling for the breeze, as all sailors do in such cases.

Whether the whistling produced that meteorological phenomenon is hard to pronounce upon, but certain it is that the wind, which for a little time previous had shown a disposition to fall, now regained its former strength. The sails assumed a more aldermanic shape ; the little racing-flag shivered more vehemently ; the weather-rigging tautened perceptibly, and from that moment "The Bat" might as well have returned to its congenial darkness for any chance it had, barring accidents, of the race. It was far too game, however, to abandon the struggle. It had still a chance, and as long as that remained it would continue the contest.

Nothing is so subject to fluctuations, not even the 3 per cent. consols, as the luck of yachts in a race—a thousand things may occur, from the carrying away of a mast to the shifting of a hundred weight of ballast, to give the race to the second, or even the third boat ; and, therefore, onward sailed the "Bat" steadily. And, lo ! in corroboration of these opinions, while rounding a certain island, the wind, the treacherous wind, which up to this had seemed to have linked itself to our fortunes, dropped flat ! alas, only so far as we were concerned ; for while our sails were flapping listlessly, we had the satisfaction of seeing the Bat coming fast on our footsteps, dashing the white foam from her bows, and lying over to the perfidious gale. Harry bit his lips and muttered something complimentary ; Johnny tore his hair and imprecated in choice Celtic ; "Jerry" whistled till breath failed him. In vain. The fault was all our own ; we had wilfully run ourselves under a cliff which completely took the wind from us. And on came the "Bat," scornfully, mockingly, until at last it was evident that a few minutes more and she would be up with us. Ha ! what is that grateful sound of rippling which strikes upon our ears ? Can we trust our senses—we are once more moving ! The ripple increases—becomes foam—the sails fill—the Fenella lists once to her work in earnest, and we are once more rapidly cleaving the brine in a homeward direction. And where is the Bat ? She saw our misfortune—is it possible that she will allow herself to be taken in the same trap ? Yes. Seeing us escaping from them—when they were just making up their minds to defeat us gloriously—they madly endeavoured as a last chance to skirt the danger as narrowly as possible, and, if they escaped, to make at least a good second. Alas, for the "Bat ;" "those who walk on the edge of precipices, had better take tent to their feet." There she lies, like a log on the water, her flag hanging dejectedly down ; and it is now her turn to watch hopelessly, as the Fenella, making up for lost time, becomes more and more indistinct, and vanishes amongst the shipping which marks the entrance of the harbour. But it is needless to spin out the race further. The Fenella rounded the flag-boat in triumph, and received the shot of victory half an hour before the mortified and disappointed Bat showed off the pier-head ; the remainder of the competitors being nowhere.

It was still early in the day when the race was over, and the distance between Skull and Crookhaven being trifling, and the wind in our favour all the way, we determined before leaving the place to commence our researches by a visit to a copper mine, then in active operation at no great distance from the harbour. Accordingly leaving our vessel for a row-boat, propelled (we had almost said manned) by two lads and a woman, we soon spanned the distance, and neared a shore where some new-looking white buildings, long rows of neat sheds, and some whitish-greenish heaps of refuse matter, proclaimed the seat of enterprise and industry.

Just at this minute an incident occurred which I will give to the reader, as it is very characteristic of Irish habits. We were gradually nearing the shore, and steering under the shadow of a projecting cliff which ran out some distance into the sea, when our ears were met by a wild wailing sound, which rose and fell fitfully in a sort of irregular cadence—producing in the distance a not unmusical minor effect. As we drew nearer the sound grew louder and wilder, and at last resolved itself into a number of female voices chanting an improvised song of woe at the top of their voices, and seeming bent on surpassing each other in noisy demonstration of their grief. A few more sweeps of the oars and we had rounded the rock, and were in the midst of a striking scene.

It appeared that while we were running our race, another was taking place between some of the common row-boats of the place, under lug-sails. On rounding this corner, a sudden squall took them, and the leading boat, being too light in ballast, was capsized. As it was close to land, and all the crew could swim like fishes, no fear was felt by those on shore, who, laughing loudly, were helping the drenched fellows out of the water. Three of them had been safely landed, and the fourth was leisurely striking out for the shore, with a laugh on his face, when suddenly a change passed over him—a look of agonized fear seized him; he shrieked, threw his arms wildly over his head, battled a few moments vainly with the waves, and sunk—a corpse. He was reckoned the best swimmer in the boat, and two or three more strokes would have brought him out of danger. No one could say what had occasioned his death; some said a cramp, some a fit; and in the meantime two boats were dragging with grapnels for his body, as yet without success, and the women of the neighbourhood were, as it is termed, “keening” him.

They were sitting huddled up in their cloaks upon the rocks in groups, chanting aloud in the manner previously described, and looking at a little distance like a flock of cormorants. They were more than a hundred in number; and in the midst of them might be seen the aged mother and young wife tearing their hair, and swaying backwards and forwards in an agony of real grief, which contrasted painfully with the fictitious woe of their companions.—But another rock has shut out the scene from us; and with a few vigorous strokes our boat's keel grates on a strand where mining refuse warns us of the proximity of one of Ireland's diggings. Here we were met by Mr. (or, as the mine superintendents always are given brevet rank), by Captain T——, who in the kindest manner proffered his assistance in inducting us into the mysteries of mining. However, as the process followed here is much the same as that used at Mr. Puxsley's great mines at Ballydonegan, to

which we are bound, and of which more anon, I shall merely mention that most of the works in this neighbourhood are but juvenile concerns—the children of old lawsuits and the Incumbered Estates bill—for many years worked at immense loss, owing to want of system, capital, and enterprise. Then, as a matter of course, came long years of litigation; and surely the mines had needs been composed of richer material than copper to have survived that. Lastly, like balm to the poor persecuted mineral, came sales in the Incumbered Estates Courts, reinvigorated by which, a very different state of things has supervened. In the old times, a large but fictitious percentage was paid to shareholders, while the company were plunging deeper and deeper into debt. Now a smaller but still a satisfactory dividend reaches the speculators, and they have the comfortable knowledge of being a solvent, flourishing concern, free from debt and, if all goes on well, with every prospect of great prosperity. In evidence of this, new works are erected, the old tedious method of crushing the ore by hand-work has been abolished, and the new and beautiful machinery, now in full work at Ballydonegan, in course of erection. The ore here, too, is of a far richer description than that of the Messrs. Puxsley's mines, which yield at best but from 20 to 25 per cent. pure copper; while the lode found here (which, from its beautiful prismatic colours, is well named "Peacock-ore") gives fully 60 per cent. The veins, however, are not so constant as the other, which is found in the form of pyrites; and the value of the two is in this way somewhat equalized. It was from this neighbourhood, too, that the beautiful specimens of Irish malachite were sent to the Great Industrial Exhibition held in Dublin, in 1853, and which, had it not been for the most lamentable ignorance on the part of the workmen, would have formed a spectacle which might have carried away the palm from the Autocrat of all the Russias' malachite doors in the Crystal Palace. The pieces found were of immense size, far larger than any previously discovered, but the finders, in order to render it more easy of carriage, smashed them up into small pieces, and of course, in so doing, destroyed the principal part of their value.

But the sun is beginning to throw long shadows, and we have still to reach our quarters for the night. Johnny and Jerry are beginning to look out for us, and have got everything ready for an immediate start. We spring on board. The chain is already heaved short. With a "Yo, heave, ho! up it comes," a signalled farewell to all friends, and we are gliding away from hospitable Skull.

The course to Crookhaven lay through scenery of the most lovely description, to which the setting sun added an additional charm. The whole surface of the sea sprinkled with an archipelago of islands through which we were winding—the great Cape Island looming to our left, and lofty Mount Gabriel, with its purple heath-covered side, towering over us on our right—the wind blowing right aft, with a strength just sufficient to speed us on our way, without disturbing the delicious sense of repose in which everything seemed to be wrapped—a curling smoke arising from the caboose funnel, followed soon after by a frizzling sound and an odoriferous emanation, proclaimed that something was evidently taking place in the frying-pan;—these concomitant circumstances, joined to a day of success and interest, tell me, oh! reader, can you picture to your imagination a more pleasurable situation?

Night has just begun to close in as we enter Crookhaven. It is a narrow but good harbour, bounded by cliffs which rise precipitously as a wall from the water's edge. As we advance we pass on our right Rock Island, the coast-guard station, neat and clean as usual; and a little further still on the left may be seen a straggling street, on the edge of the cliff, which is Crookhaven, without doubt the poorest and most miserable town I have yet seen in Ireland. What can be the reason of this? As a harbour it is esteemed one of the best on the coast; and in the winter time it is seldom without five or six of the largest class of merchant ships. In spite of this, we were unable, although we begged from house to house, to purchase a loaf of bread. We were told that the few who eat bread get it from Skull, ten miles off!

There are several mines here also, which one would have thought would have contributed much to the prosperity of the locality, and which we were anxious to inspect; but curiosity must give way to appetite, and therefore, by break of day next morning, we resumed our journey to Berehaven, where we would be enabled to enjoy both our breakfasts and our mining propensities. By applying to a map of Ireland, it will be seen that Bear Island lies a short distance down Bantry Bay, towards the western coast. The arm of the sea which flows between it and the mainland forms what is known as Berehaven, and of this the beautifully situated, bright and clean little town of Castletown, is the port. Here then we let our anchor drop, and proceeded at once on shore to commence our pilgrimage to the Ballydonegan mines, which are situated seven miles over the tremendous hill which forms a background to the town.

Our original intention had been to have proceeded thither on foot, nor can I say that the wretched horse and car which we were overpersuaded to take made any material alteration in our determination; for what between mercy to the poor brute going *up* the hill, and the principle of self-preservation acting strongly on us going *down* the hill, our vehicle rather accompanied than carried us. However, as the longest and steepest hill must have an end, so at length did this; and when, after a somewhat heavy pull, we reached the top, and pushed on a few steps further, a curious and beautiful sight came in view.

As far as the eye could reach the Atlantic bounded the view. The Bull, Cow, and Calf Islands stretched away from the Dursey-head, and the Skelligs and other islands indistinctly showing in the distance on the other side, completed the panorama. The whole lofty range of hills on which we stood were barren as native rock could be—no blade of grass clothed their rugged sides, which dropped abruptly down to the shore; but in lieu thereof there was a thick sprinkling of white buildings, working steam-engines, and strange frameworks, which gave life and animation to the scene, and spread irregularly over a considerable extent of this rocky and apparently unproductive country.

Having been directed to the office where the business of the mines was conducted, we now descended, and on presenting our credentials to the head superintendent, were met by that gentleman in the most courteous manner, and received from him a most clear and interesting explanation of the various stages of the process. It is to be hoped that in the description which I shall attempt, I shall be equally successful with the reader.

As the descent was a tolerably laborious matter, we postponed our underground visit until we had seen those parts of the various operations which are conducted on the surface of the earth, and were first led by our conductor to the mouth of the pit, where we arrived just in time to witness the sudden appearance of a huge iron bucket of ore from the bowels of the earth. Let us attach our fortunes to it, and follow it through all its phases, until at length we see it in a state fit to be embarked in one of those fine schooners now riding in the bay, and of which four are owned by the company, and used expressly for conveying the copper to the smelting-houses in Swansea and elsewhere.

After reaching the surface, the bucket continues its upward course for a few feet until, passing through a wooden platform, it is seized on by two boys stationed there, who, dexterously capsizing its contents into a cart alongside, return it into the abyss. The road being somewhat inclined, and the cart running on a tramway, an impetus is given, which is all that is necessary to convey it to the next stage, a yard where it is uncarted on to a heap of the same material as itself. Here it is broken up by men in the same way as ordinary road-stuff, only in a far coarser manner, each lump being about half the size of a man's head, in which state it is shovelled into wheelbarrows by one set of strapping lassies, and wheeled away by another set, to the sheds where sit the "*pickers*," who squatting on their haunches on a platform, covered by a long, low shed, with a bar in front of them, might easily, were we not in a free country, be mistaken for slaves in a baracoon. Their business consists in sorting the contents of the barrows, which are discharged on the platform before them, and this is carried on with great rapidity, the more experienced sorters not even condescending to look at the specimens, but working none the less surely on that account, the good pieces flying to one side, the middling to the other, and the utterly worthless over the shoulder. Once more the barrows take up the assorted ore and trundle it off to the crushing-house, of whose vicinity you are made aware by a violent crunching sound, such as Giant Despair might have made over some particularly tough and bony customer of a pilgrim. But the wheelbarrow has entered and we must follow it. Imagine, then, a coffee-grinder made to suit the above-mentioned giant, and worked by a powerful engine, with a second beneath it, in case the first should fail in doing its duty effectually. Such is the ore-grinder. Two powerful iron rollers revolving inwardly receive the devoted stone. For an instant, and but for an instant, its fate seems undecided; vainly it struggles with its destiny. The iron maelstrom beneath sucks our wheelbarrow's load quickly into its vortex, its ravenous jaws being fed continuously by others, and the ore after passing through the first set of rollers, falls down to the second, where the process is repeated on a finer scale; and lastly, disgorge, in its turn, into a revolving sieve, something resembling a huge squirrel-cage, in an insanely rotatory state; from whence the ore issues in pieces about the size of a pea, and ready for the next operation—jigging. At the lower door of the crushing-house is drawn up a squadron of wheelbarrows, each of which in turn is rapidly filled with the crushed ore, and bowled off to the jiggers, who in a long line may be seen at a little distance busily engaged in their Terpsichorean labour.

Seen from the crushing-house door, they present a rather absurd

appearance, each workman apparently performing a *pas seul* as if his life depended upon it.

"And so it does," remarks our conductor; "they are jigging away merrily, and I have no doubt would inform you, if they could spare the time, that it is a dance that pays the piper."

Let us draw nearer and join their ball.

Before them are long troughs of water, in each of which is shaking away briskly a large perforated iron tray, which is kept supplied by the barrows from the crushing-house. To each tray is a simple contrivance attached to a pole, by which, and the dancing of the urchins, they are kept in motion. All the small portions of loose copper and dirt are thus washed off the larger fragments, and passing through the holes in the tray, are carefully collected and put aside for the last process, termed buddling (which will be presently explained)—the residue being again wheeled away to another machine well denominated the stamper.

This instrument, situated at a little distance from the jiggers, is plying away very noisily at some million pestle-and-mortar power, and may be said to complete the subjection of the mineral so well commenced by the crusher. It is composed of some thirty or forty iron hammer-ended bars, of something over half a ton in weight each, which are acted upon by a cogged roller, which lifts them up one after another, letting them fall again with all their weight on the ore beneath. This machine works in the middle of a stream of water with a considerable fall, and has in front of it a perforated iron screen, of which the openings are so exceedingly minute that nothing coarser than fine sand can pass through it; and to this consistency is every bucket-load of ore reduced before arriving at the final operation previously alluded to, called "Buddling."

Quartz, copper, and all having passed through the stamping ordeal, nothing now remains but to separate the copper from the quartz, and other refuse material in which it is found; and this is effected in a simple manner, on the principle of the natural superior gravity of the copper, in what are called "buddling-troughs." These are wooden trays occupying the bed of the stream, which has, as before mentioned, a tolerably rapid fall: the upper end of these troughs has a narrow entrance, widening in a fan-like shape to the lower extremity; over this the water courses freely, conveying with it the pulverized ore, of which the pure copper, being the heaviest, is deposited first at the upper end, the lighter material being washed down to the broader end of the trough. When this is full, the pure copper is carefully removed to the finished heap—a black, sandy-looking mound, which only awaits embarkation—and the refuse matter, buddled and rebuddled until no perceptible trace of copper remains, is conveyed away by the stream to the seashore, where it forms an artificial strand at this moment of some acres in extent.

We had now seen all that was of importance above ground, and our thirst for knowledge being unsated, and our determination proof against all advice as to the relinquishing the subterranean portion of our researches, we were reconducted to the office and shown into a room where complete outfits as miners awaited us.

If anything could have deterred us, it would have been the sight of those questionable garments. Of all the grimy, perspirations — Well,

no matter, we had no right to look the gift-horse in the mouth; we were duly warned, and might be thankful to get them at all; so they were donned in grim desperation, and our heads being further encased with a hat, which to the sense of sight was *felt*, to that of feeling cast iron, we sallied forth to the entrance of the pit. Here we were each presented with a tallow candle and a lump of clay, which latter our guide instructed us into kneading into a temporary candlestick, and having placed it *secundum artem* low down between the thumb and first finger, we were free to commence the descent.

The shaft was of very confined dimensions; a more than ordinarily broad-shouldered man would have stuck breadthways. A very moderate amount of corpulence would have produced the same unpleasant result in the contrary direction. True, there were occasional oases, where even a stout man could have expanded, but they were the exceptions; and I, who have always looked upon myself as belonging to the Cassius tribe, who have

“A lean and hungry look,”

was for ever either polishing the surface of the rock with the back of my miner's jacket, or introducing my spine to some abrupt angle of the copper matrix.

The shaft was plumb down, the ladders had no inclination, but were straight up and down the face of the stone, with scanty room for the foot to rest upon. Some of the rungs were iron, some wood, some broken, some entire—all more or less slippery. Being novices, we were taken to a pit eighty fathoms, 480 feet deep. There are some working at a depth of 200 fathoms; and we were told that some of the workmen when descending, perform this great distance in from three to four minutes. I should have said it was impossible, even were one to allow oneself to go down by the run—eighty fathoms even is a long way to go down slippery ladders—and what an interminable journey back! *Experte credo.*

Each ladder is four fathoms in length, and at the foot of each is a small platform, just sufficient to support your feet while searching for the top rung of the next, which is generally on the opposite side.

Our conductor went first, I followed him, and Harry brought up the rear. At each landing stage I felt my foot grasped and safely deposited upon the platform, while a voice from below desired me to do the same for my friend above; and in this order we made our descent, passing on the way several other levels, as they are called, which are, in fact, galleries similar to that to which we had now descended, in which mining operations were going on with full vigour.

We were, however, now at the lowest level of the particular pit selected for our inspection, and after a few moments breathing time we pushed forward boldly to the scene of operations. With backs bent to very nearly a right angle—with devious footsteps at no time on dry land, in the full sense of the term, but often indeed half up to the knees in a pool, with a splash which spurted up acherontic mud into eyes and mouths placed conveniently to receive it—with a continual drip, drip from the oozy roof, did we continue our journey, thoroughly reconciled to the begrimed apparel which we were wearing by the thought of what

was spared to our costly broadcloth above. Every now and then a grumble like distant thunder would come stealing along the vault, producing an awful sense of the mysterious, until the charm was dissolved by a nearer acquaintance with the cause, viz., the approach of small wagons conveying the ore to the shaft, and which occasioned us to flatten ourselves against the side of the passage, in a comical state of uncertainty between confidence in our guide, and an inability to conjecture in what manner any vehicle could pass without severe abrasion of the cuticle of our shins. Pass however they did, impelled along a narrow tramway by miners applying a *vis a tergo*—these mines being, from the narrowness of the vein, of a nature to preclude the advantages of horse or even donkey labour. Onward, onward, through passage after passage, illumined only by the wretched dips which swiltered over their mud candlesticks, gluing our fingers together, and sputtering or extinguishing, as the case might be, according to the size or aim of the drip from above. Onward, onward, with backs which ached from remaining so long in a constrained and unaccustomed arch, until at length a faint clinking of hammers and pickaxes fell gratefully on our ears, and gave hopes of a termination of our course.

Suddenly, however, the hammering ceased, and in a few seconds the sounds of human voices and approaching footsteps was heard instead. "Ha!" quoth our conductor, hurrying forward, "we have arrived opportunely. A blast has just been fired, and we shall shortly hear the explosion."

A few seconds more brought us into a knot of workmen, seeking shelter from the effects of the blast until they could continue their work in safety.

"Careless dogs, sad careless dogs, are miners," said our leader. "We are obliged to make all sorts of stringent laws and fines for their own sakes. At this moment one man lies between life and death in our hospital, with his throat cut by a jagged piece of rock, and all because he was madman enough to light his pipe over an open keg of gunpowder. Here, you, sir!" shouted he in continuation, to a miner who was coolly proceeding to satisfy himself as to what he considered an unwarrantable delay upon the part of the fuse, "here, you, sir, stop where you are."

The man obeyed, with a laugh expressive of derision at so much useless precaution, but well was it for him that he did so; for, ere the smile had faded from his lips, bang went the charge with a loud sepulchral report, followed by a rattling of falling stones, and a stifling, sulphurous smell, which rushed along the passage; one moment more of inaction succeeded, for the purpose of allowing any large mass to fall which might have been shaken by the discharge, and then we followed the miners to the scene of the explosion. Here we at last were enabled again to bring our bodies to the perpendicular, and to gaze around us. As far as the ineffectual light of about half-a-dozen wretched candles similar to those in our hands would permit, we saw that we were now in a dome-shaped apartment, which might have served for an ante-chamber to the hall of Eblis. Swarthy faces, lit up with Rembrandt effect, showed out of the surrounding gloom, and the clink, clink, of the hammer again sounded around us. A candle held to the vein (or

lode, as it is here called) showed the copper pyrites glistening like gold and gems in this palace of gnomes. Alas! with how short-lived a brilliancy — a few short hours of existence on the upper earth renders it a dull-looking metal enough. Not the only instance, reader, where contact with the world around us sullies the bloom and tarnishes the brightness which at first existed. On the ground, all about, lay the debris of the late explosion, and men were busily employed in filling the wagons, and expediting them to the ore-shaft. Thitherward now lay our course; and, having rendered several industrious hearts glad, and ourselves exceedingly popular, by the distribution of a small “backsheesh” (for payment of our *footing* it could scarcely be called, with the remembrance and prospect of the ladders before us), we again bent our backs to the work, and entered the narrow passage which led to the ore-shaft.

Having already witnessed the appearance of the ore at the earth's surface, there was little of interest in the loading of the iron buckets; though it was strange to watch it, in obedience to some signal made to those above, suddenly lift up its handle, and, as if impelled by a life of its own, dart swiftly out of sight up the murky shaft, reminding us of Ingoldeby's line:—

“Hi, up the chimney-pot; hi, after you.”

So at least thought Harry, who appeared so engrossed by the sight, and so deaf to a murmur from our hospitable conductor on the subject of luncheon, to which, after our walk and subsequent explorations, I felt by no means disinclined, that I turned from the ore-shaft informing him that I would wait no longer, but commence the ascent by myself. Accordingly, after kneading my lump of clay upon the top of my hat until it stuck there, and depositing my candle therein, after the manner of miners, I addressed myself to the ladders.

For about half the way up nothing could be more prosperous than my voyage, but the labour was beginning to tell, and the shaft seemed interminable. I began to think with the Irishman that somebody must have cut off the end of it, and called a halt while on the middle of one of the ladders to catch my breath. I peered up and down into the impenetrable darkness of the abyss. Somehow or other the notion of being perched alone on a ladder over some hundred feet of a precipice was not an exhilarating idea, and I determined on conquering fatigue, and making no unnecessary halts, until I once more saw the cheering light of heaven. So raising my foot to the next rung, I recommenced my journey—when, lo! *spat* came a drop of liquid mud! I heard with horror a short fizz and a sputter going on at the top of my hat, and then—perfect darkness! The perspiration of exertion was instantly turned to that of terror—for a moment I was incapable of action. What course should I pursue? Should I retrace my steps, go forward, or remain where I was? At first I adopted the latter course, but the suspense of inaction became in a few minutes unendurable—to retrace my steps was not to be thought of, so forward was the word. Step by step I carefully ascended until I at last found myself holding the top bar of the ladder I was on, and there was an end. I groped about in the

dark with my hand, for a long time unsuccessfully, but at last I struck against the next ladder. In my satisfaction I forgot prudence, and contenting myself with a good strong grasp of the rung, I swung myself to the ladder. By some fatality, however, there were several rungs absent from the bottom of it; the consequence of which was, that the next moment I found myself swinging by the arms over a yawning gulf near two hundred yards in depth! Never will I forget the horror of the moment; but with the horror came a strong impulse of the first law of nature. Rung by rung, hand over hand, I slowly ascended the slippery ladder, until at last, to my great relief, I felt my feet kicking against the lowest step. One moment to recover, and I continued my course—this time without further accident; and when at last my eye caught the pale blue smoke-like appearance above me, which I knew to be the light endeavouring to force itself down that dismal pit, a sense of thankfulness came over me, and I felt that I had had a great escape.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the rest of the party arrived at the top, and after changing our clothes, and refreshing ourselves at the expense of the hospitable superintendent, we once more took the road to our floating home, which we did not arrive at until so late in the evening, that supper and turn-in was all that was left us of the day's work.

What further befel us on our eventful journey may, perhaps, be given to the reader upon some future occasion.

THINKING IT OVER.

“And you shall see how the devil spends
 A fire God gave for other ends!
 I tell you, I stride up and down
 This garret, crowned with love's best crown,
 And feasted with love's perfect feast,
 To think I kill, for her at least,
 Body and soul, and peace and fame,
 Alike youth's end, and manhood's aim.”

ROBERT BROWNING.

How my heart beats!—thick, and fast, and chokingly. Well, I suppose it will soon come to an end—*tant mieux*. There's nobody will care much about it—pleasant consolation!—and yet the best under the circumstances.

“Dear darling”—I'd leave that out only it cramps the stanza—

“Dear darling, lay thou thy hand on my heart,
 Feel'st thou how it beats and throbs with smart;
 Therein dwells a carpenter, cunning and free,
 And a coffin he carpenters, love, for me.

“He knocks and he hammers, by day and by night,
 Long time of sleep he hath robbed me quite;—
 Oh! haste thee, carpenter, hammer thy best,
 That I may shortly slumber in rest!”

I felt it must be done, done soon, and to-day I have done it—gone over all her letters, and burnt them. She need not fear, when I am dead, that they will rise up to *compromise* her. She did not think about that when she wrote them. Ah, well, she is a wiser woman now—wiser with that wisdom that God's own messenger has announced to be “carnal, sensual, devilish”—is she a better and a happier?—perhaps she thinks so; Heaven knows!

It is years since I looked at those letters,—years since I felt that the pain and pang of reading the annals of her weakness—her falseness was more than I could stand—and that I tied them up in separate packets, each packet the record of a particular era in the progress of our love, and laid them away in a strong box, and put it upon a shelf out of my sight, till a day should come when I might be calm enough to read them quietly, and think it all over without that maddening bitterness.

I thought that time had come—I thought I had made up my mind to take things as they had turned out; above all, I feared that “something might happen” to me—(why are people so shy of talking about dying, I wonder, there's no disgrace in it?)—and that somebody, whom I would not have allowed to look at the outside of a letter of her's when I was alive, might think it *his duty* to paw them, and open them, and read them through, and comment on, and wonder over them, and, who knows—there are so many rascals among the honest folk about one—think if he couldn't turn them to some account.

So I determined this evening to take down the box and read them over, and make an *auto-da-fe* of them. Accordingly I took a chair and clambered up, and brought down the box from among old books and

broken plaster-casts, and pipes, and bundles of papers, that have been collecting there ever since I came to live in this *premier en descendant du ciel*. Bah! there was an inch thick of dust upon it; never mind, that's easily swept off. I put it on the table and looked at it for a while. It would shake a man's nerves a little to open the coffin where his dead love lies interred; well, I felt mine lay there, and though it was embalmed and not loathsome to look at, still the thing was sufficiently awful. At last I turned the key and raised the lid. How that perfume brought all the past back upon my heart and brain!—that vague, faint perfume, that always hung about her, and attached itself to everything belonging to her. O, my love! my love! O, the past! O, my poor heart! Dora! Dora! you did love me then—you cannot, cannot have loved him as you loved me! *Love!*—no. What I awakened in you, none other could awaken; what you felt for me, you could feel for no other. Does she love her husband?—does she even fancy she loves him?—but what does that signify? It was a much more *suitable match*; ay, suitable enough by this time, no doubt, if it was not then—

“Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his level, day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.”

“As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.”

Yes, there are these letters. Let us begin at the beginning. Packet number one—girlish, timid, full of half-avowals, half-denials; so much to be guessed at, so much to be hoped for; much modesty, a little coquetry. I was a boy then with a heart pure as her own, and I remember my letters, to which these were the answers, were in almost a corresponding tone. Packet number two—she knew then how I loved her; that was after the night of the ball, when we had walked together in the garden. Passionate, yet how pure! What a wealth of heart she seemed to have! What a wondrous art of conveying the deepest, sweetest meanings in some little playful phrase! How her soul seemed made of golden strings, that vibrated at every touch, at every breath of love! A lock of hair was in one of these letters; ay, there it lay coiled like a dusky snake, strangled by the bit of blue ribbon tied round it. Others contained withered violets, little rapid sketches, scraps of verse. Packet number three—we were engaged to be married then; the parents had consented; I looked upon her as my own; when we were alone I called her wife; calmer, graver than the last, but, oh! how earnest, how tender, how womanly, how full of hope and promise for years to come! Dora! Dora! what were you? You have long been the enigma of my existence; I have never been able to comprehend you aright; to understand how the devil and the angel could inhabit the same temple as they did, as they must have done in you, but—

“Women have so many natures!
I think she loved me well with one.”

That was it, I suppose; I can't discover any other solution.

Packet number four—that was when I had seen reason to doubt her, and had so bitterly told her so. By turns cold and stormy—now haughty, now indignant, now repentant, and *now hypocritical*. Faugh! I could

stand all but that! Oh! if she had but let me only rage and be furious—mad with love and jealousy against her!—but to make me despise her! Yes; now I have the courage to burn them—burn them all—the sweet and the bitter together. There they go, what a bonfire!—how the eager flame devours them! Toss them on, packet after packet; up the chimney roars the blaze; stir them well, that the fire may reach and consume them all. There—it is done; the flame dies down and leaves but a glowing heap, out of which the red glare gradually dies, and there remains a mass of black and grey ashes.

Now the box is empty—the dead love is taken out of the coffin, and—is not the analogy startling? God forbid I should have had this thought when I began the work.

Night; this is the time I usually chose to write to her. When the toil, and the care, and the little businesses of the day were laid aside, and I could sit down, quiet and alone, and undisturbed by intruders of any sort, call up her loved image before me; could pour out all my soul to her in volumes—what pages I wrote then, and what a luxury it was to write them. Great stuff they were, I dare say! Oh, no, they were not! I could not write such letters now, nor such verses. Well, it matters little, I shall have no further occasion to write any such.

What a July night it is! just such a night as we have so often watched the closing in of together; not here—fancy *her* in this comfortless, half-artistic, whole-disorderly place; everything at sixes and sevens, full of rubbish, and smelling of tobacco!—but far away in the country. The white moonlight used to lie so still on the ground—I remember how the lilies looked like queenly ghosts, as it shone on them. There was a nightingale that always used to perch on a particular pine-tree, and sing there by the hour. When the wind blew, it brought a perfume of hay and of flowers, and made the leaves rustle; and then often she pressed my arm closer and clung nearer to me, frightened, or pretending to be—I dare say it was humbug, like all the rest of it! Bah! that thought has driven the picture out of my head, and here I am again, sitting at my window, looking out on a narrow street, and the high, many-windowed lantern of a house opposite, on whose blank walls the moonlight sleeps as contentedly as it did on the lilies; it at least is not fastidious!—so much the better for it.

How the hours have gone since I began to think of all these things! Through the white smoke that curls up from my pipe and floats away slowly on the still evening air, I see and hear dreamily what is passing below. The street is always a quiet one; it is wonderful how much quieter Paris streets are at night than London ones. Above the tall house is a patch of half-transparent sapphire sky, with a sprinkling of stars in it. I can't see the moon, but it is something to have the reflection of her beams there opposite.

The house seems to be asleep with just one of its many eyes open; for down there, *au troisième*, is an unclosed window, through which I can see a man in a dressing-gown sitting at a table with a shaded lamp, whose green *abat-jour* throws down the light on his face. He has got a cigar in his mouth, and is turning over the leaves of a book listlessly. I see him there nearly every night, all alone like myself, sometimes reading, sometimes writing. I wonder what he writes—plays, or prose, or poetry; maybe he is going over his accounts.

Voices are murmuring below. At a door stand a man and a woman, talking low and earnestly—lovers, of course. Ah! they don't know what's before them—*j'ai passé par là, moi*. And to think I shall never pass that way again! How the thought makes my heart ache and sicken; yet I ought to be used to it by this time. More low last words, more lingering, and then his footsteps echo on the *trottoir*, and she goes in and shuts the door. Twelve o'clock rings out hard and clear from the church-clock close by; and other clocks, far and near, repeat the same record of Time's progress. That dog!—hang it!—will he never cease his infernal howling! For three successive nights he has struck up that same tune at this hour, as if one had not blue devils enough to contend with without that. Clatter, jolt—jolt, clatter—far away over the pavement lumbers a heavy market-cart, the slow horse mechanically following the well-known track, dragging his load of fruit and vegetables, without the guidance of the half-asleep paysanne who is supposed to be driving him. The sound becomes louder and nearer, then again diminishes, and finally dies away in the distance. There comes a chiffonier, plodding slowly, with his lantern casting its little circle of red light before him. He sees a heap of garbage. What a prize! A lean dog is there rooting at it, and he snarls and slinks unwillingly away, threatened by the old fellow's hooked stick. A few filthy rags and scraps of paper reward his search, and he moves on and leaves the cur to pursue his discoveries.

Half-past twelve! There come some drunken fellows, screeching out unintelligible words to tuneless notes—singing they call it. I wonder why it is that this musical mania always seizes all men at a certain stage of intoxication? They stop opposite and commence a discussion, staggering and speaking very loud and thick, and talking horrible stuff. Two of them quarrel, and then they explain, and cry on each other's shoulders, and make it up again, and reel off clasped in each other's embrace.

One o'clock! A cock in the yard close by wakes up and claps his wings and crows triumphantly. If he were in the country he would find twenty other cocks to answer him, as I used to hear them do long ago when I lay awake o' nights thinking of Dora's last look, repeating over and over again the words she had said to me that evening, planning what I should say to her on the morrow. Ah, *voilà!* there it comes all back again. I cheated myself of the thought for awhile, and now, now, here it comes, cruel, bitter, remorseless as ever. What a fool I am! She has forgotten me. Why, why must I keep tormenting my very soul out about her—heartless, fickle, shallow, worthless that she is?

Yes, she is all that. I think it, feel it, know it, have thought, and felt, and known it for years, and I now adore her exactly as if I had found her the angel of light I once believed her to be. Am I not dying, dying by inches, for the love of her? Ah, well, yes! *après nous le deluge*. God forgive us both, we have sore need of it.

There's two o'clock; the moon is gone down and my pipe's out. Well, I suppose I may as well shut the window and go to bed.

MARGUERITE A. POWER.

TEMPORA.—No. IV.

CHAPTER I.

“ Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting nourishment ? ”

COMUS.

It is now about a year ago since I received a very singular letter, the first of a series, which, after some deliberation, I have resolved to lay before the public. These letters embody a strange story—a tale, indeed, so startling, that were I not in possession of the original manuscripts, and willing, therefore, to invite inspection, I should hesitate whether to impose it on the credulity of my readers.

But the manuscripts I possess; and though, having stated the fact, I cannot for a moment suspect any reader of doubting my veracity, yet will I avert the possibility of doubt by giving my name and direction, which is as follows :—

RICHARD ALWAYS, Esq.,
365, Turnover-terrace,
NEWLEAF.

No person visiting the town of Newleaf can possibly be mistaken as to my house; for though it be unpretending in its aspect, there yet proceeds from its open windows, at all hours of the day, an unquestionable odour of ether and other chemicals which appeal to the nose, and there lie about the garden a number of empty bottles which arrest the eye, “with a sense of mystery” that says, as plain as any “whisper in the ear,” “that house is haunted”—haunted by a very ardent photographer. And I, reader, am that mysterious being. A very ardent photographer is indeed a mysterious being, and my own case abundantly proves the fact. Many a hobby have I pursued in my time; I have been a man of hobbies. As the poet remarks—

“ Full many a craze
And fitful phase
Have I gone through.”

And yet, though no craze or fitful phase has gone through me (including my purse, my wife's temper, and my new furniture) to anything like the same extent as photography, I am, nevertheless, by some mysterious impulse, pertinaciously hanging on to it still.

Reader, if you could only see my fingers, with their leopard-like stains—nails too, that have defied and finally worn out three nail-brushes during the last month—if you could only inhale the atmosphere of this muddle-hole (as my wife calls it) in which I write—if (as every visitor invariably does) you could only lay down your hat upon that mess of black varnish (oh, that varnish, with its terrible effluvia!)—if, as is also the habit of many curious friends, you could only smell

the contents of that innocent-looking phial, and thereby make your nose an example of what nitrate of silver can effect—if, on investigating a second, you could burn off the blackened skin with that venomous nitric acid, render yourself insensible by chloroform, or (as all my children have partially done) poison yourself outright by cyanide of potassium;—if you could experience all this, and more, you might, doubtless, wonder at my enthusiasm, and yet by no argument could you extinguish it.

As I said before, I have had many hobbies in my time. Indeed this room is haunted by their ghosts, and would form an impressive photograph of my past life. There is the tool-box, which I had as a child—there my turning-lathe, with the relics of an electrical machine and a skull amid the shavings—there is my fishing-rod, and a bundle of manuscript poems huddled together in a landing-net—there is my dear old flute lying across an oily palette—there is a banjo, and there a set of bones, profaning the cover, and actually peeping into the leaves, of Victor Cousin's *Psychology*. And yet now photography is in the ascendant, and reigns triumphantly amid these ruins. But for how long? 'Tis a sad picture after all!—"ever beginning, ever leaving off;" "everything in turn, nothing in the end." Truly these words would form a fitting epitaph over the dead and departed opportunities of Richard Always, Turnover-terrace, Newleaf.

But I have dwelt too long, I fear, upon myself, and must now introduce my correspondents. As that neglected work on *Psychology* seems to intimate, I was once a metaphysician. Yes, once did I madly go through a course of logics, and, doubtless, derived some material benefit therefrom. But most unfortunately, whilst solving the problems of entities and ontologies, and such like unknown quantities, I eliminated a quantity, since too well known, in the person of Phineas Grimley—a metaphysical friend, who has, alas! stuck to me ever since. He is a gaunt, blear-eyed gentleman, and wears a very bad hat. The *man* I only pity, but his letters I abhor; and it is one of these letters which I must now communicate. I know my reader will likewise abhor it, and weary of it, but he must remember that I am not at liberty to curtail its prosiness.

It was about a year ago, in the month of August, that it arrived. In the evening of the same day, I and my wife were sitting *tête-à-tête* in the drawing-room. Contrary to her exhortations, I had brought up a leaky tub from the muddle-hole, and was busily employed in washing and preparing my glasses for the morrow's excursion—that is to say, I was splashing the water about the carpet, rubbing my slimy fingers against the slimy plates until they squeaked again, and scraping their edges together in a most horrible and excruciating manner; and yet, notwithstanding this torture, my wife (who is the best wife that ever lived) was wiping and polishing them for me in a new set of dinner-napkins. At last, however, the poor creature gave in—the rasping and grating was too much for her.

"Come," said she, "have that tub taken away and let us have tea; and then you *must* answer Mr. Grimley's letter—indeed you *must*. Why, my dear Richard," continued she, looking at the seal, "you've never opened it."

The fact was, I had been afraid. It had lain untouched since morning, so much do I dread poor Grimley's communications. However, after a fortifying cup of tea, I opened it, and read the following production into myself, my wife positively refusing to listen to it, and saying that she was sleepy. It was dated from No. 4, Diapason Cottages, and began thus:—

“MY DEAR RICHARD—You know that proposition about which I have so often spoken to you, and in which, I think, you have always seemed ready to concur—I mean, of course, *the reality of the ideal*. [Ah! I murmured, I know it but too well.] Well, my dear Richard, I think I may now say that I have reduced it to logical certainty. As to myself, I have long since known and prized this most precious of truths. Yes, my dear Richard, I have felt it. Now, however, by a chain of subtle, somewhat complicated but irrefragible argument, I am enabled to demonstrate it to mankind at large. I need not dilate upon this question. [Certainly not, I groaned.] It has cost me many sleepless, yet not weary, nights. Enough that the clue is now gained, which may guide the tardy reason to climes whither Imagination had long since winged her way. I know you sympathise with me. [Deeply, I faintly articulated.] Is it not astonishing, I ask you, that the scholastic philosophers never attained to this truth, bordering so nearly upon it as they did? How could they—how could anyone wander in spirit among those airy nothings which people invisibly this globe, and not at once perceive that they are after all but the types of a greater, deeper truth, without which each heart would become a void, a dreary chasm? But I must not anticipate. Tell me when next you will have a quiet holiday, and I will bring you through the argument step by step. Oh! what a consolation, my dear Richard, in an effete and emaciated age, to steal a few such stilly hours from the chaos around. [At this point I looked up angrily at my wife. “How am I,” I said, “to escape this consolation? These stilly hours; just fancy being led step by step through that argument.” My wife looked alarmed but dreamy, and I proceeded to read the remainder of this production.] I may as well tell you that I am improving wonderfully with my harp; I am getting so fond of it that it almost interferes with more weighty matters of thought. Did you ever ask yourself the question, Richard, What is music? Does it pertain to the real or the ideal? That is the question which the world puts. To me all is clear. I know that it pertains to both. It is real because it is ideal, it is ideal because it is real. At this very moment that I write, some fairy hand is wandering over a piano in the room next to this. I have often heard those notes before. Like invisible fingers they float hitherward and play upon the chords of my heart, awakening fresh echoes there; and what are those echoes? Are they the worship of the beautiful? the discernment of the congruity and fitness of things? No!—again and again I say, no! They are —; but I must not anticipate. I hope soon to discuss this matter more at large. Mind you come over the next day you are free.

“Yours ever,

“PHINEAS GRIMLEY.”

Now, reader, reflect on the above and you will pity me, as for a good whole hour I devoted myself to writing a sympathizing reply. At last the candle grows short, and my wife, suddenly waking, takes it up and goes to the door. I of course follow. We both nearly tumble over the tub, which had never been removed, and by this time had quite flooded the carpet; and after a justly-merited scolding on this account, I am soon dreaming of the morning's anticipated excursion, and of the consequent prodigies of photographic skill which must ensue.

Not many hours did I sleep, for the destined spot for my operations was far distant, and I had to rise at cock-crow. It seemed a glorious day, and I thought I never could dress fast enough. At last, at six o'clock precisely, with my camera on my back and its legs in my hand, I started in great spirits, having forgotten the existence of Grimley, of the real, and the ideal. At eight o'clock, with excited hope, I erected the apparatus, and gloated in the mellow morning light and the beautiful landscape which it adorned.

And now every preparation is complete. My head emerges from its dark mysterious hood. Observe how majestically I stand beside the expectant lens—how delicately I remove the cap from its face—how solemnly I take out my watch and contemplate the revolving second-hand—and then turn your gaze towards those three stolid, unenlightened cows, leisurely walking across the prospect, wagging their tails, tossing their heads, and looking foolishly at me all the time, as if they were doing nothing wrong, as if they were not ruining what would otherwise have been a perfect triumph of art!

After such an unmerited insult, is it any wonder that I somewhat lost my temper—that, as the day progressed, I continued to pour wrong solutions into wrong bottles—to wipe clean plates with dirty napkins—to spill discolouring liquids over my fingers (as if they were not bad enough already)—to tread ruthlessly over any picture that happened to show the least promise of success—and, finally, at seven o'clock, returned home, not with the "shining morning face" which marked my outset, but with a sulky evening aspect of begrimed and enervated despair.

A miserable picture indeed did I present that same evening, as with passionless, dreamy eyes I tried hard to decipher a letter which I found awaiting my return. It was from John Stokes, an old schoolfellow of mine. Perhaps you know Stokes, a little fat man, with a little red nose and two little funny twinkling eyes—a very worthy fellow, but spells very badly. I will not expose him, however, but will give you his letter in unmutilated English:—

"No. 3, Diapason Cottages.

"MY DEAR DICK,—I wish all your photographic flummeries and mummeries were at the bottom of the sea. Whatever took you out at that unearthly hour this morning, and that, too, after promising to come over to Stanley's? Now don't make a fool of yourself again in that way, but come over on Monday. The fact is, my dear fellow, I won't hear of your going on in the way that you do—shutting yourself up with those foul combustibles all the evening, setting forth like a maniac at twilight, poking your head into a noisome bag, sprawling out

your legs like a gander, and then returning at night upon the top of us, sulky and dirty as a discontented pedlar. It won't do, Dick; it's not like you. You'll ruin your constitution, so leave your concoctions behind you, and come over to Stanley's on Monday—first-rate cook, capital wine, and plenty of it. It'll do you all the good in the world. Then we'll have some music in the evening. By-the-bye, talking of music, who is the girl that lives next door to me?—No. 4—plays on the harp—beautiful touch—true feeling. I'll tell you what, Dick, it makes my tough heart go pit-a-pat to listen to her. Try and find out who it can be, and mind you come over, and leave your revolting bottles to take care of themselves.

“Yours truly,
“J. STOKES.”

To say the truth, I was so disgusted with those same bottles that I felt half-inclined to follow Jack's advice, and leave them in the lurch. What can the fellow mean, though, I thought, by asking me to find out the name of that girl? Grimley lives next door to him, and Grimley has no sister. That girl—what girl?—I continued to mutter, as I got more sleepy and confused. Fanny, dear, do you know what girl? And so murmuring, I lay back in my chair and fell asleep, and Fanny says I snored.

I did go, after all, to Stanley's dinner on Monday, and on the following morning arose rather the worse for wear. The cookery had been, as Stokes promised, first-rate, but too oily and *recherché* for any average digestion. And then the wine—it was very good, but too much of it. Altogether I was not in the vein either clearly to understand or deeply to relish the following epistle from our old friend, Grimley, which I found lying on my breakfast-table, and which I read aloud, as follows, to Fanny:—

“MY DEAR RICHARD—I am so sorry that I did not see you as I had expected; I had much to say to you. The area of being is widening around me, and I do really believe that I am now on the brink of great things. I feel as if standing beside some measureless and hitherto untraversed ocean, across which the venturesome bark of inquiry is at last wending its way, while in the distance dim mountains of certainty glimmer at me from the hazy horizon. It is strange, Richard, thus, as it were, to observe one's self—to launch forth the subjective spirit until it merges into the objective—in fact, to be at the same time the real and the ideal. Let other loiterers tarry by the shore, synthetically collecting pebbles in the hope of finally bridging this ocean of doubt,—be it mine to go forth in my bark of hope, and analyse—theorize, if you so wish to call it;—enough that in so doing I shall succeed. Yes, I have succeeded; and you, my dear Richard, who have shared the warfare of my doubts, shall likewise partake in the triumph of my discoveries.

“But to explain. I was studying yesterday one of Emerson's remarkable essays. What a wonderful mind is his! How strangely can he, in a few luminous words, clear away the dusty difficulties of preconceived prejudice, and lay bare the form of truth!

"As an example of this power, I would refer to his remarks upon Swedenborg. Speaking of Swedenborg's assertion, that 'symbolism pervades the living body,' Emerson remarks—'The fact thus explicitly stated was involved in the doctrine of identity and iteration, because the mental series exactly tallies with the material series.' And a little further on he adds—'It required an insight that could rank things in order and series, or rather' (and here is the point to which I would direct your attention), 'it required such rightness of position that the *poles of the eye should coincide with the axis of the world.*'

"Now, at the moment that I was reading the above paragraph concerning the poles of the *eye*, my *ear* was being ravished by those strains of music from the room adjoining this, of which I have already spoken, and which proceed from one (for I may as well confess the fact) who, as yet unknown, has, nevertheless, become the ideal of my hitherto too real existence—who, as yet unseen and, as it were, formless, has, perhaps, for that very reason, become a fit symbolization of my too material life.

"But to proceed with my thoughts. What! I exclaimed, do the poles of the eye coincide with the axis of the world (and who that has read Emerson can doubt such a fact for a moment)? Has the eye this honour, this calling? and shall the *ear*—that receptacle of unseen and otherwise unreceivable influences, *tallying* (to use the great metaphysician's word) with a series of liquid sounds, such as I now listen to, which it symbolizes, and which symbolize it in return—shall the ear find nothing in this world with which to correspond, to coincide?—It shall not be so, I inwardly said. *As the poles of the eye are to the axis of the world, so shall the tympanum of the ear henceforward be to that world's circumference.* As this discovery burst upon me, my cheek flushed, my eyes glistened; and, under the continued influence of those ethereal notes which had guided me to the truth, I proceeded to work out my conclusions. It is astonishing how immediately, on any such clue being found, proofs hitherto unobserved flock in myriads to its confirmation. I at once saw that from the earliest ages this essential axiom, which I may now term '*the circumferential symbolization of sound,*' had, in the words of Strauss, 'met with its mythical impersonation' in the fable of the '*Music of the Spheres.*' Again, I perceived its *physical* demonstration in the strains which a circular movement invariably evolves;—I need scarcely allude to those well-known but not the less important examples, the humming-top and the barrel-organ—but above all I discovered in it the solution of that mysterious impulse of the heart which, at the sound of music, ever impels the listener to revolve in the giddy whirl, whether around their own or another's axis. This latter evidence I look on as especially convincing—for it is a voice from within, the result of an *inward faculty.* Yes! I exclaimed, as these thoughts forced themselves upon my mind, music is symbolized by rotation—it is circular. *The ear is to the circumference what the eye is to the axis of the world,* and who that admits the former, can deny the latter conclusion."

Here my wife timorously interrupted me with the pithy remark, that

she, on her part, considered one fact as indubitable as the other. I was too angry to laugh, and proceeded to read as follows:—

“Before concluding my letter I must draw your attention to one point, and that is, the manner in which my theory fills up the gap which is evident in Swedenborg’s otherwise perfect system of ‘symbolisation.’ In the same essay which I have quoted, Emerson remarks—‘Swedenborg’s system of the world wants central spontaneity. It is dynamic, not vital. It lacks power to generate life—there is no *individual* in it’

“Now, Richard, in my system there is an individual, there must be an individual. There can be no music without an individual. The musician forms the central spontaneity from whence is generated circumferential sound. That centre is not only dynamic, it is vital; and thus the perfection supposed to be figured by the circle is proved to be a reality indeed.

“Ah! my dear Richard, this truth, as to an individual, is, in my case, not a mere abstract mathematical conclusion. Who could listen to those strains, even now radiating forth from that unknown centre, and not acknowledge that there must be an individual from which they proceed? Who could hear them for a moment without such a confession? Who could hear them, as I have done, for hours, days, and weeks, and not wish to confirm such a confession by the knowledge of who the individual may be? Why do you not find out for me the name, the appearance, the mind of her who has cheered my labours, excited my hopes, and led, as you may see, to the development of a grand and hitherto latent truth? No wonder that I should feel drawn towards one whom I can think of not only really as a mortal—a fair, a lovely mortal—but can, moreover, ideally regard as an axiom, yes, an essential axiom, of pure metaphysical discovery. Write soon and fully.

“Your sincere friend,

“PHINEAS GRIMLEY.”

My wife looked at me and I at her, and we went on with our breakfast; after my first cup, I thoughtfully remarked—“The man is mad.”

“Evidently,” said Fanny; and then, with an arch look, repeated the words—“Mind you write soon and fully;” and they fell like a dreary echo on my heart.

A few days after this I received an equally extraordinary though very dissimilar appeal from Stokes. I was that morning being subjected to the ordeal of taking photographic portraits of some distant connexions. Now, relations or friends are all very well, and they often seem to prize one’s efforts, but distant connexions are very difficult customers. I have generally found them divisible into two classes—First, those who admire and get quite excited over photographic portraits. These are the class who have not been photographed themselves. Secondly, those who are sure that photographs are excessively *accurate*—meaning thereby that they don’t think so at all, but who add that those portraits are seldom flattering—these are the individuals who have been photographed.

Now from these two premises I deduce the result, that photographs

are at times not flattering, just because they are accurate, and represent often how bad we look when we are especially anxious to look well. In fact, a photograph of ourselves, "ugly and venomous" though it be, yet possesseth this precious attribute, that it "feelingly persuades us what we are"—and thus it hath its moral. Even if this be not granted, is it not at least *useful* as pointing to what we shall be, when years roll on, and the tints and roundings of youth begin to wane?

Pah! you say to me—you're a photographer, and green-eyedly jealous for your art—stick to your architecture, and even landscapes, but don't presume to portraits. It may be so, and perhaps I had better have left the matter alone; but I have been incited thus to take up the cause of the photographer against the photographed, by a very vivid recollection of the morning's ordeal to which I have already referred. I am forcibly reminded of a maiden lady who sat for me six times that day—a Miss Letitia Limple, whose appearance, rising up before me now, compels my utterance. She is a very distant connexion of mine, and is still more distantly removed from any connexion with the young or the beautiful, and yet she never has ceased to assert most pertinaciously her claims upon both. On the day of which I speak she sat for me six times, with her hair arranged each sitting in what she thought a more becoming manner, and then finally promised to come again the next day. What made her presence especially irritating was, that I had (as before remarked) that morning received a letter from Stokes, a most affecting appeal, and was anxious to see him at once. He wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR DICK,—You must come over and see me; I'm really very low—very low, indeed. I'm almost ashamed to confess it, and would not except to you; but the fact is, Dick, I'm in love—head over heels in love; and what's worse than that, though that's bad enough, I'm in love with a girl I've never seen! Yes! Jack Stokes is in love with a girl he's never seen. I never thought it would come to that, Dick, I never did. You won't believe me when I say, that I had to turn away from the parlour-maid when she brought up the kettle this morning, and had to begin poking the fire lest she should see my red eyes. But what's a fellow to do that's been awake all night—not a wink of sleep—not a wink from night till morning—but its no use fighting against it; I can't help it, Dick. When I lie awake and think of her, I say to myself, perhaps she's now thinking of me. I have good reason to think that she does think of me at times—perhaps *now*. And then I say, 'thinking of me, of poor Jack Stokes, who, though he has lots of jolly companions, has not one jolly companion who thinks of him when lying awake at night; who, since his dear Louisa gave him up (and no wonder, though I'm sure it wasn't her fault), has not had one to think about him at all. Thinking of me, I go on saying—of *me*, and why not of all the world beside—and then, from a feeling of this sympathy in my sorrow, or whatever you like to call it, I set about blubbering like a child, more so than I have ever done from the sorrow itself; and yet, though I cry, somehow I almost like to cry—and then I'm so low the next morning, and fidgetty. In fact, I don't know what's the matter with me.

"I can fancy your saying, 'Well, Jack, neither do I'—and then

you repeat that true but useless remark which I'm always repeating to myself, 'In love with a girl you never saw.' Ah! but, my dear Dick, though I haven't seen her, I've heard her; and if you had heard her, old boy, you'd be just as bad, and whine as foolishly as I do myself. What do you think happened yesterday afternoon? Though I had stayed at home all the day, I had not once heard her welcome chords. Well, about four o'clock I couldn't stand it any longer, and going to the piano, half-abstractedly, half-intentionally, I touched forth, as feelingly and meaningly as I could, the lament, 'The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.' The harp you know is her instrument. Well, after this there followed a silence, a breathless silence, and I was just going to give up all as lost, when suddenly I heard those strings pouring forth that well-known air, so distinctly, so beautifully, 'Say, what shall my song be to-night.' Ah! Dick, you can imagine how I palpitated, but you can't imagine how diffident I felt; she hasn't seen me yet, I thought; she wouldn't care for me if she had. I won't encourage her; and so, after raking up all the discouraging addresses of music (which, by-the-by, are very rare) I began to remark to her in B flat, 'Go, forget me; why should sorrow o'er thy brow its shadow fling,' arranged by Richards for the pianoforte. That won't encourage her, I thought; and yet I hoped it would. Well, Dick, what do you think, she, or rather the harp, replied (for we have not come to singing to one another yet, though I shouldn't be surprised at anything) 'Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming;' and when she came to that part of the air where the words occur, 'Never till life and memory perish can I forget how dear thou art to me,' she burst into such passionate sweeping chords that it was impossible to doubt her meaning; and I could not forbear attempting an *obligato* accompaniment, while tears fell on my trembling fingers, and all the rest of the evening we continued accompanying one another, and before ten o'clock had gone through the *Sonnambula* and the *Trovatore*. However, I did not think it right to tire her dear little fingers, and so I then stopped, though she wanted to go on—dear, attached creature.

"I suppose that lanky, snivelling brother of hers—for I suppose it is her brother—that I see at times entering and leaving the house, was hard at work over his interminable papers in some garret all the evening, otherwise this could not have gone on. Dear me, its astonishing what a disgust I feel to that man as he looks up at this window every morning on his way to town. I'm sure he suspects me, for the moment he meets my eye he looks as sour and crimped as the inside of a bad lemon. However, I wouldn't mind that, if I could only feel sure that *she* really loves me; but I know she doesn't care a button about me—at least she won't when she sees me. Come over and see me; do, like a good fellow; I shall be in all the afternoon.

"Yours affectionately,

"JACK STOKES."

Well, reader, what was I to do? I had made inquiries to see if any lady was stopping either in Stokes' or Grimley's lodgings, and had heard of none. The fact was, I saw plainly, that they were both unwit-

tingly making fools of one another, and a confidant of me. Come, said I, I don't much mind Grimley; but poor Stokes is really taking it to heart; I'll go down and explain all to him, and just then I remembered the promised photographs and Letitia.

CHAPTER II.

"Music's the food of love. Give o'er, give o'er,
For I must batten on this food no more."

—*Bombastes Furioso.*

THE next day or two, being very busy at my chemicals, the matter went out of mind, and not hearing from either of my friends, I began to think that it had blown over, and off I set upon a week's photographing. On my return, however, I found the two following epistles on my study-table. This is from Grimley, who, as the reader will perceive, was by this time quite a lunatic—

"MY DEAR RICHARD,—The crisis is at hand. The aimless ideal of imagination will soon have exhausted the destined sands of its lonely isolation. Soon will it find its type, its symbol—that whereunto it has in silence yearned. The apotheosis of the individual will soon take place, and then that which has existed as a law—but only as a law—will at last be divulged and personified as a fact; and all this will be the result of that one great principle—that rotation of events which harped onwards in its path by revolving spheres, is symbolized by that one word, 'Music.' Thus would it be; I knew it. I am whirled along by its influence to my happy, wondrous destiny. "The individual," like a phantasm, beckons me forth. I go. I would say more, but my heart is too full. You will know all hereafter.

"Yours ever,

"PHINEAS GRIMLEY."

I should of course have been in perfect darkness as to what Grimley meant, and should probably have supposed that "the individual" was a policeman whirling him off to the nearest asylum, were it not for the following letter from Stokes explaining the story, and a strange story it is:—

"MY DEAR DICK,—I'm so glad you did not come over and see me the day that I sent for you. I am sure you would have advised me against taking a step which I have taken—a bold step, no doubt, but one which has made a man of me. Yes, Dick, I'm a made man. *Letters*, real letters, have passed between us; she loves me, and I love her. She shall be my wife. To-morrow we meet. If it were not for that horrible haunting idea that when she sees me she'll be disappointed, and perhaps run away, I'd be so happy now. But she wont; and yet she little knows now that I'm only five foot eight, and a red nose. I dreamt the other night that we met, and that I was on the point of giving her my first kiss; but, alas! when I seized her hand it slipped from my grasp,

and she grew deadly pale; and no wonder, for on further inquiry I found that I was nothing but a slimy toad standing on my hind legs. Oh! it was terrible. She looked so like Louisa—the same luminous eyes—that I longed to press her hand, and she seemed to wish to love me, but shrunk each time that my glutinous, webby fingers were extended towards her. Do you know that ever since that dream, even in my waking moments, I am constantly haunted with the conviction that I really am a toad after all. I know it is only my excited state of mind; but I can't help constantly going to the glass in order to set my mind at ease.

“But I must tell you about the letters and the appointment. I told you, when last I wrote, how that we had, as it were, conversed operatically, or through the medium of sweet sounds. Well, this kind of conversation of course only tantalized me, and I began to consider the possibility of other notes beside those of the gamut. I am usually a diffident person, you know, in these concerns—if it had not been so I should never have lost Louisa; but sleepless nights and foodless breakfasts wind a man up by degrees. That kind of thing can't go on for ever. So at last, yesterday evening—having first looked in the glass to assure myself against the toad-delusion, which came terribly before me at the moment—I sat down, took out a sheet of notepaper and did it!—thus:

“‘Unknown idol, I bow before thy shrine. Let me know my fate. Oh! that my voice could utter what my melody has striven to express; oh! that my eyes could see the being who has thus enchained my ears. For fear of *him* I put not my name; thou knowest.’

“Wasn't that good, Dick? Did you ever think Jack Stokes could have written anything like that? But with the aid of love, and that volume of original epistles you gave me, I effected it; and I know the spelling was right, for I sat up very late over it with Johnson's Dictionary, and corrected it again next morning. Well, at last I folded it up; but the great thing was to avoid *him*—I mean that snuffing idiot, her brother; so I waited till he had gone, threw it on the balcony of her room, knocked two or three times convulsively at the wall between us, and then rushed madly out of the house, half frightened, half ashamed at what I had done. Oh, such a day as I spent in my office! every calculation went wrong. I was reprimanded, and scolded, and bothered by my superintendents; and, in return, I effectually had my revenge; for so wildly and incoherently did I answer their remarks, that I am convinced they all felt greatly relieved when the hour came for my return. Of course I hadn't patience to walk back. I took a fly, rushed up stairs, and found—oh, joy!—the following answer lying on my balcony; my hands trembled—my eyes glistened. The back of the paper was covered with axioms and metaphysical notes, and I don't know what not. Ah! thought I, my fine fellow (thinking of the brute whose paper my beloved had made use of), you're outwitted this time. On the other side were written these few but beautiful words:—

“‘Oh! longed for ideal; thou completion of my unfinished hopes;

may the circle of music be evolved into the revolutions of that harmony which alone is real—the harmony of love.’

“That was plain enough. I got up from my chair, looked in the glass to assure myself that I was Jack Stokes; for a moment sighed as I observed the redness which excitement had induced about my nose, and reflected that she had not yet seen that organ, then reproached myself for doubting her fidelity, and finally sat down and wrote the following:—‘I see that we understand one another. To-morrow evening let us meet. The Oaks-alley, at 9.’ I knew that this was the hour at which that musty fellow is over his folios; so I threw my epistle upon her balcony, and withdrew for half-an-hour to read a book, in the corner, or rather to hold a book in my hand. Presently I heard something fall lightly outside my window; it was an answer, wafted to me her own fair hands. Enough to say it contained the words, ‘To-morrow at 9.’

“Now, Dick, you have it all; and, as I said before, I’m a made man. If she can only get over the nose, and I am sure, from the tenor of her note, she is too pure to think of such a thing, she is mine—for she loves me. Dick, my boy, you shall be at my wedding; just think of that—at Jack Stokes’s wedding—at lonely Jack Stokes’s wedding; fancy seeing his name among the marriages in the *Times*, and calling next week to see Mrs. Stokes. I declare I feel like a child, and am ready to set about crying once again.

“Good bye, my dear fellow,

“Your affectionate

“JACK.”

Poor fellow! shall I tell him, or shall I not? shall I stop him on the way to that meeting? Such were my thoughts as I looked at my watch, and found that I was too late—it was past nine. I’ll go in any case, I said, and see what may be done; and off I started for the Oaks-alley, half amused, half angry, half grieved. Now in case, reader, you do not know the place, I may as well tell you the Oaks-alley is a long avenue of trees, leading to an arbour where pic-nics and such like diversions often take place. This spot I reached after about an hour’s walk. It was a lovely evening, the moon was just beginning to assert her pre-eminence over the twilight, and the shadows of the leaves were sporting very beautifully on the bright walk beneath;—but I was too excited to admire anything at that moment. Up the walk I proceeded, wondering to myself what was about to happen—what next; and treading very gently, lest by disclosing myself I might make some mess of the business. At last I got a peep of the arbour; there was certainly a figure in it, but the leaves almost hid the form. At last, however, I recognized too plainly who it was: there in the shade of a far corner sat poor Jack, his usually amiable face distorted and fierce with compressed rage, and the cause of this rage I soon discovered as I approached; for in an opposite corner, erect, and equally defiant, was posted the lank form and gaunt visage of Grimley. I could scarcely forbear laughing, as I puzzled my brains as to what I ought to do.

For fully ten minutes, in this state of indecision, did I watch them.

Silent, motionless, they sat and loomed at one another, gleaming forth in that silence more malignity than any tongue could have uttered. At last I made a movement towards them, and, in so doing, stumbled, against an old stump, and rustled the leaves around. The noise acted like some enchanter's spell,—shall I ever forget that moment?

"It is she!" exclaimed Stokes, crimson with excitement.

"My beloved!" echoed the livid Grimley.

"Wretch!" said Jack, addressing him, "thou shalt not separate us."

"Begone, thou bane of bliss!" retorted Grimley. And then, reader, followed a jargon of objuration and execration so terrible, that out of pure fright I set off as fast as I could down the avenue, and fled homewards. As I reached the entrance of the walk, I could see two forms rushing madly in pursuit, and could just discern a few distant appeals: "Stay loved one!" "Linger yet!" &c. . . . But not wishing or deeming it safe to stay or linger in the company of such distracted beings, I—the loved one—entered promptly a cab, and arrived, panting and fluttered, at my home, to receive the reproaches of Fanny for remaining out so long, and to astonish her in return by my strange recital.

The following morning I received these two notes; first Grimley's:—

"MY DEAR RICHARD:—The hour has come wherein true friendship must be tested. My destiny has been for a while thwarted—turned from its current—but only for a while; the type cannot outlive that which it typifies. They must coincide at length. But *he*—he that has thwarted me—must perish; or I must myself be the victim. We must meet to-day. Show yourself my friend: name the hour for consultation.

"Yours, perhaps for the last time,

"PHINEAS."

I only wish it were for the last time, I murmured, as I laid his letter down and took up poor Stokes's:—

"MY DEAREST DICK:—You must stand by me. I know you will say it is wrong—and I know it is wrong, but I can't help it. What do you think? I went to the place of meeting, and, to my horror, found that detestable brother there before me; he had evidently discovered all—the rascal—and was watching for the poor girl's arrival. I determined she should not meet him there alone, and waited resolutely, though he scowled and leered at me like a hyena. Well, at last I heard her step—poor thing!—her tyrant rushed forth, and I followed, determined to prevent his revenge. She, the angel, fled—where, alas! I know not. But words have passed between me and that man (Grimley is his name), which render a meeting necessary. I know it is wrong, but you must stand by me. Write to him at once, and arrange matters.

"Yours,

"STOKES."

The above letters arrived by post at ten o'clock, and, as you may

imagine, put both me and my wife in a tremble. About an hour after their arrival, we were just rising from our breakfast, not having eaten a morsel, when a panting messenger brought the following more hopeful but not less curious epistle from Stokes :—

“MY DEAR DICK,—Its all right now; I hope I'm in time. You haven't written to Grimley, have you? I declare he's a capital fellow—a noble fellow. Immediately after writing to you I began like a fool, and worse as I was, to scribble a challenge to him whom I thought my enemy. I wrote it before going to bed, determining to send it in the morning. Well, Dick, you know *bed* is the place were I always *think*—I can't *think* during the day; but though nobody would imagine it, I think a great deal at night. Well, I began to say to myself, What is this you're doing, Jack? There you are, fuming, and foaming, and fretting about an insult offered to yourself—your own miserable *self*, and all the time thinking nothing at all about the unfortunate girl who, by your inconsiderate affection, your letters, your palaverings, your machinations, has been driven from her home, and exposed to a choice between the cold, bitter blast of night, or the keener, bitterer anger of a vengeful brother. As I said this to myself, Dick, I felt that I was a beast at that moment. I could have believed that I was a toad; nay, so disgusted was I with myself, that I could almost have been glad to find myself such.

“She, I thought, homeless, helpless, shivering in the darkness of night, and, perhaps, thinking nevertheless of me; I, in the meantime, in a comfortable, warm bed, beneath a sheltering roof, and thinking of nobody but my own pitiful self, and by taking steps to avenge my own insulted dignity, widening the breach between the poor wanderer and her home—the poor wanderer, methought, who loves me—and I began to cry; I don't know how it is, I can't help it when I think of her. But those tears, Dick, were precious tears—they washed away my selfishness. No! I said; and my first impulse was to go out and look for her; but seeing the foolishness of that, I walked hastily about my room. No! I repeated, it shall not be—she shall not suffer for me. I'll write an apology—an abject apology; it will be a hard struggle, but I'll do it. I'll renounce all claim to her—that will be a still harder task; I will preclude all hope—that will be the hardest of all—but I'll do it. I will write to her brother, tell him that I was wrong—madly wrong in interfering with the affection that was due to him; explain how it was my fault, not her's, that his confidence was for a moment interrupted, and beg him earnestly to receive her to his home.

“I was all the night looking at my watch to see when I might expect twilight; and when at last it did come, I got up and wrote in nearly the above words, with a bold though faltering hand. It was too early to send it then, so I got into bed, oh, so relieved! I fell into a most delicious sleep, and dreamt that I and Louisa were together playing over such lovely airs, and so happy! I can bear to think of it now; but it was with a sad shock that I woke and saw my letter on the table, and remembered all that had occurred. However, I struggled hard, kept my courage, sent the letter, and have been rewarded. This is the brother's answer—he *is* a noble fellow! How like his sister he writes :—

“MY DEAR SIR,—Your apologies are uncalled for. The disinterest-

edness with which you have resolved to give up all claim to one so dear to you, shows the true insight which you must have into all that is truly great and beautiful. Your letter pictures forth the unseen truth of your inner existence. As for myself, I would in turn apologise, were it not that all my actions have been dictated, as I believe, by an anxiety for the interests of her whom we mutually so esteem. This much however I propose on my part—let us first join in inducing the wanderer to return, and then let everything be left to her own wishes; let her choose her own home.

“ ‘Yours faithfully,’ &c.

“ Now, Dick, wasn't that noble? Just think of that last sentence, ‘Let her choose her own home.’ He does not know all that has passed between us, or he would not have said so much—and yet why not? For he is a noble fellow, and I feel for the disappointment which he must suffer, at least until he sees how happy his sister is, and until, as I dare say he will, he comes and lives with us himself. Oh! those will be happy days.

“ But here I am again at my old selfishness—all about myself. Ah! selfish, selfish Jack! the toad is coming out strongly developed in your character. All this time where is the poor girl? Where is she? While you are building for your own satisfaction these castles in the air, she, mayhap, is shivering in some garret. What are you doing, then, to get her out of it? Well, I'll tell you some of the things we've done—we've sent messengers in every directions—letters, too, and detectives, and placards, and, above all, we've put an advertisement in the *Times*—that wonderful *Times*. Oh! how I love that paper now—if it brings her back I'll take it in for the future. We composed the advertisement jointly, and in such a manner as not to hurt her feelings.

“ This was it:—

“ IF THIS meet the eye of the LADY who left her home yesterday evening, let her fear nothing. Let her return. Her wishes alone will be consulted!

“ So now, Dick, we must find her someways, and all will soon be right, and once more I invite you to my wedding.

“ Your affectionate,

“ JACK STOKES.”

As I read the above extraordinary effusion I really did not know whether to laugh or cry. But I felt most inclined to cry, partly for the misery and mortification in store for so good and honest a heart as Jack's, and partly from vexation at my own stupid, dilly-dallying negligence in the whole affair. It was easy enough to dose myself with plausible excuses; but after trying for some time, and not being able to swallow them, in my agony I stormed about the house, abusing my wife and children, photography, the world, and especially myself, until at last, after half an hour thus spent, I began to inquire whether it would not be better to resolve as to what next I should do.

They must be told of it all, I said, and yet one must not hear of it before the other. Then did I begin to scribble away sheet after sheet of a new quire of note-paper. When that was ended I determined to go

and speak to them, and then I found that I dared not. At last, in a moment of despair, a bright idea flashed across me—I will invite them to dine with me this very evening; and some malicious pleasantry getting the better of me at the moment, I wrote as follows to each:—

“The person who fled from Oak’s-alley, and whom you there pursued, has returned, and is now staying at my house. Come and dine with me this evening.”

I sent off the letters, and then immediately repented, but too late.

Never, never shall I forget the remainder of that eventful day. Oh! how my poor wife scolded me, with tears in her eyes, all that afternoon, at least in the intervals between her excited descents to the kitchen, where, of course, no preparation had been made, and her despairing, tidying rambles through the other rooms of the house.

“To ask people to dine without at least one day’s notice,” she said, or rather whimpered; “a thing you promised me, Richard, you would never do again. To ask two such people, who will, perhaps, challenge one another in the drawing-room, or kill you and the children in the hall the moment they arrive. Oh, Richard, Richard!” And then the poor thing burst out crying.

I sat silent and stupefied, sometimes grinning, sometimes wildly staring, sometimes palpitating as the time drew nigh, and as I fancied every now and then that I heard Grimley’s knock.

And now the dinner-hour has arrived, and Fanny and I, in our evening costume, are sitting in the hastily-adjusted drawingroom, looking voicelessly but meaningly at one another. A knock at the door, and a double-knock at my heart, and in comes Stokes.

“Where is she?” he exclaims, without even taking notice of Fanny. “My dear Dick where is she?”

“Patience, patience, Jack,” I answer with livid lips, cowering at heart as I see the poor fellow’s excitement.

Another knock, another sinking of my heart, and enter Grimley.

“The individual!” he exclaims, “is she here? Where is she, Richard?”

“Patience, patience, Phineas!” I again reply with choking utterance.

Then, reader, a stupid silence; and at last, writhing, and wriggling, and grinning, and shaking, I make an explanation.

Oh! that explanation, in delivering which I grew so pale that my wife fainted; that explanation, after which there ensued such looks of mingled shame, consternation, rage, ridicule, and real sorrow as no pen can describe. Never shall I forget how, after making a clean breast of it, I shrunk into a corner, and didn’t open my lips for half an hour, during which scorn and derision were hailed down from all sides on my bended head—how my wife, on recovering from her faint, began to cry, and didn’t know where she was—how, in the midst of it all, the servant majestically opened the door to announce dinner, and was immediately kicked down stairs by me, to his utter confusion—how we began at length to sit silently around the room, and then got hungry, and how at last my dear wife took Grimley’s arm, and descended, followed by Stokes and me at intervals—how we all spoke to her during dinner, but none of us to one another—how, after she retired, we sat

round the table like a set of fools, saying nothing, but passing the bottle notwithstanding—how, after the second glass, Stokes burst out laughing, and he and I shook hands over the table—how, after the second bottle, even Grimley became gradually mollified, and began to mumble metaphysics—and how after dinner his harp was actually sent for, and Stokes accompanied him, as he said, not for the first time, though, as the poor fellow spoke, the water came into his eyes—how we all went away to our beds to think, and smile, and sigh, and finally to sleep. All these visions rise before me now in succession, like some half-forgotten panorama, so long ago does it seem, so dream-like, so unreal, and yet so true.

Several months after the above memorable scene—indeed not many weeks ago—there was a pleasant party seated round my fire, consisting of myself and my wife, and Jack Stokes and *his* wife. Yes, Mrs. Stokes was there, and a very pretty bride she looked. That Louisa, whom Jack thought had forgotten and forsaken him, but who never had, though her aunt made him and the world think so—that Louisa whom he for awhile seemed ideally to behold in the musical phantom of his fancy (for he has often told me since then, that it was her form that at such times he always pictured in his imagination)—that Louisa was now his, and there the two of them sat at my table, and unutterable, intolerable glances were of course passing between them.

“Stokes,” said I at length, rather wishing to interrupt them, “did that advertisement ever appear in the *Times*?”

“Of course it did,” said Jack, blushing and looking uncomfortable.

“Well,” continued I, cruelly, “did you ever ask yourself to whom it was addressed?”

“Well I don’t know,” said he, thoughtfully.

“If,” I retorted, it was to the individual who fled from Oak’s-alley, and was pursued by you, it was addressed to *me*, Richard Always, Esq.”

“If it was to Grimley’s ideal,” said Stokes, laughingly, “it was to me, Jack Stokes.”

“If it was to *your* ideal, said Louisa, archly, “it was to Phineas.”

“Ah,” said Jack, lovingly, “if it was to my ideal it must have been addressed to you, dear; and immediately those tender looks began again to pass between them, insomuch that I, dreading the mawkish stage during which Stokes is perfectly unbearable, again interposed and said—

“Well, Jack,” seeing it is so uncertain a question, “suppose we refer it to the public.”

“By all means,” he answered; “but what will Grimley say?”

“Grimley,” said I, and I pointed despairingly to a pile of his manuscripts awaiting my revision—“never mind Grimley; but what do *you* say?”

“Ah,” said Jack, “we can afford to laugh at it now, Louisa,” and once more he became disgusting; then with a wonderful effort he recalled himself, as if big with some great thought, and added, “If you wish for the ear of the really enlightened public, Dick, put it in **THE METROPOLITAN!**”

VESTRIS'S LAST PUPIL.

“So you refuse to give me up the old tower for my little protégés?”

“I am indeed sorry not to be able to oblige you, my dear sister, but in truth I could not. I, Louis Aldemar de la Roche Ligne, Marquis of Val Travers, and Lord of Lannoy, to allow such dishonour to the tower, where in ancient times lived our proud ancestry, and close to it repose the remains of the chiefs of our family! it would be enough to make them rise from their graves to reproach us. Fancy such young beggars to be housed in that venerable pile; and then to have it repaired, to have workmen meddling with it and knocking it about; any more modern additions would utterly spoil it; the bare idea, even, is perfect sacrilege. You cannot be in earnest; and beside, it would be enough to make us the laughing-stock of all the surrounding nobility.”

“I care not for what our neighbours would say. What business would it be of theirs? or what difference would it make to them if we chose to pull this castle about our ears, and the old one also, or burn them down, so that neither they nor any of their property were buried in the ruins? And forget not, dear brother, that the ‘beggars’ you speak of so disdainfully are our fellow-creatures, and poor unfortunate little orphans; surely this thought should make us endeavour to do what we can for them?”

“Herminie, I did not know you could be so able an advocate. Why you preach like his Grace the Archbishop himself.”

“Pray do not joke, Aldemar; it is indeed not a joking matter; it is a subject far too serious and sorrowful, to me at least. You know the hospital of the neighbouring town has, from time immemorial, supported the expense of bringing up these poor orphans who have but Providence for father and mother. The house for this work of charity is fast decaying, and the hospital, whose resources are exhausted by the increasing number of sick, can do nothing to restore it. The good sisters who superintend the establishment told me again, yesterday, of the terribly ruinous state of things. The rain penetrates to the dormitories, and the cold winds whistle through the half-broken doors and ill-fitting windows, and in severe winter weather the poor children suffer intensely. Reflecting on all this, which I knew months ago, and considering how to find a remedy for such great evils, the idea came across me that the old tower, so long useless and uninhabited, save by bats and owls, could be repaired and adapted for the purpose. The walls are quite solid and very thick, and it is not ruinous; and the steward had a builder to look at it, who says it could be made a most comfortable abode with very little trouble or expense, and that what is needed will not show at all outside, so there is no fear of spoiling its appearance, if you will but give your consent.”

Aldemar looked moved, and Herminie continued, with increasing energy, “Come, my dear brother, be kind, be yourself and give the word; only say ‘yes,’ and who knows, such a good and benevolent action may be looked on with approval by the king, and perhaps win back his favour.”

This last sentence was most unlucky, and lost all the ground the fair suppliant had previously gained. The Marquis frowned at the remembrance of his disgrace, and began to pace impatiently up and down the room, muttering : " Yes, no doubt, our well beloved monarch would be indeed edified by my reformation, and would triumphantly rejoice how much good his lectures and my retirement to the quiet and fresh air of the country had done my moral health ; and it would be a pity to corrupt such goodness by permitting my return to the temptations and contaminations of the metropolis ; instead of a temporary exile it would be perpetual banishment. Never, my good little sister," stopping in his perambulations in front of her—" never ; let us talk no more of it. I detest Val Travers, since I have to live in it by order, and I will do nothing whatever for the hateful village."

Ere we relate whether Herminie considered herself as defeated, we must formally introduce the actors in this dialogue.

The Marquis de la Roche Ligne was a young man of high family, who, immediately on attaining his majority, had left his paternal manor and gone up to Paris, where, associating with a numerous circle of friends as wild and thoughtless as himself, he had in a few months, with their kind assistance, ran through at least two years' income. Their follies were so great, and of such frequent occurrence, that at last they came to the ears of the king, who happening at the moment to be in no very good humour, peremptorily recommended the Marquis to go for change of air to the lonely shades of the woods of Val Travers, rather cooling as it was in the month of January. The order was arbitrary and decisive ; so Aldemar with a very bad grace, accompanied by the Baron d'Espinal, his inseparable friend and companion, set off for the castle, where his only sister, young and lovely, to whom he was deeply and tenderly attached, was living, under the care of an old deaf, gouty aunt.

The first days were very triste and dull ; then the exiles found some diversion in hunting ; but that was not enough to fill up all the days, and was of course no assistance in getting through the long evenings. Then Aldemar sought for amusement in the neighbourhood ; but a short intercourse with the petty lords of the surrounding chateaux soon convinced him of the uselessness of trying that resource. After giving several entertainments, each one becoming more and more exclusive, he found how little he could cordially associate with people so unsuited to him. So at last he received no one except Monsieur Vestris, the famous dancer, who had an estate adjoining that of Val Travers, and had become quite *l'ami de la maison*, and not a day passed by that he did not appear there in his stiff embroidered attire and powdered wig.

The morning on which the conversation occurred, which commences our tale, he was there breakfasting with Herminie, the Marquis, and the Baron d'Espinal.

The spring was fast merging into summer, and the gay sunbeams poured a flood of light into the room, making all seem cheerful and joyous, and burnishing the silver that crowded the table, till every nook and corner seemed lit up with the reflection.

Ever since her brother's arrival, Herminie had begged for the tower,

but all in vain, to her great sorrow ; for her warm heart was as open to pity, as her pretty white hand was to charity.

"Well, Aldemar," she replied, after a moment's silence, "this hateful village, as you call it, does not merit such dislike and abuse—look!"

She went to the window, from whence the whole valley could be seen, and, stepping out on the terrace, followed by her brother and his guests, said—

"Is it not lovely ? The mossy roofs under the shadow of the old trees ; the spire of the ivy-covered little church glistening in the sun ; the clear river winding like a silver thread through the fields—you must admire it, though you say it is all so odious to you."

"Really, Herminie, your passion for ruralities is something wonderful—it is a pity you were not born a shepherdess. Why not advise that d'Espinal and I should take each a crook and a flute, and converse, and play soft music under the trees, by the river side, like the Arcadian shepherds of old. But, joking apart, all this may be extremely delightful to you, who have never left Val Travers ; for a gentleman there is but one country fit to live in, and that is Paris—*there* he is in his right sphere—everywhere else is banishment."

"Pardon me, Aldemar, it is you surely who are romancing. This, to me, curious fashion, that makes all our nobility leave their homes and go to this highly-favoured town, is not in accordance with our old customs ; in other days, they lived and died in the place of their birth, invested with the trust and care of their vassals, over whom they watched, and by whom they were beloved."

"Indeed, sister mine, a pretty sort of life one would lead if your advice were to be followed. What is the good of being rich, powerful and noble, if one is not to enjoy, according to one's own ideas of pleasure, the advantages of being so—and to go where wealth, power, and rank, are properly appreciated."

"Your wealth should be the help of the poor, your power, the assistance of the feeble, and your rank makes it your duty to be mindful of both ; and where could you and they, be more appreciated than here, in the midst of your own people, who have known you since you were born ; and if you lived amongst them, and interested yourself in your property, and in their welfare and improvement, you would be more truly beloved, than in a large town like Paris, where, though you have a great many friends, still you are but one of the crowd."

"Nonsense and folly!"

"But what, then, is there so wonderful to charm you in Paris ? It must be something most fascinating, since you find no attraction in this glorious sun, fresh green meadows, and music of the feathered songsters."

"What charm do I find ?—what is there I do not find ? Paris is not a mere town, a large city merely ; it is a world—a fairy world—resplendent, shining, where radiant pictures unfold themselves perpetually under the wand of Pleasure. One of the greatest enchantments of that capricious goddess is the opera, that opera without which one is so *ennuyé*, and the loss of which I every evening so deplore. You talk of sun and meadows—the sun I care to see is the chandelier of the opera, and the meadows, the painted canvas of its decorations ; and

as to music, there do I hear the warbling of nightingales in comparison to which your favourites' songs are but as the chirping of house-sparrows. Oh! give me the town and its delights; but above all the opera."

"Well, I suppose it must be splendid; for ever since you came, now five months, not a day has gone by without your enlarging upon its marvels, and lamenting your inability to see it."

"I vow I adore acting in any shape, but dancing above all delights me; some prefer the music—I say the ballet ranks first."

"I am quite of your opinion, Marquis," said Vestris, with animation.

"Without doubt," added Aldemar, "the first law of nature is movement, and dancing is its most magnificent expression."

"That is still the opinion of the king of that art?" smilingly replied d'Espinal, looking at Vestris.

"Of course, more than ever, more than ever."

"And there is such a ballet, called *Flora's Birth*?"

"I know, I know it," said the old dancer.

"I declare I would rather have lost a thousand louis than missed a single representation."

"Is it, then, so very beautiful a scene?" asked Herminie, naively.

"Picture to yourself an enormously large saloon, very high, resplendent with lights and gold, and in the first boxes the most beautiful women of the court, radiant with loveliness and diamonds; and there is generally, too, the king in his box, surrounded by the greatest nobles of the day."

"Oh! yes; I've seen that—I've seen that," interrupted Vestris; "and I often said if I were not Vestris, I would be the king, so much did we divide the public admiration; but," he added in a confidential tone, "I can tell you *I had the lion's share.*"

"And you would wish," sighed the Marquis, "that I should not feel hatred to this country when, by my banishment to it, I am deprived of all these joys—you have never had the felicity of seeing this ballet, of which I am always talking. If, like me, you had seen *Flora's entry*, her hands full of flowers, fresh as a spring morning, gliding in through the beautifully-painted scenes, you would not even hope to make me forget it all, or feel differently."

"Well, I will renounce the hope, dear brother, and will solicit you no more. But I have a proposal to make."

"What is it?"

"If by my means you found here the *Flora* you regret so bitterly, will —"

"What! would you commit the folly of bringing the *Opera* to Val Travers?"

"Heaven preserve us from it! No; of course such an idea never entered my head. I only speak of the goddess of gardens, who must prefer our fresh, sweet, balmy bowers to your pet painted and decorated canvas."

"I do not understand."

"That matters not; it is not the least necessary you should. All I ask is, if *Flora* appears before you with all the flowers, the inspiring music, the enchanting dance, like that you describe having seen at the

opera, will you grant my prayer, and let me have the old tower for my poor little orphans?"

"You are really too absurd. The thing is quite impossible; but still if it happens you shall have it. But it is a very safe promise, and never likely to be claimed."

"Upon my word," said d'Espinal, "if such a miracle were to take place! It is a queer promise, a sort of wager—your old castle staked against the appearance of that fairy goddess. I declare if she does appear I will be a sharer in the loss, and will, for my part, supply whatever furniture you find necessary for your work of charity."

"Most gratefully do I accept your kind offer, M. le Baron. And now is this agreed, on your honour as gentlemen?"

"Yes, answered both the young men at once."

"And now, gentlemen," said the Marquis, "the horses have been waiting some time, let us go." And in a few minutes they were rapidly crossing the park.

A fortnight or more had elapsed since the conversation, and the wager was almost forgotten by the brother; or if for a moment it crossed his mind, it brought an amused and slightly derisive smile to his lips at what he considered his sister's eccentricity and love of romantic schemes.

The afternoon meal was dull. Aldemar and his friend had taken a very long ride, starting at an early hour, and only returning just in time for dinner. They came back over-fatigued, hot, and cross.

Leaving Herminie and Vestris gravely occupied over a game of chess, the two friends, according to their general habit, strolled out to the gardens, where the evening promised sweet perfumes and refreshing breezes. Side by side they wandered, each wrapped up in his own thoughts, and mechanically rounding the grass-plots, and passing through the alleys, gradually left the castle behind them and entered the precincts of the park. So profound were their meditations that neither of them perceived they were not alone. Trivette, a young peasant girl, who had been promoted by Herminie to the rank of lady's-maid, was following them step by step, sometimes hiding behind the huge trunks of the old trees, then crouching down behind a bush to conceal herself, as she now and then feared one or the other was about to stop or turn his head.

They went on in this way till they reached a retired spot, called by the Marquis "Flora's Bower," because it rather resembled the decorations of his favourite ballet. It was a kind of terrace of smooth, soft turf, with elegant balustrades, over which grew masses of clinging woodbine, and clematis, and roses, intermingled with seringa and other flowering-shrubs. The combination of perfumes was truly delicious. A branch of the river flowed at the bottom of the terrace; banks, forming couches of the mossy grass, completed this luxurious rural retreat. It well merited its name, for, in truth, it was a very fairy bower. Aldemar

and d'Espinal threw themselves down, each on a grassy couch, with that utter weariness and dejection of spirit, not so much the result of bodily fatigue (though that a little contributed to it) as of the *ennui* and vacancy of mind felt by those who have been in the habit of living a life of continual artificial excitement.

"Well," observed the Marquis, who was the first to speak "this sort of life is enough to kill one. Are you not nearly dead with weariness, and tired of your life? How on earth shall we get through the evening?"

"Well, I do feel sick when I think of the length of it," replied the Baron, gaping widely.

"And to think that just about this time our friends are all at the opera, and the curtain would now be drawing up. The scene comes before me—the peasants, enveloped in furs, are describing the last rigours of winter to the air of that expressive ritornella; then on a sudden a gay melody bursts forth from the flute—'tis the nightingale's song; then a silence, interrupted by a discharge of musketry, the village youths salute and decorate with ribbons and wreaths the almond-tree that has first blossomed. Do you remember that triumphal entry, and how the peasants there differed from the loutish boors in this village?"

The Marquis expected an answer, but in vain; and, listening a moment, discovered the cause—the Baron's audible snoring proclaiming that he was for the present quite lost to all interest in reminiscences of past amusements, or anxiety for future. As conversation is a game at which two at least must play, Aldemar found it bad fun, so ended his glowing descriptions. The peaceful stillness, broken only by the murmuring of the stream below them, or the hum of the summer insects, and occasionally the slight rustling of leaves, as the evening breeze sighed gently through the trees—all contributed to soothe and lull him, till at last he gradually sunk into a slumber as profound as that of his friend.

Then the mischief-loving little Trivette, putting aside the branches that hid her from their view, approached on tiptoe, and taking a most particular survey of each, stood a moment looking and listening, and when quite assured that the pair were really in a sound sleep, she turned and, noiselessly tripping back the way she came, set off and ran full speed back to the castle.

Bang! Bang! A volley of musketry woke the thousand echoes of the park and the surrounding hills, and also our two sleepers, who started and rolled off their grassy couches.

"Good gracious! what has happened? Are there robbers at Val Travers?" exclaimed d'Espinal, rubbing his eyes.

"Are you hurt?" asked Aldemar, looking scared, and settling his collar and cuffs.

"I don't think I am. But whence comes this music?"

“Am I awake, or is it a dream? What enchantment is this? The air, surely—yes—d’Espinal it is the commencement of the air of Flora’s entry.”

“So it is; and see, amazing! here is the goddess herself.”

And in the bower of verdure, attired as in the old pictures, appeared Flora, dancing gracefully. Her lovely pink dress, of the delicate hue of the apple-blossom, was studded with daisies and entwined with wreaths of green leaves; in one hand she carried a basket full of flowers, which she strewed from time to time, as her sweet voice sang:—

“Hail! hail! to the spring, the new season is here,
And the gloom of the winter doth all disappear.
See how quickly all nature awoke up to fling
Her mantle of green over every thing;
Oh, bid then a welcome, a welcome to spring.”

And she strewed the flowers from her basket.

“Wonderful!—amazing!” cried d’Espinal.

“And to think it is *Herminie* thus dancing so gracefully and looking so lovely,” murmured the confounded Marquis.

The invisible music here changed the time to a more rapid movement, and Flora’s small feet flew over the turf with greater vivacity, as she continued her song:—

“Warmed by the sun, whose cheering ray
Now early greets the dawning day,
The little flow’rets venture forth,
Peeping so shyly from the earth.
There in a shady hidden bed
The modest violet droops its head,
Too humble oft to lift on high
Its fragrant, lovely, purple eye.
The primrose, and the cowslip too,
And hyacinths of every hue,—
All, all their perfumes round them fling,
As a sweet welcome to the spring.

“The feathered songsters’ tuneful note
Over the gentle breezes float.
The blackbird trills his morning lay,
To tell us ’tis the month of May;
The thrush’s gushing, swelling song
Sounds from afar so clear and strong;
But when Night casts his shadowy veil,
Sweeter than *all*, the nightingale.
While all the rest are wrapped in sleep,
His tuneful watch doth ever keep.
Thus do they all unite to sing,
Melodious welcome to the spring.”

And Flora cast her flowers at their feet.

“I am truly astounded,” said the Marquis, who had been enthusiastically watching every movement of the lovely danseuse.

"My anxiety is ever to console the afflicted. My motto is Hope—my name is Charity."

With these last words Flora, or rather Herminie, approached close to the two friends, terminating her step by a pirouette and graceful curtsey, that called forth from both a triple volley of bravas.

"Have I gained my wager?" she said, holding out her empty basket.

"Oh, yes; indeed you have, more than won it," answered both.

"But pray, dearest sister, give me the key to all this mystery."

"I have the key," said Vestris; who, leaving the invisible orchestra composed of several of his friends, who came purposely from Paris, suddenly joined the group, overflowing with pride and gratification; "it is Terpsichore herself who has aided to perform this miracle. Ah! my last pupil will do me honour."

"No, M. Vestris, I fear not; to-day I danced for the cause of charity, and the object inspired me. I shall, perhaps, never dance again; for my life henceforth belongs to my friends and my little protégés."

The Revolution and Black Bands have destroyed the more modern Castle of Val Travers, the scene of our tale; but the old one, or rather the Orphan Home, is still in existence, and bears the name of its benefactress.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A VALUED FRIEND WHO HAD SENT THE WRITER A MEMORANDUM-BOOK AS A PRESENT.

My hand on this unconscious leaf
 May trace each transient joy or grief,
 And bid its pencilled hues display
 The history of each passing day.

But not in fast effacing line
 Will I record this gift of thine;
 Or trust this fragile page to bind
 Thy memory on the faithful mind.

For the fond heart asserts its claim,
 In its own depths to store thy name;
 And Love, of Time's dominion free,
 Still bids that heart remember *thee*.

A. S. M.

THE GREAT SALMON OF BALLINA.

I HAVE often felt grieved at hearing rational, sensible men, abuse Angling—men who have never thrown a fly, or seen a fish killed. Generally speaking, anglers are fond of shooting, but you seldom meet them “fox-hunters at heart.” Yet there are exceptions: I have known masters of hounds who angled as perseveringly in summer as they hunted in winter; up before the day dawned, and by the river side when the moon shone.

Indeed, I have always found the ten minutes before, and the ten minutes after sunset, the most certain twenty minutes in the twenty-four hours to rise a salmon. I have tried most things have ridden steeple-chases, hurdle-races, flat-races, shot matches, rowed matches, sculled matches, ran foot-races, and walked long and short distances against men and time; have run greyhounds in matches for cups and heavy stakes, and have over and over again crossed the country after a flying pack, heads up, sterns down; but, shall I confess it—I do so honestly—that not one of the foregoing pleasures gives me so much excitement as when the rushing torrent is cleft in twain, and a silvery monarch of the stream—

“ Desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out the lengthen'd line,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you now returning, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And, to his fate abandon'd, to the shore,
You gaily draw your unresisting prize.”

Solitude and scenery add many charms to this fascinating pastime, which I have eagerly followed in the wilds of Ballycroy. The romance of the mountain torrent, and the solitude of the heathery wild, have been changed for a trial of the rapid waters of the Moy, pent up within the busy quays of Ballina, a locality, to the uninitiated, seemingly unsuited to the disciples of Izaak Walton.

Some years since I started for a few days' fishing at Ballina, with a brother fisherman. On our arrival, we found the Moy in good order, so we tackled to, and put ourselves under the auspices of those experienced fishermen and fly-tiers, Messrs. Hearn and Rowane. Though late for the prime of the season we had no reason to complain. When playing a fish the first afternoon an exciting incident occurred. The boy who was guiding the boat dropped the pole, and down she went with the current. We were in momentary expectation of a capsizing; we

were actually in the tide-way, and running fast out to sea, when suddenly we ran upon a sunken rock and stuck fast. My friend was greatly excited at seeing a fish leap out of the water, as if to dash off the *Lernæ Salmoneæ*, and threw over him. Strange to say, he took greedily, and in ten minutes a 10lb. salmon was in the boat.

The next morning was calm, with drizzling rain, not a ripple on the water; the clouds rested lazily on the bosom of the Moy. At seven o'clock the tide came in, when I returned to my hotel with eight splendid salmon. In the afternoon my friend and I started for the hospitable and well-known lodge on the Owenbeg, close to Maxwell's immortalised "Pool Garron." That night the rain fell in torrents, and the following day the river proved to be matchless. This was the best day's sport I ever saw. We were within hail of each other the whole day. At every throw we rose a white trout or a salmon. During a temporary separation, my friend did great execution.

"What sport?" said I, on joining him.

"Middling," he replied, taking up an India-rubber coat, under which lay three salmon and several large white trout. I do not remember the number we took, but during the last hour all the excitement had vanished—it was certain and monotonous. Having filled both our large panniers and a turf-creel to overflowing, we returned satiated with slaughter. One circumstance is worth remarking: on our return in the evening we found that the water had fallen so rapidly that the gravel over which we had killed fish in the morning, was, in many places, a foot above the stream.

We returned to Ballina next day. It was our last, and long will it be remembered. We had fixed to dine at four o'clock, as the tide would be in by that time. At ten minutes to four o'clock, I said—

"One more cast, and then we will go."

No sooner did the fly alight within a foot of the wall next the houses, and about midway between the two bridges, than a fish rose, apparently a small one, and just as the upturned water floated off I struck him. In an instant he was sixty yards off, leaping high over the water, glittering in the distance like virgin silver. Then he remained steady until the approach of the boat, when he gave another grand race and a spring, striking fire from the wheel. Again he lay still.

It was market day, and thousands of people had flocked to an election meeting, where agitation, irritation, approbation, and condemnation, &c., &c., were freely indulged in. True to the Irish character, business and election were alike abandoned for the excitement of the sport, when the fish was "on." Windows were filled, and the quays and bridges crowded with carriages, cars, and spectators, amounting to many thousands. The tide had come in. The fish remained in from twelve to sixteen feet of water, scarcely moving, though every effort was made to stir him. At a quarter past eight o'clock, tired and disgusted, I handed the rod to my friend, having had the fish on for four hours and twenty-five minutes. Some time after this he shifted his quarters towards the lower bridge, making for the centre arch, when suddenly he changed his course, ran for the farthest eye, and went half way down it, having by this artifice nearly succeeded in cutting the line

before the boat could be got round. The fish then returned to his old quarters and sulked. At half-past ten o'clock my friend cried "Enough;" another angler took the rod; there were two fine rushes after this, from fifty to sixty yards each, and at twenty minutes past eleven, the salmon was coming in dead beat, when the hold broke, and the fly came back with a piece of the jaw attached to it!

Thus was this salmon lost, the largest ever hooked in Ballina: he played seven hours and thirty minutes.

This took place on the 23rd June, 1852. This noble fish was doomed to an ignominious death, and his weight to be ascertained to the ounce. The next day, close to where he broke off, he was taken in a net; his weight $30\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., his length 2 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches. He was purchased by a gentleman, roasted, and sent to England. And this was the last seen of the the "Great Salmon of Ballina."

During the five days I fished in Ballina, I killed thirty-seven salmon, and my friend nearly as many. There is a tameness in fishing the Moy. It seems unnatural to be slaughtering fish in the centre of a town, with the quay walls at either side. There is nothing like the romantic mountain wild, where scenery charms the eye, and the ear, ever and anon, is greeted with the distant roar of the angry ocean, the sound of the foaming torrent, the otter's shrill whistle, and the wild cry of the soaring eagle.

P. N. G.

ANOTHER SAXON IN IRELAND.—PART II.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH A FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH ATTENDED MR. SMITH'S LANDING IN IRELAND.

“ Oh! Dublin's a duck of a city ;
 'Tis built as you go to Rathfarnham.”

THE engine at the Kingstown Station was screaming wildly to be let go, as we grated gently against the quay. I, as an old traveller on the line, had previously engaged the services of a little floundering flap-dragon of a Welsh sailor, with greasy boots up to his neck, and a beard like the goat that nursed Pendragon, to extricate our luggage from opposite corners of the hecatomb of portmanteaus on deck.

Every single article, under a perverse dispensation peculiar to luggage, had separated itself as far as possible from its own communion ; but the aforesaid flap-dragon, with the help of a lantern, and much diving through perilous chasms, had succeeded in collecting the entire, and erecting it into a pyramid, he took his place on the summit thereof, looking like a triumphant bullfrog. From this eminence he dashed down upon the first porter that set foot on board ; in a twinkling he had piled everything on or about him, and then shouting to him “ to hold on,” butted him up the gang-board, and over the end of it, whence he pitched head-foremost on *terra firma*, amidst an avalanche of baggage. A small ragged loafer, who was watching the performance with much gratification, was overwhelmed in the ruins ere he could fly, and his hands being buried in the entanglements of his pockets beyond any possibility of immediate extrication, he fell upon his face, where he lay and roared until a policeman picked him up by the neck, and administered a powerful alterative, *a posteriori*, by way of counter-irritation. The treatment, however, produced what homœopaths call aggravation, for it elicited an accession of wailing so sudden and appalling as startled Smith out of his senses, and diverted the torrent of fury which he was about to pour out upon the grumbling, cursing porter, against the imperturbable arm of the law. He told him that it was a confounded official injustice, and was proceeding to tell him further, when the boy, suddenly becoming aware that he had secured a certain amount of sympathy on his side, and wishing to speculate upon the same, came to a dead stop in his lamentation, and, in a placid, ordinary voice, offered to show his honour the way to the train for sixpence. Smith quitted the policeman, and turned on him like a baited bear. “ You infernal young hypocrite !” he gasped, and again the urchin took up his parable and roared at his highest pitch. A drunken carman, attracted by the row, drove wildly up ; he had evidently been making a night of it, and was in hopes of finishing off by coming in for a *rook-awn* in the morning. He seemed exceedingly disgusted on discovering the trifling nature of the shindy, but patronizingly offered to take us to Dublin for “ half-price, an' bate the thrain.” To judge from the appearance of the unfortunate Rosinante in the shafts, it was an exceed-

ingly problematical question whether he could take anybody anywhere in any given period, and the only bating in the matter could concern the horse. He, poor wretch, had evidently been an unwilling accomplice, and by no means a participator, in the jollification of his master ; he must have been incessantly, night and day, for the last fortnight, keeping up that miserable tumble-down canter, on those poor shrinking, tottering, knotty-looking legs. During this period of his transmigration he appeared to have undergone much the same phase of probationary trial as that unfortunate lady, of whom it stands recorded on her tombstone, that

“ Pain was her portion,
Physic was her food.”

This poor devil certainly had no need of physic to complicate his sufferings ; indeed he seemed so far gone already, that any such additional torture would have been as innocent in its effects as in the cited case of the poor lady, as her touching epitaph further declares, that

“ Groans was her devotion,
And the drugs done her no good.”

Smith, however, was in too indignant a frame of mind, on account of the failure of his recent humane efforts, to waste further pity on man or beast, and, by way of opening a safety-valve to his suppressed wrath, he began heaving the luggage into the car ; and so (as a triumphant whistle from the terminus, followed by an indignant snorting, announced that the train had got away at last) I let him have his way, and we walked up alongside of the poor gasping brute, not to Dublin, but to the door of the station.

I have given a faithful analytical detail of these trivialities which occurred upon our landing, because a stranger travelling for information is always analytical, even to trifles, in noting the first occurrences in a new country, and every little characteristic then strikes us doubly, as coming with a freshness which a very few days' acquaintance wears off. I therefore waited patiently for an exposition of Mr. Smith's first impressions, and, judging from his frame of mind, and the data from which he was to draw his inferences, I did not anticipate a flattering commentary. So we took the tickets and held our way with echoing footsteps down the stairs and into that railed enclosure which ensures protection to the most imbecile or wilful traveller against any danger arising from his own erratic propensities. Smith, in the independent spirit of British freedom, made straight for the door of the said pen, which he shook so fiercely that a railway policeman hurried off and informed him that he must wait patiently for the arrival of the next train before he could expect to get out.

“ By what right, sir, do you box people up in this way ? ” asked the indignant *civis Romanus*.

“ By the company's order,” was the answer.

“ Why, you miserable jack-in-office, do you mean to say the company ordered you to keep me cooped up here ? Do you suppose I want

to commit suicide, or to steal one of your greasy engines. Confound it, sir! I must get at my luggage."

However, the man had been too often thus remonstrated with to take any further interest in the discussion, and stalked grimly off.

The full vial of wrath was now to be expended on me, and I gathered myself up doggedly for the infliction.

"What good can ever come of such a country," said Mr. Smith, gesticulating violently with his hatbox, "rough-ridden by official tyranny? If you are, like your own obstinate swine, so bent on going wrong, that you require a guardian of public safety at every corner to prevent you from running a-muck, is that any reason for compelling civilized and enlightened strangers to submit to the same pig-driving coercion? Is that any reason, sir?" Here he gave his wrapper a declamatory whisk round his body, so that the end thereof enveloped his countenance, and he became unintelligible within the folds.

"There's all my luggage gone!" he said, getting his chin over the rug, and sputtering the turry stuff out of his mouth; "the deuce a thing I can see except my dressing-case, and I suppose they would have taken that, too, if they had known what it was; not that they'd much appreciate the use of it to judge from appearances. Why, in the name of common sense, do you not take example from the arrangements on our side of the water, run your line down the quay, and get into the carriages out of the steamer?"

"Give me leave," said I, "to answer you, *more Hibernico*, by asking one question. Why is it that Englishmen, at home the most staid, conventional, and orderly of phlegmatic mortals, consider themselves authorised to throw off every kind of restraint on leaving their country, to find fault with every institution which they cannot understand, and to become so captious and unmannerly, that the very idea of an English traveller is associated in the mind of a Continental with the attribute of incorrigible lunacy?"

A great clattering down the stairs, announcing the arrival of the rest of our fellow-voyagers, interrupted our argument. The passengers had not been numerous, for the weather was unpropitious, and the time unseasonable. There were one or two members of Parliament coming over for the winter shooting. There was a man in top-boots, and another in Bluchers, of whom more anon; and there were two ladies in deep mourning, with a little girl, who followed the other passengers timidly, and took their places in silence upon one of the benches. There was some deep and heavy sorrow upon them, for they seemed scarcely to know where they were; nor did they answer the low whispering remarks which the child made from time to time. God wot, their's had been no merry Christmas; and yet, perhaps, if we knew all, they had honoured the season more in their grief, than ever did noisy revel, or the savour of midnight incense.

I was thinking how the stupid, gluttonous old world has commemorated every event of importance, since its creation, by prescriptively and orthodoxically overeating and drinking itself, to the advantage and satisfaction of the doctors and the devil; and how that liquorish-toothed rascal, Belial, goes round through his preserves at such seasons, feeling the ribs of the fattest aldermen, and using his tail, prong-wise, to trans-

fix those whom he has selected, with an unerring lunge, which the writhing victim mistakes for gout in the stomach; and I was thinking what an easy, pleasant life it must have been in the days of Solomon, when, he tells us, there was a time for everything, while now-a-days, the world has grown so busy, that there is no time for anything but money-making, save and except the few conventional periods above-mentioned, as set aside for administering additional nourishment; and I was thinking, too, how successfully Solomon must have studied the economy of time, when, besides discharging all his other duties unexceptionably, he found leisure to get through the celebration of 700 weddings, to say nothing of the number of funerals which he was called upon to attend, as on the lowest calculation of chances, casualties, and accidents, could not have been of unfrequent occurrence even in his well-regulated family. And while I was thus following this mental tour of moralising, I was becoming conscious of some unpleasant sensation, growing, as it were, upon the senses; and as my thoughts reverted to actualities, like those of one struggling in a nightmare to arouse himself, I perceived gradually dawning upon me through the mist of abstraction a figure and countenance well remembered, and even associated with ungrateful reminiscence.

Far be it from me to impute to my respected reader the prejudice of unprovoked antipathy, or the weakness of unreasonable superstition; and yet, if your worship repudiates the existence of your evil genius, or if you regard him as a mere coincidence, you will doubtless pardon the confiding candour which imparts the secret of a constitutional hallucination. There he is, sir!—look at his lantern jaws and ungainly figure, his rusty hat, his long old cloak, and his enormous shoes. He is always going about in steamers, that old fellow, and may be heard at any inopportune moment, cross-questioning the captain and the crew, and more especially bothering the steersman. If it be a night-passage, and at all rough, he comes down periodically into the cabin, to report progress to some sick acquaintance, in some out-of-the-way berth. He gives his information in a deep, lugubrious tone, amidst the feverish silence of the anxious community. He never gets sick himself, but seems to “take his pleasure as fully” as if he were an amateur in such suffering. He is seldom seen after breakfast, or after the arrival of a vessel in port, and seems to make his exit from public life through the steward’s pantry, where his voice may be heard for the last time, croaking in mournful dispute concerning the change of a half-crown. I never saw him on shore but twice; and on each occasion he assisted at an accident, or *contretemps*. Once it was on a railway in the north of England, when the carriage in which I was travelling got detached from the train in some way, and a delay was occasioned whilst we were refitting. The occurrence took place just at starting from a large grand junction, and the carriage was left alone amidst a labyrinth of lines, where stray engines were fizzing and snorting about, sometimes playfully butting at us, or whizzing by with a startling yell in our ears. There was a stout, nervous old lady, sitting opposite to me, and at her instance I was leaning out of the window to try and discover the cause of the delay, when I heard an ominous voice behind me, which said with mournful precision, “The express train will

be up in three minutes and a-half!" and there, framed in the opposite window, was the old copper-coloured hat, the cloak clasped tight across the neck (though the day was scorching), and a countenance of settled melancholy, like the expression of a superannuated knocker.

"Oh, gracious!" gasped the old lady, "it's an accident. I knew there'd be an accident; I always expect one. Open the door, sir; let me out," she cried, tugging an enormously plethoric blue bundle after her, which, I suspect, she always carried about as a buffer, in the event of the accident she was looking out for.

A smile of woful sympathy passed over the old fellow's face, like a sickly sunbeam fading across a November fog. He was evidently thinking what a dreadful squash the old lady would make in case of collision.

"It's too late, ma'am," he said, with sad firmness; "the guard has lost the key of the door, and you couldn't get your head through the window."

An awfully cavernous sound issued from the depths of the old lady's feelings, and then the blue bundle descended on me like an avalanche, and an additional suffocating shock told that the old lady had descended upon the blue bundle; and when I was excavated, breathless from the superincumbent pressure, by the remaining passengers, I found that we had been re-linked to our train, and had already left our evil genius far behind.

When next we met "twas in a crowd," at one of Musard's monster concerts on the Boulevards, at Paris. The audience were winking in an agony of suspense, waiting the first crash (from 500 performers, including 460 drummers) of that magnificent piece of Verdi's, "*Grande Fanfaronade, des cent milles Tonnerres.*" Already 920 drumsticks were poised high in air, while from the 40 remaining ophicleides there came a fitful muttering of congested thunder. Every eye was fixed on the great leader, who stood, more than mortal, with eyebrows, nose, hands, and baton uplifted in such nervous ecstasy, that he seemed retained to earth, rather than supported thereon, by the extremity of his right toe, which alone touched the platform. Another instant and the envious spheres should tremble, when, lo! a daring hand arrested the descending signal; and when the mighty man turned his flashing eyes on the intruder, those angry lightnings fell harmless on a countenance of stolid melancholy, and a figure like the ghost of Bertrand, while a croaking voice asked, with a tone of Saxon unconcern—"Well, sir, when are you going to begin?"

The interruption was fatal, the crisis was passed, and a long breath was drawn over the assembly, as of one who, preparing for a decisive sneeze, has failed in his expectations. Then the baffled thunder descended in a shower of hissing *sicccc-rrrr-eees*; but, wrapping his old cloak about him, mine ancient acquaintance passed harmless and unconscious from among them; and striding down from the platform, he took a seat next me, remarking, with dreary complacency, "I just took a short cut through the band; I believe you're fond of music."

While I was internally and abstractedly retracing these reminiscences, and wondering whether the third meeting was destined to break the

charm or confirm the prestige, Smith's practical mind had been more immediately engaged in what was going on about him. The appearance of the ladies and the child had caught his attention, and interested his better feelings at once; and when I turned to look for him, I found him seated on the bench, with a small grey bundle on his knees, which, on nearer inspection, proved to be the little girl. So completely had he enveloped the little shivering creature in a dry plaid, which he fished out of his bundle of wrappers, that nothing was distinguishable except a pair of great, dark eyes, wondering up at him from the depths of the covering, like a wild animal looking out of its nest; and one of the ladies had lifted her veil, and thanked him in so sweet and gentle a tone as won his heart completely, and he looked up at me with an expression of radiant benevolence, although the night's rain had washed the colour of his hat down his face in alarming and ferocious streaks, and the knot of his tie stuck out determinedly behind, giving him the appearance of having been pulled up a chimney by the *scruff* of the neck.

"Thaddy," said he, "we will defer our argument to some befitting occasion, when I feel more venomous than at present; meantime, will you endeavour to recover my luggage, inasmuch as I have taken an engagement here in the combined capacity of courier and governess for the rest of the journey."

So on the arrival of the train I reclaimed the missing articles, and waited to see everything stowed in the baggage-van.

"Is that your's, sir?" said the porter, pointing to an old, black, dismal sort of carriage-box, studded all over with nails, and looking like an exhumed coffin. Everybody eagerly repudiated the ownership of the melancholy property.

"Here, I say, Bill," said the porter to the guard, "what's to be done with this ould senthry-box; there's nobody claims it, and its as heavy as if the owner was inside, wid all his family?"

"Lave it where it is, then; maybe it's for body-snatching we'd be taken up. Now, then, sir, time's up," said he, turning to me. So I made for the carriage where Smith had got in, but found it full, and in the place which should have been reserved for me sat mine evil genius (even he of the rueful countenance). There was not a moment to be lost, but a sudden thought occurred to me.

"Your portmanteau is left behind unclaimed, sir," said I.

"Where?" asked he, thrusting his head and shoulders out across me; and, administering a gentle propulsion that landed him on the platform, I slid into his place.

My conjecture, after all, *was* correct. He was the missing owner of the unlucky *black box*, and the train glided past while he was tugging at one of the handles of the sulky old thing, that would not budge an inch; and when I saw the last of him, he had taken his place sadly on the mysterious sarcophagus, and looked like the ghost of an undertaker mourning over his own remains.

The little girl had gone to sleep on her mother's lap, and every one else was nodding and dozing around me except the man in top-boots and the man in Bluchers, before casually referred to. They, that is, he (in the tops) had been talking incessantly for the last six-and-thirty hours. All the way from London I had heard him, two carriages off,

whenever the train stopped. He addressed society at large whenever they would listen, but appeared to carry about the man in Bluchers for private audience, as other great men take a secretary with them. On board we had caught occasional glimpses of him through the skylight, as he sat before the stove in the cabin, haranguing the Blucherite, and the faint tinkle of their spoons and glasses had come up through the companion, singing cheerfully at intervals. Whether it was the interest of the conversation that occupied their attention, to the exclusion of minor matters, or the grog that elevated their feelings above them. I cannot say; but I do avow, that could I have ensured a similar exemption from that misery which knows not sympathy nor cure, I could have listened patiently and contentedly to those interminable memoirs of that wonderful horse. To judge from the few incidents in his biography, which reached my ears from time to time, he seemed to have consumed his life in alternately undergoing the most terrific courses of bleeding, physicking, and blistering, or performing the most incredible exploits of swiftness and agility—like a patriotic prime minister leading a life of mingled suffering and excitement, with an occasional variety of both combined. The mental capacity for appreciating his troubles and disappointments may enhance the man's afflictions, but he has the hope of gratified ambition or honourable retirement to gild the future; while the less fortunate animal has nothing but forgetfulness and irrationality to compensate him for miseries and indignities, which increase in a graduated but inevitable ratio proportioned to the advance of age and infirmity. There was a pitiable suggestion of life-long suffering in the sentence wherewith the sporting gentleman cheerfully concluded his narrative—"And so, sir, after that he came down and broke his knees, and, as I could make nothing of him, I swapped him with a travelling tinker for a brass kettle and a young jackass." The Blucherite grunted approvingly. He had done this continually at proper intervals, and it was evident that, though his eyes were wide open, he slept internally.

The sporting man, whose vivacity despised fatigue, now turned round to Smith, and, after carefully studying his appearance (not a very satisfactory investigation under the circumstances), said abruptly, "I suppose, sir, you're coming over to the Ballyhooly races?"

"What an infernal nomenclature!" growled Mr. Smith, who was half asleep; then adding to his interrogator, "No, sir, I would not for any consideration be seen at such a place."

"Begad, if you want to see diversion you might go to a worse," said the other, with unmoved good humour; and, still determined to make good his acquaintance, he continued, "I think I saw ye at the Liverpool."

"It must have been before I can remember, then, or in some previous state of existence," returned Smith, who, as an Englishman and an old bachelor, doubly objected to inquisitiveness; and so by way of giving his catechizer something to occupy his investigating mind, he asked gravely,

"What is your opinion, sir, of the doctrine of Transmogrification?"

"I don't recollect ever to hear of him," said the sporting

gentleman reflectively. "There was a Dochter Syntax I saw run at the Curragh once, and it took the divil an' all o' flogging to make him save his distance; but if you want a real sportin' horse, that ye needn't be ashamed of on any coorse or meeting in the kingdom, I could just put ye down on him." And he began with much interest to set forth the history and lineage of the "the best horse in Ireland;" but ere he had retraced three generations the hand of Morpheus came heavily upon me, and I ceased to be a coherent witness of that important genealogy. When consciousness next returned, the clock at the terminus was striking nine times in honour of the distinguished strangers' arrival, and in a few minutes afterwards we were delivered at our hotel door, without further adventure, in a state of somnambulism, and in an exceedingly debauched appearance, and by common consent we turned into bed for the day, to clear off all arrears of sleep, and take in a fresh stock of equanimity.

The last red rays of a bright winter sun were gilding the brick chimney-tops, and the cold north breeze was sharpening the embittered features of the old applemoan at the corner, and fitfully came down the blast, at intervals, the unintelligible cry which announces the second edition of the daily journals, when two individuals of ordinary appearance, and attired in the well-fitting costume peculiar to the eleventh lustrum of the nineteenth century, might have been observed traversing that broad thoroughfare which is the pride of the metropolis of Ireland, and the envy of the civilized world.

And now, dear reader, having, under your kind auspices, commenced so fair an episode, what a vista of adventure opens on the imagination! through what a wilderness of incidents, exploits, and sufferings, might I not induce you to accompany my mysterious heroes, until, breathless with interest and petrified with horror, you should be permitted by special favour to witness that terrible concluding scene, where the one—victim of the collision of his own evil passions and ungovernable self-will—should be scattered in infinitesimal fragments by the violence of an internal explosion; and then, borne fainting from the terrors of that catastrophe, you should be laid among the flowers in some sunny land, where the other, guided by the steady magnet of conscious rectitude, should have discovered the secret of the true *elixir vitæ*, and set up an establishment for the distillation thereof under his own fig-tree; and then, after all this, by some strange coincidence, you should fall in with the above-mentioned old applemoan, whose residence was at the corner, and from her—now arrived at an incalculable age, and enjoying a terrible notoriety—you should learn, what you never even suspected, "that them was the very two men which kem over from the stamer from England wan starmy night, an' which ——" What! of course you knew that all the time. Well, there's no bounds to your 'cuteness, nor is there the slightest use in *my* attempting to mystify you; and yet, how you can identify the dirty, dissipated-looking individual whom you saw landing from the packet this morning with that smart, good-humoured, elderly gentleman, with his Paris hat, his unwrinkled paletot, and his immaculate boots, is a complete puzzler to me. However, since a plain statement of unromantic facts is the only course now left open to me, I do candidly confess that the persons in question are, as your worship has correctly surmised, no others than Mr. Smith and his

friend, and that the only mystery which they are at present meditating is the celebration of their periodical evening repast ; and as Mr. Smith objected strongly to the gloomy discomfort of a private dinner in our hotel, to which he said he preferred studying nature in a public tavern, we were at that moment on our way to a well-known restaurant, where a few minutes more saw us busily engaged amongst the crowd of country clients and lively gentlemen about town who frequent that classic retreat.

At the next table to us was seated our sporting acquaintance, engaged in a symposium, in which his only companion was an empty decanter. He studied us for some time, and, when recognition at last flashed upon him, renewed our acquaintance with much warmth ; and coming to our table, ordered the waiters to bring him "matarials for two," in order that "he might drink our healths, and give fair play to each." He took a particular fancy to Smith, and learning that he intended extending his travels through the country, he gave him a pressing invitation to "his place," which, he said, "will be just on your way" (it was on the extreme west of Connemara) ; and fishing a crumpled card out of his waistcoat-pocket, where it seemed to abide, in equal readiness for a friend or an enemy, he presented it to us. It bore in large italics the inscription,

*"Mr. Mulligan Burke,
Castle Ballygrinder."*

"But anyways," said he, "in case I shouldn't be before you, I'll give you a letter to my cousin at Ballygrinder, who'll be delighted to show ye everything in the place ; and 'll tell ye all the old stories and conundhrums of the country, for he's for ever reading in ould books, and knows as much as a bishop." And calling for "writin' matariels," he constructed, with many wry faces, blots, and maledictions on the pens, the following letter :—

"To Hartigan O'Shaughnessy, Esq., Castle Ballygrinder, Divilstown."

"MY DEAR HARTY,—I herewith send the enclosed English gentleman, who wants to see all the improvements in the country. Be sure you take him down through the draining we done in the short bog, and let him see what a job it was ; and don't forget to show him the turnips, and the pigs, and the priest's new house. Mick Clancy is carrying down a young thoroughbred that I swapped against old Banagher with an English lord ; he was after destroyin' some of the grooms, so I got him chape.

"Tell Brady that he must rise all the rents in the Divilstown lots ; they can easy pay £5 an acre these times ; and besides, 'tis the ruin of any tenant to have his land for the value, leading him into drink and every kind of extravagance, instead of mindin' his own bisness. I must get the money somehow, for my bill to Squeezer was protested before it was six hours due ; and, besides, they are after striking 9d. more income tax on us, and then, the blackguards put us on our oath and our honour about every extra trifle of ways and means. Faith, between the Government and the devil, 'twill be next to impossible for any honest man to save his soul and keep his litle property together.

“ Give Shiver-my-Timbers, that's the new horse, plenty of turnips and soft feedin' ; I'll blister him, and turn him out, when the warm weather comes. You can put him into the old library, and take the few rags of books that's there into your own room, and put plenty straw under him, for he's used to a loose box. The strange gentleman can be put into my room, and have the bed settled for him in the dry corner. You've best make them put a grin on him, or howld up one of his legs when he's being cleaned, for he's the devil to bite and lash, and I'm told he kicks like the deuce in harness.

“ We have everything ready for a new trial before the courts here, about the waste half-acre at Rockstones. I am just after seein' Tom Bodkin, that was one of the jury on the record we had at Galway the last assizes, and he says the case was as plain as a pikestaff, only the other eleven blackguards was too obstinate to see the rights of it. If there's any cock in the country get Martin the police-officer over to shoot a few brace of them, and send them up to me, for I'd like to make a present to the Judge. This is all the news at present from your affectionate cousin.

“MULLIGAN BURKE.”

Having brought his letter to a conclusion, Mr. Burke, after folding it in a curious and complicated manner, handed it over to my friend, and proceeded to refresh himself, on the termination of his literary labours, with an additional tumbler. On the strength of this he became a little boisterous, and was anxious that Mr. Smith should favour the company with a song. However, as neither of us were inclined to indulge in so public a display of our vocal powers, we hastened to take leave of our new friend, declining a most hospitable invitation to join him in an oyster-supper.

Two or three evenings after this, having spent a long day in lionising the city and its environs, Mr. Smith remarked to me, as he was finishing his last cigar before retiring—

“ 'Tis strange, Thaddy, that among your institutions and monuments I see nothing of a thoroughly national character ; I say, strange, because, as a people, you are rather given to ranting (you will pardon the expression) on the subject of patriotism. You showed me, with just pride, a fine military Hospital and a handsome University, and though I acknowledge that native gallantry has merited the one, and native genius has immortalised the other, I think, from your own confession, that both institutions derive their origin from across the water. Now it strikes me, with all due respect for your better judgment, that you should show more internal capacity and combination in support of your nationality, or otherwise you should use every effort to amalgamate with us, and make the most of centralization.”

I think the honest, clear-minded Englishman spoke truly. Alas ! from our earliest annals we have never united to repel invasion ;—how could we fraternise to celebrate social triumphs ? Scotland points with pride to her Holyrood, and England to her Westminster, and the country which gave kings to one, and learning to both, can show no memorial save those of her own faithlessness to herself. Few are they who could wrest from thee the palm of beauty, old city ; and, fairest of thine edi-

...and that the only remedy which they are
 is the education of their practical evening rep-
 sition strength in the glory of a school of
 kind, in which he will be preferred studying to
 we were at that moment on our way to a well-
 able minister, more so in being engaged and
 them and truly gentlemen about town and
 town.

It is the most noble to us was called our sports
 is a composition, in which the only compari-
 He smiled in his own time, and, when rec-
 his, showed our acquaintance with much
 talk, called the writers to bring him. "I
 that "he might think our health, and giv-
 had a particular love to Smith, and being
 ing to travel through the country, he giv-
 to "his plan," which, he said, "will be
 the various part of (Cassidy); and for
 without a point, where it seemed to all
 find it an enemy, he presented it to us
 through.

- Mr. Mulligan's Book.

"The remedy," said he, "in case I
 see a letter to my cousin at Ballygrym
 or anything in the place; and if not
 direct of the country, he had for
 there a man in a village." And he
 continued with many very short, but
 the following lines:-

- Mr. Mulligan's Philosophy, Part 1.

"My dear Harry, - I have will
 that, who wants to see all the things
 you had to see through the day
 before we did a job was; and he
 and the day, and the piece's
 from a very good school, that
 in the day, he was with
 the day.

"The day, that he would
 they, as they are all the day
 we want to have the day
 and that a very good school
 the day.

...a statement of my
 ...in some of the
 ...degrees in
 ...the
 ...kind of ribbon,
 ...to rock
 ...judged stronghold
 ...such waters! - witness
 ...the boys, girls, and
 ...some place in our
 ...to remain life of,
 ...Mr. Smith, was I really
 ...only was suggested upon
 ...on a man of great
 ...of compassionately
 ...in what he saw (there is
 ...any other description of
 ...I may have
 ...

LIFE.

 brian hill,
 ne heath,
 ce early morn,
 ng grey with dew,
 streams,
 us passing clouds
 e sunlit heights,
 the distant sea,—
 a silver rim,—
 and pastures fair,
 e curling smoke
 y spires between.
 nplar, Vane,
 the forum's jar,
 f Grecian mould,
 stical,
 uarding as a shield
 ep, calm eyes inurned,
 yacinthine curls.
 is temple fair ;
 i to set
 one with Virtue's law ;
 o seek the right,
 h intelligence,
 ts, like serried legions, sprang
 ning.

 As our wont,
 we 'gan discourse
 Philosophy ;
 ed to our minds,
 plation's sunlit sphere,
 rapid wings of thought
 dge, half in light and mist,
 urned, and with such skill—
 and clear-visioned heed,
 zes of conflicting creeds,
 the bright realms of Truth,—
 and nature of that law,
 loudy strife, obscured—
 sense
 fr
 de
 me,
 rong,
 ed

fices rises, in its perfect proportions, the columned monument of thy shame ; in just recompense for that venality which bartered thy nation and thine honour, they have set up the tables of the money-changers in those halls which echoed, in vain, the fiery torrent of Grattan's glorious indignation, the noble eloquence of Plunket, the flashing satire of Curran.

Poor old city !—and they have decked thee with a shred of ribbon, and a tinsel crown and sceptre, and given thee a mimic court to mock thy dotage. Eblana of the days of old !—Ath Cliab, bridged stronghold of an hundred sea-kings—Duibh Linne ! city of dark waters !—witness of the glories of Clontarf, sharer in the shame of the Boyne, fallen, and stained, and timeworn as thou art, thou hast the foremost place in our hearts, though we know thee now by the fond, but too familiar title of, “ Dear, dirty Dublin !”

We left town next day ; and shortly after Mr. Smith, who, I really regret to be obliged to state, is becoming daily more pigheaded upon every subject, determined to go off by himself on a tour of investigation through the country. He refused my companionship because, he said, he wished to form an original opinion on what he saw (there is not the slightest danger of his ever forming any other description of opinion). What he did see, and what he thought thereon, I may have the honour of communicating at some future period.

AN EPISODE OF LIFE.

'Twas August, noon, upon a Cambrian hill,
 And Vaue and I lay wearied in the heath,
 Jaded from clambered miles, since early morn,
 Through pathless valleys, steaming grey with dew,
 And up the stony furrows of the streams,
 Now summer-hollowed;—round us passing clouds
 Wrought dusky scrolls upon the sunlit heights,
 And 'neath us, stretched unto the distant sea,—
 Which orb'd the horizon with a silver rim,—
 Green rows of lessening hills, and pastures fair,
 And yellow corn-fields, and the curling smoke
 Of cottage roofs, and dim, gray spires between.

A lawyer I, a callow Templar, Vane,
 Who sought my training for the forum's jar,
 But ripe in youth—a form of Grecian mould,
 A harmony of strength majestic,
 Crowned with a forehead, guarding as a shield
 Treasures of thought, in deep, calm eyes inurned,
 And marble white, 'midst hyacinthine curls.
 Bright, too, the spirit of this temple fair;
 A will, by discipline inured to set
 Impulse and thought at tune with Virtue's law;
 An eye to view, a heart to seek the right,
 And a most pure and high intelligence,
 Whence brightest thoughts, like serried legions, sprang
 To win the throne of learning.

As our wont,
 Even as we rested, soon we 'gan discourse
 Of student lore and fair Philosophy;
 Whilome by Isis wedded to our minds,
 Now poised in Contemplation's sunlit sphere,
 Now skirring with the rapid wings of thought
 Large tracts of knowledge, half in light and mist,
 'Till Vane to ethics turned, and with such skill—
 Of subtlest guidance, and clear-visioned heed,
 Through the dim mazes of conflicting creeds,
 Winning his way to the bright realms of Truth,—
 Explained the force and nature of that law,
 Too oft, amid this cloudy strife, obscured—
 To the dull eye of sense, or mystical,
 As strains oracular from Pytho's Cave,—
 That, in his path along these lists of Time,
 Legioned at either side by Right and Wrong,
 Man, as he makes his choice, or panoplied
 For sternest battle in the arms of light,
 Or wooed by Sin unto her leprous host,

Is author of his doom, that I, who knew
 His life harmonious with his noble words,
 As sound to echo from exulting youth
 To manly prime instinct in every act
 With living virtue, true to fairest ends,
 As are the pulses to the heart, exclaimed—
 "Oh! friend, revere the classic myth as true;
 For sure upon thy days with eye benign
 Some genius watches, shedding o'er thy course
 Divinest influence, and removing far
 The baleful spells of evil."

"Nav!" said Vane,
 "Not from without, but in the inward man,
 Abides the Power that shapes our destiny;
 And, oh! how oft to that diviner sense,
 That solemn heart-interpreter of man,
 Have I been faithless! But if thou wouldst know
 What to its teaching waked my stubborn ear,
 And sphered my spirit in its realm serene,
 And dulled my heart to the foul flatteries
 Of grosser vices—sorceries dread and strange—
 And bade me struggle for a Bayard's name
 Fearless and blameless, though till now concealed
 In sacred silence, Aylmer, thou shalt hear,
 For thou mayest ope my heart's most holy place,
 Who art its high priest.

'Twas long years ago,
 And I was in the blossoms of sixteen,
 As yet a schoolboy, with no higher heed
 Than how to counterfeit in strophes dull
 The solemn cadence of the Roman Muse,
 Or top the sixth form's honors, picturing
 To my crude sense this shadow-land of life,
 Wherein we darkly tread in doubt and fear—
 A wide gymnasium for th' athletic heart
 To win renown, or playground for the dull,
 Rapt, too, in self, with all my youthful thoughts
 Coiled inward, as towards the desert fount
 Bend the green branches, dead to all without—
 In short, a public school precocity,—
 When, on one Sunday, on my homeward path,
 Advancing in the sunlight I beheld,
 With slender hand within her father's arm,
 Her to whose heart my own is dedicate.
 Oh! Memory, wherefore from thy wizard cave
 Nought but a dreamlike image rises up?
 But then I gazed upon a ripening form
 Of youthful innocence in Beauty's mould.
 The snowy arch of her full-templed brows
 Shone outward from the masses of her hair,
 Even as a statue; but within her eyes

Outwelling bland and pensive gentleness,
 And on the circle of her delicate lips
 Glowed the young life exulting, heaving full
 On the fair outline of a budding breast,
 And quickening beauty through the virgin frame.
 And as I gazed, methought a rushing shock
 Fused heart and brain to chaos ; o'er my eyes
 Swam sudden darkness ; I essayed to speak,
 But in the ecstasy of baffled sense
 My lips were voiceless—every pulse of life
 Surged throbbing into fever—and anon
 In passion's cold collapse I seemed to fall,
 And, with an aching longing at the heart,
 Composed and speechless I passed on, and reached
 The lone sea-shore.

How long I wandered there,
 I know not ; but, as 'neath the rising moon
 A path of fretted gold began to shine
 Across the shadowy deep, in calm array
 My mind arranged the tumult of its thoughts ;
 And as the gold and iron blent in fire,
 Their nature changed—to different metal grew,—
 So, interfused and animate with love,
 My spirit was transformed—its other self
 Seeming a slough of worthless vanity—
 A sham of nobleness inwrought with self—
 A blind, cold semblance of true manliness,
 Of narrow aim and undiscerning sense ;
 And to its brightened vision, dim at first,
 As to a mariner some unknown land,
 But slowly quickening into hue and form
 Appeared the image of the perfect man,
 Who, full of inward light and strong in will,
 Across this cloudy battle-plain of life,
 Amidst the dissonant roar of passions fierce,
 And thousand perils to the dauntless heart,
 And rallying cries of Glory, ofttest false,
 Victorious opes his way, self-poised and sure,
 Yet true to others in his truth to self,
 And rounding social virtues in his own ;
 With large full heart, that, from its native wealth,
 Treasures of sympathy to others gives,
 And, angel-like, around the sacred hearth
 Guards the calm Eden of domestic peace ;
 And so, unto this visioned archetype,
 In hours of earnest musing oft reseen,
 Or when adown the still abyss of night,
 Flit the bright dream-wings, I have sought to shape
 My ductile youth ; and if in aught it bears
 The noble image of that perfect form—
 If ever, in the shock of circumstance

Or ambush of temptation, I have proved
Equal to conquer—if, with growing strength,
The arms of virtue hopeful I essay—
If, midst the baffling din and circling smoke,
I struggle round the spotless flag of Truth,
And hear the distant voice of Fame advance
Upon my ear, 'tis that I loved in youth
With perfect love.

And I might tell thee more,
For once the treasure of the heart is oped
We joy to show its riches. But, behold!
The vales are fading to abysses dim,
The sea is rayless, and the summer sun
Scarce glimmers on the chill-empurpled hills."

W. O'C. M.

SHORES OF THE BALTIC—DENMARK AND SWEDEN.

HAMBURG is the starting-place for all north-bound wanderers. It is the *fitting-out* place for the North just as Malta is for the East—the last spot on what used to be the confines of civilization—the last emporium of Chili vinegar, English saddles, London porter, the *Times*, and other necessities of the Briton, who here casts razors to the winds, and betakes himself heart and soul to the beard-and-moustache movement. The two great events of modern Hamburg have been the invasion by the French and the great fire—circumstances which, whatever the natives may think of them, travellers look on as real blessings, which they wish had been more generally extended, seeing that the first, with that distinguishing passion for promenades which led them at Venice to create a Giardino Francese, and put a live horse therein for the edification of the Venetians, whose notions of that quadruped were somewhat undefined, at Hamburg converted all the fortifications into promenades; whilst the second (the fire of 1842) was the proximate cause of all that is handsome and clean in modern Hamburg. A handsomer or nicer town, indeed, can scarcely be; and a man of any sense will not be in a hurry to quit Streits' admirable hotel, but take his ease in that inn, as it will be a long time before he does so in another. The *table-d'hôte* is a curious business there—people from all parts of the world rush in hungry as wolves, and some of them nearly as wild looking. Opposite you is a swarthy Spaniard, all grandeur and ferocity; next him a pretty Irish girl, chatting gaily to a Russian, who, to his horror, is flanked on the other side by a Pole; then an opulent Creole comes in, and has actually sat down beside a free and enlightened citizen of Yankee-land; and that fellow with peepy little eyes, and his head shaven, is surely a Chinaman of some kind; and the other fellow, with red hair and beard, who has sat down in the chair next him, is as decidedly a Finn.

Traormünde is the place to embark for the Baltic, at least it was our place. It is mainly built of wood—a praiseworthy precaution on the part of the inhabitants, who lead an amphibious style of existence there, and seem to count upon being floated out one of these days up the Baltic. At Klamsfenberg we passed five days in quarantine—an enlivening employment in the middle of August—in a house thirty feet by twenty, you paying all the while, for the worst possible accommodation, higher than you would have done for the best at Meurice's—with twenty-four Germans, six Danes, a Swede, and a man who seemed a native of no particular place. *En parenthese*, I may observe, that a taste for raw fish should be cherished preparatory to a visit to out-of-the-way places in the North—it is a common article of food there. Palisades and sentinels will prevent your seeing much, should you chance to pass such a week as we did; but the opposite coast of Sweden is very pretty, and in winter is accessible by sledges from the Danish side. Some thirty miles further up the coast is Elsinore—a stormy-looking place, with a huge castle, wherein, as everybody knows, the scene of *Hamlet* lies. This place is to the Baltic what Gibraltar is to the

Mediterranean, or rather it would be, were the Greater or Lesser Belts rendered impassable by stockades, as might easily be done there and is done at Cronstadt.

The streets of Copenhagen you will find are not prepossessing—the open sewers at each side smell atrociously, the dust rises in clouds, and the lamps are remnants of the dark ages. *Trottoirs* there are none, and the pavement is constructed on the principle of nutmeg-graters. Edinburgh excepted, Copenhagen is probably the windiest capital in Europe. The Ostergade (one of the principal streets) is said to have five distinct winds blowing in it at all times, and six on stormy days. The corner of it next the Neumarkt is looked upon as being particularly fatal to hats; and from the peculiarity of the pavement aforesaid, all parts of it may be considered unfavourable to thin boots or gouty subjects.

The three great lions of Copenhagen are the Church of St. John, containing the magnificent statues of our Lord and the Twelve Apostles, the splendid Thorwaldsen Gallery, and the unrivalled Museum of Northern Antiquities, under the able charge of Professor Thomsen and Professor Worsaael, two of the most eminent and enlightened men of Europe. The statue of our Lord has been considered by the greatest sculptor of the present day (Gibson) to be the finest of modern statues; the St. James and St. John can scarcely be considered inferior. It may safely be asserted, that any lover of sculpture will find himself amply repaid the trouble and expense of his journey to Copenhagen by a visit to those magnificent works of the great Thorwaldsen. Let him not forget, either, to notice the beautiful baptismal-font, in the form of a shell, held by a kneeling angel. The gallery of Thorwaldsen's works the reader must see for himself: it is quite impossible, in a short sketch like the present, to give even the names of the works most deserving of notice. The traveller cannot go far astray, however, should he bestow great attention on them all. Neither am I going to describe the Antiquarian Museum—the finest in Europe though it be; first, because it is on too great a scale to receive any proper notice here, and next, because I am not very much of an antiquarian myself. When, however, you have spent your day profitably and tastefully in visiting the "lions" we have indicated, and perchance find yourself mixing up Thor, and Woden, and Thorwaldsen, Tumuli, and the Triumph of Alexander, or *bassi relievi* and Runic remains, you may betake yourself at eventide to Tivoli—Vauxhall, as it is called—and refresh yourself with an ice or a glass of Carolina (a composition of champagne, rum, lemons, &c.), and the strains of Lumbye's excellent band. By all means run up and down the *Montagnes Russes* also, and weigh yourself in the great scales adjacent thereto; you will find the former process has had the effect of making your head light at all events, if not your body. You may also fire at targets there by the hour, if your taste lies that way. People generally stand in crowds round the mark, a position which long experience has, doubtless, shown to be the most secure from harm.

The roads in Denmark are very good, and the public vehicles comfortable, though not remarkable for velocity. I was going on a journey in a diligence one evening, and had just left the suburbs of Copenhagen,

when, finding that my opposite neighbour spoke German (my knowledge of Danish being limited to a few phrases), I inquired at what hour we should reach Præstoe (my destination)? "Reach what?—Præstoe? This diligence does not go to Præstoe at all, Mein Herr." This begins to be pleasant, thought I; as a matter of simple curiosity, I should like to know where I am going. Embodying this reflection in German, I learnt that about three A.M. I should be deposited at a wayside post-house, whence I could obtain a conveyance, eighteen miles across the country, to Præstoe. All very fine, my friend, thought I. I should just like to see you, with your present stock of English (he spoke not a word of that tongue), trying to obtain an *extra post*, as you all it, somewhere in Cornwall or Wales at the seasonable hour of three A.M. At that precise hour, however, the conducteur opened the door just behind a fat German who sat next me, by so doing causing that representative of Vaterland suddenly to tilt his feet to the level previously occupied by his pipe, and himself to tumble out backwards, where he would infallibly have shared the fate of Eli but for the general grasping of him by the legs which took place, by all whom he kicked in his evolutions.

From Rönne (the place in question), I posted to my kind friend, Baron S——'s, who received me most hospitably, and, together with the Baroness, did all in his power to make my visit agreeable. We had a sort of breakfast of tea-and-toast at eight, *déjeuner à la fourchette* at eleven, dinner at four, and tea again at eight. The house was filled with relics of the great Thorwaldsen. Baron and Baroness S—— were his most intimate friends; with them in this house he lived—his studio, tools, models, and sketches, all were there as he had left them. At the Baron and Baroness's town-house he was domesticated—there he dined the last day of his life. With them he went to the opera, and in their box he fell back and died so easily, that the Baroness knew not he was gone. But the news was soon told—the great Thorwaldsen was dead. The performances ceased at once, the theatre was closed, and a general mourning, as for a crowned head, was established. Strange fate, that a man who had so often depicted death in the forms he produced by his master-chisel, and was very probably looking at a stage representation of it at the time, should himself so suddenly experience its dread reality. His fine head, his long white hair, and clear, intelligent eye, bright and benevolent as ever in its expression, as I used to see him at Rome, are before me at this moment.

N—— was a huge house, the passages all flagged, and the width of small streets, the bedroom doors large and high, like those of an English courthouse, and the ceilings and front wall covered with eccentric devices in stucco. The court-yard and farm-yard were all one (lawn there was none), which looked singular to an English eye, the country around very pretty, and the society (of which the kindness of my hosts and their amiable family enabled me to see a good deal) extremely agreeable. The ladies and gentlemen in Denmark are highly educated, and excellent linguists; and notwithstanding that the conversation at our dinner-table was carried on in Danish, German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and by one gentleman partially in Latin, there were few whom I met that could not speak English, if occasion required, and one, a

lady, next to whom I sat at dinner, I believed for a whole evening to be an Englishwoman, so perfect was her accent in every way, and yet she had never been in England in her life.

Few countries have greater names to boast of in art, science, and literature, than Denmark. Copernicus, though born indeed at Thorn in Polish Russia, received his education at Copenhagen, and lived there many years. Tycho Brahe was himself a Dane; Brareus, the eminent writer on navigation, was a Danish admiral; the great Oersted, the immortal discoverer of the effect of the electric current on magnetized iron (the origin of the present electric telegraph); the not less great Thorwaldsen, "the modern Phydias," as he has been called, Oelenschlager the poet, Hans Christian Andersen the novelist, Professors Bissen and Freund, the eminent sculptors (the latter died, universally regretted, in 1839), Professor Thomsen, Professor Worsaal, both so well known as antiquarians all over Europe, Professor Hoiën the botanist, Professor (Etaatsrat, or Privy Councillor) Schow, the eminent *legiste*, Lehmann the painter, and many others, place Denmark deservedly high in the world of art, literature, and science. The sister Scandinavian kingdom is chiefly distinguished for great military and diplomatic names; but great, indeed, they are. Gustavus Vasa, Charles X., Charles XII., Gustavus Adolphus, Count Piper, Count Oxenstiern and his two sons, Linnæus the chief of naturalists, Swedenborg the eccentric theologian, Miss Bremer the novelist, and the divine Jenny Lind, whom I for one hold as yet unsurpassed.

Posting in Denmark is a droll business. The equipage consists of four horses attached to a long cart like a ditch, very wide at the top, very narrow at the bottom, across which seats are slung at intervals, and admirably calculated for anybody who happens to have a taste for taking his whole kith and kin about with him—just the kind of thing for King Priam, for example. Mine, as I was alone, was long enough to have held from about five-and-twenty to thirty persons, and, horses inclusive, stuck out at both ends of the town we changed in. The arrival of a vehicle of this sort in a village is not a thing to be made light of; all the people that want to go in the direction where it is going immediately get into it also, and go along with you. This sometimes temporarily depopulates the town; at Kiøge, I remember, we took away all the principal inhabitants in our post-wagen. This was the place where Sir A. Wellesley and Lord Cathcart landed in 1807, and in its bay Sir C. Napier, with the British fleet, lay for some weeks in April and May, 1854.

I regret to say that the prevailing characteristic of all northern countries, namely, want of due attention and deference to the fair sex, exists among the otherwise polished and highly-cultivated Danes. Gentlemen will sit three or four on a sofa whilst ladies stand, and the latter are permitted to hand plates and dishes to the former at meals, in a manner equally astonishing and unpleasing to any one accustomed to the courtesies and attentions paid to ladies in more southern countries. After dinner everybody rises and goes through a ceremony to everybody else, which, being accompanied with a short bow and a hissing sound, you will be apt to mistake for a sneeze all round—in reality it is a benevolent wish that what you have eaten may agree with you. *Fel bekommen*,

much good may it do you—only differing from the French, *bon appetit*, that it follows dinner in place of preceding it, and therefore it has reference to the ulterior effects of that meal—a truly German characteristic, prudence, foresight, &c.; whereas the French, with the national failing in these respects, has reference only to the present enjoyment thereof—a good appetite—enjoy yourself by all means, though you suffer the *douleurs de l'enfer* for it afterwards in the shape of indigestion. I call that a very profound reflection; and the unpleasant subject to which it relates—indigestion to wit—possessing a natural connexion with steam-packets, I am thereby reminded that a few days subsequent to the events just related found us on board a government steamer, whose name, if I remember right, was Christian the Third or Fourth, bound for Gottenburg. And here I may remark, that not only is Christian in Denmark what Smith is in England, but it has the further advantage over that remarkable cognomen, in being applied to inanimate as well as animate objects—the king and the steam-packets are alike Christians, and in much the same degree. Again, the people, the palaces, parks, locomotives, line-of-battle ships, prize-flowers, and chief towns of Scandinavia, are all Christians in one shape or another, varied only by the difference between *slot* and *sand* as a termination.

Travellers in Sweden seldom devote much space to commendation or the reverse of the hotels there, an omission which may perhaps be accounted for by the fact, that there is not one in the whole kingdom.* At Gottenburg, indeed, a vile place or two goes by the name of hotel, but little deserving of the name, if derived, as is said, from an ancient word signifying a place of rest. I have had some little experience of inns in various parts of the world, and have slept, or at least lain down, on every *etage*, from the *dixieme* of a Parisian hotel in the height of the season, to the bare clay ground of a Spanish *venta* in the Sierra Nevada, but anything to equal the smells of Gottenburg I never encountered; added to which, as every room swarmed with flies, and not a window was ever by any chance opened, I have little hesitation in pronouncing it, all things considered, one of the nastiest spots in Europe. Late at night, indeed, when you can see nothing, and smell fewer things than you have done all day, it is not so bad, and the people show their sense in generally going out about that time in summer. The Consul, who civilly introduced us to the Club, said, on the whole, he preferred Gottenburg to any other place, a peculiarity of taste for which a man who is obliged to reside there cannot be too thankful, and *with* which, and *without* the sense of smelling, tasting, or seeing, one might doubtless live there very comfortably.

The two denominations of dollars (*rix* and *banco*) are doubtless the device of some facetious Swedish financier, who thought that as the first was represented by bank-notes of next to no value, it would cost little to establish the last, which should not be represented at all, whilst the confusion that would follow from the two would give the chance of occasionally *doing* either the natives or foreigners, as circumstances might offer. If anybody can give a better reason than this for keeping up that bewildering currency, I shall be happy to hear it. I called it

* I believe there is now one at Stockholm, opened within the last year or so.

a currency—(a word derived from the Latin *curro*, to run, in allusion to the propensity of coins, when dropped, to run the whole way down the street from you, and then settle in a pool). If you wish to make one for yourself on the same model, get an old brown-paper sugar-bag, the coarser and stickier the closer the resemblance; crush it well up and sit on it once or twice; tear it in half, each side will make a bank-note; a short inscription on it in black chalk on any subject you may fancy, all rubbed out again, and the paper itself scraped into holes, and you have as good a Swedish bank-note as if you had gone from Carlskrona to the Aa Fiord. The notes are of all sizes, shapes, and thicknesses, generally large and thick in proportion to the smallness of sums they represent. One for three half-pence (quite common) is about the size of this page, and when new feels like drugget; in process of time, by dint of handling, it gets into such a cobweb-like condition as detracts materially from the credit naturally belonging to spiders. Of money, properly so-called, there is none in Sweden—you give a beggar a bank-note as you would a penny with us, their relative value is about the same; and if you get change of a shilling (English), it will be as much as you can do to hold all the paper that is thrust into your hands. The space it takes up is immense, purses and pockets go no way in holding it; a courier's *bourse*, or a small carpet-bag, is the correct thing. To diminish the bulk, however, people usually tear the notes in two, and throw away the lower or blank half, the upper one with the illegible inscription on it aforesaid being the only part of any value. Mr. Murray advises your taking a "quantity of small coin with you from Stockholm or Gottenburg, or you will find it hard to get in the interior;" had he added the exterior also he would have been still more correct, as the Swedish mint is almost a myth. The "silver" coinage is washed copper, and the "copper" is a composition like bell-metal not washed in any way, as you will know by looking at your hands after you have paid a bill.

The steamers on the Gotha Canal ply about once a fortnight, and are nicely fitted up with rows of small and very neat cabins under the poop, containing two beds, washstand, book-case, &c. On the present occasion every steamer was full for a month to come, the Stockholmites being all on their return home from a yearly migration which they make southwards, for the sake of sea-bathing, with pretty much the same reason as if the Venetians were annually to go to Pisa for that purpose. I regret I am unable to specify the precise *locale*; from the description it seemed to be inland a considerable distance. Two small cabins, however, were given up to us on the payment of ten additional dollars; and, excepting that the paddles turned within a couple of inches of our heads (the pillows rested against the paddle-boxes), and that the captain had an unpleasant practice of stopping for two hours every night to take in wood, all of which was piled up with a crash on the tops of our cabins, that every time seemed on the eve of giving way—we were in other respects very comfortable.

Eating on board these steamers is the most objectionable part of the business; the Swedish summers being generally beautiful, and not one hour of darkness in the twenty-four, you might naturally expect that all meals would be taken on deck, the more so as the only species of *saloon* on board is a small triangular place at the bow, devised principally, apparently, for the accommodation of the mast, which takes up about a

third of it, too low to stand up in, nearly dark, and in which not one of the windows is made to open; besides, that it is the sleeping-place of from eight to ten people at night, who keep the door religiously closed, and the only access to it is by means of a corkscrew ladder with ropes for banisters. Not so, however—with the clear blue sky, the lovely scenery, and the fresh morning or evening air around them on deck, the Swedes always prefer descending to eat their meals in the stuffy, noisome atmosphere of this crib, with foul smells, intense heat, swarms of flies, and dirty relics of recent occupancy around. There some of them will sit and talk, laugh, smoke, drink and sing, whilst passing through the most picturesque scenes, till displaced for some new comers, and forced into the uncongenial atmosphere of a balmy July evening. H—— and myself could not stand such a state of things, and usually insisted on dining upon deck. A glass of a nauseous kind of gin with a flavour like turpentine, and a bit of cheese with a taste like a kid glove, are the usual preliminaries to dinner in Russia, Sweden, Norway, &c.; but it is optional with you to swallow these delicacies or not—they are supposed to stimulate the appetite, and, so far as rendering you anxious to get anything to take the taste out of your mouth, they doubtless have that effect.

It is scarcely possible to conceive anything finer in its way than the Falls of Trolhätten; the body of water is much greater and more rapid than that of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and you have the advantage, by means of a wire bridge ingeniously constructed, of getting on an island in the very centre of the stream, just above one fall and below another; for, unlike Schaffhausen, Trolhätten is a succession of falls for above a mile. Of its particular kind, I should say it was decidedly the finest in Europe. A neat little inn adjoins it where you can dine, and where the steamer, which you left some three or four miles back wending its way through the endless locks of the canal, will take you up and carry you for the rest of the day through a rapid succession of as lovely scenes as the North of Europe affords. The cutting of this Gotha canal, and the management of its locks, is one of the wonders of the world; the engineering difficulties were enormous, and have been wondrously overcome. In your progress from one end of the canal to the other, though starting from and arriving at the sea level in each case, you attain a height of several hundred feet, and all this is accomplished by the admirable management of the locks, of which there are about eighty *en route*. A pleasanter mode of travelling, indeed, can scarcely be in fine weather, as at every lock you can get out and walk along the banks, or through country and villages adjacent, and take up the steamer at the next lock. We constantly did this, and found it most enjoyable, sometimes going a considerable way up into the country and visiting old churches, such as the Wreta Kloster (a very curious old building of immense antiquity), and other objects of interest; we used then to sit down and eat strawberries and cream till the steamer arrived.

There was only one Englishman on board beside ourselves, a gentleman who hospitably invited *everybody* in the steamer to come and stay at his house in London, an example which might have been followed with great impunity by another man, a Finn, who resided somewhere in the regions of perpetual snow. The Prussian ambassador and his bride, *en route* to the embassy at Stockholm, his secretary, a Swedish student who took excellent likenesses of all the passengers (ourselves and the

ambassador amongst the first), a kind old gentleman, the Governor of Port Carlsborg, and his pretty daughter, formed the principal part of what farmers would call the live stock on board. The captain was a particularly nice fellow, a Swedish naval officer, and spoke English perfectly, as indeed, in a greater or less degree, did most of the persons I have mentioned above.

The Wener Lake is the largest in Europe, excepting Lake Ladoga in Russia; it and the Wetter are very dangerous, being subject to violent squalls. Running aground, too, is a common thing there, owing to the shallows and sandbanks about. We did this one night about half-past one, and tilted over in such a manner as brought all the lady passengers on deck screaming, and in a very primitive condition. As it was, no harm was done; had we been going at full speed, the chances were strong in favour of the steamer going to pieces. The nights were lovely, scarcely an hour's darkness prevailing; and I generally stayed on deck till three o'clock, partly on that account, and partly in consequence of the tremendous uproar always caused by taking in wood and passengers, who seemed from the noise to be all wood, too. Singing in parts is a great northern fashion, and a very pretty one at night. Both here and in Denmark they did it constantly—in that, as in every other way, showing their desire to oblige the English strangers to the utmost in their power. And here I must not pass over an important event, leading in the sequel to several profound observations. On the occasion of our healths being proposed one night over a bowl of punch, accompanied with many complimentary allusions to "Old England," we delivered ourselves of an oration, which unfortunately—there being no reporter present—has shared the fate of some of Cicero's, and is lost to posterity, not to speak of that portion of the present generation of which the reader is one. Not being aware of the political complexion of our companions, nor so deeply versed in the merits of Schleswig and Holstein respectively as we now are, we fancied ourselves, on the whole, safe in giving in return the health of the revered monarch by whose favour we were then living on raw fish, and sleeping with our knees in our mouths—this was in quarantine—namely, the King of Denmark; and we in so doing found, by the visible lengthening of faces around, that we had given utterance to the most unpopular sentiment, and proposed the health of the most obnoxious individual to those present in all Europe at that particular moment, an error which was only amended by our immediately afterwards proposing, amid loud cheers, "Das Deutsches Vaterland," which covered us with such glory and patting on the back, that we sat down with an inward resolution never to propose a political toast in a foreign land again, doubtful as we felt which was worst to our feelings or our back. And here I fear I must plead guilty, to a certain degree, of what at first sight may appear tergiversation in the political sentiments of H—— and myself, in the course of our tour, inasmuch as I verily believe there was hardly an insurgent or a crowned head in Europe whose health we did not drink in an enthusiastic manner in the course of that summer. I have myself a distinct remembrance of having sat by unmoved at demonstrations for the success of seven constitutional monarchs and their most implacable assailants on the Continent of Europe without uttering a single protest, or feeling anywise discomposed thereby either in mind or body. What

are called right-thinking people, and those who give you a piece of their mind, may consider all this very shocking, and so forth, but right-thinking people have no business in absolute monarchies; and giving them a piece of your mind there very often ends in your having to give them a piece of your body also, and a very important piece, too, in the shape of your head.

The scenery around Stockholm is extremely pretty—very like Scotland in some places—and the pretty little isles with which the lakes are studded reminds one of Killarney, though wanting the magnificent Reeks which there back the Lakes. Arbutus, however, flourishes luxuriantly in both places, whilst heaths and ferns, in endless variety, grow wild over the rocks of the Swedish islets. Notwithstanding all the beauty, however—and it is very great—of the Nöäler, and other lakes around Stockholm, I should give a decided preference to those of Killarney on the whole.

The Swedish, like the Roman capital, stands on seven hills; there, however, the resemblance ceases, for the one is modern, white, and half surrounded by sea, half by rich woods (the seven hills are seven islands); the other is the ancient mistress of the world, with grey, time-worn walls, and ruined arches, surrounded by the wrecks of nations who once peopled its now desolate Campagna.

We took up our abode in the Fred Gasse, No. 7, the quarters of the Austrian envoy, then absent, and very comfortable we were. Our intercourse with our landlady indeed was rather limited, for so was my Swedish, and she knew nothing of German, French, Italian, or any other language with which I was acquainted; but this was no matter, we were just as comfortable, probably more so, than had our communications been greater. Everything was clean and neat—what more could any reasonable man desire? and as for space, we might have given a ball to half Stockholm in our salon. Everybody dines at *cafés* in Stockholm. Charles XIV. (Bernadotte) was the great patroniser of *cafés* and other French devices in his capital, and to the day of his death never spoke Swedish respectably. An autograph letter of his was given me by Mr. S——, an Englishman long resident in Sweden, to whom letters in our favour had been kindly sent by my friend, Professor Höien of Copenhagen. Mr. S—— is an intelligent man, with a great deal of information, and a large collection of curiosities, but seems unfortunately, by his own account, to have possessed the talent of quarrelling with every person, Swedish or English, in the country. The streets here are good, though rather dirty, and the only fault of the shops is, that they hardly contain anything you want. I bought a padlock one day, a curious piece of machinery, with the side all open, so that you could unlock it with a penknife, which you could not always do with the key. Jenny Lind, when living here before her marriage, was adored by everybody, and very justly. The Cage of the Nightingale was in a good sized house, in a street near the English embassy; her income was not very great, but her charity almost boundless. Her father was a Swedish noble of old family, her mother a peasant. Being an illegitimate child, she could of course inherit no fortune; but illegitimacy is so common in Sweden—indeed it is almost the rule, and legitimacy the exception—that it formed no barrier to her advancement

in life, as would very likely have been the case elsewhere, in our own aristocratic country for one, where high rank or royal descent alone can wipe out the *bar sinister* that would ruin an individual of humbler parentage.

The King's palace merits attention ; it is haudsome and comfortably fitted up. Old Charles XIV. seems to have had very correct notions in that way, and his grandson, the present crown prince, still more so. The suite of rooms, à l'entresol, which he occupied in his *garçon* days, were to me objects of envy and admiration. Besides dining and billiard-rooms, and the *salle de société*—the latter white-and-gold, furniture and all—there was a library, armoury, writing, and smoking room, all *en suite*, the last fitted up as a *teint*, with cigars and pipes of all magnitudes, à discretion or without it. The whole royal family live in different suites of rooms under the same roof, and all dine together, *en famille*, a social practice which old Bernadotte delighted in.

Beauty is not common in Sweden, but there are some pretty girls at Stockholm, who may always be seen at the fashionable evening resorts in summer—Tivoli-Vauxhall (like that at Copenhagen) or Drottningholm. Their dress and manner is alike pretty and coquettish, in these respects resembling the Danes, who are, however, less gay, though perhaps actually prettier than their more northern neighbours. Pliny's description of Cyprus would apply very well to any one of the seven islands on which Stockholm stands—"An island whose inhabitants anciently (he might add modernly, too) were much given to love and pleasure;" for these are the chief occupations in the "Paris of the North," as the natives call it. To the present hour, begging and drinking, I regret to say, are both general throughout Sweden ; and what the Yankees call annexing other people's property (*Anglice*, stealing), formerly utterly unknown, has of late years become a most prevalent vice there ; the peasants often look miserably poor, and as ragged as the bank notes, whilst the constant system of drinking which goes on keeps them so from generation to generation. King Oscar is highly popular, and justly so. It is hoped he may succeed to the crown of Denmark on the decease of the present miserable *imbecile* who wears it so much to the prejudice of the fine people over whom he reigns. To any visitor to Stockholm I would say, go by all means and see the burying-place of the kings of Sweden in the Court Church—it is very interesting. There lie the two greatest men of their day, Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII.*

Some people advise you always to climb up to the top of the highest tower you can find in a strange town the first thing. My experience of this practice has always been, that whilst you see the environs remarkably well, your knowledge of the town itself is considerably more confused than before you went up ; places that you thought lay to the north seem all to have gone round to the south, and those in the south before, you will probably find in the east now. Moreover, the narrowness of the streets, and the crooked ways they invariably run, prevent your making out anything but the housetops, which, as there is a strong family likeness amongst them, it would have been no great matter if you

*The heart only of the former is here ; the rest of the body lies at Wiesensfeld, near Lützen, where he was killed.

had never seen. For the environs, as I said before, it is an admirable plan; therefore if you should find yourself in Leipsig some day before we have an opportunity of favouring you with any more advice, give yourself the pain, as the French say—and a very appropriate phrase you will find it too in the present case—of going to the top of the Observatory and studying the battle-field from thence—it will amply repay you. Again, at Seville and at Venice there is no reason in the world why you should not ascend the Giralda in the one place, and the Campanile of San Marco in the other, or the highest of the leaning-towers at Bologna, or that at Pisa, or the Dome of St. Peter's, or the Campanile at Florence, or the Cathedral Tower at Strasburg or Copenhagen, or the beautiful iron spire of the Ritterkirche here at Stockholm, or the Pantheon at Paris; or, for the matter of that, St. Paul's in London, or any other place where the east wind is always blowing, and you have to hold your hat down over your eyes with one hand, and untwist the skirts of your coat from about your neck with the other, and get very giddy when you look up, and still more giddy when you look down, and be not sure whether you are on your head or your heels, but think on the whole on your head, and so get a very clear and satisfactory notion of everything you went up to see.

All the boats here are propelled with paddle-wheels, turned by Dalecarlian women, of about two-horse power each. They dress in a picturesque manner, but are not very attractive, though should you chance to offend one of these maidens, her return for it will be likely to make a lasting impression upon you.

Owing to the stoppage of the steamers for Abo (call that *Obo*, mind, not Abo) in Finland, by order of the Czar, there was no way of getting to Russia save by what is called going by land, which, after all, savours somewhat of going by sea, inasmuch as you start from the one shore in a boat and arrive at the opposite shore in the same, the only portions of land traversed being from Stockholm to Grisselhausen, the starting-place, and (if you choose) across the Islands of Aland, which the Russians, in 1854, abandoned to our fleet. As the season was far advanced, and we were anxious to get into Russia speedily, our plan was to cross in a small wherry, by moonlight, to Finland, which after all, however, the tempestuous state of the weather, to our great chagrin, ultimately compelled us to abandon and return to Lubeck, in order to catch the Russian mail-steamer. There the Swedish coast is uninteresting, and the long, white Island of Oland (off which Sir C. Napier so long lay) seems to float along with you. Kalmar and Ystad are the two principal stopping-places *en route*. The first seems to have been built about the same time as Pompeii, only not so well. The chief edifice is the wooden jetty, and the pavement consists mainly of large holes, sufficient to bury a mastiff. Here I purchased a glass for my watch, the maker smashing three of his own in the process of fitting it, a course of trade which, if general at Kalmar, it struck me must render money-making rather a losing business there. A post-road runs across to Malmö, the packet-station for Denmark. But posting in Sweden is an original kind of business, such as King Hezekiah might have improved on when he established posts throughout Judea. As to roads, some of the great ones are *excellent*, but those across the country are deplorable; and as the vehicles are not very easy, to accustom yourself to their

motion it is said to be a good plan to go occasionally up and down a flight of steps in a wheelbarrow; and, if you do not approve of the sensations resulting from that process, you will do well to keep as much as possible to the royal roads. The post-carriages are not precisely anything—neither a cart as in Denmark, nor a car as in Ireland, nor a gig as in Wales, nor a calessa as in Spain, nor a carratella as in Naples, nor a chaise as in England, nor a char-a-banc as in Switzerland, nor a carriolle as in Norway, nor a *solitaire* as in France in old days, nor anything as anywhere else in any days, but a unique vehicle belonging to the country, and endowed with great powers of jolting.

And here we would say a word on the subject of national modes of conveyance. Philosophers, as we beg to say we are, by nature, it has been our frequent fate to moralize therein, sometimes with our knees in our mouth, at others stretched out to our greatest length, in order to effect a lodgment for the sole of our foot on a distant splinter-bar; sometimes perched up so high that we looked in at the first-floor windows as we passed along, and people thought we were coming to dine, at others sunk down so low beneath the horse that we monopolized all the splashes from that noble beast, and people thought we were coming to the ground. Sometimes we have sat frontwards and seen where we were going, sometimes backwards and seen only what we left, sometimes sideways and seen both together, other times other ways and seen neither. Under all these several circumstances it has been our wont to moralize, our reflections often, indeed, we are forced to admit, ending with the puzzling consideration of how soon we were likely to come to pieces. Yet we can, after all, give it as a bit of our experience, that not only seldom were we able to suggest the adoption of any vehicle better suited than that in question was to the country and the people, to which it was what botanists would call indigenous, but that, without a single exception, we ever look back now with the most pleasurable feelings to the journeys performed in ways which at the time may have been uncomfortable or inconvenient. Those same little discomforts or inconveniences gave rise to many a joke and many a laugh, either at our own or somebody else's expense at the time, and would do so still, but that the somebody else has been long since lost sight of, probably long since laid in the grave.

Few things are so delightful under advantageous circumstances as travelling; but, take our word for it, it requires *even then* much calmness, good temper, and toleration for others, in order to be thoroughly enjoyable. We need not dwell on the necessity of health, money, and languages, for without them it is obvious the traveller loses half the pleasure of travelling; but even with all these, the valuable or invaluable qualities before mentioned cannot be dispensed with, and cheerful, pleasant companions, good-tempered, good-hearted, and willing "to make the best of everything," will have more enjoyment at the time, and leave more pleasant impressions on the minds of each other afterwards, though their journey were in bad weather, over bad roads, at bad inns, than would the sullen or discontented, though travelling with all the luxuries of equipages and couriers that caprice could desire or wealth supply. I beg that this last phrase may not be taken as indicating that I am an enemy to luxury in travelling, far from it. Spartan laws, and unnecessary mortifying of the flesh, are my aversion; by all means, when you

do travel, travel as comfortably as you can; but all we mean is, that you should understand that a travelling-chariot and a courier will not necessarily make your journey a happy one, though they will naturally greatly contribute thereto, and if their value be properly appreciated will go far to do so; but that it will require something also on your part in the way of good temper, forbearance and toleration, without which the value of the substantial comforts will be little felt by you, and will be almost destroyed to your companions.

I am sure there is no one who has travelled—and who has not?—that will not agree with me in this, and in the closing remark which we shall offer on the subject, viz., that whether the looking forward to the tour was pleasanter than the reality when it came, whether it fell short of or exceeded the expectations formed of it, whether the looking back to it now is a real, or a melancholy pleasure, there is a something which makes you regard every circumstance concerning it with an interest now. The inns where you stopped, the roads you travelled, the people you met all are vividly impressed upon you, you look to them with interest; you talk of them—however or whenever you meet, though at long intervals, those with whom you travelled; you look at the map and the handbook to find what it says of such a place, and at your next visit you seek out what you call your “old room,” just as if it had been yours ever since, and then look for that where you first saw one who has perhaps influenced your whole course in life ever since. In fact, you think somehow different of those you “meet abroad,” especially if in some distant out-of-the-way place, from what you do of those you have only met at home, not perhaps that they have had more to recommend them, not that friendships, real true friendships, formed at home, are not just as valuable as those which may have had their origin abroad, perhaps more so; but that friends being few at any time, and acquaintances generally many, the latter if met “abroad” for the first time, are commonly more distinctly remembered than those daily encountered as such at home. Circumstances, too, help greatly to recollection—a person whom if you had met, say at dinner, a ball, the park, “the house,” or anywhere else in England, Ireland, or Scotland, you would probably hardly recognise, still less think of as an acquaintance, stands towards you in quite a different position if you and he or she originally met on the Sierra Nevada or the wilds of Catalonia, the Isthmus of Corinth or the Plains of Thermopylæ, the Crater of Vesuvius or the Isola Bella, at the North Cape or the Hardanger Fiord.

It is a curious thing, also, how fond we all are of looking back, as we call it, how little we gain by the process, how great generally on retrospect appear to us the pleasures, and how trifling the drawbacks which seemed to stand in exactly inverse proportions at the time of their occurrence; and from this we draw, or think we shall draw, a useful lesson for our future, rarely though we succeed in shaping the lesson into form, more rarely still in turning it to good account.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Uprising from the realms of night,
 The golden, tinted morn appears,
 Decked in robes of orient light,
 It yieldeth prayer through grateful tears.
 Earth, first created, first in prayer,
 All its varied offering brings—
 The rising dew, the fragrant flower,
 Which up to heaven its incense flings ;
 The turbid stream, the ocean wild,
 The quiet lake, and sparkling springs,
 The gentle breeze, in whispers mild
 Give glory to the " King of kings."
 And things of life, though not of soul,
 That tread the earth and fan the air,
 Join in the one harmonious whole,
 And render Universal Prayer.
 The song of birds, the insects' hum,
 Are ever in a prayerful chord ;
 The lowing herds, and sportive lamb—
 All, all acknowledge " Nature's Lord."
 It now remains, O ! man, for thee,
 To join the all-prevailing prayer,
 And seek to find community
 In that which all " His works declare."

THE SHADOW.

Oh ! yes ! there is a shadow ever lying
 Amidst the sunlight of our brightest hours ;
 A voice of sadness thro' our laughter sighing,
 A blight, a canker in our fairest flowers.

Oh ! who can tell, amid our gayest seeming,
 How oft the stream of thought doth darkly flow ?
 As the soft moonbeams o'er the waters gleaming
 Reach not the depths that lie concealed below.

Yes, man doth bear within him germs of sadness,
 Like the veiled corse in Egypt's festive halls,
 Which, present still in all his hours of gladness,
 Across his spirit with its shadow falls.

ROONA.

INDIA.

EVERYTHING connected with our Indian Empire has now become so fraught with interest to the nation at large, that it needs no apology if, before entering upon the state of affairs which at present unhappily exists in that bright portion of England's possessions, we go back for a while to an early period in the history of Hindostan, and trace, in a rough and general outline, the origin of European predominance in the East, and the final supremacy which attended the arms of Great Britain.

Those who are even superficially acquainted with ancient history will have, doubtless, remarked how soon the conquest of India became the great object of every invader's ambition. The fame of her stupendous wealth, her teeming population, the stoic philosophy of her sages, her magnificent works of art, and the grandeur of her princes, soon passed over the confines of Asia, and reached the ears of men who, aiming at universal empire, were only too delighted to hear of a country which offered so splendid a reward to the first adventurous soldier who should be able to carry his legions across the dangerous banks of the Indus. Tradition has ascribed to more than one illustrious name the honour of the first invasion. Unsupported by any other evidence, it gives the precedence to Sesostris, but history gives it to Semiramis, the famous Assyrian queen; then comes Darius, then Alexander, and again, after a long interval, during the decline of the Roman Empire, came the turbulent and resistless followers of Mahomet, who, having rolled like a dark cloud over Europe from one end to the other, at last, after four centuries of almost unvaried fortune, which was first checked by Charles Martel in France, made their dreaded appearance on the Asiatic frontiers, and, from their strongholds in the Indian Caucasus, swept down in a torrent upon the richly-cultivated plains beneath them, subduing, with their fanatical host of turbaned warriors, the most powerful kings who disputed the passage of their armies, and pillaging the fairest shrines and cities, from the snow-clad mountains of Bactria to the very gates of Delhi itself.

The sword and the vaulting ambition of men who seemed seldom inclined to allow it to rust long in the scabbard, were certainly the means by which the road to India became accessible to future generations; but yet it is to the enterprising spirit of commerce, which always struggles with such indefatigable zeal wherever the true interests of mankind are concerned, that Europe owes the relations she now holds with Hindostan. The magnificent ruins of Palmyra testify to the early period at which the advantages of the Indian trade were perceived—built, as that city evidently was, as a sort of halting-place for caravans passing between Asia and the more civilised of European nations; for while Egypt pursued her commercial relations by way of the Red Sea, most of the western nations received their merchandise through Asia Minor.

In the middle ages, Venice and Genoa became the chief emporiums for Indian commerce; not that they ever established for themselves

any direct communication with the East, but because their merchants became the purchasers, on the shores of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, of the rich productions conveyed to the coasts of those waters by Arabian carriers. At the end of the fifteenth century the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, by the celebrated Portuguese navigator, Vasco de Gama, inflicted the first blow upon the markets of Genoa and Venice, which for nearly two hundred years had monopolised the commerce of Eastern wealth, and had thereby been raised to a pitch of splendour and prosperity rarely attained by states so small and insignificant. But this first blow was destined to be followed up by one of even more fatal effect in the rise of the Ottoman Empire, which, spreading itself along the shores of the Euxine, effectually cut off from all European nations any overland communication with India.

It now becomes extremely interesting to follow the gallant and determined efforts by which the Portuguese, first creeping down cautiously as far as the Senegal and Gambia, and then to Gold Coast, at last reached and doubled the Cape of Good Hope, or, as it was first named, the Cape of Tempests, thus suddenly bursting upon the glorious expanse of the Indian Ocean. After rounding the Cape, they touched at several ports, and sailing close along the shore, they passed through the Mozambique Channel, and sailed as far as Melinda, where they were fortunate enough to procure a pilot who engaged to steer their shattered vessels to the long-desired havens of India. We need not delay, in this short sketch, to trace the bravery and address with which the first Portuguese adventurers contrived to establish themselves at Goa, Calicut, and other convenient portions of the western continent, retaining during the entire of the sixteenth century the supremacy of the Indian Seas. At last, however, after much hard fighting with the natives, and after many various turns of fortune, there appeared in the ships of the Republic of Holland, then only in its infancy, an enemy who finally wrested from the grasp of the Portuguese nearly all their well-earned conquests.

It was just previous to this event, or in 1553, that the flag of Great Britain was first seen waving across the Indian Ocean, and that England entered into the arena as a competitor for that splendid prize which, many years afterwards, she was destined to attain. Our country up to this had not produced any of those daring and adventurous sailors who, shortly after this time, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, caused Great Britain to be viewed with jealousy as a formidably-rising maritime power. Looking back to those days at the present time, with our national position so wonderfully improved, we feel loth to admit that our then naval power was hardly recognised by such dilapidated nations as Italy, Portugal, Spain, and Holland, and that both in their commercial resources and naval armaments they were immeasurably superior to England on what England has since then proved to be her natural element. Spain, with her large navies, drew her wealth and power from her fabulously-rich settlements on the shores of America, then recently discovered by Columbus, whilst the other three states already mentioned derived theirs from the great Eastern Continent.

The many men of brilliant talent who were gathered round the throne of the Maiden Queen could not fail to perceive the immense ad-

vantages to be reaped by a permanent and well-protected trade with a country whose possession seemed, from the benefits it bestowed, to be an equivalent to that long-sought-after folly of sages, the Philosopher's Stone. So England began to struggle and work, not indeed under direct protection of her government, until after the futile attempt upon her coast by Spain, but at first by private companies formed in London, whose captains made the most devoted efforts to find a new passage to princely Hindostan; and soon, whilst some of England's most able navigators were harassing the coast of South America and the heavily-laden carracks of Spain, other intrepid sailors were endeavouring to discover the north-west passage and the shortest route by way of the Southern Pacific.

An attempt was again made about this period to re-establish an overland trade, by opening an intercourse with India through the Russian and Persian empires, but after much capital had been expended in vain, the idea of conveying commodities through so many dangerous countries, and by such a circuitous route, was finally renounced. After many fruitless efforts made by England to obtain a road to India for herself, she was forced, as a last remaining alternative, to incur the displeasure of the Court of Portugal, then in the zenith of its splendour, by sending her vessels round the Cape of Good Hope, to which passage King Philip claimed an exclusive right. In this determination Great Britain was encouraged by the Dutch, who were also busy in fitting out ships for the same voyage. This occurred in the year 1595, and in ten years from that date the supreme power in India was snatched from the hands of Portugal by Holland. The Portuguese now disappeared, or nearly so, from the contest, owing partly to the vigour with which the Dutch pushed their first victories, and partly to the internal disturbances which convulsed their kingdom at home.

In the year 1600 was founded the celebrated East India Company, with the Earl of Cumberland at its head, and sufficient capital was soon subscribed wherewith to establish, upon a respectable footing, extended commercial relations with India, and the large islands lying between Ceylon and New Guinea. Notwithstanding the great impulse thus given to our navigation in those seas, and the evident jealousy with which the Dutch beheld us gradually rivalling them in the Indian Ocean, both as regards the increased quantity of our traffic and the number of our vessels, they appear to have avoided any direct attempt at hostilities, and eventually a treaty of commerce was entered into between the two nations, which, however, was broken off soon after it was made, in consequence of the inhuman massacre of Amboyna, which raised such a just torrent of indignation against the Dutch that an immediate dissolution of the alliance took place.

In 1662 England obtained her first footing on the Continent of India, when the island of Bombay was ceded to Great Britain as the marriage-portion of the wife of Charles II. If the Merry Monarch could now behold the dowry brought to him by his Portuguese bride, in all its present length and breadth, what a strange idea that vision would convey to him of the restless energy and indomitable will of that great people over whom he so loosely shook the reins of government! Bombay was England's first possession on the Indian Continent, from which she gradually pushed her way, until, in less than thirty years from the time of her gaining her first foothold in the neighbourhood of the

Western Ghauts, she had established herself on the sacred banks of the Hooghly, and was preparing to wage war against such mighty personages as the Great Mogul and the Nabob of Bengal. It is from a period a few years subsequent to this juncture that we date our supremacy in the East.

In the meantime, and while England, Holland, Portugal, and latterly France, had been struggling for ascendancy in the southern provinces of Hindostan, Upper India had been terribly convulsed by the internal struggle of Moslem warriors, who had long swayed the country far and wide, but whose strength was now broken by their own interminable disputes. Owing to this weakness it was, that in 1686 was built up a formidable independent power, under the title of the Mahratta Dynasty, a power which soon supplanted the decaying kingdom of the Great Mogul, and afterwards contested, even with Great Britain, the very sovereignty of Hindostan itself. One of its first remarkable expeditions was against the King of Golconda, whose territory, situated at the opposite side of the Continent from the Mahratta power, was suddenly invaded by the Mahratta cavalry, and, after a feeble resistance, was only saved from pillage and destruction by the payment of an enormous ransom. Levagee, the Mahratta chief, then carried his arms as far south as the Carnatic. To those unacquainted with the elements of the Mahratta army, such distant expeditions, conducted, as they were, with inconceivable swiftness, must seem perfectly wonderful; but the Mahratta troops are essentially a "corps mobile," formed entirely of horse and light infantry, armed partly with matchlocks and partly with arrows, but always accoutred in such a manner as to enable them to move with the greatest rapidity. The Mahratta was an enemy so quick of action that you required to be constantly on the alert to guard against the swiftness of his attack. The hills from which they descended, although too rugged for ordinary cavalry, did not oppose sufficient obstacles to the light-armed bands who, mounted upon small, active steeds, often swept, like so many phantom riders, over some far distant province, and before any force could be organized to repulse them, were enjoying, in the fastnesses of their own mountains, the spoil of many a pillaged town and plundered shrine, much in the same way as the Moorish horsemen, in their wild forays, would every now and again make a dash across the Spanish frontier, and before the worthy alcayedes of Spain were well aroused from their slumbers, have vanished as quickly and silently as they came.

More than once, in after years, did Hyder Ali, that formidable foe to British power, see nearly the whole of Mysore overrun by these expert marauders. Forces such as these were terrible enemies for Great Britain to contend against in those days of slow navigation, when nearly two years must elapse before any succour could be sent out from the mother country upon an application for reinforcements from the authorities in India. But fortunately, with all their dash and high courage, they have always been found deficient in that steady discipline which alone insures to an army any certainty of success.

In all the accounts we have ever read of Indian battles, we find that their troops have either been struck with a panic at the first disaster, or on the death of their leader have fled from the field in tumult and disorder. Thus it is that Great Britain, with a handful of men, has so

long been able, not only to retain the fruits of former conquests, but to march to fresh victories.

In 1740 an important event occurred in Europe which had a powerful effect on British supremacy in India. In that year Maria Theresa ascended the hereditary throne of Austria, and Frederic the Great, violating the treaties of the Pragmatic Sanction, by which he was expressly bound, together with the other great European powers, to respect the possessions of the Queen, without any warrantable pretence seized upon Silesia, one of her fairest provinces, and by this act of rapacity and ambition fanned a flame of war which glared along the shores of nearly every discovered land. What followed this gross act of perfidy is thus graphically described by Macaulay :—"The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederic is all the blood shed in a war which raged during many years, and in every quarter of the globe. The blood of the column of Fontenoy—the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown ; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought upon the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes in North America."

The victories of Dettingen, Quebec, and Plassey, battles gained by Great Britain in Europe, America, and Asia, fully bear out this description of extended hostilities produced by the warlike ambition of the Prussian monarch. For England this war produced two men, who, by their exertions, amply repaid her for the subsidies which she advanced towards the support of the House of Brandenburg, and the blood she shed in its defence. The one was Wolfe, who so brilliantly distinguished himself in Lord Amherst's ill-planned campaign ; and the other was Clive, to whose self-taught military genius England undoubtedly owes her present proud position in India.

Immediately on the proclamation of war between France and England, the French made a hostile movement against Madras, which was attended with complete success, but the advantage which they thus gained was only of short duration. Labourdonais, Dupleix, and Lally, beheld, one by one, all their arrogant pretensions dissipated by the valour of British soldiers, led on to victory by one of England's greatest generals. In vain the French allied themselves to the native princes, and endeavoured, by repeated exhibitions of personal bravery, to attach the faithless rulers of Southern India to their drooping standards—in vain they accepted and gave assurances of mutual support and territorial acquisition for services rendered by one to the other ; there was always some misunderstanding, some treachery lurking mysteriously behind the closely-drawn curtains of Indian diplomacy, which disarranged the designs of every confederacy, and rendered abortive nearly all the attempts conducted against English possessions. The failure of the French arms in the East was visited by the Parliament at Paris on the heads of the leaders with a spirit of vengeance which, if it betokened national anger, also exhibited national weakness, and they even went so far as to pronounce sentence of death (which Voltaire afterwards stigmatised as a judicial murder) on the unfortunate Lally, a soldier of Irish descent, who, adhering to the fortunes of James II., had served in the armies of France for upwards of forty years.

Soon after his recall fell the fortress of Chandernagore, and the cannon which, under the command of Clive, shattered its last defences, sounded the *requiem* of French influence upon the Indian Continent.

From that period to the present time, with the exception of the ridiculous attempt by Ripaud, the contests for the sovereignty of Hindostan have been exclusively waged between the native forces of Rajah and Mogul, and the armies under British command. We should have to append a long list of names and brilliant actions were we to enumerate the many victories which England has gained from the downfall of Tipoo Sahib, in his stronghold of Seringapatam, to our recent annexations in Scinde and the Burmese Empire.

Having now traced, although in a very cursory manner, the mode in which we became masters of India, subjugating to our yoke princes far more wealthy and powerful than any found by Cortez or Pizarro on the American Continent, we shall do well to consider our present relations with an empire which has contributed so much to the glory of our name, the independent attitude of our commercial standing, and the prestige of our invincible courage.

England, for the last few years, has been enveloped, as it were, in a battle-cloud; and, startled with the clashing of arms, Russia, Persia, China, and, lastly, India, rioting in the first intoxication of rebellion, have taxed and are now taxing the energies of her nervous arm. War with the three first powers has been a legitimate act, but in India we have been called upon to quell an insurrection which, for the terrible cruelty of its character, bears hardly any parallel in history, or bears one only in the atrocious crimes committed during the *Jacquerie* in France, when the whole population of that country arose and slaughtered, without mercy for age or sex, the nobility and resident proprietary of the kingdom. Many opinions have been offered as to the origin of the disaffection in India. Some point, and with a good deal of justice, to the inefficient manner in which the Company's army is officered; others to interference with the religious prejudices of the sepoy, and to the tendency of the educational measures of the government to subvert all that the native Indian has been taught from childhood to regard with the most reverential awe. These and many other elements of discontent have been duly weighed and discussed; nor are there wanting those who trace to Russian gold and Russian intrigue all those terrible calamities which may, perhaps, be more justly attributable to our own mismanagement.

We hold, in common with most of our countrymen, that the humiliation of England, and the downfall of British supremacy in the East, would be regarded with unmixed satisfaction by Russia; but we cannot believe that a power so celebrated for forethought and diplomatic wiles has taken any active part in fomenting the present disturbances.

Had Russia instigated the rebellion in India she would have chosen a more favourable opportunity, and would have been amply prepared to take advantage of the disturbances now going on in Bengal; and to have made preparations sufficient for such an undertaking would have required the assiduous labour of several years, and could not have failed to attract the attention of every cabinet in Europe. Nor can Russia have imagined for a moment that in fomenting a quarrel between the British authorities and the sepoy, she would have obtained on

Hindustan would be in any way relaxed. The mutiny now existing will only be the means of establishing more firmly than ever our dominion in the princely inheritance of Tamerlane; for England, dreading the recurrence of events which have so lately startled her from a dream of fancied security in the East, placing less reliance on the troops to whom she has hitherto almost entirely confided the defence of India, will be forced to maintain her supremacy by the aid of her own more faithful battalions.

But as Russia is the only European power whence, from the geographical position of our Indian frontiers, a blow is likely to come, we will draw the attention of our readers to the practicability of such an event, which, being within the boundaries of possibility, is not undeserving of our notice on the present occasion. In approaching this task we must not be numbered amongst those who implicitly believe in the future domination of Cossack hordes, nor do we think that Russia, backed by the great numerical superiority of her soldiery, will ever be able to carry her armies across the banks of the Indus, provided that we take ordinary precautions to check the flight of her soaring ambition. But still we must not be totally blind to the arrogance of those pretensions which tempted the great master of the House of Romanoff to mete out the whole civilized world after the manner of a Roman triumvirate.

There are two roads by which Russia can make an attack upon India, both of them, however, presenting obstacles which, to any other nation less determined than that of the Northern Autocrat, would appear quite insurmountable. In order to gain the first of these two routes to India, Russia must make herself mistress of Constantinople; to obtain a free passage for the second she must acquire the perfect subjugation of Persia. With regard to the first route, it is notorious that the conquest of the capital of the old Byzantine empire has been for hundreds of years the day-dream of every Russian ruler—that to reach the banks of the Bosphorus, and the glittering minarets of St. Sophia, has been the grand object of Muscovite ambition—that Russia has never spared either men, money, or intrigue, to obtain what the Emperor Alexander so aptly termed, during his conference with Napoleon at Erfurth, “the key to his house.” The campaign of '29, and the war so lately concluded, testify to the pertinacity with which this object has been pursued. Nor can it be matter of surprise that such should be the case.

With the Black Sea and the Dardanelles in her hands, it is easy to imagine that Russia would not be long in becoming what she even now aims to be—a great maritime power. The Ottoman empire once in the dust, the Caucasian tribes, who have so long, with undaunted bravery, resisted the Russian armies, taken in flank, would be forced to yield at last. The valley of the Euphrates, too, would open from Southern Turkey an easy communication with the Persian Gulf. The question, therefore, is—Will the other nations of Europe ever acquiesce in the spoliation of the Ottoman Empire, in order to forward the machinations of the Court of St. Petersburg? We cannot for a moment suppose it possible. By such an event France would lose all her influence in the Mediterranean—Austria would be deprived of the use of the Danube, her only natural highway, and, in a strategical point of view, would leave herself completely defenceless—while Prussia, overawed by her colossal neighbour, would only appear in the history of the past. In this category of powers the name of England need scarcely be mentioned.

But Russia has a second available route whereby, in the course of time, and premising the failure of her designs on Constantinople, she no doubt hopes to be able to invade successfully our eastern dominions. In order, however, to commence this march, she must, first of all, as we have already stated, pass over the prostrate *body* of trembling Persia—Persia ever ready for rebellion, ever ripe for revolt and bloodshed. Already has Russia, entangling her in the meshes of her subtle diplomacy, rent from her, under various pretences, some of her fairest provinces. Persia, always convulsed by internal factions, and with a crown which does not descend in regular hereditary succession, is unable to guard against the craft of so able an enemy as Russia. With Persia subdued and garrisoned by an army of 20,000 men, Khiva could offer but a feeble resistance to an advance on Herat, a position which would be eagerly secured as the most important on the whole Afghan frontier, in case of an attempt at the invasion of India. From Herat, which would form a splendid point for the concentration of troops, as it would afford abundant supplies for an army, the march to the Indus, unless opposed by the Afghan tribes, would be perfectly open and easily effected.

Here, then, are the two great highways, along which it is possible for Russia to travel on her way to drive English soldiers from a country which they have maintained so long, and with such lustre to their arms; both leading through immense tracts of country, which would most certainly, if their population cared at all for their own independence, prove hostile to any army endeavouring to make its way to the golden gates of Hindostan.

Having thus glanced at the possibility of an invasion, which would reap incredible benefit from any internal disturbance, diverting from their allegiance rebellious troops, and thus occupying the attention of those remaining faithful to the standards under which they are enlisted, we will advert to the very simple means by which the ambitious designs of Russia may be rendered abortive, and indeed the difficulty of invasion so increased, that she will long hesitate before venturing to hazard her prestige in so doubtful an enterprise.

We have already mentioned the noble stand made by the Circassians against Muscovite encroachment. Year after year has the tempest of Russian invasion vainly beaten against their stronghold of freedom and glory. Amongst the deep defiles of their rugged mountains whole detachments have been swept away from the face of the earth. And even Russia, so loth to acknowledge any disaster to her arms, admits that her yearly losses in the Caucasus amount to 20,000 men. We should, therefore, use every exertion to protect this great natural barrier, rising up, as it were, to prevent Muscovite invasion—protect it by forming a firmer alliance with Persia, and, consolidating still more closely our relations with the Sublime Porte, we should cultivate the friendship of the trans-Caucasian tribes, an important matter recommended so long ago by Goldsmith, and finally fortify, to some extent at least, the now unprotected banks of the Indus. Having done this, we might safely smile at the boast made by the Russian press some years ago, "That Russia will soon have no need to treat with England but at Calcutta."

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING SEASON, 1857.

THE SUSSEX RACES.

Goodwood, which may well be honoured with the *sobriquet* of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of England's Own Meeting, never gave four' pleasanter days' racing to its thousands of votaries than it did this year; and I don't think the Duke, who bears his years remarkably well for a Peninsular and Waterloo veteran, ever looked in such spirits as when, with the Queen of the Netherlands on one side of him' and the Duke of Cambridge on the other, he saw the Goodwood Cup contended for by the biggest and rarest Field that ever ran for it. Fortunately we had fine weather on each day, and therefore the rarest toilettes of St. James's and Paris were undimmed; and the Indian attires of the male portion of the creation were not reduced to that pulpiness which we so well recollect in Backbiter's year. Visitors were, of course, scattered in all the little watering-places on the coast, and the railways and hotels did better than ever. The Duke of Beaufort and party were located at Bognor, while the French noblesse, who mustered in great force in compliment to Monarque and Co., patronised the Albion. The racing on Tuesday was, like that of the whole week, first-rate; but its important features must be condensed for your readers.

Mr. Merry won the Lavant and the Ham, with his Lord of Lorn and Blanche of Middleton; and having backed each of them for a large stake, he was enabled to pay the Falkirk Petition expenses, into which, perhaps, he might not have been led, but for employing his Turf Commissioner, the whiskey-merchant of Glasgow, as his agent.

But Fazzoletto's race with Minie was one of the most extraordinary affairs of the week, and—

" Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or those who were not."

Fazz. had been long known to have been invalided, but as Minie was not worth fourpence a ride, they laid six to four on Fazz., who ran in on three legs from the distance, and just contrived to stand long enough to win by half a-length. How he got back to his stable afterwards is a miracle; and on being bled in the toe, the astonishing quantity of seven quarts of blood were taken from him, and, strange to say, the following morning he was as sound as ever, and we are very likely to have him out once more, before he goes to the Rawcliffe paddocks, to stand by the side of the Dutchman and Chanticleer.

On Tuesday they saddled nineteen for the Goodwood Stakes, and the result showed we were premature when we remarked, in our last, upon Leamington being the last horse in the Ascot Cup. How are the mighty fallen!—as he was now the first, with more weight upon him than he then carried, and won in a canter. This alteration of public favour has yet to be explained; but in justice to Mr. Frank Higgins it should be stated, he only backed him for a tenner here, whereas at the former place he trusted

him with a hundred. The objection against him, which came from a quarter least to be expected, fell to the ground, to the great annoyance of the Hednesford division, who had thought certain of winning with Gunboat, a colt that will one day do "a real good thing," and must be attended to when he crosses the Channel. The Stewards' Cup was a sight such as has hardly ever been witnessed in England before, and the Sussex people were in ecstasies when they saw their pet, Tournament, pull through it by a-head, as they swore by him for the Derby, and still stick to him for the Leger, as he will stay as long as any of the others, and Fordham being upon him. Loyola was made the favourite, but he turned out a wretched cur, and would not run a yard.

On Wednesday heaps of people poured in from all parts of the country to see the wonderful "foreigners," and the Stand began to look like itself. If Lord Derby was lucky on the Tuesday, he was much more so to-day, as he won a brace of Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, with Toxophilite and Target, which he never dreamed of; but it afterwards transpired that Sermon and Humming Bird, their chief opponents, were amiss. Mr. Howard was also fortunate in winning the Freedom Stakes the first year, with his Perfection of a filly, and in beating Bird-in-Hand with Schiedam, which former showed the Bird to have had as much chance for the Derby as a man in boots. But the Cup was "the great-gun" of the afternoon, and, as if in compliment to the Queen of the Netherlands, it "went of" well. When paraded before her Majesty we were enabled to take stock of them, and we thought we had never seen Gemma di Vergy look so fit since he had been in training, and Aldcroft, who had wasted severely to ride him, made a certainty of winning.

Anton was full of muscle, but muscle won't give speed; and we think Nat would have liked to have changed on to Gemma, which horse, but for the row that was made about him, he was intended to have ridden. Arsenal looked dreadful, as might be expected, after only two gallops since Ascot, and Melissa was rough, and all to pieces. The Americans and French, however, were "the observed of all observers," and passed muster well. Both were good-looking enough to have confidence in, but, to the English eye, they were so backward in condition that it was impossible to think they had even a chance of winning. Their jockeys were also scrutinized as closely as pick-pockets by detectives. One of them wore a tremendous imperial, bigger than a crown-piece, and the other had military heels to his boots—a circumstance which did not escape the chaffing of Fordham and Cresswell. On horseback they have a strong but awkward seat, being very forward in their saddle, and have their reins twisted round their wrists—a custom which, in case of a fall, only a coroner could recommend. And as they cantered by, the forcible words of old George Dockerey came across us, in reference to a gentleman who was once riding a mare of his at Liverpool, viz., that out of a notch of wood he could have cut, with a penknife, a better jockey. Throughout the rider of the mare seemed to have lost his head, as, on making the second turn round the clump, he took an angle of his own, as if he had been playing at billiards, and thought he had obtained a great advantage by it, whereas he lost lengths; but even then he made his ground up; and had he waited with his mare from the distance, instead of pumping her out like a steam-engine, France must have yielded to America. The finish between Monarque and Riseber was very fine and exciting, and negatived the idea that Ashmall had lost his riding since his dreadful fall last year. But Fortune certainly smiled most propitiously on our allies, as, had not Gemma fallen before Aldcroft had asked him to gallop, his fine speed must have told in his favour; and the Duke of Richmond would have been mortified at seeing the horse which he most wished to have excluded from running carry off the chief prize. The Queen of the Netherlands, we learn, was inexpressibly delighted with what she saw; and, with the Dukes of Cambridge and Beaufort, Lord Derby, and Lord Wilton for her tutors, she was very soon

initiated into the mysteries of the betting-ring, the race-cards, and the telegraph. The excitement of the French noblesse when the number of Monarque went up knew no bounds, for they cheered and hurraed until their throats were so dry that it took no ordinary quantity of champagne to clear them, and "Vive la France" was constantly heard among their ejaculations. But while they thus rejoice in their victory, which we certainly do not grudge them, they should recollect the pace was the slowest ever known, and the best of our English horses were placed *hors-de-combat* in a very early portion of the race. Still, the more Goodwood Cups that go to Paris, the more French horses we shall have over for it; so that it is an ill wind that does nobody good.

Friday, with its Chesterfield Cup and Nursery, kept all the people who were staying in the neighbourhood. Mr. Padwicke won the former with Comquot, whom he had tried very satisfactorily with Huntingdon; and Mr. Parr found in Kelpie a colt good enough to be at a very large field; and as he has backed him to win a good stake for the Derby, he is certain one day to become a favourite.

And so ended the pleasantest, driest, largest, and most interesting Goodwood Meeting at which we ever assisted, and which we never expect to see improved upon.

BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON is made up of the same horses, the same people, as Goodwood; and as the Ring always take their wives and children there, and indulge them with horse and pony exercise on the Steyne, and a sail in a pilot-boat round the Pier, there is always plenty of betting, and plenty of amusement. Hartley Buck, the favourite, won the Brighton Stakes in a canter; and Tournament kept up his Goodwood character in the Champagne so cleverly, that Jackson backed him for a dollop of money for the St. Leger, and has already hedged it. Mr. Payne's unfortunate mare, Mabel, won twice; but her plucky owner did not back her with spirit. The Club Day was, as usual, very wet; but that circumstance did not deter the gentlemen-riders coming out in full force, and pleasing their lady friends.

LEWES.

LEWES has taken a fresh start; and with due care, and stewards as energetic as the last, it will get back to that favour it had when George IV. patronized it. The Free Handicap was intended to be carried off by Goblin, for whom Fordham had been dragged off Slattern; but Hobgoblin, purchased after his defeat at Goodwood for £100, by the Duke of Beaufort's valet and three friends, beat him cleverly, to the great satisfaction of all who had been victimised by the Slattern movement in the market. Tournament won the County Cup in a canter, and his jockey was as sweet on him afterwards for the Leger as he was for the Derby; but he did not consider, as we did, that the pace was wretched throughout. After this, we ourselves, in common with the majority of the company, quitted Brighton and the coast for the ruder scenery of Yorkshire, and the memorable Knavesmire, the doings on which shall be faithfully detailed to your readers in your next; and, as we cannot meet again prior to the Doncaster St. Leger, let me add, that, as at Goodwood, Blink Bonny could have beaten Chevalier d'Industrie by nearly a quarter of a mile, had she tried to have done so, your readers may confidently look forward to her doing her best in the St. Leger, and beating every horse or mare that can be raked out of the north and south to face her.

ST. JAMES.

YACHTING.

REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

(From the Spirit of the Times.)

NEW YORK bay has seldom been the theatre of so magnificent a sight as was presented during the regatta of the New York Yacht Club. The day was all that could be desired, and, indeed, was much more favourable than could have been expected. A genial sun lent its mildest rays to the most beautiful June day, and the breeze, while strong enough to enable the myriads of vessels to exhibit their sailing qualities, was not so rough as to materially disturb the waters of our noble bay. The steamboat *Erie* had been chartered by the Club for the accommodation of the members and their families; and between nine and ten o'clock the foot of Spring-street, so celebrated for its inodorous market, oyster-boats, and mud-scows, was crowded with the carriages of our wealthiest citizens, bearing their precious freight of the wealth, the beauty, and the fashion of the city, and soon the *Erie* was filled to overflowing with as choice a load as perhaps she ever bore.

The steam-tug, *John Styles*, was also chartered for the accommodation of gentlemen of the press, the hardier members of the Club, and such outsiders as chose to pay. At ten o'clock the boats shoved off, and made their way to the starting ground, off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, where a most beautiful sight was presented. The third-class yachts entered for the race were all anchored abreast the stake boat, off the Club-house, due east, about eighty yards apart. The second-class boats were anchored about two hundred yards north, and the first-class about two hundred yards above the second. There they all lay close-reefed and inactive, the men lounging about the decks with apparent listlessness, and bearing little indication of the spirited contest in which they were soon to engage.

THE START.

A vast assemblage of people congregated to witness the start. All along the shore of New York; in the shrouds of the shipping and on the decks, along the shores of Hoboken; in myriads of row-boats, shooting about like so many minnows in a lake; in small cockleshell-looking crafts, groaning under the weight of their canvas; in trim-built yachts; in steamboats *Thomas Hunt*, *Edwin*, and others, dense crowds had assembled to see the start of the great race. The *Thomas Hunt* completely outdid the *Erie* in respect to the number of persons she had on board. There was not an unoccupied foot of standing-room on her decks, and the strength of her wheelhouses was rather dangerously tested by the weight of scores of persons who crowded upon them. The shores of Long Island and Staten Island were lined with spectators. The following were the entries made:—

FIRST CLASS.

VESSEL.	OWNER.	Rtg.
Widgeon.....	D. M. Edgar.....	Schr.
Haze.....	M. H. Grinnell.....	Schr.
Favourite.....	A. C. Kingsland.....	Schr.
Julia.....	J. M. Waterbury.....	Sloop.
Sylvie.....	W. A. Stebbins.....	Schr.

Allowance of time, 1 second per square foot.

SECOND CLASS.

Una.....	W. B. 'Duncan.....	Sloop.
Irene.....	J. D. Johnson.....	Sloop.
Rowena.....	Morris W. Bacon.....	Sloop.
Sea Drift.....	J. S. Holbrook.....	Schr.
Minnie.....	W. H. Thomas.....	Sloop.
Madgie.....	E. F. Loper.....	Sloop.
America.....	D. C. Kingland.....	Schr.
Undine.....	L. W. Jerome.....	Sloop.

Allowance of time, 1½ seconds per square foot.

THIRD CLASS.

Richmond.....	Chas. H. Mallory.....	Sloop.
Ray.....	R. H. Thomas.....	Sloop.
Escort.....	D. L. Lawrence.....	Sloop.
Is'd Fawn.....	C. T. Cromwell.....	Sloop.
Lucky.....	Chas. T. Murton.....	Sloop.
Edgar.....	H. A. Dennison.....	Sloop.
Margaret.....	J. Simonson.....	Sloop.

Allowance of time, 1½ seconds per square foot.

Precisely at five minutes to eleven the signal-gun boomed forth its warning note, and ere the echo had died away the trim little crafts of the third-class became enshrouded in canvas, as if by magic, and hoisting their anchors—their heads having been to the north by the line of the tide—wore round, and stood gallantly for the lower bay. Simultaneously accompanying them was a numberless fleet of pilot boats and other craft, who also veered round and took their course in a similar direction. At precisely eleven o'clock, the booming of the gun gave the signal for the second-class to start, and in like manner they got under way. All eyes were now turned to the vessels of the first-class, the most important of the fleet. Four out of the five were the work of the lamented George Steers, whose genius has cast so much honour on the American name, and doubtless many a tear started into the eyes of those present who last year knew him, and the pride which he took in these contests. But every eye was strained to witness the behaviour of the vessels in getting under way, and gallantly they wore round, and started almost in line. One unanimous shout ran along the line of spectators on the shore, the echoes were taken up by those in the river, and soon the booming salutes from the steamships *New York*, *Arabia*, and others, lent additional enthusiasm to the start, which was pronounced by those who witnessed it variously to be good, excellent, beautiful, and various other adjectival encomiums, expressive of the most perfect satisfaction. The *John Styles*, however, steamed down the bay, and gave little opportunity to those on board to witness the relative positions of the first-class vessels, after they got fairly set to the wind.

PASSING THE FIRST FLAG-BOAT OFF STATEN ISLAND.

The first flag-boat was stationed off Staten Island, below the Quarantine ground, and of course the steamer arrived in time to witness the arrival of all the boats. First came the *Lucky*, of the third class, leading beautifully, followed closely by the *Una* and the *Minnie*, of the second class; next came *Waterbury's* renowned yacht, *Julia*, and she rounded the stake-boat finely. Indeed, throughout the race, she was managed with great skill. The *Haze* followed ten minutes behind, but a minute before the *Favorita*, and ten minutes before the *Sylvie*. The *Widgeon* was very badly managed, and stood off so far to leeward that she was obliged to tack before she could pass the stake-boat, thereby losing several minutes, and completely spoiling the in-

terest of her part in the race. The boats passed this flag-boat in the following order, and at the time given:—

NAME.	CLASS.	H.	M.	S.
Lucky.....	Third.....	11	45	00
Una.....	Second.....	11	46	20
Minnie.....	Second.....	11	47	50
Irene.....	Second.....	11	49	15
Rowena.....	Second.....	11	49	55
Madgie.....	Second.....	11	50	30
Julia.....	First.....	11	51	58
Haze.....	First.....	11	54	05
Favorita.....	First.....	11	55	27
Sylvie.....	First.....	11	56	35
Undine.....	Second.....	11	58	20
Widgeon.....	First.....	12	00	03
Seadrift.....	Second.....	12	00	48

PASSING THE SECOND STAKE-BOAT ABOVE FORT HAMILTON.

After passing the Staten Island ferry-boat the course was to tack nearly directly across, or perhaps slightly back, and pass a flag-boat off Long Island, above Fort Hamilton. This they did in fine style—the Una gaining slightly on the Lucky, about a minute, the Julia gaining very slightly on the Haze, and the Widgeon was behind. The following was the order of the leading boats:—

THE SECOND STAKE-BOAT.

NAME.	H.	M.	S.
Lucky.....	11	57	00
Una.....	11	8	00
Minnie.....	12	00	00
Julia.....	12	3	30
Haze.....	12	5	30
Favorita.....	12	7	15
Sylvie.....	12	7	30

PASSING THE SOUTHWEST SPIT.

The great point of interest was the passing of the Southwest Spit buoy; and after witnessing the first arrivals at the Long Island flag-boats the steamers started down, and came to a standstill near the buoy. They were not obliged to wait long, for soon the white specks in the distance grew larger and larger, swelling with the stiff breeze of the outer harbour, and like an advancing army the fleet bore down to the buoy, keeping well together; and indeed this race is remarkable for the closeness with which it was contested. Mr. Haswell remarked, at the final coming in, that he never knew an instance before of the boats keeping so close together. The outsiders kept well up, and among them we noticed the Rebecca, who rounded the buoy as naturally as she used to in the palmiest days of her triumphs in the Club. As soon as the fleet hove in sight there was a loud shout, which ran rapidly throughout the Styles. "The Haze is ahead!" "The Haze is ahead!" And sure enough there she was, leading the Julia gallantly, bearing down bravely. On she came, seeming, in her clouds of pure white canvas, like a magnificent bride walking with queenly step to the hymeneal altar, so stately was the course she kept. But the Minnie was close before her, and as the Minnie shot past the buoy, the Haze glided up gracefully, shot ahead on the starboard, and prepared to stand about. The managers of the Minnie, evidently chagrined at the literal "taking the wind out of their sails," also luffed close, and stood about short immediately after the Haze. So short, indeed, as to graze the mizzen boom of the Haze, and occasion a loud cry of "foul,"—"foul." But this lasted only for a moment, and the Haze shot finely ahead, leaving the

Minnie behind. The Sylvie followed close after, and rounded the buoy close; but she could not regain her ground. Indeed she rounded the flag-boat so close that she struck it, thus depriving her, by the rules, of any chance she might have of winning the race. The boats passed in the following order. The Una having gained on the Lucky, and now leading the fleet. But the Edgar passing close:—

NAME.	CLASS.	H.	M.	S.
Una.....	Second.....	12	59	00
Richmond.....	Third.....	1	1	00
Edgar.....	Third.....	1	1	20
Haze.....	First.....	1	2	00
Minnie.....	Second.....	1	2	5
Julia.....	First.....	1	3	15
Favorita.....	First.....	1	3	55
Sylvie.....	First.....	1	4	15
Irene.....	Second.....	1	5	5
Island Fawn.....	Third.....	1	6	26
Lucky.....	Third.....	1	7	5
Margaret.....	Third.....	1	7	34
Escort.....	Third.....	1	9	28
Widgeon.....	First.....	1	11	10
Rowena.....	Second.....	1	13	50
America.....	Second.....	1	16	25
Undine.....	Second.....	1	18	15
Seadrift.....	Second.....	1	20	5
Madgie.....	Second.....	2	06	45

THE RETURN.

Now came the tug of war for the return, and great was the anxiety to witness the conduct of the vessels. The John Styles bore for the Long Island flag-boat, the passengers evincing great interest in the position of the boats. Upon coming up with the first class it was found, to their astonishment, that they had materially changed positions. The Favorita led, next came the Haze, then the Sylvie, then followed the Una of the second class, and next the Julia. So impossible did it seem that the Julia had fallen so far behind, that many would not believe their eyes or their glasses that she really was herself. Even a number of bets were made as to which was the Julia, and some of the most experienced became the losers. Throughout the race there was great difficulty in distinguishing the boats. Their pennants were not all up, and when they were up they could hardly be seen, and when they were seen they could not be recognized without studying the book of signals; so that much of the interest of the race was lost on this account. It might be well to have the foresails numbered like the pilot boats, or some such simple plan pursued. It certainly is necessary, for yesterday the judges were often unable to tell the names of boats at but a short distance from them.

THE RETURN HOME.

The crowning feature of this excellent run was the return home. The steamboats returned and took their positions, the fleet of small craft re-appeared, and the row-boats seemed more numberless than ever, if such a thing were possible. The crowds along the shore had rather increased than diminished in numbers. As the Haze, leading the fleet, bore up in beautiful style, the air was rent with huzzas. Each succeeding yacht was received with like testimonials of favour; and altogether the scene was one of exciting interest. As has been before observed, the fleet kept well together. The Sylvie and the Julia, the Minnie and the Escort, the Madgie, Irene and Edgar, and the America and Margaret, came in as their names are men-

tioned, nearly "neck and neck." The following is the order in classes, and the exact time of each :—

FIRST CLASS.

NAME.	H.	M.	S.
Haze.....	3	45	45
Favorita.....	3	46	4
Sylvie.....	3	48	40
Julia.....	3	48	47
Widgeon.....	3	53	00

SECOND CLASS.

Una.....	3	51	14
Minnie.....	3	54	13
Madgie.....	3	56	29
Irene.....	3	56	40
Rowena.....	4	2	45
America.....	4	3	31
Seadrift.....	4	7	9
Undine.....	4	7	34

THIRD CLASS.

Escort.....	3	54	50
Edgar.....	3	56	46
Richmond.....	3	57	14
Island Fawn.....	3	58	31
Lucky.....	0	61	3
Margaret.....	4	3	49

THE PRIZES.

The award of prizes was made by the Committee same evening, although it was thought that, on account of several of the vessels having set extra sails, more time would be required for calculation. The Julia took the first class prize, the Una the second class prize, and the Edgar the third. The best sailing schooner, the Widgeon, took the outside prize, worth 250 dollars. It consists of a beautiful silver wine-cooler, made in exact *facsimile* of an ordinary ship's bucket. The rope-handle, the leather-washers, &c., are all completely imitated, and will make a very desirable prize. The regular prizes consist of—first, a pair of beautiful silver dishes, the covers of which can be used as another pair, beautifully mounted, all of solid silver; second, a liquor or decanter stand to hold three decanters; the handle and racks are imitations of rope, the feet solid silver dolphins; racks for segars, and apparatus for lighting; all of solid silver, mounted with several nice little silver sailors. Third, a silver water-pitcher and salver, with an imitation rope handle. The outside prize of the bucket was got up because the subscribers think the present allowance of time gives the sloop Julia an advantage over the schooners by the measurement of canvas, which has enabled her to win so many prizes.

THE END.

It were needless to add, that on board the respective boats the edibles and drinkables were *ad infinitum*. A fine band of music discoursed sweet sounds on board the Erie; and though some few gents. found the rough sea to interfere sadly with the steadiness of their gait, the champagne suffered none the less, and all went home happier than they had seen that day.

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